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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Many of us are beginning to suspect that Mr. Thomas Hardy is our greatest living poet, as well as our greatest living novelist. The first volume of his wonderful chronicle-drama, "The Dynasts," met with rather a mixed reception, but by the time the third volume made its appearance the vastness, the bold originality, and imaginative grandeur of his design and the lyrics and essential poetry of its finer passages wrung their due meed of praise even from those who had at first been doubtful or censorious. It is harder for a novelist to convince the world that he is also a poet than for a poet to convince it that he is also a novelist; but the "Wessex Poems" and "Poems of the Past and the Present" established Mr. Hardy's claims beyond dispute. A review of his new volume of poems, "Time's Laughingstocks," which has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan, will appear in the February BOOKMAN.

"Time and Chance," by Francis Bancroft (Mr. F. B. Slater), is the first book published by a South

African Colonist since the Union of South Africa was accomplished; as such it was offered through the Colonial Office to the King, and Lord Crewe has written to the author that His Majesty has been pleased to accept the copy. An earlier novel of Mr. Slater's, "Of Like Passions," dealt with the colour problem in South Africa; it was remarkably successful out there and over here, and is still in constant demand.

In the few years that have gone since its first appearance, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" has taken a sure hold on the affections of Kate Douglas Wiggin's vast circle of readers, and enjoys an ever-increasing popularity. A dramatic version of the story, which is said to preserve all the tenderness and delightfully quaint humour of the original, was produced the other day in America, and is now playing nightly to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. The play has made a brilliantly successful tour through several of the States, and when it was put on at the Jefferson Theatre, Portland, Maine, Kate Douglas Wiggin travelled from New York to witness it, and the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the town were present in the stage boxes to do honour to her. Responding to an insistent call, at the close of the third act, Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) said, in the course of a witty and graceful speech, how deeply she had

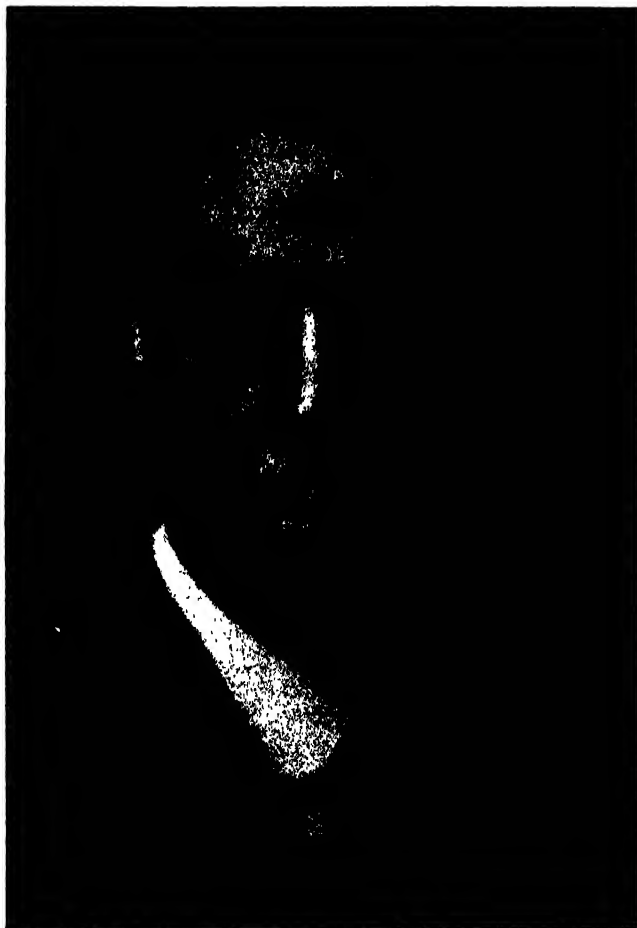


Photo by G. C. Beresford, Brompton Road, S W.

Mr. Laurence Binyon.

Whose new volume, "England, and Other Poems," has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

been touched by the laughter and tears and whole-hearted applause with which they had received Rebecca on the stage: she could perhaps have borne with the indifference of London, Paris, or Vienna, but not with the indifference of a Maine audience, for this was "a State of Maine play, and I hope there is in it a whiff of her pines, her daisies, and her red and gold autumn days."

One point that has arisen in connection with the play and is being much discussed in America, is of special interest to those who have objections to the theatre. When "Rebecca" was produced at the Court Square Theatre in Springfield, a number of ministers were in the audience, and have since expressed unqualified approval of it. One, Dr. Philip Moxom, speaks of it as "a delightful play, as pure as the country air and brooks of New England"; whilst the Rev. A. P. Reccord writes in terms of highest praise of its sweetness and humour and humanising influences, adding: "I pay this tribute all the more gladly because I realise that the Church is partly responsible for the evil days upon which the drama seems to have come. The impression that it is inconsistent for Christian people to attend the theatre has

withdrawn from the theatre-going public many of the most intelligent and morally sensitive men and women, and, consequently, playwrights and theatre-managers alike have been obliged to cater for the least intelligent and least moral elements of the community. . . . If the good people in every community will learn to discriminate between the good and the bad in the drama, as they do in literature and in life, and then by patronising only the good help to banish the bad from public view, the drama may yet become what it was in the beginning, the friend and ally of the Church, illustrating and enforcing the precepts of both morality and religion."

Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, whose "Maxims of Marmaduke" we reviewed in our last number, is one of the most brilliant of London journalists. Over his signature of "Marmaduke" he has been contributing regularly to *Truth* for more than twenty years past. His "Maxims" have met with an enthusiastically favourable reception, and Mr. Jerningham is at present busy on another book that is to see the light early in the spring.

Last year a first volume of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's works was translated into English and appeared under the title of "The Way of Initiation." It

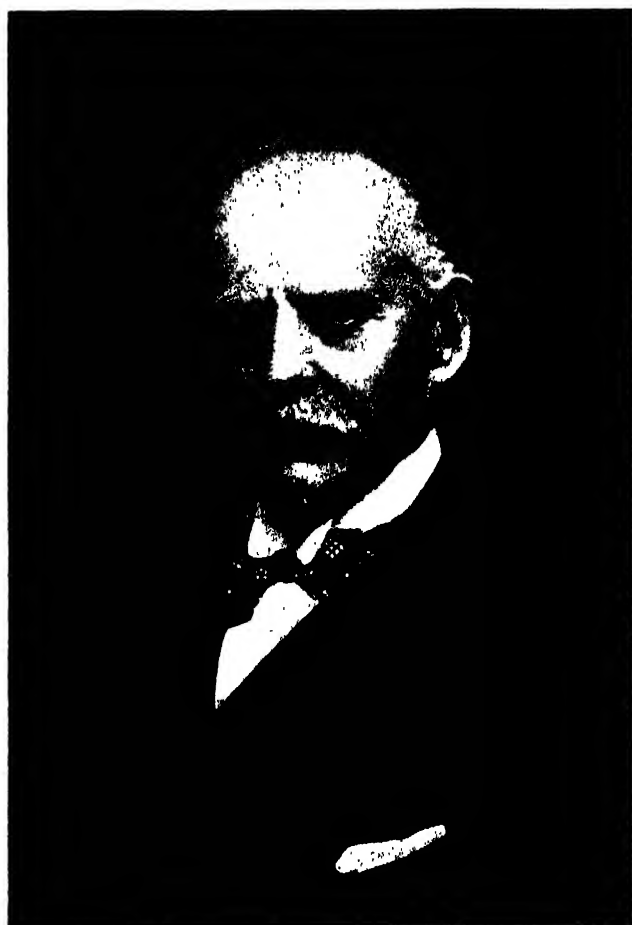


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham.
(*"Marmaduke" of Truth.*)

reached a second edition of fifteen hundred copies within five months, and two publishing firms in America, one at New York and the other at Chicago, have republished the book, which was not copyrighted, in editions of two thousand and three thousand respectively. We review elsewhere the translation of a second of Dr. Steiner's works, "Initiation and its Results," which is a sequel to "The Way of Initiation."

A list of all the literature that the present political crisis has given rise to would fill, perhaps, two or three columns, but so far the only book to deal with the humours of the situation is "The Dooks' Doomsday Book," that is published at sixpence by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. There is a page of "Mottoes for Young Dooks," some extracts from "The Dooks' Dictionary," "Letters of Lord Sansdowne to his Son," a history of "Dook Dulliver's Travels," "The Rime of the Smiling Chancellor," verses from "Any Dook to any other Dook," maps of England as it is seen by the Dooks and by the People, a pictorial history of England from the year 1000 to 1910—a timely and amusing miscellany of prose and verse cleverly and profusely illustrated.

On the serious side of the conflict, to say nothing of the numerous volumes we have heard of but not seen, there are "The Coming Reaction: The Fallacy of Free Trade," by Legislator (John Milne, 1s.); Mr. Garvin's able exposition of Tariff Reform,



Photo by William Lawrence, Dublin.

Miss Jane Barlow.

Whose new book, "Irish Ways," is reviewed on page 185.

published at 6d., from the *Observer* office, with its preface by Mr. Chamberlain; "The People's Budget," by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, issued by Hodder & Stoughton, at 1s., and "Liberalism and the Social Problem," by the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, published at 3s. 6d. by the same firm; "Peers or People" and "Why the Lords Must Go," from Stead's Publishing House, at a penny and sixpence respectively; and "Public Opinion on Socialism," published at 1s. by Mr. John Ouseley, this latter being a collection of essays by people of all classes and from all parts of the kingdom, with a preface by Sir William Bull, M.P.

"The Light of the West," the new book by General Sir William Butler which Messrs. Methuen are publishing, contains a study of St. Patrick and some descriptions of the beauty and characteristics of Ireland. Amongst other articles, it includes a sympathetic study of that "human mystery" Parnell, and a paper on Napoleon that propounds some rather startling conclusions, and will probably provoke considerable discussion.

Two of Mr. Hector Macpherson's books, "A Century of Intellectual Development" and "A Century of Political Development," are being



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

General Sir William Butler.

translated into Japanese by the Japan Civilisation Society. This Association was organised in Tokyo last year, with Count Okuma, the well-known statesman and educationist, as Honorary President, and its object is to translate selected works in every branch of knowledge into Japanese, to instruct the general public, and to encourage the introduction into the national life of healthy Western ideas. In a word, the nature and work of the Association are very similar to that of our University Extension Movement; it has already translated and published over a dozen English books, and does well to add these two by Mr. Hector Macpherson to the number.



The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield.

We have a good many poets and essayists nowadays, but not very many that count; and Mr. W. R. Titterton is one of the few. Mr. Titterton is still a young man, in the early thirties; he was born in Limehouse and, though much of his childhood was passed in Gloucestershire, was reared in East London. He has tramped through Germany and the Austrian Tyrol; has served as a clerk under the L.C.C., in the Post Office, and with divers private firms; he has put in some time as a furnace stoker and as an artist's model, out in France, where he lived all one winter, hermit fashion, in a kind of wigwam in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Usually his work has struck the note of rebellion and the open road, but in his new book, which is published by Mr. Frank Palmer, you find him in the drawing-room. "An Afternoon Tea Philosophy" is a series of conversations on all manner of subjects, from Love, Marriage, and Divorce to the Weather, Shaving, and Shakespeare.

Few authors are more industrious than the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, the well-known rector of Barkham, in Berkshire. The year 1910 is to see several new books from his pen. He is publishing with Mr. Batsford a companion volume to "The Charm of the English Village"; it will be illustrated by Mr. Sydney R. Jones, whose drawings formed such an attractive feature of the earlier book. Messrs. Methuen are issuing an important work which he has written in conjunction with the distinguished artist Mr. Fred Roe; and Messrs. Mills & Boon will

produce another book of his that is written somewhat in the style of his "Parish Clerk" and "The Old-Time Parson," the former of which ran through three editions in three months. Mr. Ditchfield has also finished for the Cambridge University Press a volume in the series of County Geographies edited by Dr. Guillemand, but this by no means ends the tale of his activities. He has done excellent work as the founder and general editor of the important "Memorials of the Counties of England" Series (originally published by Messrs. Bemrose and recently acquired by Messrs. George Allen & Sons); he is now personally editing the Gloucestershire volume, and, in conjunction with the Archdeacon of Chester, the Cheshire volume, and is planning other volumes in this series, of which about twenty have already been published. Mr. Ditchfield also finds time to contribute to the periodical press and publishes articles and occasional poems in various of the popular monthly magazines. Moreover he is editor of the *Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Archaeological Journal*, and secretary to the Berks Archaeological Society. According to "Who's Who," his recreations are "arranging meetings, correcting proofs, and inspecting schools," but this does not exhaust the list of his amusements, for until quite lately he played cricket for his county and he is still sometimes seen in the hunting-field with the Garth Hunt.

For permission to reproduce certain of the illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of the proprietors of *Punch*, the proprietors of the *County Gentleman*, and to Messrs. Sampson Low, Messrs. Geo. Allen, Mr. Batsford, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., and Messrs. Macmillan.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *December 18, 1909.*

"ALL of us would be criminals if we dared," a certain very respectable literary person remarked cynically the other day, "and the proof of it is that we all love to read detective stories. It's the nearest approach to crime that most of us can get into our poor little lives."

"Then you think it is the underlying crime and not the intricacy of plot that gains the reader's sympathy?"

"Bless you, yes! Of course it is the crime. Did you ever hear of a crimeless detective story? Do you suppose anybody would care for the intricate deductions of the detective if there were not some good, full-bodied bit of wickedness to bring it close to their hearts? Would people read about how I mislaid my fountain pen, even if the great Sherlock Holmes himself were to search for it? No, indeed, no matter how brilliant the process was. The people want crime, lots of crime, just as healthy little boys want to play war and Red Indians. When people stop craving for detective fiction and crime stories, it will be a bad look-out for the human race."

Such a moment seems now far off, for, all things considered, no type of novel is apparently more popular than the detective tale. Curiously enough, although several foreign authors, notably at present Frenchmen, are entering this field with so great success, a retiring lady of middle age, living peacefully in the northern part of the State of New York, seems still able, after thirty years or so have passed since she was first introduced to the American public, to maintain her hold on that changeable creature. This lady is Mrs. Anna Katherine Green, whose last story, "The House of the Whispering Pines," is securing over here an extraordinary amount of attention in its magazine form, and will, in all probability, have an equal success when Putnam's publish it in book-form in January.

Anna Katherine Green's "big book" was her first, "The Leavenworth Case," of which a quarter of a million copies have been sold in the United States, to say nothing of its sales abroad. Though she has never since then quite equalled her first success, she is still as popular, on the whole, as she was thirty years ago. So far as I can discover, no other American detective-story writer has rivalled her for a moment.

When she wrote "The Leavenworth Case" she was a young girl anxious to shine as a poet, and turned to prose only because the poetry, unfortunately, did not sell. She took two years to write the story, and wrote some of the scenes a dozen times over.

It seems extraordinary that a young woman should have had the practical knowledge of law and such

matters to make her story convincing. She must, apparently, have possessed some innate sympathy for such things inherited perhaps from her father, who was a successful member of the profession. Indeed, a prominent lawyer is reported to have said once that "the author of 'The Leavenworth Case' is one of the ablest lawyers in the country."

Mrs. Rohlf's (Anna Katherine Green's) own explanation, as given to me personally the other day, is far simpler. Said she: "I always write my story first according to my general conception of the law as practised in the State of New York, then I submit it to the test of books and such legal advice as is necessary. I have to write first and correct afterwards, or I should lose the fire of the original conception."

Mrs. Rohlf is now a woman of over sixty, and has just celebrated her silver wedding anniversary. She has several children, but no one of them will be a writer, she says. Once one of them was discovered making pot-hooks on a pile of paper cut to look like the pad on which Mrs. Rohlf always writes. When asked what she was doing, the child replied that she was "writing 'The Leavenworth Case.' " This, apparently, is the only bit of literary work likely to be produced by the younger members of the Rohlf family.

Upton Sinclair, thanks to his revelations in "The Jungle," holds the distinction of having made the world's flesh creep more violently than any other man of his generation. For the present he has, it seems, set aside novel-writing and that form of literary activity which Americans describe as "muck-raking" (the showing up of public abuses of one kind and another) to become a writer of plays. That these plays are very radical it is, as Mr. Sinclair himself puts it, "needless to say." He adds, in a letter which he has recently sent me from Alabama, that being radical they are duly going the rounds of the managers, and that he may finally have to publish them in book form, for lack of stage setting. One of these plays is a dramatisation, he adds, of his novel "Prince Hagen."

Besides playwriting, Mr. Sinclair has a little novel, or rather a Socialist skit, ready for publishing. It had been announced for this autumn, but is now postponed till spring. The title of it is "Samuel the Seeker."

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton seems to find time to accomplish as much in a year as could in a lifetime any ten women one might hit if one were to fling a handful of beans broadcast on Fifth Avenue any bright afternoon. Besides her novel-writing and social life, she seems always ready to lend her vigorous personality to any public cause or agitation. At present she is much interested in female suffrage, particularly from the English point of view.

"I have lived long enough in England," said she the other day (Mrs. Atherton is now in New York), "to appreciate just what equal suffrage would mean to the women over there. They have greater grievances than the women of this country, although there are public questions here and evils which will never be solved or remedied until the women can vote."

Mrs. Atherton's enthusiasm in the cause of her sex was largely increased, I judge, by a lecture which she heard Mrs. Pankhurst deliver recently in Chicago.

"I never," said Mrs. Atherton, "heard a man lecture as logically as she did. Her talk was far better than anything I ever heard from the lips of the great men of England. She possesses that gracefulness of mind which is the gift of so many women in England."

I notice that Mr. Shorter is disposed to conclude that the sales of Mr. Hall Caine's last book suffered from the fact that it was previously serialised in a very popular monthly magazine. This theory, if well founded,

would seem to indicate that conditions in England differ considerably from conditions here. In this country, a popular author or his critics would scarcely think of excusing the slow sale of any special book on the ground that it had previous to volume publication been serialised in a popular magazine.

Indeed, not a week ago a publisher who acts regularly for an author (one of the "100,000 class," as they are called here) and a man who is accustomed to let his stories appear first in a periodical having a circulation of one million copies, told me that he had no objection whatsoever to the serial publication of a book which was subsequently to bear his imprint.

"If the book is a good one," said he, "serialising won't hurt it (I mean commercially). And if it is a bad one, serialising can't hurt it. And in either case, it makes some money for the author, so I say—let him serialise."

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

January 1 to February 1, 1910.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

KEATINGE, M. W.—Studies in the Teaching of History. 4s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

FOWLER, E. THORNEVCROFT.—Miss Fallowfield's Fortune. 1s. net.
MCKILLIAN.—Makers of History. 1s. net.
MARIO, AUGUSTE.—Easy French Cookery. 2s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, W. H.—Gardening Difficulties Solved. Paper, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.
WALLACE, HELEN.—To Pleasure Madame. 6d.
ZIMMERN, ALICE (translated by).—The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks. Reprint. 5s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

CROKER, B. M.—The Spanish Necklace. Popular Edition. 1s. net.
GIBSON, L. S.—The Freemasons. Popular Edition. 1s. net.
GUILDA.—Folle Parine. Popular Edition. 6d.
STONE, CHRISTOPHER.—They also Serve. 6s.

The Clarendon Press.

CHOUVILLE, L.—Histoires Courtes et Longues. 2s. 6d.
CHRISTIE, A. H.—Tradition Methods of Pattern Designing.
COWLEY, A. E.—The Samaritan Liturgy.
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"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best list of brief literary-biographical facts in proof or disproof of Locke's assertion that "the best work has always been done by the unmarried or childless man."
- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA has been awarded to JOHN M. JUDD, of 31, North Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham, for the following:

SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE. BY A. C. SWINBURNE.
 "We won't go home till morning."—*Popular Air.*

We also select for printing:

THE NEW SOCIALISM. BY JANE T. STODDART.
 "Let us bury the great Duke."
 TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*
 (Jas. R. Sutherland, 57, Bedford Road, Ilford, E.)

THE FOOD OF LOVE. BY FRANKFORT MOORE.
 "Come hither, my heart's darling,
 Come, sit upon my knee,
 And listen, while I whisper
 A boon I ask of thee;
 Thou wilt not fail nor falter
 But bend thee to the task
 A boiled sheep's head on Sunday
 Is all the boon I ask."

Bon Gaultier Ballads.

(M. C. Murray Browne, Hucclecote, Gloucester.)

A HISTORY OF STORY-TELLING. BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

"Men were deceivers ever."

SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*.

(Miss Jotham, Port St. Mary, Isle of Man.)

THE SETTLER. BY RALPH CONNOR.

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick."

Dream of Eugene Aram.

(Miss M. Coath, Castle Hill, Duffield, nr. Derby.)

THE HENPECKED MAN. BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,

Which says I must not stay;

I see a hand you cannot see,

Which beckons me away."

TICKELL'S *Lucy and Colin*.

(Miss M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere, Kent.)

II.—The selections sent in for this Competition have been very many and very varied, though some thirty competitors sent the same passage from Emerson and nearly as many sent a famous passage from Lamb. The prize is divided, and TWO NEW NOVELS are sent to E. J. ROBERTS, of Ferndale, Melbourne, Derby; and two to MRS. LEMON, of Hatton Hill, Shifnal, for the following extracts, containing the best advice on gift-giving:

"... As a hly in winter, so is the unexpected gift. But the gift that arrives by tens and tens of tens is a nightmare and an oppression.

"Again, the periodical gift is never refreshing; it is too much of the nature of tribute. A present on Midsummer Day would be worth two at Christmas. . . . The spirit of giving is killed by regularity. How can I care—except in a material way—for what is part of my annual income? The heart is not interested. I get these things because my name is down on a piece of paper, not because some one is possessed with an impatient desire to please or to share pleasure.

"A gift to be a gift must not be asked for. Dante laid down this rule, with many others, which lead one to reflect that it must have been difficult to give him a present. . . . The poet also decrees that a gift which is not so valuable to the recipient as it would be to the giver is no true gift. Romantic generosity would have been spared many a pang had she considered this precept. . . . People who have pearls are curiously fond of stringing them together and offering them to pigs. It makes the pig unhappy in the end.

"... if the truth were known, it might be found that the smaller, the more insignificant the gift, the longer it is remembered. There may be many motives for keeping the Golden Rose; there can be only one for keeping a rose-leaf. Thus was it said by a man of old time who knew what a woman liked and gave her a distaff: 'Great grace goes with a little gift, and all the offerings of friends are precious.'"

M. F. COLERIDGE, *Non Sequitur*.

(E. J. Roberts, Ferndale, Melbourne, Derby.)

"A gift, to be perfect when given to a person of mature years, must sink itself in symbolism. That is to say, the emphasis must be laid, both by giver and receiver, not upon what the gift is, but upon what it expresses. It is the feeling of esteem, of respect, of affection, of sympathy, of approbation, seeking an outlet through the gift, which confers its real preciousness. This it is which casts a halo round the simplest token, and often makes a violet or a curl of hair more sweet to receive and possess than the rarest jewel or the most artistic outcome of the skill of the goldsmith. Anything that comes from the heart is good enough to give, and nothing is too good."

LEO GRINDON.

(Mrs. Lemon, Hatton Hill, Shifnal.)

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recent book is awarded to Mr. E. A. G. KERR, of 15, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, for the following:

LORD KENTWELL'S LOVE AFFAIR. BY F. C. PRICE. (Heinemann.)

The narrative portion is here partially eclipsed by the exceedingly able study of the chief actor. Fate has lavished on

him all good things, money, position, and appearance, along with one left-handed gift—a vacillating mind, which weakness his sister makes full use of to further her own plans. Diplomacy and scheming succeed to a certain extent, but Susan finds herself "left," and the charming little "divorcée" with whom Kentwell plays battledore and shuttlecock is probably well rid of him. Jane Austen and her contemporaries have watched over the writing of the book and given it an Early Victorian flavour.

Among the best of the numerous other reviews received are:

DARWINISM AND MODERN SOCIALISM. BY F. W. HEADLEY, F.Z.S. (Methuen.)

Mr. Headley is a Darwinian individualist who has pondered to some purpose the teaching of his opponents. He still believes in competition, but in State regulated competition, not in that ruthless repression that crushes the competitor before he enters the lists. He claims that individualism is not at the end of its resources for dealing with human misery, and he recognises that law has not been impartial as between the haves and the have-nots and that many unrighteous handicaps wait to be removed. He has written an able and interesting book which no social student should fail to read.

(B. Moore, Thorn Lea, Manchester Road, Heaton Chapel, Stockport.)

GEORGE MEREDITH. A PRIMER TO THE NOVELS. BY JAMES MOFFATT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Illumined not only by a sketch of the plot of each novel, but by the piercing criticism of Meredith as a whole contained in the Introduction to this primer, the non-Meredithian has a rare opportunity of joining the charmed circle of Meredith's admirers. Dr. Moffatt gives a masterly analysis of "the Comic spirit" of Meredith, as representing an attitude to life tending to moral sanitation and the annihilation of Despair. The great and, in some aspects, Shakespearean writer could not have found a more appreciative interpreter of the deeply founded humour, sympathy and humanity which underlie his dominating intellectuality.

(Agnes M. Tannahill, 11, Highburgh Terrace, Glasgow, W.)

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan.)

Of love and hope, laughter and a few tears, is this book composed. The nursery-life of some charming children is intermingled with gleams of the regions through "the crack"—the "crack" which exists somewhere between to-day and to-morrow. And so wonderfully has Mr. Blackwood woven the web of his story that we believe and delight to believe that his dreams are true; and that this country he has discovered is open to all those who love children, and whose hearts are stirred—however faintly—by the murmur of running water, the rustle of the wind in the trees.

(Hervey Elwes, Shadowbush, Colchester.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Vivien Ford (Bristol), H. S. Elless (Streatham, S.W.), Mattie Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Mabel Gertrude Ashlin (Harlow), Richard O'Neill (Ipswich), Clara Godley (Chapelized), Alice M. Sykes (Huddersfield), Irene Lalonde (Weston-super-Mare), Mildred Hammond (Buxton), Miss F. S. Alexander (Highbury, N.), E. Ward (Southsea), F. W. Lawfield (Cambridge), L. B. Wood (Bowdon), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Rev. F. Balch (Montrose), J. Hitchcock (Dublin), F. H. Desmond (Cambridge), Mrs. S. Graham Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss Hilton (York), Miss F. Graham Stirling (Comrie), M. F. Lusty (Wakefield), Frances E. Hardeman (Newcastle), and Cecily M. Rutley (Catford, S.E.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to JOHN G. HORNE, School-house, Thornhill, Perthshire.

THE READER.

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY:

Editor of the "Spectator."

I.

MOST editors now-a-days are all editor--

"fellows

In toolscap uniforms turned up with ink":

they carry their office about with them as the snail carries his shell; their energies exhaust themselves in the printed word, and though they may take an interest in everything, it is always a professional interest—the interest of the referee who looks on and appraises and advises the players, applauds them or condemns them, but never offers an object-lesson by taking part in the game. Not the least interesting thing about Mr. St. Loe Strachey is that he is an editor of a less conventional pattern. Meeting him as a stranger you would probably hazard a guess that he was a military man; you might put him down as a country gentleman and guess that he rode to hounds, that he was in some sort a man of action; for he is too healthfully bronzed, has too much of an open-air look and manner with him, for you to suspect at first blush that he is a student, a man of letters, and burdened with the responsibility of editing a great review.

Yet, as a matter of fact, he was trailing a pen long before he learned to carry a rifle; he was an author before he was a politician, a bookman before he was a man of affairs. Coming of an ancient and honoured race, Mr. Strachey numbers among his ancestors men who have done notable work in literature, in politics, and the learned professions; men who have served their country in public life at home and in the Indian Civil Service. A family tradition traces the ancestry of the Stracheys back to the line of that Wenceslaus, the first Christian Duke of Bohemia, who was canonised Saint and Martyr: he was murdered at a feast given by his brother Boreslaus in honour of the birth of Boreslaus's son, and the child was afterwards known

as Strachey-Quas (*i.e.* "Bloody-Banquet"). A descendant of this son had to fly for his life to Italy, where the name of Stracchio still lingers; but the family crossed into England and can be traced here bearing the name of Streche in the reign of King John. Under Henry III. and his four successors, Streches were Sheriffs of Somerset and Dorset: Sir John Streche, or Strachie, was knighted with other companions of the Black Prince when he was made Duke of Cornwall; and Blomefield's "History of Norfolk" mentions a Sir John Streche who kept a court at Oxborough, early in the fifteenth century, in right of his wife, Joan Streche. A century later, the Stracheys were settled at Saffron Walden, in Essex, and from this point onwards the records of the family make connected history.

William Strachey, born about 1570, voyaged to Virginia and was made secretary and recorder there; and on his return to England wrote many books and pamphlets urging his countrymen to a more resolute maintenance of that colony. A set of commendatory verses over his signature is prefixed to the first edition of Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," and Mr. St. Loe Strachey

possesses a still unpublished letter from Dr. Donne introducing William Strachey to Sir Henry Wotton, then Ambassador at Venice. John Strachey, born in 1634, was a close friend of John Locke's; many of their letters to each other are still preserved; they were at Oxford together, and in after years Locke often visited his friend at Sutton Court. A later John Strachey was a famous antiquarian. Sir Henry Strachey was Clive's secretary, and from that date there has always been a Strachey in the Indian service, the work they have done there moving Justice Stephen to describe them as "the Stracheys that govern India." Two of Mr. St. Loe Strachey's uncles were members of the Council of India, but his father, Sir Edward Strachey, had no inclination towards



Photo by the London News Agency.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey.

A new photograph.

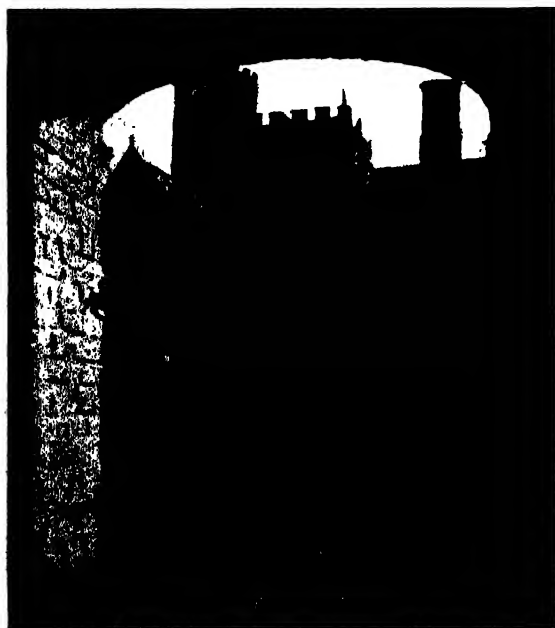


John Strachey.

The friend of John Locke, 1614-1674.

a public career, preferring the quieter ways of the scholar; he wrote little himself, but from the charming dedication of Mr. St. Loe Strachey's volume of essays, "From Grave to Gay," you may gather for how much of his own literary knowledge and style he is indebted to his father's counsel:

"'Wild as they are, accept them.' So said our ancestor William Strachey in the verses which follow the dedication of his Virginian travels to Francis Bacon. I will borrow his words in asking you to accept my Essays. That they are not rougher and wilder is due to you. With what infinite kindness and patience did you labour with me when I began to write. How well I recall how we two have sat in the Great Parlour at Sutton—the very place where John Locke once sat and talked of a Free Port with his



Edward III. Tower at Sutton Court.
The ancestral home of the Strachey family.

friend John Strachey—and hammered sense and simplicity out of a chaos of long sentences, and of periods which stopped not with the meaning, but 'only because the writer was out of breath.' Such memories are indeed for us an itinerary, for, wherever we were when I was a boy, you helped me to find the way to say what I wanted. . . . You made me realise that the essential thing in writing is to be intelligible, and that it is perfectly useless to write what cannot be clearly and immediately understood. That, after all, is the golden rule of letters."

Mr. Strachey went to Balliol in the great days of Jowett, and his particular studies were flippantly celebrated in a contemporary lampoon which makes him declare:

"I am Strachey, never bored
By Webster, Massinger, or Ford;
There is no line of any poet
That can be quoted, but I know it."

At the age of seventeen he made his first appearance in print with a poem, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and, during his Oxford days he wrote industriously, and contributed a good many articles to the *Daily News* and the *Saturday Review*.

Leaving Oxford, he read for the Bar and was duly called, but never practised; for already his chief ambitions were set towards literature and journalism. Perhaps he has written nothing



Photo by Hills & Saunders.

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey
at the age of twenty-one.

finer, as a piece of criticism and as a piece of English prose, than the Introduction he wrote at that time for the Mermaid Series edition of Beaumont and Fletcher; he followed this with a vigorous romance of "How Britain became a Republic"; and presently, now some twenty-five years ago, his review of a new edition of "Gulliver" attracted the attention of Mr. Hutton, who opened the doors of the *Spectator* to him; and a year or two later, in 1886, when he was still well under thirty, he joined the regular staff of that paper.

He very soon became one of its leading contributors; then worked for some years as "third man" under Hutton and Townsend. In 1897 Mr. Hutton died; six months later Mr. Townsend sold his share in the *Spectator* and retired, and since 1898 Mr. Strachey has remained sole editor and proprietor.

II.

The *Spectator* was founded by Joseph Hume and certain of his Radical friends in 1828, and under its

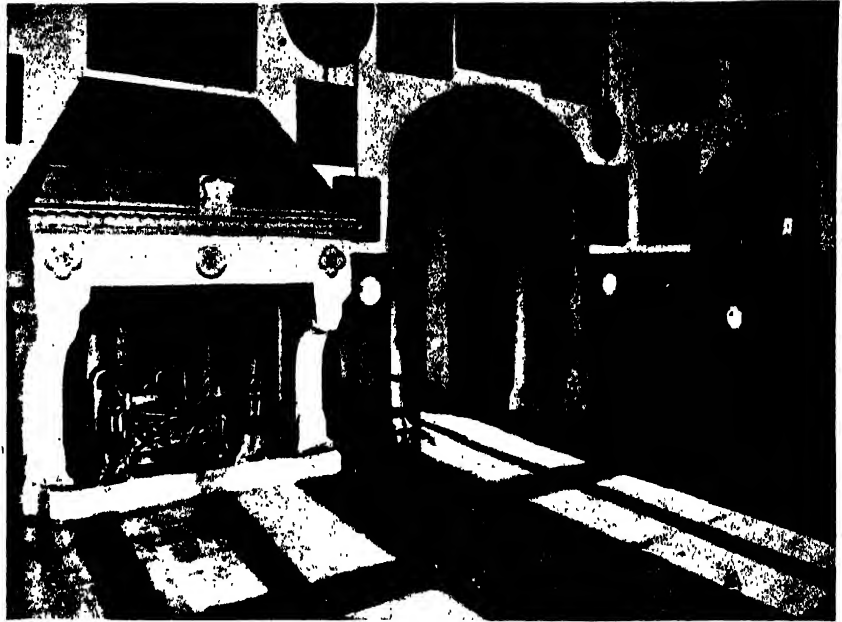
first editor, Robert Stephen Rintoul, it soon made an important place for itself among the literary and political weeklies. After Rintoul's death in 1858, it declined somewhat from its high estate, but presently when Hutton and Townsend entered upon their editorship it rose into greater eminence than before, and became a powerful organ of intellectual Liberalism and the most influential of the weekly literary reviews; its word could make an author's reputation, or turn the scale at a political crisis; it was a force to be reckoned with; it was brilliantly and honourably conducted; and whether or not you shared its political convictions you could not but respect the honesty and courage with which they were advocated, and it is no small achievement that for well over a decade the present editor has maintained the splendid traditions of his predecessors.

Mr. Strachey has had thoughts of entering Parliament; but for the present he has abandoned them, since his personal opinions will not, just now, square with the programme of any political party: he is a Unionist, but a staunch Free Trader; he is a Free Trader, but an inviolable anti-Socialist and a determined advocate of compulsory military service. Withal, Mr. Strachey is an ardent patriot whose patriotism has uttered itself on the platform, in books and pamphlets, and in many columns of the *Spectator*, but has not been spent within those limits. He is keenly interested in the subject of national defence, and a few years ago took an active part in promoting the formation of Rifle Clubs in Surrey. Also, in his enthusiasm for the movement, he founded the *Spectator* experimental company at Hounslow, under the command of Lieut.-Col. A. W. A. Pollock.

Shortly before he became sole editor of the *Spectator*, Mr. Strachey accepted the editorship of the *Cornhill*; in 1897 he relinquished this, but a little later took over the proprietorship of the *County Gentleman*. He found the magazine successful, and left it more so; in its purpose and outlook he took a very special interest, but he had to withdraw from it, at length, when he found that its management made larger demands on his time than he was able to meet, and for the last three years he has had no control or responsibility whatever in connection with it.

III.

You can no more write of Mr. Strachey and keep clear of politics and social problems than you could tell the story of "Hamlet" without referring to the Ghost. In some form or other they are the inspiration of most of his books. He published in 1895 his "Industrial and Social Life and the Empire" (Macmillan)—a concise and admirable handbook, which was reprinted in 1901 and



An Interior: Sutton Court.

reached a second edition in 1904. He has edited and written introductions to a series of letters on "German Ambitions as they affect Britain and the United States of America" (Smith, Elder), "The State of the Navy in 1907," by Cvis (Smith, Elder), a collection of twelve trenchant articles on "The Manufacture of Paupers" (John Murray), and "Lay Sermons from the *Spectator*" (Pitman). In addition to these Mr. Strachey has published four other books of his own: "Problems and Perils of Socialism: Letters to a Working Man" (Macmillan), an excellent and helpful compilation of "The Practical Wisdom of the Bible" (Pitman), his



Photo by Vandyk.

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey at the age of twenty-eight.

essays and studies, "From Grave to Gay" (Smith, Elder), and "A New Way of Life" (Macmillan).•

Six of these nine volumes are essentially political, and THE BOOKMAN rightly makes a practice of leaving politics severely alone; otherwise there is a good deal that I should very much like to say about them, for Mr. Strachey writes so forcibly and well, that he makes any man who dissents from his conclusions simply yearn to take his coat off and hit back at him, and it speaks unmistakably for the matter and the manner of a book that it can stimulate an opponent to this healthy wrathfulness. I opened "A New Way of Life" thinking that here, at all events, I might hope to find myself in a peaceful and purely literary atmosphere, but no—the literary atmosphere is all in the style of it, and for the rest it is a closely reasoned and ably presented appeal for compulsory military service throughout the British Isles. I turned to "The Manufacture of Paupers," and by the time I arrived at the third page of Mr. Strachey's Introduction I felt I could not possibly write anything about it, because I had so much to say on the other side of the question and could by no means say any of it without trenching upon politics. But



**Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey,
aged about thirty-eight.**

This is the best portrait of Mr. Strachey in the opinion of his friends, and of himself.



By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch"

St. Loe for Merry England.

Mr. Strachey as *Punch* sees him.

passing to "From Grave to Gay" we are on safe and pleasanter ground; we can sit here as in the study's most comfortable armchair with our feet on the fender and hear the noisy winds of politics blowing outside and rattling at the windows, but, except perhaps in one or two of the shrewdly sympathetic essays on the Puritans, never even feel any draught. Among the contents of the book are a thoughtful and suggestive "Study of Louis Stevenson," essays on Poe, on Barnes, on Herman Melville, on "Tasting Life," "The Magic of Words," "Conversation," and, with many another, on "The Poet's Function as Interpreter."

For a clear and significant index to Mr. Strachey's attitude towards life and the faith in which he works you may turn to this, in his Preface to M. C. E.'s "Lay Sermons from the *Spectator*":

"Unless their religious instincts are first awakened and then satisfied, the bulk of men will be either brutish or unhappy, or both. I hold further that the highest satisfaction for those instincts is to be found in Christianity, and in Christianity alone."

And for something of a keynote to his judgments of authors and literature you should go back to that essay on "The Poet's Function as Interpreter" in "From Grave to Gay," or to such a passage as this from the study of Stevenson, where he denies that "the end of all art is to please":

"No doubt we shall be told by those who cannot endure to give up the notion that all art is decorative, meant only to please, and its end accomplished when the sensation of

pleasure is aroused, that our separation of means and end is not philosophical, and that we are beating the air with empty words and being misled with phrases. Our fallacy, if it is one, is as old as the world, and likely to last as long, for, fortunately, if even the great artists grow infected with the heresy, their works will give the lie to their theory.

"Such, heaven be praised! is the saving grace of the highest art, that the man it inspires says often to those who hear him more than he actually purposes or intends. The inspiration of Art makes the artist, like the Pythoness at Delphi, speak all unconsciously the very words of God. Even Mr. Stevenson himself, though doubtless he is generally only a decorative artist, a worker in arabesque and cunning ornamentation rather than an artist who acts with a conscious purpose higher than that of using his medium to perfection, often unconsciously rises through the consummate perfection of his word-craft beyond the region of the mere Sons of Joy, and gives his hearers something far more real than pleasure. . . . After all there is no better lesson a man can teach the world than that of obeying, without question and without reserve, the dictates of something spiritual and external to himself. 'This lesson the loyal artist teaches even if he be unconscious of it.'"

Authors and journalists, as a rule, make indifferent public speakers, but here again Mr. Strachey parts company with the convention; he is a speaker of impressive and persuasive eloquence, and in one of his addresses that on "The Ethics of Journalism" delivered in 1908 at the Pan-Anglican Congress—he embodied his aims as a journalist and his opinion of the great profession of which he is one of the most distinguished members:

"The journalist's business is publicity, but it is also his business to see that this duty of publicity, though carried out to the full, is carried out in a way which shall do not harm but good. If the methods of publicity are sound, fearless, and without guile, all is well. If they have not these qualities, then publicity may become the most degrading and dishonourable of trades. . . . How free even the least responsible portion of our Press is from using



Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.



Photo by Walter Barnett.

Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.

its function of publicity to pander to the baser appetites of man in the matter of indecency. It would not be at all just to say that this is because the public would not now tolerate an immoral newspaper, or, again, that it is due to the fact that the guardians of the law would intervene, for though the Press has most certainly been growing purer during the last twenty years, the same cannot be said of our books. Our fiction has degenerated in this particular as much as our newspapers have improved. . . .

"I will end by asking my hearers to do two things. Firstly, to think better of journalists and their morals than they are probably inclined to do. Secondly, not to exaggerate the influence and power of the Press. . . . Dr. Johnson said very truly that no man was ever written down except by himself. Believe me, this is as true now as when Dr. Johnson said it. I do not believe in the power of the Press either to crush a good man and a great man or to exalt a weak man or a base man. . . . In the end matters right themselves.

"This is the last word of a working journalist who, though he holds no high-falutin' illusions as to his profession, is at the same time intensely proud of that profession, and who believes that, taken as a whole, there is no calling more worthy of being practised by an honourable man."

After all, to literary men and lovers of books, the colour of Mr. Strachey's politics is of no moment; but it is incalculably to the good of English Journalism and English literature that the policy of the *Spectator*, with its long and honourable record and its commanding influence upon contemporary life and letters, should still be directed by an editor of his high ideals, his just and independent spirit and proven capacity.

DRAYTON FORD.

THE CLEANSING OF FICTION.

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

"IN 1698 Jeremy Collier published his 'Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage,' a book which threw the whole literary world into commotion." I take this sentence from Macaulay's essay on "The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration"; and I would advise all readers of THE BOOKMAN to glance over that strong indictment of Wycherley, Congreve, and other offenders against morals in literature, before judging the action that has recently been attempted by our great circulating libraries in the cognate matter of unclean fiction. Macaulay was a man of the world; he still represents the average views and sentiments which prevail among educated people; and no one would dream of calling him a Puritan or a Pharisee. With Collier's opinions in theology who could sympathise less than the regular old Whig partisan? For Collier's profession, which was that of a nonjuring parson, Macaulay had a fine-flavoured contempt and took no pains to hide it. Nevertheless, he approves in his most emphatic way of Collier's attack on the stage, and condemns the whole tribe of brilliant fops and poets, not sparing the great Dryden himself, who had disgraced their talent by employing it in the glorification of vice. He will not listen to Leigh Hunt's light pleading or to Charles Lamb's clever sophistry on a topic of such moment to the welfare of the nation. His verdict is unmistakable. "The question," he says, "is simply this, whether a man of genius who constantly and systematically endeavours to make this sort of character attractive"—the character, as he explains, of "low town rakes" and "dashing Cyprians"—"by uniting it with beauty, grace, dignity, spirit, a high social position, popularity, literature, wit, taste, knowledge of the world, brilliant success in every undertaking, does or does not make an ill use of his powers. We own that we are unable to understand how this question can be answered in any way but one."

Now fiction has, to an ever-growing degree, taken in our time the place which the stage occupied in the seventeenth century. It addresses the whole reading world; and it is circulated by the lending libraries, the railway bookstalls, and similar associations which hand it on from the publisher to the public at large. If the libraries and the bookstalls refuse a volume, that work will have but little chance of succeeding. Literary agents know well that advertisement of this insistent character alone explains why

so many indifferent novels are purchaseable and purchased all over the kingdom. Their market is made, not found; they are as certainly forced on the reader as a given card is forced on his dupe by the card-sharper. It is not that multitudes are asking for them, but that every list contains and every platform on which we step out during a railway journey exhibits them. No doubt, success will be the final criterion; but advertisement counts more than at any previous time in making that success.

And now something has happened to which I can remember no parallel. The chief libraries, beginning with Mudie's and the *Times* Book Club, have been compelled by their subscribers to declare that they must exercise a discrimination among the novels they circulate. Not a censorship, of course; that would be intolerable. But the reading public has let these gentlemen know that it does not want libellous, indecent, or immoral works thrust upon it any more. In a very short space, Mr. Winterton of Mudie's appears to have said, no fewer than fifty such books had been withdrawn by these purveyors of literature from circulation. Withdrawn, yes; but first sent out; and withdrawn surely under the pressure that has now constrained agencies so independent to apologise and to notify publishers that henceforth they will not accept any which can be deemed seriously offensive to good taste or good principles. The grounds on which they profess to act are merely commercial. And the Authors' Society replies that librarians have always enjoyed a discretion in this matter. If so, all I can say is that they have rarely exercised it. Why do they come forward now? Why tell us it is not their fault if objectionable matter has been sown broadcast, in the shape of novels so unpleasant as to make the common



From "The County Gentleman" (by permission).

Lord Roberts speaking in favour of Rifle Clubs.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey at the speaker's left hand.

reader turn from them with loathing? Whose fault is it, then? Author, publisher, purveyor, may share the guilt among themselves. There is no denying the revolt of a scandalised world, provoked by publications as detestable as ever Wycherley or Congreve or Dryden put on the stage.

How many such authors there may be I do not pretend to reckon. Mr. Murray, in reply to some deprecating remarks from Mr. Gosse, says that complaints have been frequent. That there are piles of such books I know; and the samples I have examined deserve simply to be burnt. Most of them cannot plead the excuse of passion or lay claim to felicity of style. It would be ridiculous in their advocates to maintain that by an *auto da fé* of the whole of them literature would suffer loss. A few, I admit, are skilful specimens of English, moulded on a late French or early Italian manner; but, if Macaulay's judgment recorded above is not unwarrantable, that circumstance does but heighten their offence. We may grant in old and famous writings a freedom which present everyday stories, put into general circulation, ought not to be allowed. The reason is plain. Old classics are read by students, not by the man or woman in search of amusement. They exact an attention to their language and peculiarities which blunts the edge of appetite. And they have lost the novelty they had in their day. Who now reads Sterne or Smollett? Who finds "Don Juan" displayed above the morning papers at Paddington, or would buy it, if he did, in preference to the latest *chronique scandaleuse*? An old literature is like a dead language; it is the book of the season that persuades, and too often corrupts. We are suffering from a plague of licentious thought; why should Mudie or Smith give it the advantage of selection in the battle of the books? To the surprise of some, and I will say to my own unqualified satisfaction, these

tainted volumes have been flung back on their producers by an England not yet wholly anarchical and dissolute. Those who are hurt may cry aloud; the nation is a gainer and the protest is timely.

But art, but freedom of the press, but uncloistered virtue, what of them? Be at ease, my good artist; your liberty is as great as ever it ought to be; and virtue will not be less if some of its perils are taken away. Remember that Macaulay was no Puritan. You will never be deprived in this country of the liberty of unlicensed printing. Advertise and sell your books to any that will buy; but do not blame the libraries if, after testing your wares, they find them unfit for general circulation. Mr. Gosse trembles lest a second "Origin of Species" may be stifled at the birth by timid tradesmen; yet surely Darwin did not depend on Mudie for his triumph in the Royal Society. Science, rightly so called, must make its way on its own merits; and perhaps we should hold clearer views in regard to Darwinism had its true nature not been confused by popular talk. At any rate, the librarians will not order Socrates to execution. But, to quote George Eliot, "This is the impoverishment that threatens our posterity—a new Famine, a meagre fiend with lewd grin and clumsy hoof, is breathing a moral mildew over the harvest of our human sentiments. These are the most delicate elements of our too easily perishable civilisation." That is what George Eliot termed "debasing the moral currency." And it is debased when admittedly foul books are given an equal chance of being read with wholesome literature.

"What do you mean by 'wholesome literature'?" some critic may ask, lifting his eyebrows. To which I answer, not Shakespeare fresh from the hands of Bowdler; nor yet "keepsakes" for young ladies; nor even the empty idealising of worn-out types by those who think that prosing about goodness makes good



From "The County Gentleman" (by permission).

Mounted Riflemen at Newlands Corner.

This picture gives a good view of Mr. Strachey's present home. Mr. Strachey himself may be seen in the front rank, directly under the weather-cock.



From "*The County Gentleman*" (by permission).

Lord Roberts's Mounted Escort.

Before the front entrance to Mr. Strachey's house.

books.' My test I will put into three Latin words, and half a line from Ovid, "*Materiam superabat opus*," the execution must control and subdue utterly to itself the matter which is handled—control like a god, subdue like a spirit. There is a lascivious way of representing innocence; too many French writers have it, and some English. There is also a true human way of dealing with problems in their nature most perilous, yet so straight, refined, and full of consideration for the divine in man that it will pluck a heart of purity out of the fire. In this sense, the execution is everything. Homer sets a great example in Helen herself; Sophocles and Dante show what tragic writing may undertake without loss of spiritual quality; and has not Walter Scott ventured on making a dreadful theme the background of his "*Antiquary*," yet offended no

central argument for selection and repression there is no difference between what religion teaches and what science prophesies. Novels that glorify freedom from law and the liberty of suicide are social dangers. It is their spirit even more than their crude and prurient details which is the head and front of their offending. How they ought to be put down is no question of principle but only one of method. In a civilised Christian society books which undermine its moral foundations have not any valid claims to exist. They spread the plague; they should be stamped out like the yellow fever and the sleeping sickness. If public opinion, acting on the motives I have drawn from Macaulay and George Eliot, will hold the libraries to their pledged word, we may hope that the cleansing of fiction thus happily begun will rescue from further contamination our human ideals.

A MAN IN THE MAKING.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

THE Autobiography of the late Sir H. M. Stanley* reads like a romance. Indeed, several of the earlier incidents—such as the running away from school, the shipping as a cabin-boy, and the accidental meeting with a wise and kind protector—belong to the stock properties of the most approved writers for schoolboys. When it is borne in mind that in this case all is true, the fascination likely to be exercised over boys' minds by the book before us may be imagined; whilst for more mature readers the spontaneous self-revelation of a great character supplies a psychological study of deep and lasting interest. In an Editor's Preface, Lady Stanley deplores the fact that her late husband's Autobiography was left unfinished, and explains that she has done her best to supplement the fragment by copious extracts from his journals and letters and the private note-books in which from

day to day he would jot down observations and reflections; nor is it any disparagement to the skill with which her labour of love has been performed to say that the interest of the autobiographical chapters far exceeds that of the rest of the book. For one thing they cover ground as to which first-hand information has not hitherto been available; and, secondly, they deal with what is psychologically the most interesting period of a great man's life—the period of his making. Taken together with Stanley's three great books of African travel, they may be said to furnish posterity with no inadequate means of knowing the man and estimating his achievement.

Henry Morton Stanley—to give him the name by which he became famous—was the son of John Rowlands (whose name he at first bore) and of Elizabeth Parry, both of them members of respectable, but impoverished, North Welsh families. The year of his birth, given in "*Men of the Time*" as 1840, is not

* "*Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley, G.C.B.*" Edited by his wife. 21s. net. (Sampson Low.)

specified in the Autobiography—a regrettable omission to those who wish to trace his progress closely, and one which in the course of the book leads to not a little mystification. He lost his father when a few weeks old. His mother left him, and when, after years of separation, they again came face to face, it was to regard each other with no warmer feeling than curiosity. His childhood was about as wretched as that of a boy of his strong character could well be. On the death of one of his grandfathers—the sole person who had shown any interest in him—he was placed in the St. Asaph Union Workhouse. Here, under the dominion of a master who had been a miner until disabled, and whose savage cruelty ended in madness, a reign of terror prevailed. No doubt the boy Rowlands suffered much, but it is noteworthy that when he came to write down the story of his sufferings, forty-five years afterwards, his resentment against his task-master and his hatred of two of his school-fellows were still so keen and bitter. His was certainly no placable nature. James Francis, the master, whatever his faults, must have been at least an exceptionally good teacher, or the compliments earned by his pupils (p. 18) could not have been justified. At last a crisis came. Stanley was by this time head boy of the school, and Francis was strongly suspected of having caused the death of a boy by flogging. Ordered to unbreech one day when he was innocent, a sense of injustice swelled within the lad, and brought about a scene of violence which left the tyrant prostrate and senseless on the floor. Stanley now took the law into his own hands, shook the dust of the workhouse from his feet, and sought a refuge with his relatives. But though, whilst working on the farm of an aunt, or acting as pupil-teacher in the school of a cousin, he now knew a few better moments than before, his lot was still friendless and unhappy. The stigma of his workhouse upbringing remained, and was turned to brutal account by his associates. His relatives plainly allowed him to see that they were anxious to get rid of him. What adds to the pathos of the narrative is the abundant evidence that the boy had an intense inner life. He craved despairingly for the affection though of but one fellow-creature. Destined to be one of the world's great wanderers, he assures us that his instincts were home-keeping,

and that attachment to place would grow up quickly in him. More than this, he had naturally strong religious feeling, and would risk the sneers of his school-mates by rising from his bed at dead of night to pray; just as, at a later date, when keeping his aunt's sheep, he would follow the example of Old Testament characters by raising stone altars on the hill-top.

Disappointed in the promise of a situation, which had brought him to Liverpool, and kept well aware that he was in the way, young Stanley engaged as cabin-boy on board an American packet-ship. But the cabin-boy's berth proved a delusion—he was sent forward to take his share of toil and hardship with the crew, and the ship turned out to be a hell afloat. To wield the rope's end was the favourite exercise of the officers, whilst belaying pins and marline-spikes hurtling through the air would lay seamen senseless on the deck. What wonder that, on reaching New Orleans, Stanley for the second or third time ran away? But this time luck was with him. There was never perhaps man or boy to whom the moral atmosphere and institutions of the United States came more welcome, or rendered better service. Here was an end of the old narrow-minded, senseless carping about the workhouse; here were openings, opportunities, for all who could take advantage of them and turn them to account. And that Stanley could do this he was swift to prove. Were all the unemployed such as he proved to be, then they would all have our deepest sympathy. He asked nothing better than to work, and in the first work that came to hand showed superior zeal, industry, and ability. And, just as in writing of injuries he

is not one to forget to pay off old scores, so in writing of his own qualifications he sees no reason to mince matters. He was a good lad, he knew it, and he says so. Why shouldn't he? To do so was a characteristic of the man, and as characteristic of the man we welcome it. But, among his virtues, the one which interests ourselves most is the robust and manly chastity revealed in the description of his first evening at New Orleans, and again in the episode of "Dick" Heaton. From time immemorial it has been the fashion to poke fun at the virtue of Joseph, but, when associated with essential manliness, there is, perhaps, no surer sign of strong and noble character.



Stanley in 1874.

From "Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley," Edited by his Wife.
(Sampson Low.)

The consideration of space alone forces us to refrain from following Stanley in his life in Arkansas, and his enlistment in the army of the Confederate States upon the outbreak of the Civil War. It is needless to say that this is not the least interesting part of an enthralling book. Of that book the lesson would at first sight appear to be that, given a piece of good human stuff to start with, the discipline to which it is subjected can scarcely be too rigorous; or, in other words, that the sterner the process, the finer the result. But this deduction would be, at least to some extent, misleading. Stern discipline is not undergone without leaving its traces for ill as well as for good, however much the good may preponderate. Of passages proving that Stanley was no exception to this rule, the following, on Reviews and Reviewers, may fairly be cited:

"The reviews of my books," writes the great explorer, "have sometimes been too one-sided, whether for or against me. The reviewer is either fulsome or he is a bitter savage, striking stupidly because of blind hate. . . . It was owing to repeated attacks of the Public and Press that I lost the elastic hope of my youth, the hope and belief that toil, generosity, devotion to duty, righteous doing, would receive recognition at the hands of my fellow-



Stanley in 1890.

From "Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley," Edited by his Wife. (Sampson Low.)

creatures who had been more happily born, more fortunately endowed, more honoured by circumstances and fate than I. . . . Spears in Africa were hurtful things, and so was the calumny of the Press here; but I went on and did my work, the work I was sent into the world to do."

There is undoubted pathos in these words, but it is not pathos of the nobler sort—not the pathos of endurance, but rather that of limitation—the plaint of one who is too self-willed and too self-confident to submit to criticism. And the ascription of "blind hate" to the reviewer is an, unmerited reproach; for, though his faculty of comprehension may be limited, he is generally honest in his will to comprehend—indeed, his reputation depends on it. To sum up, it requires no preternatural wisdom to recognise that a man who has great work to do in the world will seldom accomplish it without giving great offence. In this Stanley was as other men, his equals. But, like them, he was amply strong enough to stand upon his merits; and it is a pity that he was not strong enough to be content to do so. Doubtless the principal value of this book is that it helps us to do him justice. Had his early experience been less severe, he would have been less impatient of judgment, less inclined to attribute ill will.

New Books.

THE ENGLISH ESSAY.*

In these days, when so many eyes are keenly at work in the quest of anomalies in the public press, one felt it incumbent upon one to deal rather circumspectly with a publisher's letter accompanying copies of "One Day and Another" and "Tremendous Trifles," by E. V. Lucas and G. K. Chesterton respectively, conveying the information that as "these two authors are so much before the public," much interest was certain to be shown in these books. Is this a subtle diagnosis of the fact that there is a brief period—a very brief period—in the history of every new tune that swims into the ear during which you cannot hear it too often? The prolixity of these little essay-books, their unvarying self-likeness, and the fact that they have already been admired in the greenhouse before they appear at dessert, awaken obscure

doubts, mere bats of the brain, as to whether this frequency of appearance before the public may not conceivably be overdone.

Having endeavoured to put this remote contingency as politely as possible, with a view to avoiding any possible anomalies in the dim future, I may proceed to submit my honest opinion to any reader who cares for it, that these essays are with scarcely an exception delightful reading the first time, and that some few, such as Mr. Lucas's "A Rhapsodist at Lord's," "George Mariner," "On Reading Aloud," and "Other People's Books," and Mr. Chesterton's "Twelve Men," "The Tower," "The Giant," and "The Piece of Chalk," can be read twice, with a renewed zest. It can hardly be denied that both these writers endanger their distinctive effects by the frequency with which they bring them off. Mr. Lucas is employed, it seems, in discovering a means of combining the functions of a literary light-porter with those of a light essayist. Mr. Chesterton croons over his sing-song that fiction is fact and fact is fiction, that a railway station is a Gothic cathedral, that it is more important to play

* "One Day and Another." By E. V. Lucas. 5s. (Methuen.)
—"Tremendous Trifles." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. (Methuen.)
—"On Everything." By H. Belloc. 5s. (Methuen.)—"Yet Again." By Max Beerbohm. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

at soldiers than to work at soldiers, that a dragon's grandmother has more reality for him than a railway porter, and so on. One comes in time to find a rhythm in the fashion of his prose which is inimitable in its way and stimulates the taste-buds when served up once a week for breakfast, but is rather too perceptible in a consecutive series. Mr. Chesterton's pet aversion in papers is the *Daily Mail*, of which he says that it has many new editions, but never a new idea. We always attributed to the *Daily Mail* the idea of refusing to report Parliament because Parliament would not advertise in the *Daily Mail*, but this may be an error. No one would ever accuse Mr. Chesterton of infertility of ideas. But worse even than a dearth is a surfeit of ideas. Benevolent ideas, as frequent as a swarm of locusts, blown about by the wind, without direction and with no relation to active benevolence, are too often a concomitant of that period of vague optimism which precludes revolution for one not to regard them with a certain apprehension. But the incompressibility of Mr. Chesterton as an essayist exceeds all previous limits and precedents. His whimsicalities are never affected, they are in grain. He streams into print with an *abandon* as easy as that of a boy whittling a stick. And his good-natured fun is so contagious that one simply cannot part with him unkindly.

To turn to Mr. Belloc from "Tremendous Trifles," says the cynic, is to read Mr. Chesterton in the original. And it is true to the extent that "Hilaire" often rings the bell for "Gilbert," though it is equally true that the latter has the larger mass of originality (in Carlyle's phrase), the more swamping initiative (in Meredith's) as an essayist. Belloc on "Nothing" is of course derisive, another of his ironies. *Everything*, on the other hand, is his specific subject, an aliquot part of what he knows and is prepared to communicate at sight with uplifted finger and stentorian voice. Now will he tell us the exact number of Jews in Rome, the relative number of vermin in French or Spanish prisons, where you can get the best glass of port wine in Rutlandshire, and what size of collar is the present wear of King Edward. The coming law of misrule, he instructs us, will break out about 1948, and the first symptoms will be perceptible in Dijon. Mr. Belloc's preoccupations with the ultimate destiny of the tea tax, the cosmic utility of Karl Milner, the cosmic utility of the "Cambridge Modern History," the crying need for a new Torquemada, the experiences that he obtained in the caserne of a French artillery regiment and mused in the common room of 'All Souls', prevent him from devoting his whole best energies to English literature. Were he able to concentrate them in this direction before the world-weariness by which he is menaced overwhelms him, there is no saying what he might not do. His models in style are the apostles of directness and bluntness - Bunyan, Swift, Defoe, and Borrow. But there is a vibration of mystery in Mr. Belloc's tones which gives to the least fragment of his classic prose that suspicion of Romance which he would probably deride, but which leavens his lightest essay with the Unknown and the Unexpected. When his irony and his omniscience are slumbering, there is no finer prose stylist to day than Mr. Belloc. You will have to dredge his books carefully for his best, of which there is in this new collection a goodly proportion. His manner is best observed here in "A Crossing of the Hills," his peculiar charm in "On an Empty House."

Mr. Lucas's effects are more skilful, more calculated; we do know at least whither he is leading us. He is an essayist, deflected sometimes by journalism from his higher level. Of the spontaneity which makes Chesterton a journalist so unique, he has little. It is far easier for him to be too companionable to be good company. But when he is really in good form he is, as we all know, of the best. He tantalises the mood sometimes in one short essay. Here, in a chapter called "On a Bookseller's Mistake," after an intrusion, as it seems to me, of Mr. Pecksniff which is quite uncalled for, is a sentiment which deserves enthusiastic excerpt by every humble roadfarer:

"One is no enemy of the car as a useful adjunct to twentieth-century utilitarianism and progress; but for me that is its beginning and its end. Convenience is its only justification. I will keep business appointments in taxis, and be driven to and from stations in the motor-cars of friends, with perfect resignation; but only from an incorrigible complaisance will I ever again go for what is called a run in a motor-car. They make me cold, they make me blind, they make me nervous (less for myself than for the people in the road), and they make me ashamed. They aggravate the insolence and success of the rich and they increase the failure (if it be failure) and lowliness of the poor. It gives me no satisfaction to dim with my dust the sweet-williams and marigolds of the cottage gardens; it does not interest or delight me in the least to see old countrymen start, and young children scatter in terror from their play."

There is a restraint about this reproof which makes it all the more impressive. That the car is the vehicle of the muck-rich, in which ladies in slippers and pudding-basin hats traverse their native land, making England one bad smell, and pulverising the lungs of honest men with their dust, may be true; but this gentlemanly and quiet demonstration that a road-hog and an average motorist are one, and a hog all the time, is far more effective.

If essays are essences to be distilled from the choicest care, as the great masters have taught, then is "Yet Again" as far above "One Day and Another" as "One Day and Another" is above "Tremendous Trifles." If Chesterton's trifles are tremendous, what of the far more trivial trifles of "Max"? By all known tests indeed that I have been able to apply, I must assign the honours to this gentleman, whose "Works" have now been twice encored. "Yet Again" is a worthy sequel to "More." It responds to that supreme test, it makes the very band (of jaded reviewers) laugh. Flaubert himself might have smiled indulgently at the earnest frivolity of this disciple. He breathes the sad lament of "Ichabod," not over the ruins of Exeter Hall, not among the early Victorian splendours of the violate harem at Yildiz Kiosk, but over the washed off labels of an old hat-box. He descants with tears upon "the Vanity of Human Wishes" on the threshold of an alien club which the housebreakers are pick-axing in Hanover Square. The suspicion of preciousness which may, in the eyes of some brutally healthy readers, have suggested a tinge of decadence in this writer, seems to have departed from him, or to survive at most only in two or three fantastic words - of dimensions so preposterous that his system has presumably been unequal to the task of eliminating them. The airy persiflage is unspotted, is enhanced rather by the air of profound gravity and intense earnestness with which he extracts the sunbeam from the cucumber and bottles it before your very eyes. The writing mounts from the first sentence. It is all good, nothing is fortuitous, and "Finis" might be written anywhere, for it is all finished. "Porro Unum" seems to me a quintessence of burlesque. One cannot fairly detach fragments from work so organic. Yet with great risk I will detach a sentence or two from one of those picture-essays at the end, written with as much toil, I suppose, as a sonnet by Heredia, in which the imagination creeps slowly but surely until it permeates the whole canvas:

"Against 'the set of sun' they stand forth [the witches in 'Macbeth'], while he who shall be king hereafter, with the comrade whom he shall murder, rides down to them, guileless of aught that shall be. Prey to his fate, we experience a strange compassion. Anon the fatal colloquy will begin. 'All hail, Macbeth,' the unearthly voices will be crying across the heath. Can nothing be done? Can we sit quietly here, while . . . Nay, hush! We are powerless. These witches, if we tried to thwart them, would swiftly blast us. There are things with which no mortal must meddle. There are things which no mortal must behold. Come away!"

"I write elaborately," says Mr. Beerbohm with superfluous candour. "Continue to do so," might be the superfluous reply, "and so long as there are a few people interested in the subtler ramifications of English prose as an art form, so long will there be a few constantly recurring readers of the 'Works of Max Beerbohm.'"

The English Essay, the decline and fall of which has been debated so often, is thus seen to be in an exceptionally healthy and vigorous state, and the four collections under review are far from exhausting its capacity during the single past twelvemonth. Mr. Hudson and Mr. Edward Thomas have shown us that the mantle of Jefferies has fallen with added powers upon the shoulders of a new generation, and a new road-writer has arisen in Mr. J. W. Allen, who interprets the hum of the flying cycle in "Wheel Magic" in the spirit of a true artist. The essay critical and the essay allusive may be illustrated from the pages of Mme. Duclaux and Mr. Robert Ross, while the literary essay is supplanting the old type of critical investigation in most of the weekly papers. The essay, in short, has returned nimbly to its old task of showing to the very soul and body of the time its form and pressure.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.*

There is no period which exercises a greater fascination than that of one hundred years ago. However good one's memory may be, it never stretches quite so far; and yet one need not be very old to remember people who could recall events that occurred when the nineteenth century was in its teens or earlier. Miss Hill loves especially to write of and to present the later part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, with views of French life as seen by the eyes of English visitors. Anecdotes, character sketches, and indeed any little touch that will help to reconstruct the past are the materials of which, in her skilful hands, she has constructed another volume full of the most entertaining reading. Some may call in question her methods of allowing Miss Edgeworth to tell her own story as far as possible in her own words, and of supplementing it when necessary with quotations from contemporary memoirs and letters. But the whole forms a mosaic designed with such skill that one has no inclination to complain of so agreeable a result. When Miss Hill steps forward to continue Miss Edgeworth's narrative, or to connect the extracts from her letters, often with lively comment of her own, she does it exceedingly well. Miss Hill does not concern herself with Maria Edgeworth's literary works—she attempts no criticism, and refrains from estimating her present position as a woman of letters. The book is frankly a narrative of events in the life of the Irish novelist, and as such it falls into three divisions. The first division is devoted to Maria Edgeworth's early visit to Paris in 1802, the second mainly to some English episodes in her life, her visits to Joanna Baillie at Hampstead, and to Trentham Park, while in the remaining portion of the volume Miss Hill describes her visit to Paris in the year 1820.

The book, then, introduces Miss Edgeworth in the year 1802 at the age of thirty-five, when her fame as a writer had already spread into France, and the opening chapters describe a prolonged visit that she, her sister Charlotte, and her father paid to the French capital in that year and the year following. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, a pompous tyrant in his own house, was nevertheless idolised by his daughter Maria, who was so thoroughly under his control that she submitted to him for his stately imprimatur, and too often for his correction, every book that came from her hand. He even expected to see her correspondence before she dispatched it, and she usually, but not always, gratified him in this respect. He seems to have been a

typical eighteenth-century squire, loving authority, and jealous to a degree of his rights as a British subject. As a close friend of the eccentric Thomas Day, he was not himself free from peculiarities, and had assisted the erratic author of "Sandford and Merton" in some of his matrimonial experiments. Mr. Edgeworth could claim his own share of domestic experiences, for he was married four times, and had a family of nineteen children.

On the Edgeworths' arrival in Paris, Maria was received in a manner befitting the future author of "Tales of Fashionable Life." She became a lioness and was welcomed at the houses of all the notable people of the day. She met Madame Récamier, and visited poor Madame de Genlis at her gloomy apartments in the Arsenal. But Maria was disappointed with the great authoress. "I never met any one of any party," she says, "who was her friend: this strikes me with real melancholy to see a woman of the first talents in Europe, who has lived and shone in the gay court of the gayest nation of the world, now deserted and forlorn . . . without society, without a single friend, and despised." Paris, however, had many attractions to offer for the quiet little lady from sleepy Irish Edgeworthstown, for it was during that picturesque period of French history, the decadence of the Republic, when Buonaparte was First Consul, and when the severities of the revolution had given place to a state of luxury said to have eclipsed anything that had ever been seen before. Miss Hill helps us to realise some of the gaieties of the gay city at the time of Maria's visit. She describes the wonders of Madame Récamier's salon, her bedchamber and even her bath, and gives some amusing details of the dress of the day, when narrow clinging skirts were the fashion, and when ladies "actually damped their drapery to make it cling the closer."

But of all the notabilities that she saw during her visit, Buonaparte naturally excited her chief interest. She attended the grand review in December, 1802, and saw, from a window that looked out on a court of the Louvre and Place du Carrousel, the First Consul ride "down the lines on a fine white Spanish horse." He "took off his hat to salute various generals, and gave a full view of his pale, thin, woebegone countenance. He is very little, but much at ease on horseback; it is said that he never appears to so much advantage as on horseback. There were about six thousand troops, a fine show well appointed, and some, but not all, well mounted."

The most important event, perhaps, in Maria's life occurred to her at this time. In a letter to her aunt she writes that "M. Edelcrantz, a Swedish gentleman . . . of superior understanding and mild manners . . . came to offer me his hand and heart!" She adds: "My heart, you may suppose, cannot return his attachment, for I have seen very little of him, and have not had time to form a judgment, except that I think nothing could tempt me to leave my friends to live in Sweden." So the offer was rejected, but as Mrs. Edgeworth subsequently remarked, "Maria was mistaken in her feelings; she felt much more for him than esteem and admiration, she was exceedingly in love with him." And M. Edelcrantz himself never married.

Before the Edgeworths finally left Paris an unfortunate incident occurred. Mr. Edgeworth having declined to pay his court to the First Consul, shortly afterwards received an order from the French Government to quit Paris. The reason given for this peremptory order was that he was believed to be the brother of the Abbé Edgeworth who had attended Louis XVI. in his last moments. Mr. Edgeworth, who was only a cousin of the Abbé, refused to petition the First Consul for his release from banishment, but he consented to sign a declaration of his relationship and thus obtained a remission of his sentence and returned to Paris.

But the days of their stay in France were numbered. The invasion of England was in the air, and Buonaparte,

* "Maria Edgeworth and her Circle in the Days of Buonaparte and Bourbon." By Constance Hill. 21s. (John Lane.)

who is said to have remarked that "England and France are the only countries in Europe—nay the world," was eager to review his troops in St. James's Park. War was declared, the English were turned out of France, and the Edgeworths were forced to bring their holiday to an end. Among the many Englishmen who failed to escape from France, and who were seized as prisoners of war, was Lovell Edgeworth, Maria's eldest brother, who was travelling in France independently; he suffered detention at Verdun for nearly eleven years, and only obtained his release in 1814 on the downfall of the Empire and the entry of the allies into Paris.

Miss Hill gives a delightful picture of Mrs. Barbauld, also of Mrs. Joanna Baillie, the Scottish poetess (for whom Walter Scott had such a warm admiration), and Hampstead society in the early days of the nineteenth century. At a reading of Mrs. Baillie's plays, which was given at the Holly Bush Assembly Rooms, Maria describes the poetess and her sister as "two dear old ladies dressed alike in grey silk with pretty lace caps, who came quietly in with the rest, Mrs. Joanna walking meekly behind her elder sister." Mrs. Baillie shocked her old friends in Scotland when she took to writing plays, and she told in her droll way how she had seen in a letter from one "Have ye heard that Jocky Baillie has taken to the public line?"

After editing the memoirs of her father, Maria Edgeworth revisited Paris with two of her sisters in April, 1820. It was during the Restoration, and she found "Paris wonderfully embellished" since she was there in 1802 with her father. But things were changed and many of her old friends were now living in retirement. Madame Récamier, for instance, whose husband had lost his fortune, had found refuge in a convent. The book necessarily contains a good deal about Madame de Staël, whom Maria visited at the Château de Coppet, Lake Geneva.

IRISH WAYS.*

It is to be hoped that would-be readers of this book may not be scared by its imposing form and price. Large, thick, bound in plain green, it has the appearance of a volume on sociology: whilst in reality, excepting a short preface, an introductory chapter on "Ourselves and our Island," and a few concluding pages descriptive of a Corner of a County, the book is a collection of stories and sketches in Miss Barlow's most

* "Irish Ways." By Jane Barlow. With Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White by Warwick Goble. 15s. (George Allen & Sons.)

characteristic manner. In handier form it would be just the pocket-companion for an Irish holiday; but that perhaps would mean the loss of Mr. Goble's excellent illustrations; "so things being as they are, and not to be mended, sure best thing we can do is accept and be thankful."

In her preface Miss Barlow tells us that the setting of her stories has importance as a kind of commentary on their incidents, it being true that "the scenery through which we pass while travelling on Irish ways must never be left out of account when contemplating those other Irish ways found among the people with whom we meet." The warning is necessary. To appreciate these people of Miss Barlow's and their ways, even to understand them often, we must connect them always with their environment. A land of misty hills and wild boglands, of long lonely roads leading past hamlets and mountains out to the back of beyond and the estranging sea; a land of ceaseless striving by humans for bare life and the bite to eat; a land as far removed from the sophisticated East and the materialised North as Lisconnel is from New York—such, in broad perspective, is that enchanted West country of Miss Barlow's people. And as it is, so are they. Picturesque in their tweeds and cloaks, their rags and tatters, we see them in their cottages by the bit of fire, wending slowly to mass and market, carrying seaweed to the hungry fields, or sitting on the turf banks colloquy' softly together: and always they fit the scene. Just those, as Miss Barlow draws them with sure loving hand, are the children of the boglands and mountains. Aisy-going, content, wrapped about with a wise melancholy, mystical, superstitious, poor, blessed with the richest gift of talk, what but these could come of a land without factory or railroad, town or ranch, slated house or coal fire; where the wind always blows; where ghosts live in the dark and fairies dance in the moonlight; where social blessedness might be a matter of two ounces of tea and the very heaven of content an old age pension? And, if you think of it well, what other stories than these of Miss Barlow's—so quiet, so devoid of every taint of vulgarity, so concerned with everyday trifles and then of a sudden grasping "at things beyond this tangible universe," so pervaded with that tenderness which comes of sympathy and humour—what other than these might truthfully result



Michael the Mediator.

From "Irish Ways," by Jane Barlow. (G. Allen & Sons.)

from the ways of such a people? That they result, at all, there printed in a book, is at once a triumph of artist and subject. It is Millet making art of a man and a hoe.

All of which means, of course, that seekers after sensation and drama will not find it in "Irish Ways." So free is the book, indeed, of anything "hot and coloured" that one can imagine captious persons accusing Miss Barlow of so ordering the ways of her characters as to deprive them not only of drama but of nationality. Over and over again we seem on the brink of possibilities. Surely when Peter Gaffney denounces Dinny for "a little-good-for, humbuggin', money-grabbin', scandelious young rogue of a mane-spirited slieveen," a real Irish row is brewing? Or when Sally comes shrieking up the stairs, "swept by the topmost wave of the swelling excitement," we are on the heels of drama? Or when we come on the cave-dweller writing his calendar on the rock, we are almost in sight of reeking tragedy? But no. Quietly Miss Barlow takes us by the arm, and leads us from the path of excitement back to the ways of peace—to the groups talking softly in the sun, the couples courting among the heather, that tremendous pother over a sixpence, that parish hubbub at news of McGonigal's new car.

Is it well or ill, this sacrifice of the dramatic to fidelity? One knows how Miss Barlow would answer. But the price she pays for sake of absolute truth is a popularity less than she deserves and a place amongst novelists not quite worthy of her fine talents.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

THE ABERDEEN DOCTORS.*

A Glasgow University Professor whose words deserve all the more attention that he is not a member of the Faculty of Divinity, complained recently of the ignorance of the Scottish "young people of to-day" regarding the ecclesiastical history of Scotland. "If one asked them what was meant by 'burgher' or 'anti-burgher,' 'Cameronians' or the 'Relief Kirk,' one found they knew no more about it than the heathen Chinese." Such ignorance may be, and is, deplorable in the case of adults, for if a knowledge of Scottish history does not involve a knowledge of that all-pervading religious earnestness which expended rather than wasted itself in the formation of rival denominations, it is hardly deserving of the name. But it is not altogether inexplicable or even inexcusable in other cases. The "young people of to-day," living in close touch with the new ecclesiastical unions that have taken, or are about to take, the place of the old schisms, naturally enough think of and concern themselves with the peaceful facts of the present, and are content to look upon the conflicts which interested and inflamed their grandfathers as, although national, little better than the Heptarchy "battles of kites and crows." But there are two other kinds of ignorance which, not being so defensible, ought to be dispensed with the least possible delay—the ignorance of the imperfect expert and the ignorance of the disinterested layman who is as much bent as was his Evangelical or Moderate ancestor in trying to make the Church of his own day an ideal institution. Both of these varieties of ignorance Dr. Macmillan seeks to dispel in his *Hastie Lectures*, in which he throws a sidelight on past Scottish history, and endeavours to make that sidelight a beacon for the not distant though somewhat dim future. And he does this in the catholic spirit of the eminent scholar in perpetuation of whose memory these Lectures were founded, and who, although he had more than a spice of the humanist in him,

was above all things a believer in that reasoned Calvinism which Froude accounted the backbone of Scottish character, which gave Scotland a Davie Deans and the world a Thomas Carlyle. Dr. Macmillan's volume is lucid, scholarly, broadly human, and instinct with the spirit of *via media*, but not of ecclesiastical, theological, or moral flabbiness.

The Covenant was too strong for the six famous Aberdeen Doctors—three professors in the University and three ministers in the city—who opposed its acceptance in the earlier half of the seventeenth century, but their grit and "contumacy," characteristically Aberdonian, made them foemen worthy of the steel even of their opponents. They thoroughly believed in the anti-Covenant—and also anti-Laud views of Church Government, Doctrine, and Worship which they advocated and expounded by methods that Dr. Macmillan fully and clearly defines. They were, moreover, fortunate in the environment in which they laboured. As Dr. Macmillan puts it without exaggeration, "Aberdeen and the North were never very favourable to the Presbyterian system. Indeed, several parts of Scotland, as one can see from the number of Roman Catholics that are still to be found in them, were never really reformed, and while Aberdeen was not one of them, it had never been so extreme in its Protestant zeal as other counties of Scotland nearer the ecclesiastical centre in Edinburgh." Episcopacy of the type of Bishop Patrick Forbes was moreover identified with piety and "good works." This accounts for the stern, hard fight made by the Doctors. They were bound to be beaten in the long run, as in England the Presbyterians were bound to be beaten by the Independents and as in France the Grondists were bound to be beaten by the Jacobins. But their spirit survived their failure because, no doubt, in their own way, they sought, as Dr. Macmillan says, to "lead the minds of men away from a scholastic theology to the bed-rock of the Christian religion which is found in human conduct as the result of a profound belief in God as the moral Governor and Father of all." Although Dr. Macmillan seems to give too little weight to the popular judgment passed by Scotland on fundamental matters of Doctrine, Worship, and Church Government, and especially to the value of that judgment simply because it was popular, he puts the views of the mildly Episcopal minority as represented by the Aberdeen Doctors in a way which is not only void of offence, but which is calculated to attract sympathy. Besides, the Doctors, and particularly the ablest of them, Dr. John Forbes, of Corse, who in virtue largely of his *Tremam Amatoribus certatis et pacis* was long regarded as the first of Scottish theological students, were treated so harshly that they must be regarded as martyrs, even if they may have been in a measure "martyrs by mistake." Dr. Macmillan's enthusiastic defence of them is in reality a blow struck for the inclusion of peace and goodwill in future Scottish ecclesiastical "settlements," which will survive such disputes as to whether three of the Five Articles of Perth contended for by Dr. John Forbes—Private Baptism, Private Communion, and the Celebration of Holy Days—are now "practically adopted by the Church of Scotland."

Perhaps it would not be too much to say by way of condensation that this volume is an exhibition of the contrast between the Church Government which is popularly identified with the earlier Episcopacy and the Worship and Doctrine associated with it, and that of triumphant Presbyterianism; though John Forbes had a preference for the form of ecclesiastical government to which he was brought up over the other, it was only a preference, and he believed that both were quite in keeping with the teaching of Scripture and the mind of the Apostles. He would have gone on quite willingly discharging the duties of his office as Professor of Divinity in King's College in the Presbyterian Church as restored. Had the Covenant not triumphed, the Doctors would have favoured a *rapprochement* between Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, such as at

* "The Aberdeen Doctors: A Notable Group of Scottish Theologians of the First Episcopal Period, 1610-38, and the bearing of their teaching on some questions of the present time." By Dr. Macmillan, M.A., D.D. (s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

first found favour with Knox himself. Regarding Union, the Doctors aimed at a fraternisation between Lutheranism and the Reformed Church on the principle which it is easier to dream of than to act upon, of "in things essential unity, in things non-essential liberty, in all things charity."

The historical portion of Dr. Macmillan's *Hastie Lectures* is on the whole the least likely to give rise to criticism of other than a friendly kind. He is on more delicate ground when, discussing the question of Church union—or reunion—as it has been raised in our own day, he practically singles out as guides men of the type of the Aberdeen Doctors, because they are "the party of true constitutionalism, of moderation, the one that really expresses the national spirit and which embodies the leading characteristics of the Scottish people." Dr. Macmillan is clearly of opinion that Scotland would be quite as well without even the Presbyterian reunion which is being "conferred" upon. He maintains:

"It is not the divisions of the Churches after all, but their quarrels that cause scandal; and it is at this point that the teaching and practice of the Aberdeen Doctors come in with redoubled force. Let the Churches of our day breathe the broad spirit of charity which animated Dr. John Forbes and his friends; let them look outside their own narrow limits to the larger Church of Christ that lies beyond."

The inculcation of this view on the "conferring" committees in Scotland cannot possibly do any harm, and may do some good by promoting amenity of discussion. At the same time Dr. Macmillan does not attempt the impossible by suggesting as immediately feasible such a union between Presbyterianism and Episcopacy as might have satisfied the Aberdeen Doctors in their day. Some at least of the Doctors lived up to their own principle of charity by keeping up friendly relations with Presbyterians. So only one meaning can be attached to such a statement of the present position as this:

"Let the English Church throw open its pulpits to the ministers of the Presbyterian Church; let it accept without re-ordination the fully qualified clergy of the Scottish Church; let the members of that Church be freely admitted to its Communion Table; let it be prepared to consider the advisability of giving the laity a share in its government and of causing the Bishop to be subject to the discipline of the Church and under its control like the rest of his brethren. Then, but not till then, will be the time to consider the precedents of 1610 or any other precedents, by which the Presbyterianism of Scotland and the world can be transformed into Episcopacy."

The spirit which, resting perhaps on instinct rather than on reason, still prefers an Erasmus to a Luther, a Buchanan to a Knox, even a Leighton to a Melville, animated the Aberdeen Doctors so long as they were allowed to remain quietly in cloistered seclusion. But when they were forced into the arena of public action, they had to quit themselves and suffer like men, and in the end were driven aside in the party rush of the period. Similar in all probability will be the fate of any disputants who may try to mix up the question of Presbyterian reunion with what they may sincerely believe to be "larger issues." Dr. Macmillan will not, however, be found in the number of "impracticables"; his "highest" contention, in treating of Presbyterian reunion, is that a "principle" is involved in "Establishment," and that the State and the Church are two different aspects of the nation. This is, in effect, *his* Spiritual Independence.

The ordinary lay reader of this volume, while he fully admits its historical value as a contribution to the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, and an exposition of views which were influential in one corner of Scotland at least in their day and generation, but have been too much neglected, will beyond doubt consider its author's brief biography of Dr. Hastie as the most distinctly sympathetic piece of writing in it. That the late Professor of Divinity in Glasgow University was one of the most eminent all-round scholars, as well as theological specialists,

of his time or of any time in Scotland is freely admitted by fair-minded men in all Churches; it is abundantly proved by the list of his works which forms an appendix to this volume. Dr. Hastie's life was full of troubles; one of these in all probability helped to shorten his life. Whoever had the honour and pleasure of his acquaintance will understand and agree with Dr. Macmillan when he says:

"He had the strength of a man and the tenderness of a woman. He had the learning of the ages and the simplicity of a child. He was truly a man of sorrows; he had tasted of the bitterness of life, but his spirit was never soured. He has taught us by his writings, but his life will teach us more. It will, I believe, remain as an inspiring force in the Scottish Church for many years to come. If all were told, it would make strong men weep; but silence, silence!"

Of the many notes in Dr. Macmillan's valuable work, that which is "personal with passion" is not the least impressive.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

"AS I CAME THROUGH THE DESERT."*

"As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert. Eyes of fire
Glared at me, throbbing with a starved desire;
The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous breath
Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death;
Sharp claws, swift talons."

These lines from "The City of Dreadful Night," by James Thomson ("B. V."), will occur to many who—even if only in imagination and by way of a book—"come through the desert" in the company of Colonel Patterson.

Two years ago in "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," and to-day in his equally powerful work "In the Grip of the Nyika," he tells the story of the stupendous—some had almost written the incredible—escapes of himself and some of his attendants from the man-eating lions that, with bloody persistence, stalked the travellers step by step in the day, and, at dead of night, stole stealthily into the very tent where slept the intended victims. In his second book, as in his first, Colonel Patterson tells the story in such a way that the reader sees and hears all that occurs—finds himself staring, fascinated, into the horrible eyes of the man-eater, or listens to the monster's pleased purring, as, with roughened tongue, he licks, with hideous gusto, the warm blood from the flesh of his victim; or scrunches sickeningly at thigh bone or shoulder-blade.

Of these man-eaters—two of which between them had killed and eaten no less than twenty-eight Indian coolies and scores of African natives—Colonel Patterson, often alone and unaided, dispatched at least a round dozen:

* "In the Grip of the Nyika," By Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)



Colonel Patterson's Native Guide, Abbudi.

From "In the Grip of the Nyika," by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson. (Macmillan.)

and, in a list of Great Game Hunters, his name would now appear in inch-long letters, and at the top. When first I saw his name, it was footing a letter printed in the smallest of type, in the *Field* newspaper. The letter described one of his earliest lion-hunts, and so vivid was the impression it left upon the mind, that I wrote then and there to the author, suggesting that here were the makings of a great book of adventure. He called to see me, in reply, and though protesting, with characteristic modesty, that he was no penman, a penman in a very real sense he has since proved himself to be. That he attains his effects, and contrives to thrill his readers, not so much by what he says, as by what he refrains from saying, is true, and therein lies the secret of his perhaps unconscious literary art. The reader knows instinctively that not half the horrors have been told—as is, indeed, the case—and this, by appealing to the imagination, arouses a sense of reality infinitely more arresting than could be attained by elaborate description or by self-conscious attempts to "pile up the agony." By his swift, direct, soldierly style, Colonel Patterson convinces us of the truth of his narrative, just as surely as his soldier-like reluctance to make too much of his achievements convinces us of his own courage, modesty, and manliness.

In British East Africa the desert or wilderness is known as the Nyika, and the book before us tells of the author's adventures when he was seconded from military service by the British Government that, as Chief Game Ranger of the East African Protectorate, he might explore, map out, and define the boundaries of that wild and, in parts, almost unknown land. The book has therefore not only absorbing interest as a narrative of adventure, but unique geographical and scientific interest all its own.

The encounters with man-eating lions described in "In the Grip of the Nyika" are scarcely less startling than those recorded in the author's first book: but the new volume exceeds its predecessor in the number and in the excitement of fateful encounters with that even more pugnacious beast, the rhinoceros. A lion, unless hungry, will, more often than not, make off when disturbed, but a "rhino" is likely to come to the charge, and haply may rush, gore, or trample underfoot the unfortunate intruder. By rhinos, Colonel Patterson and his *safari*—which in East Africa means not only a journey, but the travellers themselves, their animals and their equipments—were repeatedly charged; and as upon him fell the duty of defending the *safari*, his life was in daily danger. So narrow were some of his escapes that, not once, but a dozen times, the reader finds himself recalling the words of one of the Colonel's companions when the natives brought back the trophies of one of the finest "bags," in the way of an afternoon's big-game hunting, that has fallen to the lot of a single gun. "Patterson," said his friend, "*you are the luckiest man in Africa.*"

In one respect, "In the Grip of the Nyika" has a human interest lacking from "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo," and this brings us to the sombre side of the story. The chapter entitled "A Tragedy in the Desert" is as painful to read as it must have been painful to write, for, to the anxiety and responsibility of leading his party, was added that of the serious and lengthy illness of the Englishman who was one of Colonel Patterson's two white companions. Everything that skill, self-sacrificing devotion and the limited means at hand could do, was done, but all to no purpose. The poor fellow met with a tragic end, leaving to his friend, whom long night watches, much nursing, and the burden of a great anxiety had prostrated with fever and dysentery, the terrible responsibility of escorting through the desert, and protecting against savage animals and possibly against even more savage men, a woman worn out with nursing and broken with grief. With characteristic chivalry, Colonel Patterson's first thought and first wish were instantly to return with his charge to civilisation; but, confronted as he was

by the fact that the expedition was official and was paid for out of public funds, he had no option but to continue his journey; and when, ill as he was at the time, the natives chose this moment, of all others, in which to mutiny, any one but a man of his iron nerve would have broken down. That when he had quelled the mutiny, honourably redeemed his dead friend's trust, and successfully accomplished the purpose of his journey, this lion-hearted hunter of lions *did* break down, and had to be invalided home, will give no cause for wonder to readers of his entrancing and romantic book.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

MRS. THRALE-PIOZZI.*

The superstition that was once commonly held by most of Dr. Johnson's admirers, that his memory could best be served by heaping abuse on the head of his devoted friend Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi, has flourished for over a century, and may even now be not entirely extinct. Because Dr. Johnson once wrote her a rude letter (for which he afterwards made amends) on hearing of her intended marriage with Signor Piozzi, all his worshippers took what they thought was his cue, and set about persecuting the poor lady with every species of scandal and abuse. Had the Johnson Centenary celebrations effected no other laudable purpose than the publication of these two books, they could not be said to be profitless. It is most fitting that the task of vindicating the memory of Mrs. Piozzi should have been undertaken and discharged by two such good scholars of the eighteenth century as Mr. Thomas Seecombe and Mr. J. H. Lobban. Perhaps some may be inclined to smile at their earnestness, but it should be remembered that Mrs. Thrale's memory has been allowed to suffer for over a century from the misrepresentations of her enemies. The titles of these two volumes are sufficiently alike to cause confusion, and they both contain prefatory essays in which the character of Mrs. Piozzi is fervently defended and her detractors—the crafty Boswell, the treacherous Baretti, the irresponsible Fanny Burney and others—are denounced with scorn. But no one who cares for the subject can afford to neglect either of these two fascinating books.

The volume for which Mr. Lobban is responsible is a judicious and much-needed selection from Abraham Hayward's "Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi," which was first published in 1861. Hayward in this work may be said to have continued Croker's Johnsonian researches, but his object was Mrs. Piozzi. Croker had already harvested every available straw in his gleanings relative to the "Great Cham," but the Thrale-Piozzi crop which awaited Hayward was more than abundant. Besides the "long-drawn-out" "*Thraliana*," he transcribed Mrs. Piozzi's marginal notes on Johnson's correspondence, on Wraxall's "*Historical Memoirs*," and on Boswell's "*Life of Johnson*"; he also collected her letters. But the result of his labours, although valuable to the student, is too congested and heavy to delight the multitude who find Boswell's book a never-ending feast. Mr. Lobban has therefore rendered the public a signal service in culling from Hayward's volumes all those leaves that are best and most worthy of preservation. The passages so selected seem to acquire by the process a crispness which is certainly not an attribute of the original work.

Mr. Broadley is a born collector with a natural instinct for bibliographical detail. He has been a close observer of the sales of autographs and documents relating to the Johnson circle, and he pathetically notes the dispersion of

* "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale." By A. M. Broadley. With an Introductory Essay by T. Seecombe. 21s. (John Lane.)—"Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale." *Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains* selected and edited with an Introduction by J. H. Lobban. 6s. (T. N. Foulis.)

collections, especially when they find their way, as they frequently do, to America. His book comprises an important body of new material, unpublished letters of Johnson, of Mrs. Piozzi, and her friends, but it is presented in a somewhat uninviting form. Mrs. Thrale's Journal of her tour in Wales with Dr. Johnson, however, from the original in the editor's possession, is the principal feature of his book. If no other proof existed of Mrs. Thrale's wit and her powers of observation and expression, this little diary should suffice to establish her claim to such gifts. It should not be described as a supplement to Johnson's meagre notes on the same journey, but be given a place as the best account of the Welsh tour. Besides an attractive collection of illustrations from rare prints and pictures, Mr. Broadley's volume contains a most illuminating essay by the learned author of "The Age of Johnson."

Mr. Thomas Seccombe has never given us anything more characteristic: he is in his happiest vein. It is a copious draught of his best vintage, well matured and full bodied, and it is so agreeable to the taste that it rather spoils one's palate for the plainer fare that follows. Without pursuing the simile further, we may say that Mr. Seccombe's introduction is witness of his inexhaustible store of eighteenth-century learning. Thrale's widow is now completely and satisfactorily vindicated, and the malignant libels of Boswell and his followers are shattered. Mr. Seccombe's process of demolishing Mrs. Thrale's enemies is the commendable one of showing that she possessed considerable natural gifts: she was a woman of affairs, and once saved her husband's brew-house from ruin by her ready resource, when he had jeopardised it by a foolish speculation. In spite of her father's vow that she should not be exchanged for a barrel of porter, she was married off at the age of twenty-one to the stolid Southwark brewer, and forced to live in that dreary house, with its dreary name—Deadman's Place—near the Southwark brew-house. She bore him twelve children, entertained his friends at the dinner-parties for which his house became so justly celebrated, and she suffered with extraordinary stoicism his callous philandering, his bouts of gargantuan gluttony, and his cold indifference to her feelings. She had, however, some compensations, but they were mainly of her own devising. She enthralled the great Dr. Johnson, and held a salon, the envy of all other *salonières*, which was thronged by every person of genius and distinction. For twenty years she looked after the comfort of Dr. Johnson, and received in return his counsel and homage. Johnson divided his year into three terms: Fleet Street, Streatham, and provincial travel. Sometimes, and towards the end, she found Johnson exacting and troublesome, and when her husband died, he became overbearing, while old age and ill health made him trefful and testy. Mrs. Thrale had borne much during Mr. Thrale's lifetime, and when she made her second marriage she was determined to please herself. It is pleasant to know that she had many happy years of married life with Signor Piozzi, who was a man of unimpeachable qualities. The present books give some excellent examples of Mrs. Thrale's correspondence, which show to advantage her unequalled gifts as a letter-writer.

ROGER INGPEN.

NEW POETS.*

No new poet for a long time has won so sudden a reputation as Mr. James Stephens. The poems in "Insurrections" show traces of Browning's influence in their form, but the spiritual attitude expressed in them—courageous, defiant, whimsical, grimly cynical at times—is Mr. Stephens's

own. He is a rebel and a sympathiser with rebels. His "Optimists" preaches no complacent optimism, but rather a fierce and challenging resignation, and it is not without significance that this poem should be followed by "Where Demons Grin," a grotesque ballad of the suicide of a bent old man who

"muttered low and sneered at God,
And said He sure was deaf or blind,
Or lazing on the sod."

"Teig Gorabli and the Liar," again, is a contemptuous protest against the sentimental optimism which declares that all is well. Moods of deep anger, as in "The Whisperer," and of dark laughter, as in "Sir Smile the Neighbour," alternate in Mr. Stephens's poems. Some of his best verses are sheer grotesque, like "Seamus Beg," the decorative note on the strange, flat-nosed man whom the child sees sitting under a tree outside the village, or "Ould Snarly Gob." It may be as well to quote the latter poem in full as an example of Mr. Stephens's manner:

"There was a little fire in the grate,
A fistful of red coal—
Might warm a soul,
But scarce could heat a body that had weight
Not mine, at any rate.

"A glum old man was sitting by the fire,
With wrinkled brow,
Warming himself somehow,
And mumbling low, thus melancholy sure,
A singular desire.

"If I were young again, said he, if I
Were only young again,
I'd laugh at pain
I'd jeer at people groaning, and I'd try
To pinch them ere they'd die.

"The young folks laugh and jump about and play,
And I am old,
And grey, and cold;
If I were only young again, and they
Were old, and cold, and grey,

"I'd pull them from the fire, I'd jeer and shout,
I'd say for fun,
Get up, and run
And warm yourself, you lazy, doddering lout,
Get up and run about."

Mr. Stephens's "Insurrections" is the most promising first book of poetry which has appeared in Ireland since Mr. Pédraic Colum's "Wild Earth." The author may not yet be a master of unerring phrases, but his is a rich genius for dramatic moods and for comprehension of the rebel spirit in a hundred guises, disreputable and noble.

Mr. Seosemh MacCathmhaoil is an Irish poet who has already earned praise with more than one book. "The Mountainy Singer" contains all the best work that the author has already published, together with some new poems. Mr. MacCathmhaoil is at once a fighting man in spirit and a singer. His is the rebel's heart, like Mr. Stephens's, but whereas Mr. Stephens rebels against destiny and God Himself, Mr. MacCathmhaoil would be well content with the wonder and the music of the world were it not for the "Black Earl from over the Sea" who levies toll on Ireland and makes it desolate. He passes from moods of fierce prophecy to moods of gentle delight in the fairy realities that fill the air, and the vision of Christ against a background of Irish things returns again and again in his poems. The musical quality of his verse may be judged by a few lines such as:

"The silence of unlabouring fields
Lies like a judgment on the air;
A human voice is never heard,
The sighing grass is everywhere,
The sighing grass, the shadowed sky,
The cattle crying wearily!"

Mr. Oliver Davies aims at expressing an ethical attitude in most of his verses, and only here and there, as in "The

* "Insurrections." By James Stephens. 1s. net. (Maunsell.)—"The Mountainy Singer." By Seosemh MacCathmhaoil. 2s. 6d. net. (Maunsell.)—"Between-Time Poems." By Oliver Davies. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)—"The Golden Treasury of Australian Verse." Edited by Bertram Stevens. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

Hypocrite," does he give us anything of the sting of drama which is so remorseless a feature in Mr. Stephens's poetry. His book is interesting and full of courageous thoughts, though the expression is too often prosaic and fettering, as in a verse like :

"Where stupid's abound,
And little men's spite
Is the only sound
And the one delight,
O say, which is wise,
The truth to their teeth,
Or a song to the skies
Alone on the heath?"

Mr. Bertram Stevens's "Golden Treasury of Australian Verse" is really an enlarged and revised edition of his "Anthology of Australian Verse." Australia has not yet succeeded in producing poetry of such a distinctive quality as Ireland. Australian poets seem to be at their best in stirring rhetorical ballads like Mr. Henry Lawson's "The Star of Australasia." Even in the lyrical exuberance of Victor Daley there are recurring intervals of rhetoric. There is a great deal of the vigour of youth, of the joy of energetic living in wide places, in the verses collected in the present book. Most of them are remarkable for vividness and force, rather than for any quality of magic. Mr. Stevens has added biographical and bibliographical notes on the poets at the end of the volume.

ROBERT LYND.

JACK CADE.*

It was easy enough to call Jack Cade a rogue and vagabond ; equally easy for a complaisant Parliament to gratify a triumphant and vindictive monarch by passing an Act to confiscate his goods and decree that the dead leader of the democracy "be called a false traitor within the said realm for ever." But for ever is a long day, and not many of our judgments are sound enough to stand unchanged until the end of it. This gross misjudgment of John Cade has endured too long, and Shakespeare is largely to blame for its perpetuation. He introduces the great Captain of Kent into "King Henry VI.," Part II., and presents him as a base-born, half-witted impostor bent only upon plunder and personal aggrandisement, and his followers, the fifty thousand Commons of England, as a riotous, ignorant rabble, "rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent." Certain of our modern historians, Stubbs and Gardiner among them, have been content to accept this view of the man and of the people who made him their leader, though there is no denying, as Dr. Gardiner puts it, that "whole districts of Kent, Surrey and Sussex rose in arms clamouring for redress of grievances, and it is certain that the insurgents met with a large amount of sympathy even from those who did not actually take part with them."

Carlyle has said, with his usual insight, "the people which complains is always right ; its indefatigable patience invariably waits the utmost excesses of oppression before it can determine on resistance, and it never resists long enough to obtain complete redress." No one can deny that the government of Henry VI. was villainously corrupt and oppressive, and no one who looks impartially into all the facts can deny that Cade and his men behaved with decency and with moderation in all their efforts to wrest from the Crown some common measure of mere just treatment and immunity from being robbed by the king's courtiers and favourites. Besant had looked into the facts when he wrote his "Mediæval London," and he was brought to the conclusion that "the insurgents were not a mere rabble. Either they were an orderly body, or they were kept in admirable order by this mysterious leader of theirs." Mr. Clayton also has sifted all the available evidence and told the full story of the rising in this book of his, and that

story is in itself a complete vindication of the character of the much-maligned Mortimer, otherwise Jack Cade, the "Captain of Kent." There is no special pleading ; no attempt to prove that Cade was more than an honest man doing his level best in terribly difficult circumstances. When London opened its gates to him and was for a time at his mercy, there was no looting, and his order of the day that all violence against the property and persons of the citizens should be punished with death was rigidly enforced. Mr. Clayton has to leave the mystery of Cade's ancestry, the confusion as to his very identity, pretty much where he found it ; but he makes it abundantly clear that the man was of the old heroic mould, that whatever name belonged to him, he was a just and high-souled gentleman whom the nation that now enjoys the rights he fought and died for need not hesitate to honour. It would not have been surprising if Mr. Clayton, with his notoriously democratic sympathies, had put some heat and passion of partisanship into this work, but he has taken the wiser way of leaving a plain tale to create its own effect ; he is reasonable, admirably impartial throughout, and anxious only to set down the truth. The result is an intensely interesting narrative that is at once good history and as complete a biography as we are ever likely to have of one who was once a deservedly popular hero and is now, at length, coming into his own again.

A.

THE DAUPHINES OF FRANCE.*

A book which, while remaining of manageable size, tells all that is to be told about no less than fifteen persons must have been remarkably difficult to write. Miss Hamel, nevertheless, has accomplished her task with real success. Her style of writing is spirited and enjoyable, her facts are put tersely and vividly, and her accuracy is unquestionable. In fact, her manner is as fascinating as her matter. Attempting as she does to visualise her characters to the reader as well as to supply the atmosphere of a number of widely differentiated historical periods, it was impossible for the author to avoid a certain scrappiness and disjointedness : a fault which indeed is inseparable from the scheme of the work, but is more apparent than real. This sense of a lack of continuity is the main drawback to a book which, while making its appeal to the general public in search of light reading which shall also be somewhat less frivolous than the average novel, will also be of interest to those who despise the numerous present-day collections of *histoires scandaleuses*.

To the ordinary reader, Miss Hamel's introduction will perhaps be the least interesting portion of the book, and it is by a curious irony that, as the author points out, it is the most original, dealing as it does with a topic which has hitherto had no authority in English "the position of the dauphine at court and the ceremonial which surrounded those in the direct line of succession to the throne of France." There are many points to be gleaned from it. The average person, for instance, when asked for the number of people who have held the title of dauphine, would probably guess between thirty and forty. In actual fact, they number fifteen. Since the assumption of the title of dauphin—the origin of which is unknown except in so far that it derives from the Comtes de Viennois—it has been used by twenty-nine "sons of France." "Of these sixteen died young, or were crowned before their marriage ; thirteen had wives ranking as dauphines ; one, Marguerite of Austria, used the title only by courtesy," because her husband afterwards repudiated the ceremony. There was also the case of Mlle. de Choin, second wife of Louis, son of Louis XIV., the first dauphin to bear the title of Monseigneur, but as her marriage was never acknowledged, she never attained to the title and rank. This

* "The True Story of Jack Cade." By Joseph Clayton. 2s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

* "The Dauphines of France." By Frank Hamel. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)



Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne, 1685 1712.

From "The Dauphines of France," by Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul.)

leaves fourteen with an undisputed claim: Jeanne de Bourbon, Marguerite de Bourgogne, Jacqueline de Bavière, Marie d'Anjou, Marguerite of Scotland, Charlotte de Savoie, Catherine de Médicis, Mary Stuart, Marie-Anne-Christine de Bavière, Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, the Infanta Marie-Thérèse, Marie-Josèphe de Saxe, Marie-Antoinette, and her daughter Marie-Thérèse, Duchesse d'Angoulême, who is better known as Madame Royale. This last of the dauphines died in 1851. The lives of all, with the possible exception of Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, seem to have been troubled and unhappy to such an extent that it may broadly be said that the title carried misfortune with it. The dauphine seems to have found especial difficulty in "fitting in" with the rest of the French court. Her position was one of the highest importance, she was surrounded by restrictions and etiquette of the most annoying and petty variety, her behaviour was subjected to the most rigid scrutiny, and the result was that at best she was regarded with jealousy, while frequently she was compelled to fight against rumours and scandals of the most bitter description. It would seem to have been impossible for a dauphine to be popular with all classes.

The scope of Miss Hamel's work does not include an account of the whole life of her subjects, and in this way she omits—for instance—the dramatic and tragic end of Marie-Antoinette. Nevertheless, the book is one which nobody should miss. The publisher also has done his part well, for the volume is produced in the most attractive manner, and its value is enhanced by a number of interesting illustrations.

L. T. S.

THE PAINTERS OF VICENZA.*

The fame of Vicenza, that ancient city of the Veneto, has been luckier in the art of architecture than in that of painting. For in the former, her son Palladio remained

* "The Painters of Vicenza." By Tancred Borenius. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

true to her—he whose influence over the builders of the sixteenth century was greater than that of any other. He worked for his native town, and left it—although it has been called one of the dullest towns of Italy—ennobled with a number of fine structures most interesting to the student of Renaissance art; whereas, in the art of painting, Vicenza's greatest son was taken from her in his early boyhood, and she lost the one chance in her story to become the home of the highest genius—Andrea Mantegna (born 1431) became a Paduan.

However, fate brought compensation. About fifty years after the birth of Andrea there grew to manhood in Vicenza one named Bartolommeo Montagna, whose work as a painter must have early drawn attention. "Pictor celeberrimus" he is called in documents. And he seems soon to have made money. And his work was worthy, although not free from certain defects of draughtsmanship and want of movement, and with not much of that personal note which always stamps the work of the true Master. The influence of others, mightier than he, was on him from the first; the writer of this useful book thinks it was mostly that of Alvise Vivarini; but also largely that of John Bellini. Whichever it was, that influence was good, and fostered in this painter that calm and sacred sentiment which looks forth from one and all of his productions. Although he did not himself attain to the technical perfection of his teachers, his religious works have perhaps even more than Bellini's that character of the supernatural so soon to be vulgarised away by painters abler, but less inspired. And there is an added character of gravity in this man's work which strengthens its devotional sincerity—a gravity of quite Teutonic temper. Indeed, the influence of Dürer on this native of the border country is most marked.

The influence of Dürer is yet stronger in the engravings of Benedetto, Bartolommeo's son. The combined strength and angularity of these plates might well have come from Nuremberg.

Another Vicentine painter of some power was evidently Giovanni Buonconsiglio, whose works, if we are to judge from the excellent reproductions in this volume, have been less known than they merit. Unless the "Mystic Conception" at Cornedo, here given, has been intolerably "restored"—as Mr. Borenius, we fear, suggests—here is a piece of architectonic craft delightful. Whatever the condition of the paint, the design at any rate exists in all its beauty.

This is a very necessary and admirable treatise on the work of a group of men much overlooked.

ARTHUR LEWIS

THE SETTLER.*

No other novelist of our time has given us such vividly, fearlessly truthful pictures of Canadian life as are to be found in the pages of Ralph Connor. He is the interpreter and historian of the motley, strenuous peoples who are reclaiming the waste places, building cities, and fashioning a new world out in the far West. Much of the action of his new story centres on a strange, rough, primitive colony of Russian immigrants in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg. Here Paulina Kalmar, the erring wife of a Russian patriot, has fallen into the unscrupulous hands of a store-keeper, Rosenblatt, who intercepts the money her husband sends out to her and keeps her in terrified subjection. The day comes when her husband, Michael Kalmar, arrives in the township and learns the truth from certain friends among his compatriots. He had married Pauline without love, and now is only incensed because he fears her conduct means that she has neglected his boy and girl, the children

* "The Settler. A Tale of Saskatchewan." By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of his first wife. He contrives to see her, and though he realises that she is more sinned against than sinning, he spurns her from him with terrible scorn, yet believes her when she promises amendment and swears she would lay down her life for him or for his children. She is ready to make atonement, and enters resolutely "upon the rugged path of penitence, the only path of peace for the sinner." Michael seeks a quick and ruthless vengeance upon Rosenblatt, who has at his door the blood of many whom he had betrayed to the Russian police, but he fails, and has a long term of imprisonment to suffer before he gets a chance to complete his stern purpose. Meanwhile, the little Kalmar, his son, grows to manhood, remembering his father and inspired with his patriotic ideals; he champions his sister against the evils of the life that is about her, and goes through hardships and many perils before the day when, meeting the winsome Miss Marjorie, the "most ancient and most divine of frenzies smote him," and there was a beginning of a charming love-idyll. This is a poignantly human story, that gathers in power as it proceeds and rises to a great height of dramatic intensity in the scene near the close, when the unhappy Pauline proves her penitence and fulfils her promise and is pardoned. Mr. Connor writes vigorously and with a profound moral earnestness; "The Settler" is in every way worthy to stand beside "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot."

CAMPION.*

The "Campion's Works" of this volume consist of the books of airs, four sets of songs, etc., for masques, songs of mourning for Prince Henry, eldest son of James the First, together with "Observations in the Art of English Poesie," "A New Way of Making Fowre Parts in Counterpoint," the Latin poems, and a few pieces which are Campion's as likely as not, but have not formerly been printed as his. Mr. Percival Vivian is a careful and intelligent editor, but though he has done much work there was little to be gained. The introduction adds few things of importance to our knowledge of Campion's life. He belonged to a Hertfordshire family, and Mr. Vivian can find no trace in Ireland of the grandfather who was described as "late of Ireland." He lived in London as a child, and went early to Cambridge—his stepfather's account of his expenditure at Cambridge is printed here. It seems probable that he was a Gentleman Adventurer in the French Expedition of Essex to help Henri IV. in 1591. He was innocently and remotely implicated in the Overbury case in 1615. His poems are all that we have to fill up the considerable interstices between these facts. Mr. Vivian can only say:

"His early extravagances he outlived; and if it were possible to recall the time of his later years, we may imagine that we should find a kindly gentleman, full of ripe experience and judgment, yet cherishing the memories of old loves and friendships, and the generous illusions of youth. . . ."

But the fact is that the poems are our only evidence, that these would offer great difficulties to an interpreter, and that no interpreter has yet approached them in a determined manner. Campion's case is as obscure as Drayton's, and no more need be said.

"A personal sense of style," says Mr. Vivian, "is a slippery thing," but watched and cultivated it may accomplish far more than it has done so far. Campion is a tempting subject, for his range from unmovable conventionality to what looks like perfectly crystallised passion is very wide. But here all is uncertainty, for the psychology of composition and its relation to experience have been studied scarcely at all. Each man will value differently, if he values at all, such thoughts as

"She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste,"

though it might perhaps be agreed that no man ever

* "Campion's Works." Edited by Percival Vivian. 10s. 6d. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

sincerely believed this of any real woman. We have to be cautious with a man who wrote as Campion did about the family of such a king as James I. And yet how often what seems the very language and cadence of a profound emotion, remembered or still present, breaks the suavity of Campion's average verse! "Come, you pretty false-eyed wanton, leave your crafty smiling" is not a hopeful opening, yet the third verse begins:

"Would it were dumb midnight now,
When all the world lies sleeping;
Would this place some Desert were,
Which no man hath in keeping.

Many poems begin with a line, or a verse, such as

"Shall I come, sweet love, to thee
When the evening beams are set?"

which the remainder continues in a merely logical workman-like style.

"Sleep, angry beauty, sleep and fear not me"

is another example: the rest is nothing. And then again we suddenly come upon a phrase where we not only feel the passion but actually see the lover in the light of the sun: such is

"Till then, for Hope's sweet sake, rest your tir'd mind,
And not so much as see me in the street. . . ."

No doubt Campion's skill in music helped him to be more histrionic and baffling in emotion than most poets are, even as it led him not only to a variety of movement which is hardly to be found in any other lyric poetry of his day, but also to that excessive fluency which does not regard the difference between what is singable and what is true.

A PLEASANT COMPANION.*

Many are the books about Paris and its inhabitants, but the topic is cheerful, and we are glad to welcome Mr. Lucas's contribution to the discussion. Mr. Lucas always writes agreeably, and his philosophy is amiable. He takes us round Paris, tells us all that the English visitor need know (especially on the first or second time of seeing Paris), and gives a thousand and one useful and happy hints for enjoyment. At times we sit and listen to our guide while he discourses on the comparative advantages of Paris and London. He rejoices, as a wise man should, in the outdoor life of Paris:

"I am not sure but that when all is said it is not these outdoor café chairs of Paris that give it its highest charm and divide it from London with the greatest emphasis. There are three reasons why one cannot sit out in this way in London: the city is too dirty; the air is rarely warm enough; and the pavements are too narrow."

Then we pass to a bigger comparison:

"The French and the English base life on such different premises. To put the case in a nutshell, we may say that the French welcome facts and the English avoid them. The French make the most of facts; the English persuade themselves that facts are not there. The French write books and plays about facts, and read and go to the theatre to see facts; the English write books and plays about sentimental unreality, and read and go to the theatre in order to be diverted from facts. The French live quietly and resignedly at home among facts; the English exhaust themselves in games and travel and frivolity and social inquisitiveness, in order to forget that they have facts in their midst."

Mr. Lucas fills up a good many pages with quotations from Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, but these can always be skipped, and the historical information can be absorbed or declined according to the taste and fancy of the reader. A number of coloured illustrations by Mr. Walter Dexter,

* "A Wanderer in Paris." By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

and reproductions of famous pictures in the Louvre, add to the value of what should be an exceedingly popular guide book. For we all have to go to Paris, sooner or later, and what better companion than Mr. E. V. Lucas could we desire?

OLD ENGLAND.*

Mr. Hackwood has written a book which will probably last a very long time. For its subject is a fine one and its workmanship is thorough. The facts alone are sufficiently numerous and well arranged to make a notable book by themselves, even if they were only in the form of jottings. But Mr. Hackwood has really put some life into it. He is not a great writer. He is not even a good writer, and his comments, arguments, and opinions are seldom worth much: they might easily have been better and they might easily have been left out. Nevertheless, being genuinely interested in his subject and having, for the most part, digested it, he has written such a book as a mere literary talent might well have spoilt. His only real fault is that he nowhere precisely tells us what beer is, or what ale is, though he tells us several times the differences now and formerly between the two. For the rest, he is informing and delightful at the same time and on every page.

He begins with the genesis of ales and inns, and goes on to mediæval brewing, the influence of the Church, the mediæval inn vintners and taverns, brewers and breweries, the universality of ale, restrictions, licensing and punishments, the introduction of spirits, the gin-fever, drinking customs, drunkenness, the national vice, some drinking mysteries, old tavern life, the old-time popularity of inns, the praise of inns, the public importance of inns, historic inns and inns of fiction, innkeepers and innkeeping, innkeepers' tokens, signs and signboards and rhymes, drinking songs, compounded beverages, drinking vessels, the coffee-house, the tea-garden, and smoking. He confines himself chiefly to England.

It is impossible to give any idea of the richness of these pages: for he not only gives us nearly everything that we have the right to expect on each subject, but has been singularly blessed by fortune or industry, or probably both, in being able to illustrate his subject by rhymes, quotations, and references of all kinds, which are as welcome as unexpected. He has evidently lived with his subject and he has his reward, or, more accurately, he has the right to be satisfied. It is a good, bulky, honest book, to which we instinctively, though we hope also wrongly, wish to apply the epithet old-fashioned. The illustrations, from old prints, etc., from Hogarth, Crankshank, and from photographs, are a long and excellent series. Like the old ale of Old England, it is as nourishing as it is pleasant.

ANATOLE FRANCE.†

These two volumes, the latest additions to Mr. Lane's handsome series, are with the exception of "Barbe Bleue" the most recent of M. France's works. Of the two, "Penguin Island" is decidedly the more important. In conception it is the most comprehensive and in detail the most elaborate of all M. France's satires. It is in fact nothing less than a satirical history of France from the earliest legendary epoch down to and even beyond the present day. Like almost all sustained satire it becomes at times monotonous,

* "Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England." By Frederick W. Hackwood. With 1 coloured and 51 half-tone illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

† "Penguin Island." By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans.—"The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche." Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. each. (John Lane.)

but much of it is admirable, and the inimitable debate on taxation reads like a brilliant forecast of a recent historic debate in the House of Lords. The book relates how an earnest but short-sighted saint, mistaking a colony of penguins for human beings, baptized them all and thus created a theological crisis which could only be met by the penguins being given souls. One of the best of the early chapters recounts how the penguins first came to wear clothes and how with clothes they acquired vices from which they had been wholly free in their more primitive condition. As a philosophy of clothes it is Carlylean in pungency, a new "Sartor Resartus" in tabloid form. The history of the development of penguin civilisation affords M. France an opportunity in his delightful chapter on the penguin "Primitives" for a characteristic onslaught on modern art criticism of the more ecstatic sort. The greater part of the book, however, deals with the politics of Penguin Island to-day, and here M. France allows that propagandist enthusiasm which has marked his more recent work to run riot. His views on high finance and colonial expansion are well known, and it must be confessed that their repetition here at great length is decidedly wearisome. The satire is too obvious and mechanical: it lacks the lightness of touch and the wit which distinguished his earlier books. In descending into the arena of politics M. France has not escaped the danger of all political combatants. He is losing his serene detachment and his sense of proportion. He can no longer laugh at himself. In the last few pages in which he draws a prophetic picture of the collapse of modern civilisation, in a passage which suggests the influence of Mr. H. G. Wells, he recovers much of his old power.

The second volume is a collection of *contes drolatiques* to which are added some charming sketches of child life. The *conte drolatique* is an art form essentially Latin: it has never been naturalised in English literature. It demands considerable erudition and a real feeling for historical colour, combined with a strong dose of Rabelaisian humour. M. France has both the requisite learning and the Rabelaisian touch, but though of their kind his "Merrie Tales" are very good, the Jacques Tournebroche is a mere ghost of the Boswell of our old friend the Abbé Coignard. The volume is completed by some charming thumbnail sketches of child life, in abrupt but typical Anatolian contrast to the "Merrie Tales." M. France shares with Mr. Kenneth Grahame the gift of seeing things as they appear to children. But he is more a philosopher and more consciously critical than Mr. Grahame, and he misses the poetry of "The Golden Age." He is more prosaic, and we prefer Mr. Grahame's wistful melancholy to the pessimism of M. France. Still, these studies are delicate and full of charm, with something of the fragile grace of silver point.

NIETZSCHE AND A DISCIPLE.*

The second instalment of Dr. Oscar Levy's complete edition of Nietzsche consists of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (6s. net), "The Will to Power" (Vol. I., 5s. net), "Human All-too-human" (Vol. I., 5s. net), and "On the Future of Educational Institutions" (2s. 6d. net). Mr. Thomas Common translates the first, Miss Helen Zimmern the second, Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici the third, and Mr. J. M. Kennedy the fourth. Like many other great men of different kinds, Nietzsche did not want disciples. Nevertheless, Mr. J. M. Kennedy has written a "Quintessence of Nietzsche" which is the work of a disciple pure and simple. It consists of a very brief and plain account of Nietzsche's

* "The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche." The first complete and authorised English translation. Edited by Oscar Levy. Vols. VI., VII., VIII., and IX. (T. N. Foulis.)—"The Quintessence of Nietzsche." By J. M. Kennedy. 6s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

life, and of selections from his books strung together by unquestioning comments. No great man has so far succeeded in imposing himself upon the world and posterity precisely as he wished; such is the tragedy of greatness. Nor can a great man so far understand his own work and control its influence as to foresee its effects. That Nietzsche will be no exception goes without saying. Mr. Kennedy alone would probably not admit it. He is always quite sure how Nietzsche's ideas should be applied to particular cases in our own time, and is not at any pains to conceal this exceptional perspicacity. And not only our own times are naked to his eyes, but the future also. Here, for example, is his forecast for the second century after Socialism:

"The Turks, let us hope, would act the part of the Zarthustrian eagle and swoop down upon their helpless prey. Let us hope, too, that the historians of those times would have to record bloodier massacres than any hitherto described in history. After this—with Christians and Socialists in their proper places at the very bottom of the political pyramid—we should have a *true* Renaissance: Judæo-Mahomedan in religion, perhaps; Greek in art; Tusco-Roman in its political system; a Trinity beside which the Christian Trinity would sink into insignificance; a nation from which would be generated a true superman: the real Master of the World."

His mistake is to suppose that he knows what is to be the material, or what would be the best material, for the evolution of an aristocracy. He is literal and naïve enough to choose the modern so-called aristocracy of commerce. But that is only when he is following Nietzsche with his eyes shut. When he has them open he shows that he has some good sense, as for example in the sentence:

"An Italian beggar-boy, with the instinctive good taste in art shared by all his countrymen, is to be preferred to an American millionaire whose thoughts cannot raise themselves above the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange."

And yet Mr. Kennedy's usual attitude is more favourable by far to the millionaire than to the artistic beggar-boy. It is a pity he should have set aside his reason in this fashion. For Nietzsche of all men is not to be read in a doze of discipleship. We welcome this cheap and sound translation of his work at least as much on account of its provocative as of its mere proselytising power. It will open a window, and let in fresh air upon our thought. Mr. Kennedy, having let in the fresh air, would shut the window again, and it is against this that we protest. He has neither the right nor the power to tell us what Nietzsche means.

BRAM STOKER'S LATEST NOVEL.*

Mr. Bram Stoker in "The Lady of the Shroud" is prodigious. He presents us with a huge prophetic melodrama of the Near East: he creates in outline at least that Balkan Federation, which may or may not be feasible, but certainly seems essential to the curbing of Austrian ambitions on the one hand and Turkish pretensions on the other. And that is not all. He gives us a great Kuritanian romance in the manner of Anthony Hope, or rather perhaps we should say in the fashion of Stanley Weyman, palpitating with passion, full of high colour, breathless in movement. But this romantic melodrama is tinged with the scientific spirit of H. G. Wells on the one side and the influence of the Psychical Research revival on the other. As if this were not enough and sufficiently varied matter for a single novel, we are treated to a long legal or pseudo-legal introduction, with an old-style reading of the will; the modern touch here consisting in the possession by the testator of a fortune of over one hundred millions sterling. The result is a remarkably interesting volume, which contains some of the best work Mr. Bram Stoker has done: that is to say, very fine and individual work indeed.

One fear besets us in commending this story alike to the reader for mere sensation and the reader who asks more

than emotional disturbance in his fiction. An extract from the "Journal of Occultism" which opens the story tells us of the midnight appearance off the Land of the Blue Mountains of "a tiny white figure of a woman drifting on some strange current in a small boat, on the prow of which rested a faint light (like a corpse candle)." The boat turned out to be a coffin, whose midnight passenger vanished through the moonlight "just as mist or smoke disappears under a breeze." This whets our appetite. But lo and behold, Mr. Stoker fends us off from his most excellent courses for a long time: too long a time some of his readers may think, with a rather complicated "record" concerning the will of Roger Melton, the millionaire merchant and international financier, made by a most incredible bouncer (the word is Mr. Stoker's) named Ernest Roger Halbard Melton, law student of the Inner Temple.

When we come to the entry of Rupert Sent Leger, giant, explorer, man of arms and science, upon his inheritance as chief legatee under the will of his uncle Roger, matters soon develop briskly. Among the trusts left to young Rupert are the Fort or Castle of Vissarian in the Land of the Blue Mountains, where he is to reside, carving out for himself and the people of the region, by means of his personality and his wealth, a dazzling future. To him in his lonely chamber one night arrives the ghostly but moving figure of a lady from the sea, dressed in a dripping shroud. Gradually love for the unhappy virgin, or vampire or whatever she may be, wells up in the heart of Rupert. He marries her secretly in an old church and in semi-darkness after the uncanny experience of discovering her in a glass-topped tomb in a mysterious crypt. Of course, she proves very woman—the centre of an astounding patriotic deception—and the daughter of the chief of the Blue Mountaineers. She is seized by Turks and rescued by Rupert, who thereafter is made king of her people; she bears him a child, and this child, or his father at the close, bids fair to become to the Balkan States what Bismarck was to Germany. Of the second-sight possessed by the Mac Kelpie, of the opera-bouffe old Scottish soldier, of the ex-piratical Admiral Rooke, we have no room to speak. Suffice it to say that Mr. Bram Stoker's latest is a most readable book, full of creeps and thrills, as well as many quaint touches of character and phrase.

W. F. P.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY.*

At this time of the year the North Downs stand boldly against the sky, and at their feet the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury is seen as a line of delicate mist, a hazy vagueness of pale branches and tarnished gold leaves. "A wandering wraith of road" is Mr. Thomas's word for it, and the phrase takes me; it touches so justly that mild wayfaring quality in his book which turns the reader's thoughts again and again to the changing course of the Way. It is the book of a man afoot, the harvest of "an avaricious and often libertine and fickle eye and ear"; and Mr. Thomas is sedulous to explain that none of his wanderings is charged with a sight-seeing purpose. He does not go to Marlow to think about Shelley, nor to Winterslow for Hazlitt's sake, and cathedrals he finds incomprehensible and not restful. "I sometimes think," he says, "that religious architecture is a dead language, majestic but dead, that it never was a popular language." All his memories are of turns in a road, of roofs seen below beech-trees, of a day when a far view of the sea looked like a dark hillside with paths across it. Of a road in Hampshire he recalls that at one place "there is a maple of exquisite small leaves and numerous accordingly, a fair-built tree in a lovely attitude and surmounted by a plume, only a small plume, of traveller's-joy. In Swine-

* "The Lady of the Shroud." By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

* "The South Country." By Edward Thomas. "Heart of England" Series. 3s. 6d. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

herd's County they call it 'Angel's hair.' " Such sights as this are the refreshment of his wayfaring; the events of it are new aspects of a familiar thing. "I never go out to see anything," he explains, by which I understand that he never goes out to look for anything. He writes of his wanderings on main roads and byways with something of the contemplative aloofness of Borrow, but instead of Borrow's Jesuits and gypsies and Belle Berners, he has intercourse with bluebells and dark dog's mercury, with beech and whitebeam; he knows by name and countenance the wayfaring tree, the leopard's bane and robin-run-in-the-hedge.

The peculiar charm of "The South Country" is its flavour of intimacy with the sweet lands with which it is concerned.

"There are whole nights when the cuckoo will not sleep," writes the author, "and the woods on either side of a road twenty miles long emit the cry of these conquerors under the full moon and the white stars of love. If you pause it will appear that it is not a silence that this song rules over; for what was a silence was full of sounds, as many sounds as there are leaves, sounds of creeping, phding, pattering, rustling, slow wormlike continuous noises and sudden sounds. And strangely at length is the glorious day reared high upon the ruins of this night, of which the survivors slink away into the old forgotten roads, the dense woods, the chimneys of deserted houses. It is a jolly note only when the bird is visible close at hand and the power of his throat is felt. Often two or three will answer one another, or for half a day will loiter about a coombe for the sake of an echo. It is one of the richest sounds in nature when two sing together, the second note of one being almost blended with the first of the other; and so they continue as if themselves entranced by the harmony, and the navy leans upon his pick to listen."

There were also people that he met, with whom he had talk, wanderers for the most part and refugees from the harsh life of towns. Of these he writes with a pleasant sympathy and entire understanding. They have slipped into the interstices of the social system and escaped; with those who have remained on its surface he finds himself less at his ease.

"The faggots of oak tops and cords of twisted timber are being made up; the woodmen light a fire and the chips fly from the axes. It is only to these men that I am a stranger as I walk through the land. At first I admire the hardihood and simplicity of their necessary toil among the oaks, but when they lift their dark eyes, then—it is as strange as when I pass a white embowered house, and the road is muffled with straw, and I hear by chance that some one unknown is dying behind that open window through which goes the thrush's song and the children's homeward chatter."

It is such a book as one may look for from the biographer of Richard Jefferies. Mr. Thomas has no tendency to find books in the running brooks: it is his faculty to exalt the brook above the book. His thought is at all times delicate and original, and with it he has a literary manner of restraint and distinction. "The South Country" has the fragrance of Downs turf and tangled hedges; like the summer air of Sussex, it is "heavy as mead with the scent of yew and juniper and thyme."

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

Novel Notes.

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The hero of this beautiful fantasy returns from the Canadian backwoods at the age of forty-five, feeling shy at the prospect of exposing his simple enthusiasm and youthful hopes to the conventional world. "In spirit he had remained as young as he was at twenty . . . and in his eyes still burned the strange flames that sought to pierce behind the veil of appearances." He resolves to disguise his real feelings, but, as he feared, the children of his sister find him out and he is admitted to the circle of their little world. The children are unspoiled, imaginative little creatures,

with whom their big uncle discovers that he has a real affinity. Both share a mystic sympathy with nature, and Mr. Blackwood, instead of interesting himself in the relations between Uncle Paul and grown-up people, proceeds to weave with characteristic skill a series of "adventures" in the fairy-land that lies on the border of the seen and the unseen. The book is more ambitious than "Jimbo." Towards the close the author trenches even upon the mystery of death. But the saving merits of the story are its entire absence of sentimentalism and its enforced sympathy with the visionary intuitions of the child-spirit either in children or in their seniors. Any who have read Mr. Blackwood's previous volumes will understand the delicacy and persuasiveness with which he has followed the adventures of the children and their companion, but he has scored another and an equal success in the description of Smoke and Mrs. Tompkins, the two cats.

A SIMPLE SAVAGE. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin has chosen a fanciful theme for his latest book, "A Simple Savage." The Spirit of the Air and the Spirit of the Stars cast down to earth a feather which endows the woman on whom it falls with the gift of invisibility, enabling her to see all that the man she loves is doing. "But the man? Is it fair to him?" says the Spirit of the Air. "Fair!" sadly echoes the other. "When were men and women ever fair to one another? So small an addition to their unfairness can make but little difference in the ultimate Scheme of Life. Let the woman choose the man, and thus make or mar her own happiness. We can do no more. The use or misuse of the gift remains with her." It is a novel idea, and the romance that grows out of it is an intensely interesting one. Perhaps Mr. Burgin paints his villain a trifle *too* black—and one or two of his other characters do not always talk and act like quite natural human beings; but for the story itself we have nothing but praise; it makes uncommonly entertaining and enjoyable reading.

DIAMOND CUT PASTE. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Murray.)

Here we have the story of a wife putting her child before her husband, with the result that the neglected husband finds a certain consolation with another woman. The husband is, in most ways, a simple, good-hearted sort of man, as, indeed, are most of the nice men in the tale; but the woman "consoler" is certainly pictured here as a "mink," a title invented by the German governess who presides over the later love affairs of Norah, the child to whom the husband has been somewhat sacrificed. When the wife—Lady Gertrude Esdale—hears of her husband's entanglement, she resolves on a bold scheme to free him—to sicken him of the other woman, by asking her to the house, and making her show up as tinsel against the social gold of her surroundings. This, in ordinary life, we should incline to consider a risky experiment; but the authors of this book manage to bring it to a happy and plausible conclusion. The story is a little inclined towards melodrama; but the quality of the handling saves it, and in many places, as in the scene where the reunited mother and father listen unseen to the love passages between their daughter and her lover, the writers have not shirked an endeavour to reach after the real workings of the human heart. The book is well written, thoroughly readable, and though scarcely distinctive in its psychology, holds the interest without annoying the judgment.

THE TYRANT. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mrs. de la Pasture has gone once again to Wales for the background of her novel—to a village called Llanon, which "though containing scarcely a hundred inhabitants, formed

a little world complete in itself." The advantages of this plan are obvious. In the first place, a reader gets to know very quickly the style of the village—the view point—and the faces and the characters of the inhabitants. In the second, the story becomes permeated with a typical Welsh atmosphere—with something soft and misty and clinging, in the dim shadowy outlines of which we get to recall half insensibly the features and the fortunes of old favourites in our fiction, and ghosts and critics grow sad or sentimental at will. In brief, "The Tyrant" is a delightful and fragrant story of a Welsh household of a mother who loved her children and longed to see them happy and able to realise themselves; of a father who was hard, self-satisfied, choleric; of the children who wanted clothes and opportunities of advancement, and were denied all that made life pleasant to them because the father was a bully, a miser, and a coward. Mrs. de la Pasture shows in detail how this man was met at a dark crisis in his career by the mother, and defeated. It is not a very clever trick that she practises on him, not a particularly novel trick, but it does not unnecessarily antagonise the sympathies or the possibilities of romance in the characters, and, therefore, it serves. We fancy that most readers will appreciate "The Tyrant" not for its plot but because it illustrates so consistently and excellently the abiding charm of Mrs. de la Pasture's own particular style in story-writing.

THE SUBMARINE GIRL. By Edgar Turner. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Turner has not attempted to be probable. A young American has invented a marvellous submarine, which he is trying to sell to a foreign government. He has also involved himself in the rescue of a beautiful Irish anarchist, who seems to have designs upon the life of the Czar. With her and with a Russian agent of the delightful (though ridiculous) name of Popplepott, he makes off in the *Scarlet Submarine*, and safely reaches the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. The fun does not really begin until Throckmorton discovers the *Amsterdammer* lying on the port bow. He boards her, with the result that the curse is at once lifted from Vanderdecken and his crew. The complications that follow make very amusing reading, and the book ends as it should. It is bright, unusual, and amusing, and can be recommended to those in search of very light reading.

THE PATH OF HONOUR. By Sydney Grier. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Sydney Grier has earned the approval of a wide circle of readers by her romantically realistic stories of the East, Near and Far; and her latest novel will strengthen her hold on that circle. Whether it be the Balkans or India in which her tale is set, Miss Greig knows her grounds and develops her characters vividly and naturally. Here we have the customary admixture of love and adventure, but freshly blended; and a rattling good story is the result. The period is the middle of the last century, the place Granthistan and thereabout—"not yet a British possession but well on the way to becoming one." The love element is supplied by the rivalry of Lieut. Robert Charteris and Lieut. Henry Gerrard for the hand of a singularly delightful young lady: the element of adventure by the efforts of these young men to forward their respective ambitions, and the activities of natives and British in sport and war and intrigue. It is an exciting and highly coloured romance, equally suited to the youth of the day and to those children of a larger growth who fill our Army and Indian and colonial services, who to their credit, be it said, are never too old to be fluttered by a story of sentiment, or too blasé to enjoy a tale of picturesque heroism well told.

KITTY AUBREY. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Nisbet & Co.)

Mrs. Tynan Hinkson has written another of her pretty, simple tales for girls. The heroine, an Anglo-Indian girl who has to make a living for herself in this country, goes through a career of medical training, and finally manages to reconcile her grandfather to her father by serving the former, under an assumed name, as his medical attendant. The story carries one or two minor plots along with it. There is some pleasant love-making, and also a breath of idyllic country-life. Altogether, this is a charming book for young people, who will not criticise the illustrations too severely. If it does not inculcate any heroic ideals of the suffragettes, it depicts a capable, attractive young woman who has a soul above clothes and jewels.

LITANY LANE. By Margaret Baillie Saunders. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Three men passed by a thing in the gutter. One said, 'It is a handful of rubbish'; the second, 'It is a toy marionette'; and the third said, 'It is an angel of God.'" And Mrs. Baillie Saunders shows us in her new novel, "Litany Lane," how the third man proved to be right. It is a strong dramatic story. The heroine, Nelly Lovekyn, cast out of employment by the "boss" who catches her dancing, has a fortune in her feet as well as in her face, and she dances her way onward to fame. Maurice Majorson, one of the three men who greatly influence her life, fights earnestly for the girl's soul, and it is due to him that a wonderful transformation takes place in Nelly. The author draws, firmly and unflinchingly, pictures of the seamy side of Society life, which make striking contrasts to the East End scenes, and portrays her various characters with notable skill.

TRIAL BY MARRIAGE. By Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson. 6s. (John Lane.)

Hitherto we have known Mr. Jackson as a humorist; in "Trial by Marriage" he shows himself a writer of sterner stuff. Observation and discernment in the study of character are in this decidedly interesting novel, and the point of view is sound and healthy. "An independent habit of mind is a grave handicap, and the man whose thoughts are by nature cast in the interrogative mould soon accumulates a peck of troubles," says our author; and so James Mussenden, who had escaped being "stamped and issued for circulation by any recognised school or university," finds himself the victim of pitiless circumstances, and taking what seems to be the only right course for an honest, sensitive man, comes out of his trials, as such a man should, with character untarnished. In striking contrast to this gentle philosopher are the two ladies whom he marries—Laura Lampeter, otherwise Cora Campechy of the Variety Theatre, and the cold woman of the world, his cousin, Amy Mussenden. Frank Arminger, gross egotist and Philistine, is antagonistic to the much-trying James all the time, and typical of his kind, is without a spark of generosity. The issue leaves him defeated—at least, that is the conclusion we draw. The remaining characters—Mussenden's weak-willed father, Dr. Knowles, Lady Dynevor, Hothfield—good stout Yorkshireman—Father Tyldesley, the elderly Jesuit (whom Hothfield likes because of his "efficiency")—and Mussenden's children—Frank, of his mother's tastes, and Joan devoted to her father—are all capitally done. "Trial by Marriage" is so good that we have a right to expect from Mr. Wilfrid Jackson even better work.

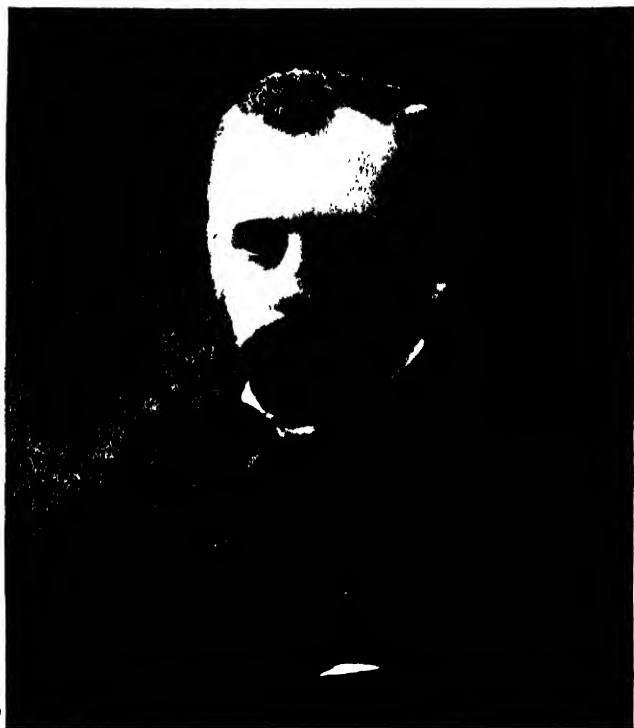
A DESPERATE HOPE. By Silas Hocking. 3s. 6d. Illustrated. (Frederick Warne & Co.)

It always seems to us that Mr. Silas Hocking possesses the same gift as that of the late Mrs. Henry Wood, in his ability to produce book after book, possessing an interesting plot, and just that homely set of characters which most of us meet with in everyday life. Perhaps it is just this

facility which prevents him ever reaching quite the high-water mark as a novelist which his gifts at first encouraged us to believe he would. Briefly, "A Desperate Hope" tells the story of a young Cornishman, Jack Penguire, who has aspirations beyond his station. Supposing himself in love with Agnes Drew, the fickle and ambitious daughter of a veterinary surgeon, he leaves his farmer uncle's home at Polgowan to make his fortune. He returns in due time a failure—in fact, little better than a tramp; overhears the plans of some burglars in a disused machine shed of an abandoned mine; is discovered by the men; lowered into a shaft of the disused mine; and left to starve. Jack, however, manages to escape, and during his subsequent interview with Agnes finds that she is too mercenary to remain bound to a failure. He gains employment as an assistant of an Ordnance Survey; by and by discovers a rich lode on the hills that he is helping to survey, and through the good offices of a mine captain, who has been his staunch friend, succeeds in floating a company to work the mine, and becomes an important and wealthy man, and ultimately marries—but not Agnes Drew. This is a somewhat bald outline of an interesting book, full of plot and counter-plot, which certainly holds the reader's attention from the first page to the last, and will be sure of a hearty welcome from all the author's admirers.

THE FLORENTINE FRAME. By Elizabeth Robins. 6s. (Murray.)

The work of Miss Robins—notably in "The Magnetic North"—has shown such high qualities that her latest novel will, we fear, be a disappointment to her admirers. It has for hero a young American dramatist, Chester Keith by name, who "finds himself" with his first play. It was in great measure thanks to the intervention and encouragement of Isabella Roscoe, a highly attractive widow who has interested herself in Keith, that the play arrived before the public of New York. After the production of "The Man at the Wheel" Keith becomes on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Roscoe and her almost equally charming daughter, Genie. The intimacy quickly develops into affection, and affection into love. Now Mrs. Roscoe possesses a very beautiful antique Florentine frame, which, it is an open secret, will remain empty until she finds a man who shall be worthy of it. In spite of much discouragement, Mrs. Roscoe is just about to place Keith's portrait in her precious frame when that gentleman arrives in person to press his suit. Thus he does in so clumsy a manner that Mrs. Roscoe gains the impression that he is proposing for the hand of her daughter, while Keith himself believes that the widow is letting him down gently and is encouraging him to marry Genie. The discovery that Genie loves him induces him to marry her in order that he may not be cut off from her mother. Up to this point, the movement of the novel has been leisurely, but the book now develops quickly, and the end comes in rather a hurry. First, Mrs. Roscoe dies; second, Genie discovers that her husband has been much harder hit by the death of his mother-in-law even than she, devoted daughter though she was. This leads to an estrangement between husband and wife, which in turn develops into a reconciliation, although at the last moment Keith discovers that his portrait is in the Florentine frame, a fact of which he wisely keeps Genie in ignorance. The book has several points of interest, and much of its comedy is excellent, while the minor characters are well drawn, but the author does not seem to us properly to have realised the character of her hero, who is a very poor creature which he is certainly not supposed to be. Nor is the idea of his marriage with the daughter—being meanwhile in love with her mother—a pleasant one. Had a mediocre author written "The Florentine Frame" we might have felt more satisfied, but it is not good work for a writer of the capabilities of Miss Robins.



The Bassano Studios.

Mr. Roger Pocock.

SWORD AND DRAGON. By Roger Pocock. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We understand that Mr. Pocock's story originally appeared under the title of "The Dragon Slayer," of which it is a new and revised edition. Such a novel was well worthy of republication, which is a great deal more than can be said for most novels. It contains all the stuff of a really big popular success. The plot is so overwhelming and so complicated that it is hopeless to attempt to give any adequate idea of the book, except that it may be mentioned that the scene is laid in New York, and that the chief characters are a young American journalist and the head of a huge organisation which partakes of many of the characteristics of Tammany Hall. "Sword and Dragon" is, of course, a sensational book, but it is sensation of a high order, and of a kind in which every reader of modern fiction will rejoice. Mr. Pocock's writing is clever, and perhaps his weakest point lies in his characterisation, which, particularly in the case of his men, is sometimes a trifle strained and hysterical. Still, "Sword and Dragon" is a fine romance and we can strongly recommend it to our readers.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Digby Long.)

On a foggy night when Alice Kuryle is on her way home from business, she passes two men who are quarrelling, the face of one of them seems familiar to her, and when she looks round she finds this man is following her. He watches her while she enters the house in which she lives, and she sees that farther off the other man is watching him. She lives with her mother, who passes as a widow; and when she tells Mrs. Kuryle how she has been followed, and describes the man, her mother is not long in doubt as to his identity, and is fearful of what may happen in the future; and her worst fears are realised. We are not going to give away the author's plot, it is an exciting and very ingenious one, dark with mystery and rascality, but lightened by the charm of a pleasant love romance. A book we can fully recommend to all readers who like a good, sensational tale.

MASTERMAN AND SON. By W. J. Dawson. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is "the bloodiest of all battlefields"—the heart of cities—which the author lays bare with a hand unsparing—

yet compassionate, relentless yet pitiful. The adroit frauds, the unscrupulous methods practised daily under our modern commercial system, the dry rot in the Church, the endless, purposeless sacrifice of manhood and womanhood on the ignoble altars of Mammon, the tumult of London and the hustle of New York, all find a vivid and forcible expression in this powerful indictment. "Life's a big strong beast," says Masterman, jerrybuilder and self-made man, to Arthur, his son, "and it isn't words but a bit and bridle and a whip a man needs who is going to succeed." "Yes," agrees Vickars, the social reformer whose views find a ready disciple in the son—a lad fresh from Oxford; "and I've seen the big strong beast tread thousands down—the people who haven't got the whip and bridle." Arthur begins to inquire into the processes by which his father has acquired his wealth, but Masterman, the commercial buccaneer, watchful, dominating, and daring, has no patience with the theories of his son. The horror of his father's business methods is only fully realised by Arthur when Vickars, the father of the girl he loves, is struck down by typhoid fever, originating in the faulty drains of the house—one of the death-traps built by Masterman. Arthur emigrates to New York only to discover that his university education is a worthless asset. Adrift in the streets, he realises that "nothing is valued in New York save the sort of brute force that tramples its way into attention." "Once he found himself shambling: it horrified him, for it was so that tramps and outcasts walked. A little later he found himself gazing on the bread-line; he stood an instant in fascinated pity, and fled." In a Canadian fruit-farm he learns to banish theories, and finds happiness in the brute vigour of life until recalled to England by the calamity which, while ruining his father, serves only to accentuate the element of bigness in the man, who "would drink the cup that he had brewed, and drink it with a smile. 'No sugar,'—that phrase said everything." To all thinking men and women, and more particularly to the toilers in great cities, this book will make a convincing appeal, and many will find mirrored eloquently herein their own reflections on the great problems of life.

THE LORDSHIP OF LOVE: A Novel. By Baroness Von Hutten. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Baroness Von Hutten has given us several characters of most pleasant memory, but none more delightful than Beechy, the heroine of "The Lordship of Love." The title of this novel (and the naturalness of the story and the free use in its pages of the names of real persons may render desirable the explicit note of the sub-title "a novel") is drawn of course from the line of Rossetti: "Certainly the Lordship of Love is evil!" But the climax of the story, although not without its pathos, is in a broad sense happy if improbable, and so denies the title. True, the homage which the servants of love in this novel pay to him are in the words of Rossetti, "grievous and painful," but the end pays all. Beechy is Beatrice Cavalcione; and Beechy is a free rendering of the diminutive of the Italian name—Bici. We see her grow up from a tiny orphan of mixed Italian and English parentage, in a Roman slum, to one of the world's great operatic artists: we watch her early struggles for life as a news-vendor and "super" in the Roman theatre (and the garb of a boy), her quiet days in the convent, her return to the stage, her triumphs in London and New York, her passages in love and at last her betrothal to Sir Charles Cressage, reformed Lothario, and the treatment is admirable throughout. Indeed, "The Lordship of Love" is at the same time an enthralling story and an excellent piece of writing. The characterisation is delicate but convincing, there is wit and humour in quantity, and the analytical descriptions of places, of Rome in particular, are fine.

THE WHITE STONE. By Anatole France. Translated by Charles E. Roche. 6s. (Lane.)

"The White Stone" is one of the latest works of M. France, and like all his most recent books, it is loose in construction. Perhaps M. France is tiring: he is no longer a young man, and has been writing for many years. But the last books have so much in them that is characteristically and vitally Anatolian that this carelessness of construction is probably due to a serene consciousness of his power. M. France had to wait long for adequate recognition, and now that he enjoys a unique position in European literature, he may well feel at liberty to say what he has to say in his own fashion. Never over-careful of unity of design, he can now be calmly indifferent to all rules. "The White Stone," though nominally one book, falls in reality into three parts, the second loosely connected with the first, but the third not organically part of the book at all. There is, it is true, a certain unity of ideas running all through; but that merely amounts to saying that nowadays M. France cannot write about anything for long without tilting against capitalism or imperialism. The plan of the book is of the simplest. A party of French *savants* under the guidance of Commendatore Boni are exploring the excavations in the Forum at Rome. One of their number is persuaded to read to the rest a manuscript purporting to be a contemporary account of Gallio, including the episode of Paul's appearance before him. The root idea, which is developed less elaborately in "Le Procureur de Judée," is to represent the early history of Christianity from the point of view of Gallio, as a typical Roman governor. It is characteristic of M. France that he feels that posterity has been less than just to Gallio, and in the light of later developments has condemned him for not seeing what no man in his position and with his training could possibly have been expected to see. The second part of the book consists of a typically Anatolian discussion between the *savants* as to the position Paul would occupy, had he to convert the modern world instead of the Roman Empire, and from this the talk passes to a discussion, frank and cynical, but extremely brilliant, of modern political and economic ideas. It is full of biting satire, and of its kind is as good as anything M. France has ever done. The third part is a short sketch of M. France's idea of the coming Utopia. It shows clearly the influence of Mr. H. G. Wells, who has had far more effect on continental thinkers than he has in his own country. This is scarcely the place in which to discuss the Anatolian Utopia, deeply interesting as it is. It is enough to say that the basic idea is that with the improvements in aerial navigation—the book appeared two years or more before M. Blériot's feat—frontiers and custom houses will disappear, and with them the idea of nationalism and its corollary, competitive commerce.

The Bookman's Table.

SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE." Edited by J. C. Smith. 2 vols. 18s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

This is a valuable edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and not a mere reprint. It is based upon the edition of 1596, the second, which was "produced under Spenser's eye and by his authority." Most of its peculiarities are reproduced, while the five omitted stanzas at the end of the third book are printed after those which were substituted. All variant readings from the editions of 1590 and 1609 are given in footnotes, except insignificant variations of spelling. A number of new conjectures are made, some of them of unquestionable value, as they amend nine cases of a kind of oversight peculiar to Spenser, namely, the use of a non-rhyming synonym of the

word which the rhyme requires and the sense justifies. Mr. Smith's introduction puts all these cases on record, together with incorrigibly obscure passages, and a general mention of confusion of names and personages, hypermetrical and broken lines, imperfect rhymes and concords. From his study of the three texts he has been able to draw several conjectural conclusions relating to the place and period of the composition of the poem. He is especially interesting in discussing the editor of 1609, and gives other reasons than the addition of the "Mutabilitie" cantos for supposing that the editor had recovered parts of Spenser's manuscript. The appearance of this new edition is almost unexceptionable, though we are inclined to resent the framework printed round the metrical arguments at the head of each canto, and this only because "The Faerie Queene" ought to be treated, as much as any other poem in the language, with a sumptuous and exquisite austerity.

THE REVELATION OF THE MONK OF EVESHAM ABBEY. Rendered into modern English by Valerian Paget. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

"This beautiful old English classic is probably known to most of us who know anything at all about it through Professor Arber's reprint of the unique original edition that is in the British Museum. The quaint early English in which it is written makes it a closed book to the general reader, and one learned with some apprehension that Mr. Valerian Paget had ventured on what is partly a paraphrase and partly a modernisation of the language of this too little known mediæval romance; but our fears were groundless. Mr. Paget has approached the difficult task reverently, and with such a sensitive literary taste that, while translating the revelation into our latter-day idiom, he has succeeded in preserving the old-world feeling and atmosphere and the exquisite child-like simplicity of his original. This vision of "a certain devout man who was a monk in the Abbey of Evesham" in "the days of King Richard I., and the year of our Lord 1196," was written more than a century before the "Divina Commedia," and relates how the monk was for fifteen months afflicted with great bodily weakness, and at length fell into a trance and was taken by Saint Nicholas on a journey through Purgatory and to the Gates of Paradise. His descriptions of what he saw in Purgatory are as dramatic and as vividly realistic as Dante's own, and the passage towards the

close wherein he tells how from without he heard the bells of heaven ring in the Easter morning is one of the most hauntingly imaginative things in English literature. Outside "The Pilgrim's Progress" we have no finer religious allegory than this, and in making the work of "this minor English Dante" accessible again to the general public Mr. Paget has done what was emphatically worth doing, and he has done it remarkably well.

THE GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE. By J. Alfred Gotch, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

At first blush it might seem that a book on such a subject as this would appeal only to the expert—to the architect, the antiquary, and perhaps to those who are personally interested in the buying and selling of old English houses, but Mr. Gotch has handled his material so skilfully as to make his story of the evolution of our ancient dwellings as interesting— we had almost said as fascinating—to the general reader as it is useful to the student of architecture. He has studied closely the actual buildings of various periods in all parts of England, and gives succinct and intelligible information concerning their different styles and dates, so that a reader may know how to differentiate one style of building from another, and to place each in its proper period. The numerous illustrations are admirable. This is an ably written and most valuable handbook on the development of our domestic architecture from 1100 to 1800 A.D., and, as far as we are aware, the only handbook on this important subject that has yet been published.

INITIATION AND ITS RESULTS. By Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D. Translated by Clifford Bax. 3s. 6d. (London: Theosophical Publishing Co.)

In these days when the doctrine of a future life and of the possibility of communication between the material and spiritual worlds has won a (more or less) qualified assent even in scientific circles, it is only to be expected that the literature of the subject should show signs of considerable expansion both from within and without. In "The Survival of Man," Sir Oliver Lodge's most recent contribution to that literature, we have the cautious and tentative conclusions of a recognised scientific authority; but in the little volume by the German occultist, Dr. Rudolf Steiner, on the other hand we approach the matter from the standpoint of the advanced Theosophist. Here we behold the psychic expert, equipped with what the student is invited to accept as occult knowledge and not merely hypothesis and experiment. Small as it is, the book traverses a large territory, quite unexplored by the ordinary mind. We have a description of the "astral centres"—those organs of the astral, or super-physical, body which are known to Oriental occultists as "chakras"; the constitution of the "etheric body" (the term "etheric," by the way, is admittedly a misnomer, scientifically speaking, but is employed for convenience); the dream life; the three states of consciousness; together with some impressive deliverances concerning the higher spiritual evolution



Horham Hall, Essex (Early Sixteenth Century)
From "The Growth of the English House," by J. A. Gotch. (B. T. Batsford.)

of man. Whatever may be thought of these dicta, there is no denying the high ethical quality of the teaching. "The occult student," we read, "endeavours to live in conformity with both Nature and Spirit. . . . He looks upon life as a means for work, and he lives accordingly. He arranges habits and fosters health so that a harmonious life is the outcome." "He who speaks or thinks anything untrue kills something in the bud of the sixteen-petalled lotus. Truthfulness, Uprightness, and Honesty are in this connection formative, but Falsehood, Simulation, and Dishonesty are destructive forces." Although the volume, as already indicated, is designed for those who have made some advance in occult studies, it is not without passages likely to prove interesting and suggestive even to the tyro in such matters. Much of the book is taken up with a consideration of the changes and development of the psychical organs--the "lotus-flowers" as Dr. Steiner calls them--necessary to bring the initiate into close contact with superphysical realms of existence. These lotus-flowers of the soul are no mere poetical figures of speech to the occultist: for we learn of "the twelve-petalled lotus which lies in the region of the heart," and of "the six-petalled lotus" whereby communication is gained with beings who are native to the higher worlds. Needless to say this is likely to prove caviare to the general, and the book's true function is obviously to serve as a guide to well-grounded students of occultism ambitious to become "adepts." To such, without necessarily endorsing all its conclusions, we cordially commend it, adding a word of praise to Mr. Clifford Bax, the translator.

A BOOK OF WHIMSIES. By Geoffrey Whitworth and Keith Henderson. With pictures by the latter. 6s. net. (Dent & Sons.)

The ancient habit of loving laughter for laughter's sake is a little out of fashion in these days, and it is a testimony alike to the youth and the courage of Messrs. Whitworth and Henderson that they should have produced this "Book of Whimsies." For here, naked and unashamed, with the confidence of one who knows not rebuff, is the true laughter which is content to go no further than nonsense for its inspiration and its reward. There is no moral pointed in these "whimsies," and no conclusion reached, because it is obvious that the authors delight in the inevitable inconclusiveness of all whimsicality. Indeed, in the latter fact, rather than the "recognition of the ultimate oddness of all phenomena," is to be found the keynote of the book, as we may see by a reference to page 33, in the dialogue called "A Discussion in a Boarding-House." Here, after recapitulating to an inquiring Fairy the chief points in an interrupted dispute, one of the speakers says, "And what's more, we haven't come to any conclusion. . . ." And the Fairy answers, "How delightful!" That exclamation is even more illuminating than is the authors' preface, and it is simpler. There are a dozen "whimsies" in the book, with such titles as "Frenzy," "Nasality," and "Classification," all of which are offered as examples of "oddness." It is, however, an intentional and fantastic rather than a natural oddness: and its beginning and end lies in the authors' silent, flying laughter. The discerning reader will find in this distinction the secret of the book's charm, and we can safely commend it to all who love laughter and whimsicality. Mr. Keith Henderson's illustrations are triumphs, both in the delicacy of their conception and the high technical quality which combines an astonishing realism with true decorative feeling.

BY THE WATERS OF EGYPT. By Norma Lorimer. 16s. (Methuen.)

We cannot help feeling that Egypt is soon to become as familiar to the English reader as Ireland, say, when we find book after book devoted to the land of the Pharaohs. Not that they are not all needed. Engineers, we believe,

are in the habit of dropping into the offices of the Soudan Government in London to ask for a job on the "Cape to Cairo Railway"; and the confusion of mind which assumes that all railway schemes proceeding from the south or from the north of the dark Continent are being built of set purpose in fulfilment of Mr. Rhodes's dream is typical of much ignorance upon other aspects of Africa *et c.* Miss Norma Lorimer's well-illustrated book "By the Waters of Egypt" is the occasion of these remarks. It is a capital book in its way, which is that of a popular diary such as may profit others following in her tracks. Miss Lorimer says she would not have written it had she seen Miss Edwards's book, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," sooner. That would have been a loss. Miss Lorimer is individual and racy. She is enthusiastic about Cook's; and Mr. Hitchens himself is not more enraptured by Luxor. An experienced traveller, she is yet fresh enough to exclaim upon the tea-cakes in the train to Khartoum, and other signs of material civilisation which must appeal to the average visitor. She had a younger friend with her, whose charms she is never tired of reciting, and the fact that this young lady becomes engaged in or near the desert adds another to the feminine interests of the volume. The influence of the mythology of ancient Egypt upon its monuments is the thing that interests Miss Lorimer most, yet we do not find the interest communicated to ourselves. Rather it is as a narrative by a shrewd observant woman that the book makes its appeal. When during her fortnight in Cairo she visits a princess whose Oriental household is run on European lines, the foot-worn stair-carpet and the very shabby white paint take her eye. Again, we like her eulogy of the devoted British workers at the outposts of Empire: "The Soudan is like an immense public school where the *esprit de corps* is unusually high." Miss Lorimer did not turn back until she had visited the battlefield of Omdurman, as to which she tells us, by the way, that in the Soudan Mr. Winston Churchill's "River War" is almost a text-book.

AN ENGLISH HONEYMOON. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

After marrying at St. George's, Hanover Square, Mrs. Leonard and her husband, Walter, set out upon a tour through England, and in this series of letters to her friend Mrs. Allan Ramsay the young bride gives a vivacious and picturesque account of their journey. Her brother Archie goes with them as far as Canterbury, and you hear something of him; they pick up interesting travelling companions from time to time, and you hear something of them; but in the main the book is given over to her record of the literary and historic shrines they visited. Canterbury and à Becket; Winchester and Jane Austen; Warwickshire and Shakespeare; Jordans and Penn; the Brontë country; the Lake District and Wordsworth and his friends; Glastonbury; the land of "Lorna Doone"; here is plenty to see, and to think about and to write about, and Mrs. Wharton writes about it so attractively as to make it all worth reading about. The "six days in London" of course left no time for the bride to see more than those bits of the great city that particularly appealed to her, and if she is now and then rather casual in her references, and a little too ready to accept legends as facts, it is because they are so good that they ought to be facts, or it is because she is on a honeymoon and in no mood to rub the glamour off any elusive butterfly of romance. The whole thing is charmingly done; it is the most delightful of guide-books, and the various photographic illustrations enhance both the charm and the usefulness of it.

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE. By G. F. Hill. 20s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The awakened interest in sculpture is about to be evidenced, we believe, by an important volume in which

Messrs. Prior and Arthur Gardner will deal with English sculpture upon a worthy scale. Meantime another work is to be heartily welcomed as a contribution to this rather neglected side of art in England. "One Hundred Masterpieces of Sculpture" is described by its author as "in the first and last place a picture book." It is something more than that, for Mr. Hill has written an extremely interesting introduction of eighty-five pages, in which, in separate chapters, he gives the student a very balanced and informed review of Greek Sculpture, Sculpture of the Roman Age, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance. This is followed by a hundred plates in half-tone, each of these being accompanied on the opposite page by a brief history and appreciation. Mr. Hill confines his selection to the period from the sixth century B.C. to the time of Michelangelo. From a book which had as its object the history of technical development of sculpture he holds that all but originals ought to be rigidly excluded; but since his book is not so intended, Roman copies of destroyed Greek originals find a place. With regard to the portrait of Alexander the Great in the British Museum, Mr. Hill protests against the idea that it bears but slight resemblance to Alexander. On the contrary, he accepts it as coming nearer than any others to the idealised head on the coins of Lysimachus. Moreover, instead of accepting the date as the end of the third century, he places it at the end of the fourth or beginning of the third. The English School is represented by figures from the façade of Wells Cathedral and an angel from the choir at Lincoln, both thirteenth century. In recommending a book which is thoroughly well done, we need only further note the inclusion of two plates seldom seen—namely, the Countess Gerburg and Ekkehard II. and Uta (Saxon School), from Naumburg Cathedral.

COLDINGHAM: Parish and Priory. By A. Thomson. 21s. (Galashiel: Craighead.)

Parish histories are often dull reading, but here is the history of a Border parish in Scotland which fascinates from beginning to end. There is not a wearisome page in the portly volume. Mr. Thomson has expended the utmost care on his work, and the result is a record in local literature which has seldom been surpassed. Coldingham, in Berwickshire, has come much to the front of late as a holiday resort. There is not a summer but sees the little town well stocked with its quota of holiday-makers. It is near the sea, and it has inland features as well. The place is dowered with a wealth of history and tradition. Fast Castle and St. Abb's Head are in the immediate vicinity, and in the village itself one of the oldest religious houses in the kingdom may still be seen, restored, to be sure, as the parish church, but maintaining many of its ancient and interesting architectural characteristics. Whilst these well-executed chapters must necessarily have first place in the affections of natives and residents of the district of which it treats, the book is one that should hardly fail to have an even wider appeal, since so much of Coldingham's past has been contributory to the history of the nation itself. The author has done his work thoroughly, and has superseded all previous histories of the locality, of which there have been several. He tells us that he went, like many others, to Coldingham for his annual rest of a month or two. He was charmed with the spot. He repeated his visits year by year, and gradually put himself—not without endless trouble and research, in possession of what must be the complete facts of its story. The result is seen in this handsome volume, beautifully printed, finely illustrated, and above all a model of what a work of the kind should be.

MASQUES AND PHASES. By Robert Ross. 5s. net. (Humphreys.)

Mr. Ross can hardly have had his eye on the far horizon of fame when he collected these papers. There are few about which he can have had no two thoughts as to the

fitness of recovering them from the fugitive publications where they made their first and more appropriate appearance. Nevertheless he has fitted together a readable little volume, containing sufficient entertainment to wile away a sleepy hour or so. One cannot, at all events, criticise it adversely. If one does not break a butterfly on a wheel, still less does one subject an ephemeron to that drastic treatment. A mild protest may, perhaps, be permitted against the redundancy of puns of a type of which the title of the book is a sufficient example. Mr. Ross may also be accused of overrating the prose of Walter Pater; but that is a pedantic criticism. He certainly is not to be charged with monotony. He adopts most prose forms, including blank verse. Amusing stories of a mildly parabolic nature are mingled with literary and art criticisms. The dialogues—"A Little Doctor's Faust," "Shavians from Superman," "Some Doctor's Dilemma"—are also entertaining, though rather an intimate acquaintance with the *personnel* of the artistic and dramatic world of to-day is required for extracting their full value from them. On the whole we prefer Mr. Ross in his more serious moments. In his essay on Aubrey Beardsley he pokes fun at Mr. Arthur Symonds without improving much on that writer's brilliant monograph on the great artist; but the paper on Simeon Solomon is a suggestive study of an interesting personality. The longest and most important thing in "Masques and Phases" is the last item. To maintain that "There is no Decay," in the arts or elsewhere, may sound like a piece of special pleading. But Mr. Ross does it extremely plausibly, and at least makes one think.

THE MEDIÆVAL HOSPITALS OF ENGLAND. By R. M. Clay. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Of Messrs. Methuen's valuable series, "The Antiquary's Books," nearly a score have now appeared. Most of them have no doubt appealed successfully to the general reader, and all might well do so, for there is no harm in picking up knowledge even about Bells, Brasses, or Seals, though neither is your hobby. But of widest interest are the volumes which lay bare the roots of our English social life, such as Mr. Hone's "Manor," Mr. Gomme's "Folklore," and Dr. Cox's "Royal Forests." I recall the fascination of Dr. Gasquet's "Mediæval English Parish," to most readers a delightful revelation, to the social worker invaluable. Similar in interest is this new volume by Miss Clay, though in part more strictly and technically antiquarian. The commendatory Preface by the Bishop of Bristol seems well deserved. Researching in an almost untrodden field, she has gathered a surprising heap of fact and dates, and possessing the genius of method, not only tabulates them in Appendices, but in her text drills them in strict order. Though at first sight detracting from the easy flow of the narrative, her methodical division of chapters and sections is really a great help, and she succeeds in combining a book of reference for the specialist with a work of instructive entertainment for all. A few titles of chapters will show how fully the subject is treated: Hospitals for Wayfarers and the Sick—Homes for the Feeble and Destitute—For the Insane—The Lazar-house—The Lepers—Hospital Buildings—Rules and Constitutions—Hospital Funds. In fact, the Hospice might be devoted to one or more of many charitable works, and, until the tramp nuisance became serious in the fourteenth century, perhaps dealt as successfully as we do with the same evils. At any rate, an England with the present population of London counted at least 720 of these special houses, distinct from the monasteries and other religious foundations. Some were very ancient. Strange to think that St. Peter's at York was founded nearer to the days of Christ than to ours! Throughout the book we meet surprising and novel facts and illustrations, but none are so arresting and suggestive as the details of the internal life and discipline of the hospitals which appear in the later chapters. One

gets an impression that by true charity, good sense, and *laissez-faire* therapeutics our ignorant ancestors did nearly as much good and perhaps less harm than we scientific philanthropists. Miss Clay has not exhausted the subject—time and research will add much—but her pioneer work merits respect, both for its sound historical spirit and for its masterly method. This handsome volume with its abundant illustrations would be a very acceptable gift to any one who has an eye for the past and a heart for the poor.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & CO.

The great River Thames takes on an almost human character, so vivid is its individuality and its history, in *The Story of the Thames*, by J. E. Vincent (7s. 6d. net). The first chapter of the engrossing volume is concerned to some extent with the prehistoric form and condition of the Thames, and that form and condition come almost as a shock to us who think of our river chiefly as the busy waterway between north and south London. Mr. Vincent in his first pages, however, refers to the time "when the North Sea was a great plain and the Thames, after joining the Rhine and subsequently the Humber, ran northwards into the Arctic Ocean. It was along the banks of this great river, and over the surrounding plains, that the Bears and Lions, Bisons and Elks, Rhinoceroses, Hippopotamuses and Elephants lived whose remains are so abundant on the bed of the North Sea as well as in many of our river valleys." These words of Lord Avebury, quoted by Mr. Vincent, at once strike the historical note, and in the chapters which follow the past and the present are blended in most delightful style. Mr. Vincent knew (for, alas! he too, must be spoken of in the past) every curve and fall, every bridge and mead of the Thames; and anecdote and reminiscence make the pages bright, and illustrations of unusual interest are included within the covers.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

A book of undoubted value is that on *Ancient English Christmas Carols*, collected and arranged by Edith Rickert (7s. 6d. net). Miss Rickert has here done a fine piece of work; work needing patience, scholarship, sympathy, and real critical faculty. Her searchings have been wide and detailed, and her field of labour has ranged from A.D. 1400 to A.D. 1700. Here are carols of all kinds from the purely devotional to the frankly hilarious. The volume is handy, and intensely interesting. Miss Rickert has laid us under a very real debt to her, for she has here done "spade-work" by which we are all able to profit. It forms a volume in that dignified series already notable for its excellence, "The New Medieval Library."

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

A volume to give thought and in its turn create thought is *Literary Byways and Vagaries*, by Thomas Newbigging (4s. 6d. net). The title of his book is continued as the title of the first essay in that book, and the spirit of it—the pleasant style of individuality and first-hand thought and criticism—permeates the whole. In that first essay we are set to think for awhile of the poetical off moments, so to speak, of busy men of science or men of practical professions. With many an aptly quoted poem or verse Mr. Newbigging fills his pages with interest and pleasantness, and his own remarks and opinions are well worth being made acquainted with. Among the more important of the thirteen essays in the volume is that on George Eliot. Here we get some honest, interesting, illuminating points of view, and criticism which is always reasonable and thought-provoking. Mr. Newbigging admires the work of George Eliot enormously, and has read it with the requisite imagination and intelligence, but he speaks with boldness of the failings in "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," and gives his enthusiasm to that generally under-rated—or least-known—novel, "Felix Holt." The other essays are all delightful in their several ways, full of pleasant suggestion and a feeling of personal friendship both for books and for readers.

MESSRS. HEADLEY BROS.

If any one is sorry that he did not keep a diary of the past important year, let him not grieve, for the omission can be remedied by obtaining *The Wonderful Year, 1909*, which is "an illustrated record of notable achievements and events." It is a fine, imposing-looking volume, with its varied interests well told and artistically presented by word and picture. Mounted photographs, some in colour, bright paragraphs, apt quotations, poems and pictures, descriptions and chronicles recall the teeming months of 1909 and make this ready-made journal one which will be of interest in the present and of value in the future.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

We welcomed with most sincere pleasure the noble collection of poetry published a month or so ago by the Oxford University Press under the title of *The Pageant of English Poetry*. We now give a further admiring welcome to the charming India paper edition of the same anthology (5s. net). The collection consists of as many as one thousand one hundred and fifty poems and extracts, by three hundred authors; and the pretty slim green volume (so amazingly slim to be the holder of so much poetry) is, in type, paper, binding, and contents, as excellent and delightful as this world-famed Press knows so well how to make it.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons have a genius for selecting the absolutely fitting items for their "Queen's Treasures Series." Cranford (2s. 6d. net) is now added to the dainty list, and the fragrant chronicle, which seems almost to waft the scent of lavender as we read, is here charmingly illustrated in colour by that most sympathetic artist, Miss M. V. Wheelhouse.

From Mr. T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh, we have received some most beautifully produced books. Among these are *Sketches of English Life and Character* and *Tales of Irish Life and Character* (5s. net each). Under the first title we have eight-and-twenty of Miss Mitford's charming sketches of English rural life, those sketches which with their sweet naturalness and loving sincerity have lived quietly in the affections of all English country-loving people for so many years. The new attraction which Mr. Foulis offers in his present edition, beyond the merits of the excellent type, paper, and general tastefulness of the volume, lies in the sixteen beautiful illustrations in colour after the original famous pictures of the well-known artist, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A. The book of "Irish Life and Character" is composed of the delightful tales by Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose witty pen now finds an imitable illustrator in Mr. Erskine Nicol, R.S.A. These companion volumes are genuine delights, each being in its way typical of its country; and the beautiful, carefully coloured illustrations, each mounted on art paper, are a valuable picture gallery as well as a reflection of two fascinating lands.

In spite of politics, poetry and the love of it are not dead. Among some noticeable reprints and new editions are the *Select Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed*, just published by the Clarendon Press (2s. 6d. net). We have already a strong affection for the dark green binding of this "Oxford Library of Prose and Verse." Whenever a new volume appears, we know at once that it is just what we wanted and are sure countless other persons must want. Handy and well produced, these volumes are "just right" whether for library or travel or a gift to a friend.

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson are beginning a new and pleasing "Pocket-Book Series." The first volume in it is *Famous Poems*, a new anthology of Lyrics and Ballads (1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net). It is a safe collection of beautiful poetry, and is a capital volume to take as a matter of course when one sits down with a spare hour for reading, or is debating as to what books to pack for travel.

Mr. Grant Richards will delight many a home by his new edition of *Æsop's Fables*. It is an adaptation of the translation from the Greek, by the Rev. George F. Townsend, with an Introduction by Elisabeth Luther Cary, and it has numerous illustrations in colour and in black and white by J. M. Conder. The whole book is fascinating; there is an unmodern look about its pages which is entire gain to the volume, and the artist is thoroughly at one with his fruitful subject.

New Books of the Month.

FROM NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BARNETT, L. D., M.A., Litt.D. *The Path of Light. Wisdom of the East Series.* 2s. net. (John Murray)
 Bible, The Shorter. Authorised Version, Arranged and Edited for the Use of Schools, and for Home Reading. . . . (Dent)
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BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

By ERIC HUDSON.

"**T**HEY have a notion that a poet is a long-haired man, who sits on the top of a tower and plays a harp, while his hair streams in the wind. . . . No, my boy, I am a poet, not primarily because I can write verses (there are lots of people who can do that), but by virtue of seeing more clearly, and feeling more deeply, and speaking more truly than the majority of men."

Bragging words, perhaps, but who shall deny their truth? Let us rather use the old English word "bragly," meaning "proud and fine," and say that from this utterance there shines forth the splendid pride and naïveté of the old Norse Vikings, who played so large a part in "our island story," and whose spirit is re-incarnated in Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the first national poet of Norway, the novelist, playwright, and politician, and, above all, the patriot-hero of his countrymen.

Bjornson is indeed a hero after Carlyle's own heart. "Whenever he opens his mouth," says an eminent critic, "it is as if the nation itself were speaking. If he writes a little verse, hardly a year elapses before its phrases have passed into the common speech of the people. Composers compete for the honour of interpreting his simple Norse-sounding melodies, which gradually work their way from the drawing-room to the kitchen, the street, and thence out over the fields and highlands of Norway."

As a dramatist Bjornson is second only to that other "grand old man" of Norway, Henrik Ibsen. His novels and stories share with those of Tolstoy, Gorki, and Maupassant the supreme homage of Europe and America. He was the first to depict the Norwegian peasantry with that fidelity and sympathetic insight which we seek for in vain in Wergland; and as a politician he has, says the same critic, "inspired the people with renewed courage, turned the national life into fresh channels, and revolutionised national politics."

Of Bjornson, as of all other great men, there is no detail too unimportant for our notice; and if only for this reason his admirers will read with interest the following letter from his wife, which is now published for the first time:

"Bjornson uses Sanatogen every day, and finds that the effects of this admirable revitalising food are

exceedingly beneficial to him. Our doctor is of the same opinion."

Bjornson is by no means the only man of letters who finds in Sanatogen a means of counteracting the constant strain upon mind and body which literary work entails; many authors, both English and foreign, have personally testified to the merits of the preparation, and some brief extracts from their letters may fitly be given here.

"Sanatogen is a true tonic," writes Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., "feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigour to the over-worked body and

mind." "A very valuable nerve tonic," writes Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; "I have several times taken a course of it when I have been run down, and always with excellent results." Mr. Eden Phillpotts says that Sanatogen is "of real value to the brain worker. I can give it high praise from personal experience." "As a tonic nerve food," writes Mr. Hall Caine, "Sanatogen has on more than one occasion done me good." "I would not be without Sanatogen under any circumstances whatever," writes Mr. Max Pemberton. Mr. Arnold Bennett is equally enthusiastic. "The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me," he says, "is simply wonderful." Perhaps the most striking testimony of all is that of Madame Sarah Grand. "Sanatogen," she writes, "has done everything for me which it is said to be

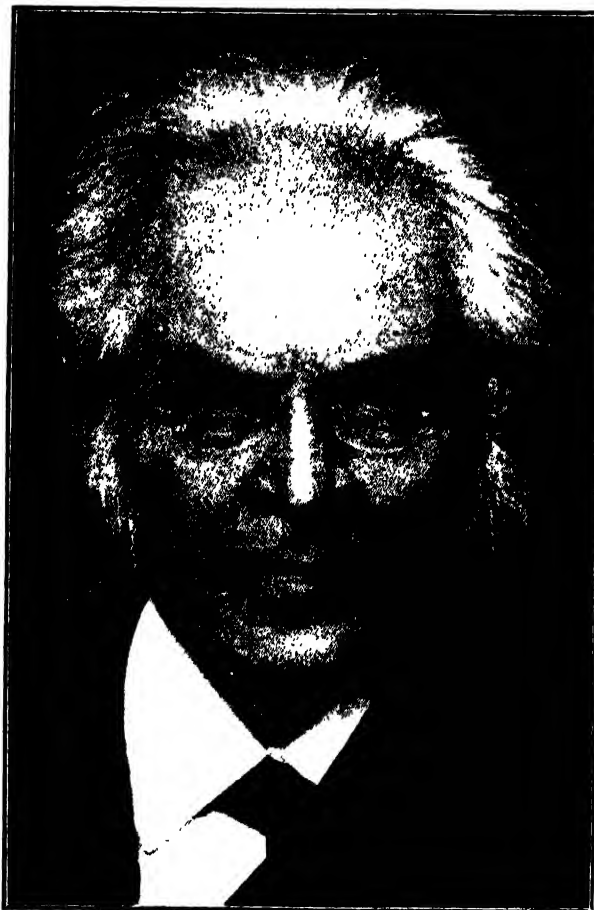


Photo by Hilse, Christiana.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

able to do for cases of nervous debility and exhaustion. I began to take it after nearly four years' enforced idleness from extreme debility, and now I find myself able to enjoy both work and play again, and also able to do as much of both as I ever did."

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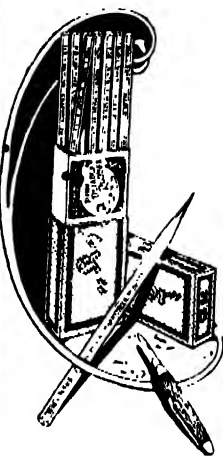
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*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

News Notes.

Mrs. de la Pasture has been away on tour with Miss Maxine Elliott, rehearsing her new play "Deborah of Tod's," which was produced successfully in Boston, and, on January 24, in New York. She is returning to England this month.

An extremely interesting letter from Stanley to his uncle, Thomas Morris, has been discovered since the appearance of his Autobiography (Sampson Low & Co.) last autumn. It is dated June 2, 1858, and begins, "Dear Uncle,—My Aunt and I have waited with much anxiety expecting every day to receive an answer from you. Is there a chance or no for me to have that place now having past the month of May? Dear Uncle, I hope sincerely that I have not displeased you in anything, as my Aunt thinks I have done. Dear Uncle, also I hope that you have not taken it unkind of me in plaguing, it's

a hard case on me, and would be harder still if I could not procure a situation. Dearest Uncle, I sue to you for kindness. I have nowhere to go unless I can procure a place." The whole letter bears pathetic witness to his consuming anxiety to get work, and fully confirms what he has said in his Autobiography on the hardships of his youthful days.

Mr. Arthur Ransome is working on a Life of Poe, for publication in the autumn. He is following this next spring with a new biography of Hazlitt.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are publishing next week the first novel of an author who writes under the pen-name of John Brandane. He is a Scotsman, and has a medical practice in England. The period of the story, "My Lady of Aros," is about 1760, and the scene is laid in the island of Aros, off the Western Islands of Scotland; the plot turning on the adventures of a man who is suspected of being a Hanoverian spy at the time of the attempt to revive the claims of the Pretender. Messrs. Pitman do not publish many novels; they prefer to issue only one or two in the year, and are particular as to the quality of these; therefore one is be-



Photo by G. West & Son, Southsea

Mr. Hesketh Prichard.

ginning to regard their imprint on a novel as an indication that it is above the average, and at least two of their latest, "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," fully justifies us in doing so.

Mr. Hesketh Prichard is writing a book on big-game shooting which Mr. Heinemann will publish. It includes chapters on a trip to Labrador, three to Newfoundland, one after elk in Norway, and half a dozen Canadian expeditions, as well as chapters on South American sport. His latest Don Q. story, which was published recently by Messrs. Greening, has been translated and issued serially in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Italy, and France. The book was founded on a play which was written for Mr. Fred Terry, both play and book being written by Mr. Prichard in collaboration with his mother.

In consequence of the General Election, Messrs. John Ouseley have postponed the publication of the first number of *Ouseley's Magazine* until February 15.

Mr. S. Bradbury has written and published at sixpence net an admirable little biography of "Bertram Dobell: Bookseller and Man of Letters."

Mr. Dobell is one of the most literary of our publishers; to him belongs, as his biographer says, the honour of establishing Thomson's (B.V.'s) true place amongst the poets of the last century; and in collecting and editing the "Sidelights on Charles Lamb," and discovering and publishing Traherne's prose and poetry, he has rendered real and very considerable services to literature. A few years ago he published a volume of his own poems, "Rosemary and Pansies," and he has just followed it with a second volume, "A Century of Sonnets." Mr. Bradbury's brief record of his early struggles, his relinquished ambitions, and the successes of his later years is very sympathetically written, and of great interest. He had to work at laborious and uncongenial tasks, and was nearly thirty before he was able, with his scanty savings, to open a stationer's and newsagent's shop in Kentish Town, and was nearly fifty before he could partially devote himself to literary pursuits. Now-a-days, as Mr. Bradbury remarks, Mr. Dobell's book-shop in Charing Cross Road is by way of being one of London's literary landmarks.

"Mary Gaunt" (Mrs. Miller) writes very bitterly of the fate of her new novel, "The Uncounted Cost," which was recently published by Mr. Werner Laurie. "I wrote a pot-boiler, a mystery story, for a big Chicago paper, and they paid me well," she says, "and I thereupon set off for Africa and the material for the novel which I fondly hoped was to bring me fame and fortune. I have worked very hard indeed at 'The Uncounted Cost.' I had to collect a great deal of expert knowledge from naval officers and West African officials, and the actual writing of the novel took me thirteen months of hard labour. I flattered myself my ideals were high, that I had worked out and told a story of patriotism, industry, and sacrifice for others. I do not say my characters were spotless; had they been so they would not have been true to life; but

**Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe.**

Whose new novel, "A Winter's Comedy," has just been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

in the end I think the very best is shown, and the very best is glorified—honesty, truth, love, and all that men and women hold most dear. I will stake my honour there is not a suggestive word in the whole book, nothing that might not be read aloud in a mixed company. But the *Times* has decided that the book is 'unsuitable' and has refused an advertisement of it, the libraries have dubbed it doubtful, and will only supply it when it is specially asked for. I feel that they are making my seventeen months' work, including four months spent on the worst coast in the world, of no account. My means of livelihood are thus taken away from me, and it is cold comfort to reflect that on the same principle 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'Adam Bede' would be banned, for Hawthorne and George Eliot are dead, and no longer need bread-and-butter."

By birth, Mary Gaunt is an Australian. She is a slow worker, writing and rewriting her stories many times before printing them; and though she once wrote a novel in a fortnight and received fifty pounds for it, this was written when necessity was jogging her elbow; it was sold for serial use only, and she has no thought of making a book of it. She came to London nearly nine years ago, knowing nobody, and with twenty-six pounds a year "between me," as she puts it, "and a hard



Photo by E. Hüppe.

Mary Gaunt.
(Mrs. Lindsay Miller.)



The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

From the Statue by A. Bruce-Joy in front of Bow Church, E. (See p. 220)

world." Before she was dependent on her work she easily made pocket-money by it; but now that it was her source of income, her stories sold very slowly. Most of them did not sell at all, and she has still boxes full of rejected MSS. on her hands. She presently gave up writing Australian tales that nobody would buy, and in collaboration with Mr. Essex, who knew West Africa well, she wrote three adventure stories. The first was accepted, and the publisher failed just as it was coming out. The second, a sequel to this, was declined by Messrs. Smith, Elder, who, however, said it was so good that if the authors wrote another they would probably be able to accept it. The third, "Fools Rush In," they considered an improvement, but not exactly in their style. It was taken by Mr. Heinemann, and brought the authors much kudos, but not so much money as they had hoped for. Then Mr. Werner Laurie accepted "The Silent Ones," and Mary Gaunt began to realise that she could not write so well in collaboration as alone. England and the busy streets of civilisation she found uninspiring, so she wrote that profitable pot-boiler for Chicago, went to West Africa with the money, and "The Uncounted Cost" was the outcome of the journey. She has two other novels at present in hand, one dealing with the early years of Australia, the other with the last slave rising in Jamaica.

The Londoner of artistic tastes is generally happy to acquiesce in the hard things that are said about the indifferent statues on his streets, but he is by no means equally keen in showing his appreciation of the few noble pieces of sculpture he is lucky enough to possess. Probably there is no finer

statue in London than that of Gladstone which stands before Bow Church in the East End. We reproduce a photograph of this among the illustrations to our article on Mr. T. P. O'Connor. It is the work of Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, and when it was erected, in Gladstone's lifetime, artists and critics were unanimous in their eulogy of its great artistic qualities, its consummate modelling, its natural pose, its simplicity, majesty, and perfect lifelikeness. Nevertheless, during the recent Centenary celebrations, though much was said of the portraits and sculptured presentments of Gladstone, strangely enough this particular statue seems to have been entirely overlooked. Mr. Bruce-Joy found his subject rather a troublesome sitter; when he came to the studio he was restless and too eager to talk animatedly on a vast variety of subjects; wherefore the sculptor found it more satisfactory to observe him, for the pose of the figure and expression of the face, in the House of Commons, and to avail himself of permission to attend at Downing Street within certain hours and watch him as he sat quietly at his table reading dispatches or writing letters. The result of this conscientious and patient study was, as Mr. W. H. Gladstone testified, an "admirable and faithful likeness," and a wonderful piece of art that moved Gladstone himself to write to the donor of it with congratulations "on your choice of a sculptor and on the excellence of his work."

Mr. Bruce-Joy is not optimistic on the future of art in this country. He says it is thirty-one years since he attempted to model any classical figures or imaginative themes, for he finds the public takes no profitable interest in such; but those who know his great statues of Gladstone, of John Bright, of Harvey, and the recently finished bust of the King that is still on view in his studio, and has been seen and warmly approved by his Majesty, will scarcely regret any circumstance that induced him to devote himself, as he has done, to portraiture.

Mr. Charles F. Pearce, whose new novel, "Love Besieged," is meeting with a very gratifying reception, began his literary career many years ago as contributor to a manuscript magazine, started by a little club that was founded as the outcome of a suggestion of the late Hain Friswell, then editor of the *Family Herald*. The first number of this manuscript magazine exhausted the energies of editor and contributors, and no second ever appeared, but the story Mr. Pearce contributed to it found such favour with its readers that he sent it to *All the Year Round*, and had it promptly returned



Photo by W. Wright.

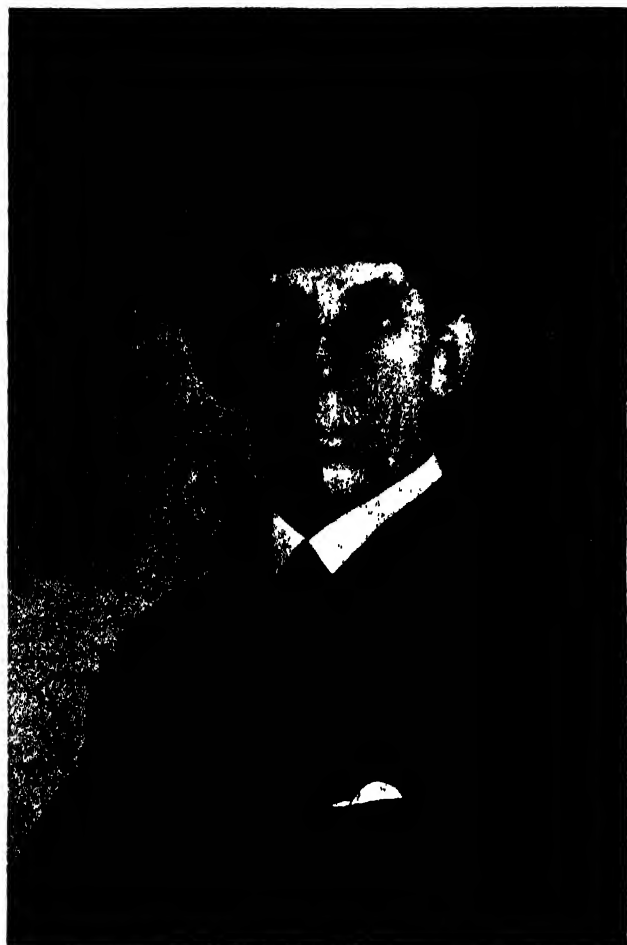
Mr. Charles E. Pearce.

with a kindly note in the unmistakable hand of Charles Dickens. He subsequently sold it to *Pitman's Shorthand Magazine*, and the sum of five shillings which he received for it inspired him to go on. Since then he has published sixty-five serials of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand words each; seventy-five novelettes of twenty-five thousand words each; over four hundred short stories, of fifteen hundred to ten thousand words each; and some hundred and fifty narratives "dug out" of the annals of famous crimes. In addition to all this, he has written many serials and shorter tales for boys, and there are, moreover, a large number of stories scattered through various publications, mainly of the 'eighties, which he has omitted to preserve in his scrap-books.

Before he had established himself as a writer of fiction, Mr. Pearce did a good deal of journalistic work on a Kentish newspaper; then came to London and was attached to one of the papers owned by Mr. James Henderson, afterwards becoming editor, for four years, of *Funny Folks*, which was owned by the same publisher. Meanwhile, among divers other publications, *Young Folks' Budget* belonged to Mr. Henderson, and in the pages of this once popular "weekly" appeared Mr. Pearce's first

serial, "Frank, the Fisherboy." The story proved a remarkable success, and was republished in various forms; it was followed by "Billy Bo'sun," and concerning this latter Mr. Pearce tells an interesting anecdote. "Some time ago," he says, "Mr. Robert Leighton, who was also on Mr. Henderson's staff, stated that he remembered Robert Louis Stevenson discussing the story he had called 'A Son of a Sea Cook,' and that Mr. Henderson afterwards renamed 'Treasure Island.' Mr. Leighton's recollection is that Mr. Henderson was not strongly impressed by Stevenson's opening chapters, and sending for a copy of 'Billy Bo'sun,' said to Stevenson, 'I want a story like that.' In 'Billy Bo'sun' the episode of a treasure buried on an island plays a leading part, and the inference is that Stevenson adopted Mr. Henderson's suggestion and wrote 'Treasure Island' on the same lines, and the romance duly appeared in the same periodical. The late Dr. Japp protested against this statement, and said that Stevenson had showed him the complete MS. before he took it to Mr. Henderson, but," says Mr. Pearce, "I had it from Mr. Clinton, who was sub-editing *Young Folks' Budget* at the time, that Stevenson's MS. passed through his hands, and he was continually put to great inconvenience and anxiety through the tardy arrival of 'copy.' Stevenson was then residing, I think, at the Isle of Hieres, and was sending instalments of the story week by week. On one occasion the instalment arrived so late that Mr. Clinton had to cut it into slips for speedy composition, an act of necessity which roused Stevenson's ire considerably." One of Mr. Pearce's most successful stories for boys, "The Ball of Fortune," was published by Messrs. Blackie. He has now completed a new novel, "The Eyes of Alicia," which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are issuing this spring.

A book that promises to create something of a sensation is "The Life of a Bath-Chairman," that Messrs. Constable have almost ready for publication. It is the story of "a very poor, much-battered man." The author, Mr. George E. Meek, of Eastbourne, has earned a living by pulling a bath-chair up and down the parades of that town for the last nineteen years. He has been an occasional contributor to some of the Eastbourne newspapers, and was engaged on an ambitious ethical treatise when, in the course of forming a new branch of a Socialistic organisation in Folkestone, he made the acquaintance of Mr. H. G. Wells, who discouraged him from going on with the treatise, and urged him instead to write the story of his own life. Mr. Meek is, and looks like, a man with whom the world has



Mr. George E. Meek.

gone roughly, but he is an omnivorous reader, and has a wide acquaintance with literature, and more than one critic who has read his MS. has praised him as the master of "a fine prose style." His publishers think so highly of his Autobiography that they are making him a monthly allowance which keeps him in comparative luxury, and has enabled him to abandon his chair work, as he hopes, for ever.

Mr William de Morgan left England a fortnight ago, and purposes spending the rest of the winter in Florence.

The poetry of Mr. Alfred Noyes is receiving considerable appreciation in Italy. Articles on his work have lately appeared in several of the leading reviews there and certain his poems have been translated into Italian by Professor P. E. Pavolin.

For permission to reproduce various illustrations in this Number our thanks are due to Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, Mr. Joseph Simpson, the Editor of *Vanity Fair*, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Mr. Fisher Unwin, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, the Priory Press, Mr. Robert Culley, Messrs. Collingridge, and Messrs. Putnam.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2: answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

TRIAL BY MARRIAGE.

BY WILFRID SCARBOROUGH JACKSON.

"An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

(Violet Sherwin, "The Haven," 11, Carson Road, Dulwich, S.E.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best short list compiled from British history illustrative of Shakespeare's lines:

"Let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings,
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives; some sleeping killed."

THE DOOK'S DOOMSDAY BOOK.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"
Henry VIII.

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

MINGLED WINE. BY ANNA BUNSTON

"Where pleasure and repentance dwell,"
Song by SIR W. RALEIGH.

(Daisy Cowper, Edge Hill Training College, Liverpool.)

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

THE SUBMARINE GIRL. BY EDGAR FURNER.

"She sat with you and me
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea"
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Forsaken Merman*.

(Miss Edna Smallwood, 133, Highbury Quadrant, Highbury, N.)

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. BY W. DE MORGAN.

"There was a young lady of Niger
Who went for a ride on a tiger,
They returned from that ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger."
Nonsense Rhyme.

(Miss M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere.)

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss L. JUDGE, 47, Grove Park, Denmark Hill, S.E., for the following:

THE SETTLER. BY RALPH CONNOR.

"He owes not any man."
LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith*.

We also select for printing:

OPPORTUNITY. BY MARGARET CROSS.

"Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye."

BURNS.

(G. Yeld, 2, Burton Lane, York.)

II.—A number of papers have been received in this competition, but none is entirely satisfactory. We purposely restricted the list of biographical facts in proof or disproof of the assertion that "the best work has always been done by the unmarried or childless man" to literature, but several competitors have gone outside this limit. Dr. F. C. Fraser, for instance, sends a good list of fifty great men, thirty-six of whom were married and twenty-seven of whom had children; but he ignores all the world's novelists, and accounts for only three of the poets. The

fullest list within the limits imposed is Mr. John G. Horne's (but he places Dumas and Meredith among the "unmarried or childless," and, on the other hand, omits Darwin). Much shorter, but accurate so far as it goes, is the list of Mrs. Rainey. We therefore divide the prize and send TWO NEW NOVELS to Mr. JOHN G. HORNE, Schoolhouse, Thornhill, Perthshire; and two to Mrs. PANSIE ANNIE RAINEY, 6, Albany Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall.

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recent book is awarded to Miss M. CHENEVIX TRENCH, 9, Radnor Park West, Folkestone, for the following:

CONTEMPORARY IRELAND. By PAUL DUBOIS.
(Maunsell & Co., Dublin.)

To the Irish Irelander, M. Dubois' book brings a message of great hope and confidence in the future. The author is so gloriously optimistic, but withal so full of equitable and well-balanced judgments, that there is no thought of the elusive hope of the Irishman, only the clear, well-reasoned optimism bred of a careful study of character and history. The book deals chiefly with the great movements which are at work in Ireland, and has the rare charm of expanding and enlarging the interest, and, still more important, the intelligence, of the reader to the last page.

Among the best of the large number of other reviews sent in are:

US FOUR By S. MACNAUGHTAN. (John Murray.)

These somewhat haphazard reminiscences give charming glimpses of a simple, old-fashioned, severely gracious Scottish home. They are notably true to nature, e.g. in the childishly disproportionate view of life's happenings: the end of the world is as imminent in the tragedy of Nurse's cancelled present as in the river accident. The grown-ups are admirably drawn, always from the child standpoint: the parents by suggestive traits, other Olympiads in fuller detail. Here again the question of seeing things in due proportion comes in, marking off the Good Governess from her predecessors and Nurse. A magic book, to set each one a-dreaming.

(Carol Ward. No address sent.)

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN SWORD. By MICHAEL BARRINGTON. (Chatto & Windus.)

Here we find ample entertainment, and incidentally instruction, for the central figure is a famous soldier-statesman over whose deeds and motives grave historians still quarrel. The politics of seventeenth-century Scotland are revealed as seen by a Hibernian bred in France, an Epicurean young gentleman

whose verdicts are at once original and illuminating. Nor do we tire of Scotland, for Dick Nugent takes us to London, where we jest with Buckingham and Dorset, saunter with the Merry Monarch in St. James's Park, and shop with Mr. Pepys. It is a brilliant novel, humorous yet tragic, sparkling yet profound.

(Amy Constance Every, 16, Augusta Gardens,
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MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS. By LADY ST. HELIER.
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(L. G. Duke, Brasenose College, Oxford.)

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(Heinemann.)

There are some twenty well-written stories of which love is the chief interest. Ordinary events or common aspirations do not matter in the least so long as one stands on the broad steps of human love. Few of the characters are young, and these the least interesting, while the oldish ones are the most original, if not the most convincing. The key-note is the eternal youth of love. The amorousness of immaturity seems rather to be despised. "The Night" is certainly one of the best of these tales.

(Charles H. Lamming, 127, Arnelcliffe Terrace, Bradford.)

We specially commend also the reviews received from H. W. Cornelius (Ipswich), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Agnes M. Tannahill (Glasgow), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Noel T. Methley (Bristol), Miss Browne (Worcester), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Margarita L. Tipper (Kendal), Bella Kingstone (Stamford Hill, N.), Jack Hedley (Harrogate), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), E. Ward (Southsea), Miss Mackecknie (St Andrews), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood), F. W. Lawfield (Cambridge), Joan Harry Hall (Aberdeen), and Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to JAMES T. SMILLIE, 5, Maxwell Street, Pollokshaws, Glasgow.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

T. P. O'CONNOR AS AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.*

BY ASHLEY GIBSON.

THERE are two men, both of whom are now living, who have been characterised with some degree of justice as the founders of modern journalism. One of them is W. T. Stead and the other is T. P. O'Connor. Together, Mr. Stead once wrote, they "broke the old tradition, and made journalism a living thing, palpitating with actuality, in touch with life at all points. We abolished the mystery of the editor, who, before our time, was a kind of invisible Grand Lama. We saw everybody, went everywhere, and did every mortal thing which seemed to us worth doing." That T. P. O'Connor is largely responsible for the vastly altered and improved conditions which obtain in the newspaper world of to-day as compared with what it was twenty years back is I think true, though I do not here intend to concern myself overmuch with this aspect of a public figure whose aspects and interests are manifold. Nor is it of T. P. the statesman that I shall treat at length. Mr. O'Connor himself has told me that he is as weary of being discussed as a politician as of being discussed as a journalist, and that in both capacities he has been "written to death." T. P. the man of letters is the subject of this article, the T. P. whose pen is the pen of a ready and always readable writer. Liveliest of biographers, most vivid of impressionists when called upon to chronicle an incident or story that bears within it the germ of human or dramatic interest, he would remain an outstanding literary figure of our era if he had never launched a single newspaper, let alone six, and never, standing upon the floor of the House of Commons, moved that respectable body to repeated rounds of tumultuous and hilarious applause. For as a political orator there is no one above him, and few indeed that reach his level, a fact vouched for by an authority so little likely to be biassed as the late Sir H. M. Stanley.

If, in treating of T. P. O'Connor's early days, of that period of alternate triumph and disappointment that preceded his ultimate and signal achievement in

each department of human activity with which he has chosen to identify himself, I appear to dwell unduly upon early influences and harp overmuch upon biographical minutiae, I must be forgiven. For T. P., for all his kinship to England and things English, is first and last an Irishman, which is to say a Celt, which is to say a being extraordinarily sensitive to impressions, whether impressions received from his fellow-men, from scenery, or from books. Nothing after all is more interesting than to trace the effect on such a temperament of the especial and peculiar joys and sorrows experienced in youth, of hard knocks received in early manhood, of the sudden coming upon a scene or passage in some great work of literature, of conversations and sights which, almost trivial in themselves, leave an impress on the character that nothing afterwards removes.

On recalling the history of his early life Mr. O'Connor confesses to thinking rather of scenery than of books. The two things that he remembers best are a road through a bog and a river, both in the West of Ireland. The road through the bog led to the school that he attended as a boy, the College of the Immaculate Conception at Athlone. The river was the Shannon, at once "intoxicating in its attractiveness and tragic in its story." For the lake into which it flowed was always

treacherous; "sudden storms constantly swept across it; and every year it took its toll of death. But it had wonderful sunsets, and beautiful islands; and somehow or other one felt upon its waters that large sense of liberation from the ordinary things of life which to youth, still opulent in hope and dreams, is always a delight." Down the Shannon T. P. would drift as a lad, lying on his back in the bottom of a boat, while gazing at the sky in a condition of disembodied emotion more intoxicating than any other of the pleasures in his experience. Also he remembers standing for hours before a cobbler who plied his trade in the open air, but

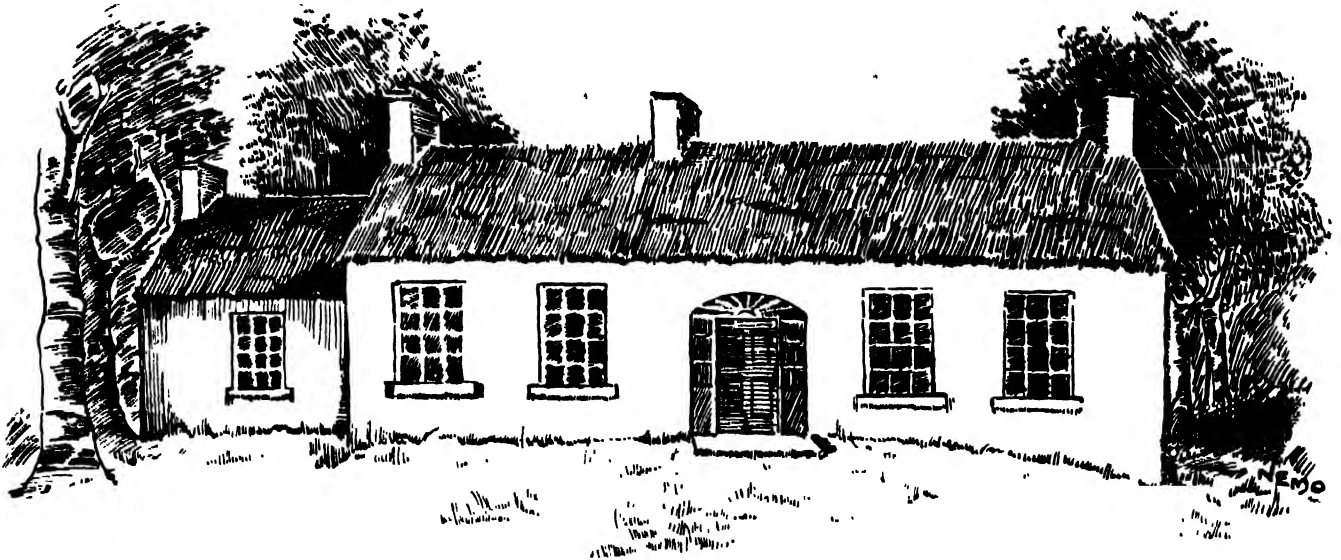


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T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

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Old Farmhouse of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Father.
From a pen-and-ink sketch.

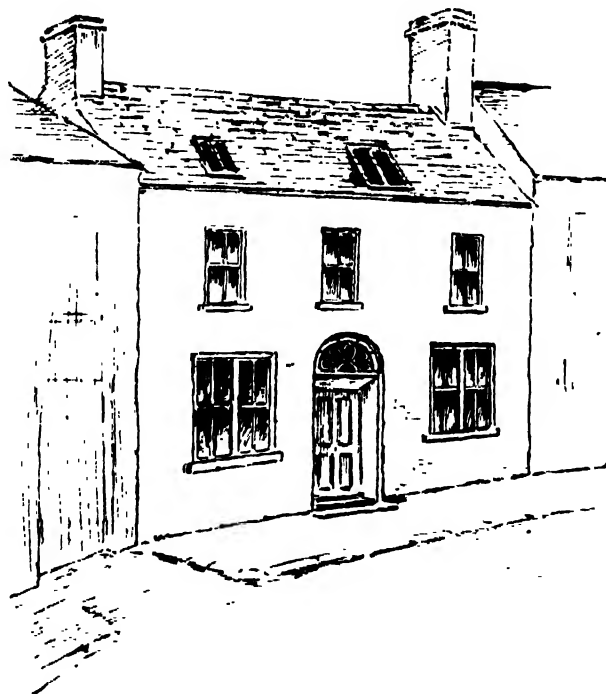
rarely speaking or asking a question. In those days far more of a dreamer than a reader, he must have been a strangely emotional boy. "I had an extraordinary power of anticipating evil," which marks the source of much that I have felt, and perhaps something of what I have suffered in my life. I remember still how often I rushed home just to see whether one of my relatives was dead." Mr. O'Connor believes that he must have read much, as well as dreamed much, in those years, for there was never a time when he could not spell with almost unfailing accuracy. His memory at this day is in some respects extraordinary, in others bad. He cannot quote correctly any line of poetry save "The Raven" and "The Lotus Eaters," both of which he has known for very many years by heart.

His first glimpse into the world of real literature was obtained when he took up an odd volume of Chambers's "Encyclopædia of English Literature." Latin and Greek literature had its masterpieces, so he had been taught at school, but no one had thought of suggesting to him that his own language might have its masterpieces too. Very vividly he remembers the thrill with which he listened to a schoolfellow's recitation of the lines in "Tam o' Shanter" describing the scene in Alloway Kirk. Forty years afterwards he quoted them in a lecture before the Burns Society in Edinburgh, a lecture to which I shall refer later.

The other literary event of that time was the discovery of Wilkie Collins and "The Woman in White." While in school, T. P. obtained no distinction as a writer of English composition, but rose rapidly, to the surprise of no one more than himself, to be the head of his class in Religious Composition.

The lonely, rather shy boy, winning prizes in his class for Religious Composition, could not have been given overmuch to romping with his companions, or entering very deeply into their interests. He preferred to go for walks by himself. The wind and the sea of Galway "beat a tumultuous chorus to strong young nerves and fast-flowing blood."

To hold to facts and dates, T. P. O'Connor was born in Athlone on October 5, 1848, the year of real revolutions on the continent and abortive uprisings in Ireland. He was brought up in an atmosphere strictly, almost narrowly, religious. Walking when a small boy with his father and a neighbour, the latter mentioned that an English visitor to Athlone had ventured on the reckless extravagance of having beefsteak for breakfast. "Ah!" was the elder O'Connor's response, "some men have their heaven in this life." Mr. Stead tells a story showing how difficult the youth reared amid such austere surroundings found it in after-life to shake off the feeling that bodily enjoyment was sinful. Invited with others of his young



The House in Castle Street, Athlone, where Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., was born.

From a pen-and-ink sketch



St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Athlone, where Mr. T. P. O'Connor was baptized.

countrymen to supper with Father Lockhart, he perceived the table spread with roast beef and roast potatoes, not a very elaborate repast after all. But it came as a shock to him. "Surely," he said, "this cannot be a priest's house." When he left the school at Athlone he was entered at Queen's College, Galway, whence he graduated M.A. at twenty-one, taking his bachelor's degree in his eighteenth year and winning the senior scholarship in History and Modern Languages. His capabilities as a linguist have always stood him in good stead. After a journalistic apprenticeship passed on the *Dublin Saunders's Newsletter*, he came to London, in 1870, and after much weary hunting for employment procured a post on the *Daily Telegraph*, largely owing to his knowledge of French and German. He had owned to something more than a smattering of Latin and Greek since very early days, and in later years he added Italian and Spanish to the list of foreign tongues at his command. After a year or two a change of organisation lost him his appointment, and he was flung again headlong into the turmoil of free-lance journalism. But what seemed an evil stroke of fortune was to turn to his advantage.

Driven to engage in every kind of hackwork for which he could get commissions, including the fabrication of "penny dreadfuls," he was struck by the idea of writing a little book describing famous scenes in the House of Commons. At the British Museum he came across the story of Disraeli's *début* in the House, saw an opportunity for turning the political situation of the day to his own advantage, and set to work thereupon on a "Life of Beaconsfield" that was an unqualified, a brilliant success. Party fever was running high, and this unsparing and frankly savage attack on the famous Conservative leader was received with shouts of joy by the Opposition. I have read this biography. It is a spirited and sustained piece of invective, and so avowedly partisan that its bitterness was perhaps to be excused, for the discerning reader might see that no individual, even a red-hot Tory, could really be quite so evil as the subject of this anonymous volume.

T. P. easily and convincingly identifies Disraeli's cynical hero "Vivian Grey" with his own author.

The book is, he declares, a shameless autobiography superficially disguised. "Beaconsfield" is interesting even if only for throwing so vivid a light upon Parliamentary modes and manners of a bygone epoch. Foppish members appear in embroidered waistcoats, bottle-green frock-coats, "large fancy-pattern pantaloons," and wear their hair in ringlets anointed with "thine incomparable oil, Macassar."

Mr. O'Connor worked at this book with so much zeal that he brought on an attack of nervous prostration, but its reception made firm his foothold on the road to success. His friend Dr. Ward, who had represented Galway in the House of Commons, retired in 1880. His seat

was offered to T. P., who agreed to stand. His "Beaconsfield" and a "Cyclopædia of Irish Literature" had brought him in £200. With such slender resources for electioneering purposes he crossed to Galway, was elected, and returned to take his seat in the House, where he has sat ever since, at first for his native constituency, afterwards for one of the Liverpool divisions.

But his pen was still busy. Working as Parliamentary chronicler for the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, he produced a series of masterpieces of vivid descriptive writing, the cream of which are incorporated in "Gladstone's House of Commons," published in 1885. The last sketch—the best of all, in my opinion—was written on the morning after the memorable fall of Gladstone's Government.



Photo by G. V. Simmons, Athlone. From a print.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P., at the time of the Galway Election, 1880.

Mr. Stead declares that he pulled T. P. out of bed to write it. I quote the closing episode, following the unexpected discovery by the Opposition that the Government had been badly beaten on a division :

"Throughout all this mad tumult—one of the maddest ever seen in the House of Commons—Mr. Gladstone remained outwardly untroubled, unheeding, even unhearing. He sat in his usual seat with his dispatch to the Queen in his portfolio, on his knees, writing apparently with undisturbed swiftness the account of his own defeat. He



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor in 1890.

never once looked up. At last the numbers were told ; then more wild cheering ; and then the dull, heavy, and inarticulate voice of Sir Erskine May recalling the House from its passionate heights of tragedy to the Orders of the Day. But the descent was too sudden, and would not be allowed. There were loud and deafening shouts of interruption and protest, and at last it was evident that the Government would not be allowed to escape without giving some evidence and confession of its defeat. Mr. Gladstone rose. He had the dispatch to the Queen and the portfolio in his hand, and his face was quiet, and just a trifle sad and meek. There was a burst of enthusiastic cheers from his followers. It was answered by loud shouts of triumph from the other side, and the storm went on for minutes, cheer answering cheer, and exclamations answering exclamations. Mr. Gladstone stood calm amid it all. He looked at his dispatch ; and, when the tumult grew loudest, even affected to cross its t's and dot its i's. At one time it seemed as if he would have to sit down without a word. But at last he was allowed to move the adjournment of the House.

Then there were more cheers ; and the House began to empty slowly. And then it was that the most touching event of the night occurred. The House had half emptied ; Mr. Gladstone and Lord Richard Grosvenor were standing up talking to each other. Lord Richard, as Senior Liberal Whip, had, of course, the main responsibility for the disaster of the night. Between him and Mr. Gladstone there is, as is known, a strong and deep attachment. The Prime Minister shook his faithful friend and follower by the hand. Everybody who saw the incident noted and was touched by it, and interpreted its plain meaning 'I forgive, and—farewell.' "



The Gladstone Statue in front of Bow Church.

A. Bruce Joy, sculptor.
(see page 11).

In 1899 appeared "The Parnell Movement," which embodied further reminiscences of T. P.'s career in the House ; it was followed soon afterwards by "Charles Stewart Parnell," which is rather an impression than a life of the famous Irish leader. The decline of its unhappy subject, socially, physically, and almost mentally, is portrayed with the graphic skill of a pen that is yet always sympathetic and appreciative. Two years later appeared "Sketches in the House," very much on the lines of "Gladstone's House of Commons." "Some Old Love Stories," appearing in 1895, contained able and sympathetic essays on the lives of men and women of recent history, including Abraham Lincoln and the Carlyles. Mr. O'Connor, by the way, holds a



Queen's College, Galway, where Mr. T. P. O'Connor was educated.

brief for Froude, whose disclosures concerning the conjugal amenities of the Carlyle household have come in for a good deal of adverse criticism. Here is a passage describing the most sorrowful period in Lincoln's life :

"Lincoln was left alone to that duel with the madness of his wife and the overshadowing gloom of his own inherited nature. This is the man who had to carry a people through the most awful of struggles ; who had to play the leading part in a tragedy with a million deaths ; who was the very arch and keystone on whom weighed the Atlas burden of a great nation, rent as by earthquake. And looking inside away from the shouts of triumph or of defeat, of idolatrous love, of frenzied hate, of all those millions that adored or that cursed him—this is what we find him : a lonely, gloomy, smileless man, tied to the fiery wheel of an unhappy marriage, and to the heritage of woe that comes to us from the dim, remote, dark depths of our unknown progenitors."

How clearly we see a certain side of Lincoln, too, in the following little touch, a remark made by Miss Owen, whose unsuccessful suitor he had been at one time. "I thought Mr. Lincoln was deficient in those little links which make up the chain of woman's happiness."

Other published volumes of T. P.'s include a series of



T. P. O'Connor, M.P., on the Links.

From a drawing by Joseph Simpson.

reprinted articles on "Napoleon," mostly by way of reviews of books on the subject, and "The Phantom Millions," which relates the romance of the alleged Humbert riches that fascinated the whole of Europe but a few years back. But there are besides these a hundred newspaper articles that stand for something

Remarkable demonstration produced by an innocent mention of one William Watson, poet.



Newspaper Sketches of T. P. O'Connor, M.P., during his late visit to America.



Photo by Ernest H. Mills, Hampstead

"T. P."

considerably higher than mere journalism. There is a picture of a meeting with a former friend, now dying, in a hospital at Cannes, that is a masterpiece after its kind. The writer has the gay mental and moral atmosphere of Monte Carlo still about him, and he is ushered into as depressing a scene as one could well imagine. William Saunders, M.P., once his chief in old days on *Saunders's Newsletter*, is dying of dropsy :

"It was gradually ascending to the heart : and as I looked down at the rug the thought seized me that it marked, so to speak, the rise of the tide of death, and the amount of space that had been covered in the territory that lay between life and death. There was something awful in the thought that that space now remained so small. I found any utterance difficult, for I had known and esteemed this man so much, and he was a familiar and welcome landmark in the story of my chequered fortunes. And suddenly he began to talk quite calmly of--what do you think ? Of the Taxation of Ground Values ! I could scarcely believe my ears. I was at once astounded, horrified, humiliated. As I looked at the figure in the chair, with the already half-glazed eyes, the rug--that awful frontier ; the vast gaunt room--and Death approaching no longer with a stealthy, but an audible, step, I suddenly rushed back to those ideas in which I had been brought up. At once I thought of all this as the ante-chamber to that immeasurable, unending, terrible thing called Eternity, and then, as I

listened to this talk of the Taxation of Ground Values, the contrast seemed to be at once too horrible and too grotesque."

The impression was too grotesque not to last, to reappear, and to play havoc with the imagination during slumber. During a sleepless night soon afterwards, while the writer lay in anguish and horror, "all sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" :

"I saw before me that other man, seated in his small chair, with the rug around his knees, and Death advancing steadily and rapidly, and still talking of the Taxation of Ground Values and Workmen's Clubs, and the sovereigns in people's pockets, and all the infinitely little and transient things of this life in face of the appalling vastness and unendingness of that other life to come. But the contrast only helped to heighten my sense of the vision through which I was passing. I could do nothing but lie there, still and paralysed, and through the long watches of the night I, child of a sorrowing race and a stern creed, listened to the dreadful voices of the sea ; and the sea heaved and moaned--heaved and moaned, as do the spirits of the damned."

To consider that side of Mr. O'Connor's literary activity which is confined to criticism, I shall turn to the lecture on Burns read by him before the Burns Society in Edinburgh rather than to one of his usual reviews worked out on the lines that he laid down some



"Tay Pay."

By kind permission of the Editor of *Vanity Fair*.

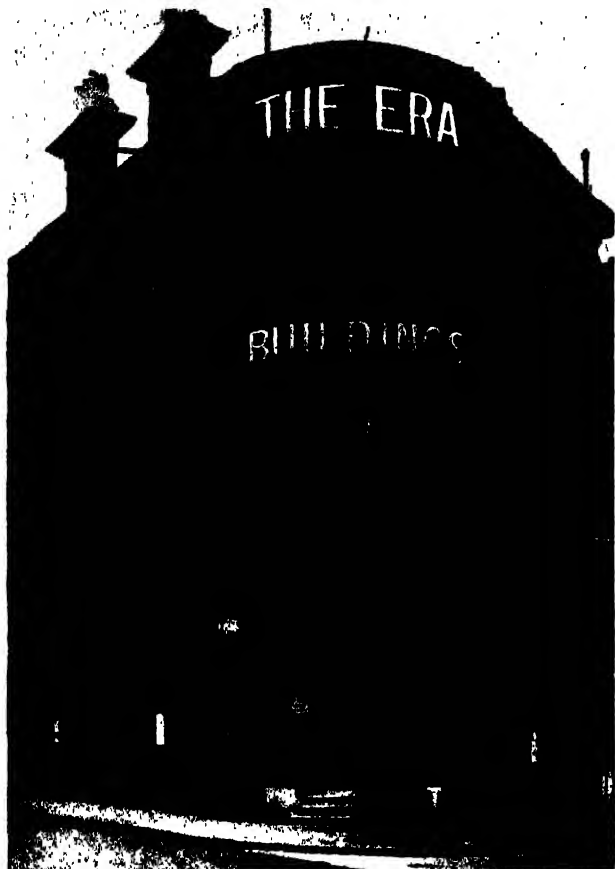


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

"T. P.'s Weekly" Offices.

Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, 1908.

years ago. His method of using long quotations in the "Book of the Week" type of article that appears regularly in *T. P.'s Weekly*, and used to appear in the *Sunday Sun*, provides one of the most readable and popular forms of literary criticism that exist; but in his more serious critical work he reaches a really high level. I quote a representative passage from his paper on the Scottish poet:



Photo by Ernest H. Mills, Hampstead.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor at Home.

"There are critics of Burns who are shocked that his pen should have written 'The Jolly Beggars': as though Literature were some city snob who could only touch shoulders with the well-to-do, instead of a great Court, before which men appear in the nudity of their souls, and appeal for equal sympathy and study, whether high or low, innocent or guilty, and where there can be no more respect for persons, or uniforms, or fine clothes, or labels, or all those other outward unrealities as compared with the reality of the soul than in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

Burns would have been untrue to the great calling to which he always remained so loyal if he had not sought his studies of mankind everywhere; and I will even venture to say, if he had not sought his studies in the poor, the lowly, the vanquished, rather than in the prosperous and the high-placed. Among the latter he must always have been something of a stranger; among the former he was with his own people, and it is to them he has given the great utterance that has made him, above all the writers of any land or any time, the poet of the people."

It is T. P. the man of letters whom I have been considering, but he is so well-known a journalist, and some of his journalism is writing so able as to deserve a higher title, that a short summary of his newspaper career seems hardly out of place. His first editorial chair was that on the paper founded by himself in 1887, the *Star*, still an excellent property, though its founder parted with his rights in it in 1890 for the substantial sum of £15,000, binding himself at the same time not to start another evening paper for three years. He then inaugurated the *Sunday Sun*, followed when the three years were up by the *Sun*, both of which



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Room at the Offices of "T. P.'s Weekly."

the well-known penny journal that has done much to make good literature popular.

Mr. O'Connor declares somewhere that during one period of his boyhood he read through the works of Robertson, the historian, with a view to acquiring hints on style. Robertson's "appeared the model of what a style ought to be," and he carefully pruned his own luxuriations, and wrote as dryly and inhumanly as possible, till the need of being interesting, the first thing the professional journalist has to learn, made him alter all that. For years now T. P. has been one of the most interesting of periodical writers, and not a line of "copy" of his makes dull reading, notwithstanding his

became paying properties within a year. These and *P. T. O.* also have passed out of Mr. O'Connor hands. But he still controls the destinies of *T. P.'s Weekly*,

prodigious rate of production. He holds that the first duty of a book, as of a newspaper, is to be of human interest. I incline to think that he is right.



Mr O'Connor Telling over the 'phone how tired he was.

From a Newspaper Sketch during his late visit to America.

THE IDEAL SCHOOLMASTER.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

LADY GROGAN has laid generations of Harrovians under a debt of gratitude. Mr. Bosworth Smith, her father, whose *Life* she has written,* was, as is well known, a man who touched life on many sides—touching it always to adorn; who made his personality felt by very many persons, in widely separated lands, and in very various walks of life. By all these he will be gratefully remembered; with his excellent and serviceable gifts, and high and gracious character, it could not well be otherwise. But, when all is said, the fact remains that early impressions are the strongest. To the statesmen, clerics, Anglo-Indian officials, pedagogues, and others who came under his influence, or in contact with him, he was a beneficent force, an inspiration, a man always well worth meeting and well worth listening to. But to the boys who sat under him, in form or in pupil-room, at Harrow School, he was much more than these things. *Experto crede*. From *their* point of view, the words love and enthusiasm were not by any means too strong to be used in speaking of him. In fact, they are the only words which will at all correctly convey the sentiment he inspired. As author, public speaker, controversialist, then, Bosworth Smith was distinguished, as teacher, schoolmaster, he was beloved, revered—I had almost written worshipped. For a boy, though radically an unsentimental animal, will at times carry admiration to great lengths. And if his admiration seem to older heads at times exaggerated, it is by no means certain that in this matter age and wisdom go hand-in-hand. On the face of it, it might appear that there was little about Bosworth Smith specially calculated to impress boyhood. His manner was certainly not that of the typical successful schoolmaster. Nor was there that about him which suggested earlier prowess in the football-field. Nor, again, had he the erect carriage and dignified bearing of that colleague of his whom irreverent youth had nicknamed Vanity (a name which stuck), nor the bluff geniality which characterised "Skipper." Though he must have been always, a good-looking man, of the Saxon type, still I cannot help thinking that age much

refined his features, whilst it also accentuated the gentle seriousness of their expression. As he stood up before his class, thirty or forty years ago, his hair was often ruffled, his nether garments had a trick of looking too short for him, and the attitudes into which he threw himself, though certainly unstudied, were scarcely those of unstudied elegance. And schoolboys are observant of these things and apt to be critical of them. But no one ever criticised "Bozzy" in any but the kindest spirit. Instinctively his character inspired a fine blend of respect with affection. And there were practical reasons for this, too; for he knew how to turn the drudgery of "form" into a delight. He was so interested in things himself that his boys grew interested too. Among his brother-masters he had the reputation of going in for General Information. I do not pretend to say if his fund of learning, certainly large, was actually extraordinary; but it is certain that he had it to an extraordinary extent at command. And there was no subject in universal knowledge which he would not willingly have laid under contribution to illustrate his theme of the moment. But what most of all characterised his teaching was the power he had of imparting life to it. For him there were no dead languages, dark ages, or dry-as-dust studies. For he could make dry bones live—and make them live, too, not only to the sense of men, his peers and coevals, which is comparatively an easy task, but to that also of ordinary lads of fifteen or sixteen years of age. Little enough had we cared till then for Mohammed or Mohammedanism, but when he courteously invited us to



Mr. T. P. O'Connor at work.

* "Reginald Bosworth Smith: A Memoir." By his Daughter, Lady Grogan. 10s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

Photo by Ernest H. Mills, Hampstead.

diversify a holiday by attending a lecture on that subject, we dutifully did so, and from that time forth we began to care for what had before been caviare. His favourite studies were, however, the most human of studies: Literature, History, Geography. And to the boys whom he taught these subjects, he made the English poets familiar, he made the classics live, and he brought home the relation of Geography to the soil they trod, and of History to the events of the day.

As related by his daughter, Bosworth Smith's life is a life fair, rounded, complete, and in the best sense happy. To read it is both cheering and inspiring. His childhood, of which glimpses are afforded in his delightful "Bird Life and Bird Lore" (Murray, 1905),

was an eminently fortunate one. He had a brilliant school and college career, was for over thirty years a highly successful master at Harrow, found time amid his scholastic duties to write three admirable books, touched the public opinion of his day on several important points, married most happily and brought up a fine family. Finally, in the evening of his days—the reward of approved labour—he retired to a beautiful home in his well-loved native county, to enjoy a few years of comparative leisure—the first he had known since reaching manhood. Bosworth Smith's life is that most rare thing, the record of a strenuous and effective existence, in which there is nothing humanly disposable that one would wish otherwise than as it is.

THE MEMORIAL EDITION OF MEREDITH.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

OF the new Memorial Edition of the Works of George Meredith six volumes have now appeared,* enough to show that we are to possess in it a worthy, dignified, complete, and carefully thought out textual monument of one of the chief ornaments of English letters. The finest exponent of English phrase, to put his work at its lowest, that our day and generation has produced! To many of us he is far more than that.

Everything that Meredith wrote for publication will appear in this edition, and as a collective issue of his entire "Works" it will be completed by means of the two volumes of Letters which are now being transcribed and will shortly be published in a uniform binding under the editorial care of Lord Morley. Apart from the Letters, the Memorial Edition will extend to twenty-seven volumes, beautifully printed and illustrated by upwards of sixty pictures *hors texte*, including several unpublished portraits, reproductions of manuscripts, views of places connected with the life of the author, and the *mise en scène* of his characters, and a few reproductions from the original woodcuts of fifty years since when the first novels appeared. The

text will, of course, be the standard one in time to come, for it will embody all the latest corrections and revisions from the author's own hand. Side by side with the revised version, however, the original readings will be given in a special volume. Flakes from the eternal flint will thus be preserved. We shall catch a glimpse, as it were, of the creative process. Those who deprecate the later happy thoughts of men of genius in regard to their immature offspring will thus, it is hoped, be placated.

The entire harvest of Meredithian verse will be garnered in these volumes. We shall be dowered, in addition, with a goodly proportion of unpublished prose, a new comedy "The Sentimentalist," the new unfinished novel "Celt and Saxon," now appearing in six successive issues of the *Fortnightly Review*, and several short introductions and notices, hitherto uncollected. These volumes are now appearing in England and America at the rate of two per month, and early in February "The Shaving of Shagpat," "Richard Feverel," "Sandra Belloni," "Rhoda Fleming," and "Evan Harrington" will already have been published.



"As the question shot like a javelin, she tried ineffectually to disengage her fingers."

Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge.

From "Evan Harrington," by George Meredith. Library Edition. (Constable.)

* "The Works of George Meredith." Memorial Edition. Vols I.-VI. Illustrated. (Constable.)

The splendour of Meredith will always shed a sunset glory from Victorian letters upon the present reign, during which Meredith reigned, a monarch as incontestable in his own sphere as King Edward in his. We could have wished that we had in this notice to chronicle a tribute more national in its scope than a Memorial Edition, but for some years to come

it may well be that the true sovereignty of Meredith will be obscured by the density of the medium in which he worked. Of all forms of literature it can hardly be denied that Fiction is the most extravagant, the most cumbersome, and the most difficult to estimate. Of a thousand novels conceived every year some hundreds, it may be, come to a birth, but how infinitesimally few outlive the first year of their existence! Novelists produce millions—for mere units to survive. But no genius can be prolific of millions—Meredith least of all, the most impatient, exquisite, and undiluted of artists. The greatest of our novelists, it will be found, such as Fielding, Scott, and Dickens, persist more in the nature of an odour than of an essence. They perfume for us some of the sunniest spots of literary memory, but we cannot distil them. So it is with Meredith. He rises most above his peers and above himself in work that is often most signally imperfect and unequal.

He is the champion, the Don Quixote, of the finest, most iridescent elements in life—enthusiasm, chivalry, honour, gentle blood, pride of race, the witty temperament, noblesse oblige, youthful gallantry, dawning love, and love of England. These are the intoxicants with which he exhilarates us in books of his early prime from 1859 onwards, "Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," "Harry Richmond." The first excited the envy of Charles Dickens, then renewing his youth in "Great Expectations." The second suggested an emulation with Thackeray. The third is a medley of romantic elements and superbly illuminative prose unequalled since the finest flights of the Renaissance. Thoughts and feelings are interpreted with a divination equally godlike. The first halves of these three books represent Meredith's sublimest soarings in pursuit of the Blue Bird. "Beauchamp's Career" is a sort of pivot, reflecting some of his happiest efforts, prospecting a more epigrammatic and elliptical manner to follow, in some ways doubtless his own favourite and possibly his greatest work. "Diana" and "The Egoist" are novels for philosophers in pursuit of new formulæ. Thought



Drawn by William Hyde.
From "One of Our Conquerors," by George Meredith. Library Edition. (Constable.)

London Bridge.

here and there," "history in duck and-drake skips," "unfinished architecture." •In return we get a new copiousness, a new punctuation, a new vividness of phrase—the wine of language. Yet the stint of narrative, the growing deviation from directness, and obscuration of the staid and uncalculating, unimaginative element in life, achieved the estrangement of some who had worshipped the young god of the 'sixties.

The reperusal of Meredith with a saner and soberer judgment in these volumes will bring many back to their old allegiance. Is it not rather sad to discover that writing which once moved one deeply has lost its former power? This will never happen to a student of Meredith. A new inspection of the material will show its relative permanence. Just throw a passing glance upon a hanging case of old novels in a country house, purchased twelve or fifteen years ago. What perishable goods! It will be strange if one of them betrays a solitary spark of vitality. If there be one it will probably be the most recent in date. The reputations of novelists are indeed as the monuments in a city graveyard—mounds destined to be levelled, stones defaced, broken, trodden underfoot. A few shards and tablets are protected, piled and crowded in a lonely corner, subsequently a few are saved and sheltered, eventually one enshrined. Who can doubt that this last will be the fate of Meredith? Many of his pages may be obscured and defaced. But scenes such as Dipwell Farm, Wilming Weir, Lucy and Richard by the lake, Beauchamp and René, Clara and Crossjay, Matey and Brownie—these, and how many others! will not perish but blossom anew to recall to new generations the primal purple of youth, the exaltation of generous aspiration, ardent endeavour, the renovation of hope.

Here is the noble quality which puts Meredith above the vicissitudes of novelists. The day a great man dies he is born again in a new and overpowering sense of personal bereavement among a section of his

weighs down feeling, ideas strain at the leash of language, virtuosity tortures inspiration. Such medleys for metaphysicians have every great quality save one—simplicity.

The author anticipates some of the perversities latterly ascribed to him in the conversation of Richmond Roy—"incessant talking, no telling of events straightforwardly but all by fits—all

contemporaries. This sensation, which in many of our time may have been associated with Queen Victoria, with Disraeli, with Gladstone, with R. L. Stevenson, or with A. C. Swinburne, was felt by men of every rank when Meredith died. I never saw him alive. I had not read him for years. But when he died I felt his death as a sudden, incalculable, personal distress. I spent a sunny day wandering in Richmond Park, deploring the link severed with the aristocratic era of letters, recalling the heroism of his achievement, meditating on the

glories of his creation. The cloudland of his romance was glorified anew and was illuminated by setting suns.

From the greatest of living contemporaries, whose territories lay far apart from his own, a voice of mourning was raised, noble, penetrating, profound. Two great dynasties saluted each other then across the waste.

"He spoke as one afoot will wind
A morning horn ere men awake;
His note was trenchant, turning kind.
He was of those whose wit can shake. . . ."

A MEREDITH PRIMER.

BY MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN.

IN the ordinary course of events it was inevitable that what had been done for Shakespeare and Shelley, for Browning and Sir Walter Scott, should be done also for George Meredith, and certainly, if such elementary instruction as is usually afforded by a primer is necessary in the case of Scott, it is absolutely essential to the student of Meredith. But it was not an easy task Dr. James Moffatt undertook* when he sat down "to tell, in the bare outline of a reporter's column, the exact course of the story and the precise facts of the narrative underlying each novel," for that is what he tells us in his preface he has attempted to do. To focus the events set forth in "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," or, to cite a still more difficult subject, to pose in due order of precedence the crowded figures which throng the pages of "Vittoria," would seem to call for something of the skill of a cinematographer. Yet Dr. Moffatt has dealt with his subjects with far greater discrimination than any mechanical process would allow. Saturated with Meredith he undoubtedly is, but he seems to have detached himself utterly from the people and events which he proposed briefly to describe, and, gazing at them with the half-closed eyes of an artist, "pour faire la comparaison," to have judged unerringly their relative importance. That, however, is not all. Coming nearer he deftly records the *leit-motif* of each book, touches in lightly the characteristics of the *dramatis personæ*, and demonstrates the forces that influence their actions. This

he does to each of the thirteen novels, to "The Shaving of Shagpat" and to the three short stories described by Mr. Barrie some twenty years ago as "the lost works of George Meredith," and he prefaces the whole with an introduction of sixty-five pages in which he expounds the ethics of his author, his attitude towards Nature (always with Meredith to be printed with a capital N), and the uses and application of "the Comic Spirit."

One or two points already made by Dr. Moffatt in an interesting article contributed to the *Hibbert Journal* (July, 1905), entitled "Mr. Meredith on Religion," are repeated in this introduction. The personal element, which is usually made so much of because so little is actually known about Meredith's private life, is wisely compressed into two pages, and there is no idle speculation as to his worldly condition and the general circumstances in which each book was conceived and written. Dr. Moffatt finds in Walt Whitman an apt summary of Meredith's work: "I say the profoundest service that poems or any other writings can do for their reader is not merely to satisfy the intellect, or supply something polished and

interesting, nor even to depict great passions or persons or events, but to fill him with vigorous and clean manliness, religiousness, and give him *good heart* as a radical possession and habit." That sentence, says Dr. Moffatt, "sums up the drift of Meredith's prose as well as of his verse. There is not a whimper in it, not an atom of cowardice. He invigorates the reader while he amuses. And he does so, claiming to present the right order and use of life, because he has read Earth deep enough to see the



"He took his mother's hand and kissed it."

Drawn by L. Leslie Brooke.

From *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, by George Meredith. Library Edition. (Constable.)

* "George Meredith: A Primer to the Novels." By James Moffatt. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

rose of the soul unfold itself bravely under the grey skies of evolutionary science. The novels testify to this conviction in grave, buoyant, and energetic prose."

Enough has been said to indicate the scheme of Dr. Moffatt's book. Of the success of that scheme it is not, perhaps, an easy matter for one who, like the schemer, is steeped in Meredith to judge. Suffice it to say that to none of his expositions can exception be taken, and assuredly it will be an invaluable aid to those to whom the work is dedicated, to wit, "any who desire to join 'that acute and honourable minority which consents to be thwacked with aphorisms and sentences, and a fantastic delivery of the verities.'" Not only will it help them over the fence, to use the author's own expression, but it will show them round the grounds, drawing attention to the rare and beautiful flowers of thought and diction to be gathered. By full-fledged Meredithians peculiar interest will be found in the analogies which are traced between passages and ideas in the novels and passages in the poems.

By way of supplementing Dr. Moffatt's remarks

upon the misconceptions which have beset "The Shaving of Shagpat," attention may be drawn to a note of Meredith's addressed to Dr. C. F. Pollock, of Glasgow, and dated from Box Hill, December 4, 1888, which was recently printed in the *Spectator*. In reply to an inquiry from Dr. Pollock, Meredith wrote: "The author's masquerade was assumed with occidental earnestness under an oriental gravity; but I fancy that he did incline to play with ideas behind it"; and that probably takes us about as near as we shall ever get to the truth. In the footnote on page 216 there is a curious slip, which those who have read "Vittoria" cannot fail to remark. Referring to the duels throughout the novels, the author says, "Meredith often discusses them, but he never describes them." Surely Dr. Moffatt cannot have forgotten the duel in the Stelvio pass between Captain Weisspriess and Angelo Guidascarpì? If he has, there is a treat awaiting him, and he deserves some such reward for the admirable manner in which he has accomplished his task.

New Books.

FIELDING.*

The reading public may be divided into those who like and those who dislike biography. It may also be divided into those who approve and those who disapprove of biography. The attitude of the last section is not easy to understand. No one whose opinion matters wants a "Life" of a nonentity, and it may confidently be said all are agreed that the writers who fill two volumes with the sayings and doings of mediocre colonial governors and undistinguished politicians might well turn their energies to more useful ends.

But when the subject is a man or woman of undoubted eminence, an attitude of disapproval seems difficult to support. "When a man has exercised a large influence on the minds of his contemporaries, the world requires to know whether his own actions have corresponded with his teaching, or whether his moral and personal character entitled him to confidence. This is not idle curiosity: it is a legitimate demand." Thus says Froude in the preface to his biography of Carlyle; but this point of view is not sound, for it is not to be denied that good teaching has come, and doubtless will come again and again, from men whose personal character cannot bear close investigation. A moral lesson is not less valuable coming from a bad man than from a good man.

* "Henry Fielding: A Memoir." Including newly discovered Letters and Records, with Illustrations from Contemporary Prints. By G. M. Godden. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Thackeray estimated the value of biography more justly. "We all want to know details regarding the men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge," he wrote in a "Roundabout Paper." "We want to see this man who has amused and charmed us: who has been our friend, or given us hours of pleasant companionship and pleasant thought." This is to some extent, it must be admitted, an admission that biography is not a legitimate demand, but is inspired by curiosity. The biography of a great-hearted man such as Lord Shaftesbury may do good by affecting those who



From a print published in 1896.

Sharpham House, Somerset.

Showing the room in which Fielding was born.

From "Henry Fielding: A Memoir," by G. M. Godden. (Sampson Low & Co.)

read it and turning their thoughts to philanthropy; but there is nothing in this department of literature so fascinating as the "Life" of a great novelist. The value of the record of the career of the man of affairs is usually in the light it throws upon the affairs rather than upon the man; of the artist in the light it throws upon his work. This is especially the case with the novelist. To quote Thackeray again: "If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!" And if it can make dull tales interesting, how vastly more attractive it makes the great books! The close connection between Thackeray and his works is generally admitted; and not less close is the connection in the case of Fielding.

Fielding has been more fortunate than any novelist of his period in that his biographer is Mr. Austin Dobson, than whom there is no more delightful or more learned writer on eighteenth-century men of letters. To follow a standard work is a daring experiment, and it must have brought into play all Mr. Godden's courage, even though he was so happy as to enlist Mr. Dobson's "unfailing counsel and assistance." "New material alone could justify any attempt to supplement the 'Fielding' of Mr. Austin Dobson," Mr. Godden says very properly; and he tells us that his new material includes "records of Fielding's childhood; documents concerning his estate in Dorsetshire; the date and place, hitherto undiscovered, of . . . the death of his beloved wife; . . . many extracts from the columns of the daily press of the period," etc. These things are interesting, but in this case, as a perusal of the book shows, scarcely of sufficient importance in themselves to justify the publication of a new biographical work. Mr. Godden has devoted much labour to his investigations, but he lacks discrimination, and does not make the best use of his discoveries. He seems unable to distinguish the essential from the unessential, and also in some other respects does not seem well equipped for the task he has undertaken. Here and there he shows a strange lack of judgment. In support of his statement that Fielding "throughout all the vicissitudes of his life was ever a man of breeding, no less than a man of wit," he very rightly brings forward the evidence of one of the novelist's contemporaries; but he proceeds to find further support in the evidence of Thackeray! "A similar recognition," he says, "comes from the hand of a great, and not too

friendly critic, Thackeray," whom he quotes. Now what, in the name of Truth, is the use of adducing, on such a matter, the testimony of a man who was born sixty years after the death of the other? This point need not be laboured; but it is impossible to pass over Mr. Godden's curious blunder in speaking of Thackeray as "a not too friendly critic" of Fielding. It is not too much to say that Thackeray loved the man, and bowed low before the author; he modelled his works upon those of his great predecessor, and paid his genius a very happy compliment. "My English would have been better," he said, "if I had read Fielding when I was ten years old." But Thackeray could see faults in Fielding; and that Mr. Godden will not tolerate. The biography in which the writer shows no partiality is generally a poor piece of work, for sympathy is the very essence of understanding; but there are limits to hero-worship, or, at least, there should be. Mr. Godden, however, will not have any spots on his sun. He declines to believe that Fielding was a dissipated young man. "As regards Murphy's general assertion that, at this his entrance into life, young Fielding 'launched wildly into a career of dissipation,' no other reputable contemporary evidence is discoverable of the 'wildness' popularly attributed to Fielding," he writes. "That his youth was headlong and undisciplined is a plausible surmise; but justice demands that the charge be recognised as a surmise and nothing more." This is audacious. After all, Murphy, though twenty years Fielding's junior, knew him well, and was acquainted with a score of men who had been boon companions of the novelist in his youth; but, indeed, a perusal of "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones" would convince most people that the author had played his part in the under-life of the metropolis. It is most likely, however, that Mr. Godden is regarding dissipation as the pleasures only indulged in by the vile, and that Fielding was not vile all are agreed. But to say that an eighteenth-century young man about town, with such a character as Fielding, and exposed to boot to the seductions of the stage of that day, was not dissipated—as well say he was a Quaker! Even Fielding himself, remembering the transgressions of his earlier days, wrote that he pretended "to very little virtue more than general philanthropy and private friendship."

This is but one of several instances of Mr. Godden's mistaken hero-worship. When as a result of the production of the "Historical Register" Walpole introduced the dramatic censorship, Mr. Godden, who sees nothing objectionable in the gross caricature of the statesman, is only surprised that the result of Fielding's play was "the subjugation, not, alas! of the Ministry, but of the liberty of the stage." When Walpole fell, Mr. Godden, assuming wrongly that this was largely due to Fielding's attack, rejoices that "the 'Colossus' of popular broadsheets under whose feet England had laid for exactly thirty years, received his final defeat."

Mr. Godden remarks that "Fielding in his habit, as he lived, is for ever eluding us. His tall figure vanishes behind the prolific playwright, the exuberant politician, the truculent journalist, the indefatigable magistrate, the great creative genius." Having read the memoir under consideration very carefully,



From a print published in Hutchins's "History of Dorsetshire"
from "Henry Fielding A Memoir," by G. M. Godden (Sampson Low & Co)



Henry Fielding reading at the Bedford Arms.

From the frontispiece to "Sir John Fielding's Jest.".

From "Henry Fielding: A Memoir," by G. M. Godden. (Sampson Low & Co.)

we have put it down without having by a jot or tittle increased our knowledge of the great man. Fielding's character seems entirely to have escaped Mr. Godden, though, indeed, it must be confessed we have few opportunities of learning what he thinks, for, carrying unobtrusiveness too far, he is reluctant to express his own opinions, and prefers to give us the views of Murphy or Thackeray, Mr. Dobson or Mr. Gosse. When Mr. Godden does see Fielding, he sees him wrong; as the peddling journalist, the lampooner of Walpole, the indifferent playwright—though Mr. Godden gives but little indication of the poor quality of most of the plays—the hard-working, well-meaning magistrate. If it were possible to find some one who had never heard of Fielding and give him this book to read, it is long odds that he would rise from the perusal of it without realising that it was a memoir of the greatest English novelist.

The newly discovered letters, which are the *raison d'être* of this book, and which the author tells us add "to our knowledge of Fielding's energies in social and legislative reform, and of the circumstances of his life," are sadly disappointing. Of the nine letters, six are printed for the first time in book-form: In one of these Fielding recommends a constable for the post of prison governor; with another (to the Lord Chancellor) he sends a copy of his Charge to the Grand Jury, and his draft of a bill "for the preventing of Street Robberies," and he recommends some one as a possible J.P.; two others concern a case that came before him as magistrate; the fifth recommends another gentleman to be put on the Commission of the Peace; and the last, to George Lyttelton, puts forward Edward Moore as a candidate for the Laureateship.

All that we can gather is that Fielding was a good friend—and that we knew before. Not one of the letters has any special literary quality or interest—such as the well-known letter written to his brother John from "Off Ryde" on the journey to Lisbon.

Mr. Godden, it has been said, finds that Fielding's character escapes him. Yet surely if ever there was a man whose character all who run may read, Fielding was the man. It is written in indelible ink in his novels; and no one has any right to put forward a memoir of this author who cannot offer other and more direct evidence not being forthcoming—reconstruct the man from his writings. In Fielding's every chapter may be discerned his hatred of hypocrisy, his reverence for innocence, his respect for womanhood, his bravery, his tenderness, and his generosity: in their several ways Blifil, Thwackum, Booth, Tom Jones, Parson Adams, Allworthy, Squire Western, Sophia, and sweet Amelia are so many testimonies to the noble mind of their creator. He had his faults, grievous faults.

"I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding," said Thackeray in one of the Lectures on the English Humorists. "Why hide his faults? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of paraphrases? Why not show him, like him as he is, not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care and wine? Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindest of human beings; in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantine tenderness as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be so brave, generous, truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful, and tender. He will give any man his purse—he can't help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancour, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work."

The passage is long, but no apology is needed for printing it, because it contains the most illuminating criticism of the author of "Tom Jones" that has ever been written. Fielding's faults were as obvious as his virtues; but he told the truth as he saw it, and so wide was his experience of life, and so deep his insight into character, that probably he saw it as clearly as any man born of woman may hope to do.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

ANTHOLOGIES.*

The anthology is of divers kind. There is the purely personal gathering, which may be, implicitly, a fine piece of criticism, like "The Open Road." There is the representative selection, either of a whole literature, like "The Oxford Book of English Verse," or of one epoch or aspect, like Professor Saintsbury's "Seventeenth-Century Lyrics." Then there is the anthology of some particular theme.

From a purely artistic point of view, this last has an obvious limitation. Its contents are conditioned by

* "The Book of Cupid." With Illustrations by the Lady Hylton and an Introduction by Henry Newbolt. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Oxford Garland." By Oona H. Ball. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) "The Book of Friendship." By Arthur Ransome. 6s. net. (Jack.)—"Good Company: A Rally of Men." By E. V. Lucas. 5s. (Methuen.)—"Women as Letter Writers." By Ada M. Ingpen. 5s. net. (Hutchinson.)—"Life and the Great Forever." By E. Chesney. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)—"By Divers Paths: The Note-Book of Seven Wayfarers." 3s. 6d. (Gay & Hancock.)

subject rather than by intrinsic excellence. Also, unless the theme is a broad one—like love or death—the continued harping on one string tends to become monotonous. This is the main fault to find with "The Book of Cupid," who, as Mr. Newbolt says, is only an occasional visitant to our shores. There are many charming things in the book, but with the exception of a few translations from Moschus and Meleager, some Chaucer and half a dozen modern poems, the selection has necessarily been made almost entirely from the Elizabethan, Caroline and Restoration lyrists. The "boy," who rhymes so prettily with "joy" and "toy" (and whom the Lady Hylton has depicted), has little in common with the Eros of Greece. (Moschus and Meleager were of the decadence which had fallen far from the austerity and passion of the great days.) If the compilers had set a certain beautiful and terrible chorus of Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray, which my pen itches to quote, at one end, and a few sentences from "De Flagello Myrteo" at the other, they would have added to the value and variety of a book which already contains sonnets of Shakespeare, Blake's lovely "How sweet I roamed from field to field," and the sudden splendour of Sedley's "Love still has something of the sea."

Lack of variety is not a fault of either Miss Oona Ball's "Oxford Garland" or of Mr. Arthur Ransome's "Book of Friendship." The first, which contains familiar and welcome things from Arnold and Ruskin and Morris, ranges from Erasmus (quoted in the original Latin) to Miss Elsa Lorraine, who is presumably the university's newest panegyrist; while it is sufficiently catholic to include the immortal words of Baedeker—an inclusion which suggests a Tolstoyan attitude. An interesting feature is the number of quotations from French authors, for whom Oxford has always had a peculiar fascination. Nothing could well be more charming or appropriate than the get-up of "The Oxford Garland."

Not meant for the pocket is "The Book of Friendship." It is a burly book, printed in fine black type, a comfortable book, containing comfortable words. Its contents have been gathered from the east and from the west and from all the centuries. It is no mere scrap-book, neither. You may read in it "Lycidas," "Adonais" and "Thyrsis," all complete, and whole essays of Cicero, Montaigne and Bacon, Johnson, Hazlitt and Emerson. The good things that men have said about friendship from Koheleth to Sturge Moore are here. Scarcely a page is not fine literature, and it is pleasant to see living men bearing themselves worthily in such company. One may, of course, regret the omission of some personal favourite. I, for instance, would like to have found one of Swinburne's magnanimous dedications and Henley's brave lines to Charles Baxster. But it were churlish to carp at such a feast.

In his latest compilation, "Good Company," Mr. E. V. Lucas, the indefatigable arch-anthologist, has gathered together a number of pen-portraits by men who have loved their fellows. The idea is very characteristic of Mr. Lucas's humanity, and that several of the pictures bear the signature E. V. L. is by no means a demerit.

Better company still, however, is, to my mind, provided by Mrs. Ingpen, who has made a selection of letters written by women from Margaret Paston to Christina Rossetti. I do not know what are Mrs. Ingpen's views about the enfranchisement of her sex, but she has put forth a most eloquent plea in its favour. To scarcely a name in her list of contents could be applied the epithet of greatness, which belongs to fewer men than masculine vanity will always admit. Yet there is so much wit and wisdom in these letters, such a variety of interest, such honesty and grasp, that if THE BOOKMAN were not a dispassionately literary journal, I should wax indignant.

The nature of "Life and the Great Forever" is explained by its sub-title, "Daily Readings in Prose and Verse." The selection, though for the most part from

devotional or at least contemplative writers, shows wide reading and a catholic taste.

All these books, though owing much to the individuality of their makers, cannot, after all, claim to be called original works. "By Divers Paths" stands in that higher category. Nominally "the note-book of seven wayfarers," six of the contributors play but a minor part. Practically the whole is the work of Miss Annie Matheson, who is responsible for the scheme of the book. Taking the names of the months for headings, under each she has grouped a varying number of short essays, appropriate in theme and colour. The months are divided from one another by poems. It is a quiet book, full of green ways, as its name suggests, and gentle breezes and simple country things. Miss Matheson writes with grace and no little humour on birds and flowers, poets and mortals. A note of faith and optimism runs through all she says. Whitman and Browning are the poets she loves to quote. "London Snowdrops," "Mrs. Browning's Month," "Neighbouring Gardens," "The Dead Wayfarer," are the titles of some of the papers in a book which all who love such things and like to wander for a time away from the world of the motor bus will read with real pleasure.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE MAN SHAKESPEARE.*

This book is, in the judgment of its author, a great, or rather a unique one. He does not, he says, "wish to rail" at previous commentators on Shakespeare by talking, in the words of Carlyle, about "libraries of inanities . . . conceited dilettantism . . . and prurient stupidity," but in the next sentence he states, with a fine incoherence, that "he has found in them all this and worse." "Without a single exception," it seems, "the commentators have all missed the man and his story." Or rather there is "one exception," for Ben Jonson's view of Shakespeare is sound "as far as it goes," while Goethe and Coleridge saw him "by glimpses," though "alas, Coleridge, a Puritan born, was brought up in epicene hypocrisies . . . and mis-saw him far oftener than he saw him," and Mr. Harris now for the first time presents us with a true portrait of the man as he was. But as a "student-artist" of to-day, of "the twentieth-century with its X-rays that enable us to see through the flesh and skin of men, and to study the working of their organs and muscles and nerves," he is not content "with the outward presentment and form." His purpose is "to lay bare, as with a scalpel, the hidden motives and springs of action," and then, when the scalpel has done its work, "to re-create a man and make him live and love again for the reader, just as the biologist from a few scattered bones can reconstruct some prehistoric fish or mammal," and although the difference between "reconstructing" the skeleton of a mammal and "re-creating" the mind of Shakespeare may seem somewhat great, none the less, if Mr. Harris can only accomplish his task, no one, perhaps, should be critical about his analogies.

Almost superhuman, however, as that task is, his method of dealing with it is simplicity itself. He assumes as historic fact that Lord Herbert, to whom the earlier sonnets are addressed, was asked by Shakespeare to plead his love-suit with Mistress Mary Fitton, the "dark lady" of the later sonnets, that he betrayed his friend, and that this is the tragedy of the poet's life, who indeed "owes the greater part of his renown to Mary Fitton." He also assumes that from the beginning of his career Shakespeare's "chief aim" in writing plays was "to reveal and realise himself"—for one of his qualities was "inordinate vanity"—so that, by placing the plays in chronological order, we

* "The Man Shakespeare, and his Tragic Life-Story." By Frank Harris. 7s. 6d. (Frank Palmer.)

can see how Shakespeare "painted himself at full-length, not once, but twenty times, at as many different periods of his life." "Hamlet," of course, is one of the finest of the series, and incidentally it may be noted that, as Hamlet was "fat," so Shakespeare was "probably podgy," though in an "æsthete-philosopher-poet" (p. 57) this fact is to be regretted. But "Macbeth" is almost equally fine, for "the rugged Macbeth," as Hazlitt foolishly terms him, is really "our gentle, irresolute, humanist Hamlet masquerading in galligaskins as a Scottish thane." Then, too, the poet is Romeo, Jacques, the Duke in "Measure for Measure," Posthumus, Biron, Valentine, Prospero, Othello, Antonio, "who is Shakespeare himself," and even Marcus Brutus, who is "an ideal portrait." Nor can it be denied that Mr. Harris shows with singular ability that all these characters frequently use language which seems to come from the poet's life rather than from their own, and is at times even inconsistent with their situation. It could indeed hardly be otherwise, for every dramatist must infuse something of his own mind into the creations of his fancy, and when Mr. Harris is content to illustrate certain moods of thought which recur again and again in the plays, he proves himself an interesting and instructive writer. We all love, as we read Shakespeare, to form as it were some image of him in our own minds, and we welcome any comment which makes that image more real and intelligible, but we recognise also that it must at best be only shadowy and indefinite. The inexhaustible variety of the poet's thought eludes all efforts at exact delineation. His characters we see and know, distinct in their marvellous diversity, but of "the man Shakespeare" we only catch fitful and uncertain glimpses, so that when Mr. Harris speaks of "fathoming the idiosyncrasies of his being" we start back with an instinctive and immediate recoil. Are then the depths of any man's being so easy to sound that Mr. Harris will "fathom" Shakespeare's? And who could trust him to take the measure even of a puddle when, as the result of his present researches, he reports that Shakespeare was "a nemopath" and "a snob"? One's very pen almost refuses to write the words in such a connection, but Mr. Harris has no timidity. "English snobbishness," "snobbishness heightened to flunkeyism," "inconceivable snobbishness," "obsequious flunkeyism," "ungovernable sensuality," "overpowering sensuality," and even "erotic mania" these are the qualities assigned to William Shakespeare. Why he was "a snob" those who choose must inquire for themselves, but on the charge of "sensuality" a word at least must be spoken, for whatever other qualities Mr. Harris may possess, no healthy mind can accept his verdict on any question of morals, and a single proof will be conclusive. The passage beginning,

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this,"

in which Hamlet reproaches his mother, is known to every one. Its language is the language of honest human nature outraged beyond endurance in its holiest and best feelings. But to Mr. Harris it is nothing of the kind. Its "passionate intensity" is to him "wholly inexplicable," unless "Hamlet-Shakespeare" has identified the Queen with Miss Fitton and is inveighing against "Miss Fitton's faithlessness." For "why," we are asked, "did Hamlet hate his mother's treachery?" "Most men," we are assured, "would hardly have condemned it," and, our author adds, "if any one can imagine that this is the way a son thinks of a mother's slip, he is past my persuading." Such is the new morality, the morality of "an age when conscience with its prohibitions is fading out of life," and it may well make us pause before we accept the new criticism of the "student-artist." Only when we have unlearned the Ten Commandments, and got rid of conscience, which is now (p. xvi) "evolving into a more profound consciousness of ourselves and others," shall

we be able to welcome the criticism which declares that the "rarest spirit" which ever adorned humanity was housed in the body of a brute.

T. E. PAGE.

THE DIVINE WORKER.*

In any work from the pen of the venerable ex-Principal of Westminster College, we expect to find clear, well-ordered thought expressed in graceful, stately language. In this book he deals with a large subject, which has exercised many minds, on which much has been written, and concerning which little that is new can be said at present. Such apologetic works suffer from an inevitable want of finality, as new discoveries in science may alter the standpoint from which we view the relations of the physical to the spiritual.

Within the last half-century, the outlook on Nature has completely changed, and the old apologetic has become quite outworn. It is therefore desirable that it should be provisionally reconsidered and re-stated. There is, however, a tentative element in any such pronouncement, for it has happened in the past and may happen in the future that when we seem approaching the dead wall of the unknowable, some unexpected discovery opens a vista along which further advance may be made.

Principal Dykes writes with a keen appreciation of these difficulties, and gives us here the results of his wide range of reading, and his cautious and prudent judgment. On the one hand he recognises that Nature, as at present known, can only be understood in the light of evolution: and on the other hand he concedes that historical and philological criticism have altered the received views with regard to that other foundation of opinion, the statements in the older writings of the Bible: that here also we have not arrived at finality, but have learned enough to know that certain dogmata as to creation, formerly regarded as essential parts of the Christian faith, have no right to be considered in that light. On such subjects it is of the deepest interest to have the mature exposition of one of the foremost authorities on the conservative side of British theologians. The outcome of his study is that, besides the doctrines of the Deity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, all else should be relegated to the domain of Natural Religion, becoming, therefore, fit subjects for investigations by the methods of science. This spirit of the book is expressed by him thus:

"It may be premature, and therefore unwise, to essay a blend or syncretism of what religion teaches regarding creation in its relations to the Divine, either with science on the one hand . . . or on the other with the speculative attempts of thinkers to reach the ultimate reality in which thought and being are one—although that ultimate reality may be indistinguishable from what divines call God. For, if the results of all three are ever to be harmonised, that is most likely to be achieved by suffering each to work independently along its own line: philosophy by the intuitions of the reason of science by observation of nature and experiments upon it, theology by the experiences of the devout life. . . . The theologian ought to have no preconceptions, but be willing with an open mind to learn from science all that it discovers about the mechanism of the universe, its past transformations, and its present working."

Being essentially a theologian, Dr. Dykes occasionally diverges into lines of thought into which science cannot enter, as in the speculation as to the relationships of the Divine Personality in the pre-creational periods, and the inter-occupation of the Persons of the Trinity. When dealing with the scientific portion of his subject, he, as one confessedly not an expert, walks warily, and wisely avoids unnecessary detail; confining himself to those established general principles which are germane to the questions with which he deals.

* "The Divine Worker in Creation and Providence." The 21st Series of Cunningham Lectures. By J. Oswald Dykes, M.A., D.D. 6s. net. (T. & T. Clark.)

It is part, though not an essential, of his contention that the advent of life and the origin of mind were two unbridgeable chasms in the evolution cycle, which, like the initial starting of the process, required direct Divine interposition. This certainly accords with what is actually known to-day; but it is dangerous to lay too much stress on our present ignorance, and it would be in the last degree rash to say that the existence of such evolutionary bridges is impossible. Dr. Dykes is conscious of this, and while he believes in the direct interposition of creative power at these points, he does not consider that his fundamental position would be upset were it proved that the evolutionary process had been continuous.

In the later sections, on the superiority of man (where, perhaps, too much is made of physical superiority and of the want of the missing link), on the soul (where, after discussing traducianism, he adopts, though with diffidence, the creational theory), and on the various departments of Providence, Dr. Dykes's argument is carried on with caution and reverence, and every sentence deserves careful attention. The sections on "The Pangs of Nature" and "The Problem of Providence" are especially suggestive.

My name is mentioned in the preface, but, except that I had the great pleasure of reading the sheets carefully through just before publication, and that I believe I suggested the change of one quite unimportant word, I have had no part in it by suggestion or otherwise. By a curious coincidence I had selected a subject germane to a portion of Dr. Dykes's theme for a lecture which I had promised to deliver in October. That lecture was finished before I received the sheets of the book, and on reading these I was at once dismayed and encouraged to find that the line of thought which I had independently worked out in my lecture was in some points identical with that which Dr. Dykes had set forth. But he has dealt with these with the power of a master, and treated them with a philosophic touch and literary skill to which I cannot lay claim.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

GARRYOWEN.*

Garryowen was a racehorse whose owner, Michael French, was heavily in debt. The horse was entered for the City and Suburban, and as he was unknown to the racing public, his owner was able to back him at long odds. In fact, French stood to win a small fortune if the horse won, with the certainty of bankruptcy if he lost. Unfortunately, French had borrowed a large sum which fell due a fortnight before the race, and as the bill could neither be met nor renewed, Garryowen stood a good chance of being seized, which would apparently have made his entry void. French therefore decided that there was nothing to be done but to hide the horse till the race. Hiding a racehorse is not a simple matter, and the bulk of the story deals with the manœuvres of French to outwit the money-lender, aided by his daughter's pretty and resourceful governess and her sporting but impecunious lover. A sporting story of this kind needs to be told at a rattling pace, and though the money-lender strikes us as a singularly ineffectual Shylock, Mr. Stacpoole is too wary to allow the reader much time to note the improbability of the plot. "Garryowen" has one enormous advantage over most sporting stories; it has no technical jargon, and the veriest layman could read it without feeling that he was missing any of its meaning.

Sporting stories have not as a rule much value from a merely literary point of view, but "Garryowen" is an exception. Mr. Stacpoole is an artist in words, and the gift of word-painting which he used to such advantage in

* "Garryowen." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)



Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole.

the descriptions in "The Blue Lagoon" and "The Pools of Silence" finds full scope in his pictures of the sea on the west coast of Ireland, where the scene of the first half of the story is laid. Some of the descriptive passages are really fine work, so fine, indeed, as to seem almost out of place in a comedy occasionally bordering on farce. The Irish part of the book is much the better. Mr. Stacpoole knows Ireland well, and writes of it with more detachment than is usual in Irish writers, except for a vigorous and quite justifiable tirade against cattle-driving. He has a keen sense of character, and the ever-resourceful Moriarty and the imperturbable Andy are capital character-sketches. Bobby Dashwood, too, is a most engaging person, of whom Mr. Stacpoole says, "the deficiencies of Mr. Dashwood would have furnished out half a dozen young men well equipped for failure in business, and that is why, I suppose, he managed to make such a success of life." But best of all is the central figure, Michael French, an indomitable humorist, battling with undefeated cheerfulness against financial embarrassments which would have crushed a less buoyant temperament. Being in debt seems the normal state of the Irish; they positively thrive on it. In short, "Garryowen" is a sprightly, irresponsible, and entertaining extravagance with plenty of racy dialogue, much shrewd comment, and some admirable descriptive writing. It is decidedly one of the most amusing books of the season, and in craftsmanship far superior to most stories of its kind.

THE AUTHORESS OF "THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD."*

To any one who in childhood has shed tears (and what girl-child has not?) over the vicissitudes of Ellen Montgomery in "The Wide, Wide World," this biography of Susan Warner, the writer, will come as a volume of friendship.

* "Susan Warner ('Elizabeth Wetherell')." By Anna B. Warner. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Wide, Wide World" is a children's classic, a roomy story instinct with tenderness, shrewd observation, and the homely details which children love. And if, in the present day, the grown person finds a certain stiffness in some of the phrasing, and a certain priggishness in the character of "Mr. John," the full-grown hero, the child will notice nothing of this as she follows the fortunes of the lonely little girl, parted from her mother, and sent to live with an ungenial aunt in the depths of American country. Under the pseudonym of "Elizabeth Wetherell" Susan Warner wrote, also, "Queechy," "Say and Seal," "Daisy," "Daisy in the Field," and many another story beloved by girls; and in this biography her sister, Anna Warner, by diaries, letters, and by her own weaving when the thread of narrative breaks, shows us the interesting and beautiful life of her sister, from infancy till the end—a life of joy and trials, of poverty and care, and fine development of character. It was in 1848, when Susan Warner was about twenty-eight or nine years of age, that the idea of writing "The Wide, Wide World" first came to her. At this time the little family—father, aunt, and the two sisters—were sorely in need of money; lawsuits had crippled the resources of the father, and made life hard and full of privations for them all. Then on one March evening:

"Tea was over in what we still call 'the old room'; and my Aunt Fanny stood washing up the cups and saucers, while my sister was near by, towel in hand. . . . The room was very still and full of thoughts. Then Aunt Fanny spoke. 'Sue, I believe if you would try, you could write a story.' . . . My sister made no answer. But as she finished wiping the dishes, and went back and forth to put them away, the first dim, far-off notion of 'The Wide, Wide World' came into her head. Very misty at first, very brief; hardly going beyond the one thought of a desolate child tossed out upon the world; but I think the opening words were written that night."

More than a year was spent in the creation of this story, and when it was finished the world of publishers was cold to it. From publishing house after publishing house the MS. was returned, one firm, indeed, giving the sensitive author an unnecessary stab by writing "Fudge" across its page. But at length it was placed in the hands of Mr. Putnam, and fell by happy chance into the hands of this publisher's mother. "See if it is worth publishing," he said, and for answer she announced before long, "If you never publish another book, publish this." The pages of this biography are pages which will touch the deep feelings of many a reader. "We are so near being in want," writes Susan in her diary, "we should have been suffering long ago, but for Anna's earnings. And now we are almost out of both kinds of sugar and of candles—we shall be out before father gets home from New York."

Of Anna Warner, the biographer, the general reader will feel he gets too little in these pages, but Anna Warner herself, as "Amy Lothrop," wrote one of the most charming books for little children ever penned, "Mr. Rutherford's Children," and to all who have had the good fortune to possess it in early years, the childhood of these two devoted sisters will be clear as day. There is an irresistible appeal in the story of their lives. The only poignant question which we ask after reading this biography is—why did these two brave women, these writers of stories of world-wide popularity, have to bear poverty, hardship, privation, and over-toil, which broke down health and sometimes spirit, when thousands of persons were eager for their numerous books? To the uninitiated it seems as if by rights the record should have shown them as rich women long before the last chapter of this book was reached.

LILIAN QUILLIER COUCH.

A JAPANESE POET.*

Mr. Noguchi insisted on his nationality when, in publishing a brown paper pamphlet seven years ago from a

* "The Pilgrimage." By Yone Noguchi. 8s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

boarding-house in the Brixton Road, he described himself on the title-page as "Yone Noguchi (Japanese)." There is no need for such insistence in this book. It is printed on silvered rice-paper by the Valley Press in Kamakura, and its two slim volumes are held together in a small blue-cloth folding-case that fastens with ivory pegs. Its frontispiece is a reproduction of one of Utamaru's colour prints. No setting could be daintier, more Japanese, or better in keeping with the poetry it contains.

That poetry is of a kind rare in English literature. Its theory is that of the French symbolists, for whom it is a new inspiration, and that of the Japanese writers of *hokku*, for whom it is as old and sure as poetry itself. There are some translations of *hokku* in "The Pilgrimage," and one of them will show how different is their principle from that of most of our poetry; or, how much further towards a logical conclusion do they carry principles that all poetry must recognise:

"My Love's lengthened hair
Swings o'er me from Heaven's gate:
Lo, Evening's shadow."

That is all. Perhaps the difference between this poetry and most poetry may be clearly put in saying that it more consciously writes its poem in its reader's mind. It is never explicit. For it, to be explicit is to be dead. It does not describe a scented room; but is itself the fragment of incense whose mounting smoke will turn the room to poetry.

Noguchi's poems are like that. In reading them I am not conscious of reading verse. Instead it is as if I were sharing with him the cherry-blossom falling in the mist, the bird's cry, the quick motif of rippling stream; whatever it is that has harked or waked his mood, or been waken by it. In his verse the cherry-blossom falls again for some one else, and a new poem is written in a new collaboration. With the writing of this new poem Noguchi would interfere as little as he can. He moves among his incantations (for that is no incorrect description of his poetry) like a wisp of thin smoke, seeking to veil itself. The smoke from a pipe in a still summer pinewood is not more delicately elusive, and it is perhaps this frailty of personal presence that makes his world seem but the soap-bubble of a moment floating, floating, ready at a touch to furl its colours into nothingness.

Something of his method may be seen from "The Temple Bell":

"Trembling in its thousand ages,
Dark as its faith,
It wails, hunting me,
(It's a long time since I lost my faith.)
Up through the silence with a scorn,
Heavy but not unkind,
Out of the dusk of the temple and night
Into my heart of dusk,
Hushed after my song of cities played,
Weary and grey in thought,
My heart replies to the sound of the bell,
Slow-bosomed in sadness and faith,
With my memory rising from dusts.
Namu amida butsu! Namu amida butsu!"

And there is another poem, "The New Art," not one of the best, that may almost be taken as a description of the book:

"She is an art (let me call her so)
Hung as a web, in the air of perfume,
Soft yet vivid, she sways in music:
(But what sadness in her saturation of life!)
Her music lives in intensity of a moment and then dies;
To her, suggestion is her life.
She left behind the quest of beauty and dream:
Is her own self not the song of dream and beauty itself?
(I know she is tired of ideal and problem and talk.)
She is the moth-light playing on reality's dusk,
Soon to die as a savage prey of the moment;
She is a creature of surprise (let me say so),
Dancing gold on the wire of impulse.
What an elf of light and shadow!
What a flash of tragedy and beauty!"

But single quotations do not fairly illustrate those books that are meant for fingering leaf by leaf, backwards and forwards. They are like single notes from a harmony.

Noguchi writes an English that is new and surprising to us because it is new to him. Sometimes he slips, but usually because we have spoilt some word or other by an irreverent use of it with which he is not familiar. Sometimes, too, his gravity is shaken for us by some accident of humour, as when, unschooled by tradition into condemnation of what may after all be quite beautiful, he writes "To O Suzu Chan the Puss":

"The voice of a night of hush,
(Is it the silver thrill of a star?)
The voice of the depth of love,
(Is it the falling note of a rose's petal?)
I hear in thy throat, O Suzu Chan, the very string
The musicians lost in the dusts of age;
O the voice of the faeries of dance
Beckoning to the wind of sorrow!
O the voice of joy turned to pain!"

But such misfortunes are few: and are unnoticeable in the consistent mood of poetry that fills the book. It may be too consistently poetical to be great poetry: it is certainly a poetry that is not easily forgotten, and a poetry to which it is delightful to return.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

THOMAS HARDY'S POEMS.*

There are innumerable definitions of poetry, but none that covers it. It is everywhere, and takes so many forms that it easily eludes every attempt to imprison it in a phrase, and

"still escapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes."

It is "the best words in the best order," but it is a good deal more than that; nor have you uttered the last word about it when you have said, with Shelley, it "lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar things be as if they were not familiar." It is the essential spirit of youth, and therefore poets die young; even with such as Tennyson and Browning, it is merely the man that grows old and not the poet; for without youth there is no dreaming, and without dreams there is no rapture, no hope, no seeing the budding morrow at midnight, no life at all of the spirit.

Yet there is certainly also a poetry that has no youth in it; an authentic poetry that, so far from making familiar things as if they were not familiar, is at its highest when it most faithfully brings their familiarity home to us. This is a sort of poetry of middle age, that has lost faith in the visions and ideals of youth, and can find inspiration only in harsh matters of fact. Crabbe was one such middle-aged poet; he saw life steadily, but he never saw more than half of it; too often he saw but clouds where Wordsworth saw also the rainbow; things evil where Shakespeare saw also the soul of goodness that was in them. But Crabbe was an exception; no poet before him has been so consistently one-sided, has written so almost exclusively of the gloom and sordid griefs of humanity, and none since, except Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has much in common with him. Both are at their best when narrating the squalid tragedies of rural life; you might justly say of Mr. Hardy, as Hazlitt said of Crabbe: "His Muse is not one of the Daughters of Memory, but the old, toothless, mumbling dame herself, doling out the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood . . . she is a circumstantial old lady, communicative, scrupulous, leaving

* "Time's Laughingstocks." By Thomas Hardy. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

nothing to the imagination, harping on the smallest grievances, a village oracle and critic, most veritable, most identical, bringing us acquainted with persons and things just as they chanced to exist, and giving us a local interest in all she knows and tells."

But Mr. Hardy is a greater poet than Crabbe; he has a richer imagination, a profounder insight, a higher dramatic power, a far subtler and wider mastery of expression, though he rigorously limits himself to the same drab, unlovely phases of rural experience. Most of his ballads and lyrics go to reveal, realistically, vividly, and with grim imaginative pity,

"That the vows of man and maid are flimsy, trail, and insincere."

"The Revisitation" tells how a man returns from many years of soldiering abroad, and whilst he lingers musing after sunset at a well-remembered trysting-place, the woman he had loved comes and finds him there: they sit and talk together through the night, and she falls asleep; but when the day dawns, he can see she has lost her beauty and become faded and old, and reading his thoughts in his looks, she reproaches him bitterly and leaves him, and he lets her go, for—

"Love is lame at fifty years."

"A Trampwoman's Tragedy" is of a woman and two men: the favoured lover, being capriciously thrown over, murders the other, and the woman is left desolate. "A Sunday Morning Tragedy" is of a mother who accidentally poisons her daughter in trying to save her from shame. In "The Two Rosalinds" one goes to a theatre, and seeing a young actress in the part of Rosalind, compares her with the lovelier girl he saw acting Rosalind there when he was young, and quitting the theatre in disgust, discovers that Rosalind of his youth in the hideous hag who is selling the book of the play in the doorway. "The Flirt's Tragedy," "One Ralph Blossom Soliloquises," "News for her Mother," "The Husband's View," "Julie-Jane," "The Rash Bride," "The Christening"—all deal with the weaker or baser side of human character, and the meanness, wretchedness, and immorality, or non-morality, of the countryside. These are the book's prevailing themes, and its outlook is one of unrelieved pessimism. You have Mr. Hardy's philosophy compressed into the last verse of "He Abjures Love":

"I speak as one who plums
Life's dim profound,
One who at length can sound
Clear views and certain.
But—after love what comes?
A scene that lours,
A few sad, vacant hours,
And then, the Curtain."

He believes that all went well "before the birth of consciousness":

"But the disease of feeling germed,
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed
How long, how long?"

There is no morning ecstasy in his lines; no pleasure in the present, and no hope in the future:

"The tones around me that I hear,
The aspects, meanings, shapes I see,
Are those far back ones missed when near,
And now perceived too late by me."

And standing by a death-bed his sole comfort is:

"And yet we feel that something savours well;
We note a dumb relief withheld before;
Our well-beloved is prisoner in the cell
Of Time no more."

Withal, we have no other poet who can write such poetry as is in "Time's Laughingstocks"; it is darkly imaginative, full of thought, observation, and feeling, and sternly true, so far as it goes; the poetry of disenchantment, if you will, of disillusion, of unhappiness, of the negation of things, but within its limits it touches greatness and is no perishable stuff. Mr. Hardy is resolute to present the plain facts of existence, but they are always the unlovely and the unpleasant facts, and there are as many others that he entirely overlooks. He insists that you shall see the truth, yet he shows you only half of it, or less; there is surely good as well as evil, fidelity as well as faithlessness, laughter as well as weeping, but he cannot see the stars because he shuts himself up with his own candlelight. The finest of his ballads have an amazing strength, they have pathos, or saturnine humour, and a live, dramatic intensity, but they have no sweetness, no spiritual beauty; their passions are of the earth earthy, their feet are in the mire; there is no flash of light divine, no hint of wings in them.

An eternal monotone of sadness sounds all through the book, but if there is no note of hope, there is everywhere a high, indomitable courage, a stubborn, stoical endurance, and here and there the sadness is lightened with something of grace and wistful fancy, as in such poems as "On the Departure Platform," "Her Definition," "The Sigh," or, especially, "In a Cathedral City." Still, when all's said, Mr. Hardy's real power lies unquestionably in his sombre realism, his mordant irony, his acute sensitiveness to the vanity, the misery, the littlenesses, the mortality of human life, and in his great gift of tragic narrative, and it were absurd to demand of him more than he has to give. He is the poet of the world's woe; where others have found hope and the promise of better things, he finds but shame and suffering and despair; he has turned his back on the sunrise and his songs are all of the night, and the darkness and horror and mystery of it are in them, and a forceful, changing music, gusty, mournful, brooding, thunderous, by turns, as of night winds searching through waste places of the world or losing their way in the blind void beyond it.

A. ST. JOHN ADcock.

have read of or have known. Of the former many of us are sceptical; none of us have any doubts about the latter; they were, but are not; they are authentic ghosts, and the world would be an empty and uninteresting place without them. No man need think he knows the London that is unless he knows also the London that has been, unless as he walks through the modern streets the old streets and the men and women that peopled them are still to him

"Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro."

If you want London ghosts of the sensational order, Mr. O'Donnell's "Haunted Houses of London" will furnish you with enough and to spare. His spectres are rather of the raw head and bloody bones type, and though he tells you the name of the street that is haunted by each of them, he refrains from giving the number of the house, and suppresses the real names of the persons to whom his supernatural horrors made themselves manifest. Some of his tales are simply incredible—notably the one of the false teeth that came out of the glass and fastened on a man's throat; but they are well told, full of shocks and thrills, and Mr. O'Donnell assures us in the preface that they were "selected expressly on account of their authenticity."

Turning from this book to "Knightsbridge and Belgravia," you pass from a spirit-world that is somewhat too materialistic and bad for the nerves into a world that is more of the spirit though it is not at all supernatural. Mr. Chancellor unfolds the histories of those two London districts and has brought together some delightful anecdotes of their famous inhabitants, and many about other of their inhabitants who were not famous but none the less uncommonly interesting. Gore House was in Knightsbridge, with all its literary and artistic associations; and Kent House, that was rented by Queen Victoria's father; Charles Reade, too, lived all his later years in Knightsbridge, and the pages devoted to him are among the most attractive in the book. But a list of the authors, artists, actors, and celebrated public men who figure in Mr. Chancellor's records would occupy more space than we can spare. He has done his work skilfully and thoroughly, consulting rate-books, old directories, and all available registers and

LONDON SHADOWS.*

There are two sorts of ghost: the sensational sort that startle some of us with visible appearances and attend upon spiritualistic séances to play tambourines and rap on tables; and the quiet sort that are no more than memories or dreams of people and places we

* "Haunted Houses of London." By Elliott O'Donnell. 2s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)
"Knightsbridge and Belgravia." By E. Beresford Chancellor. Illustrated. 2os. net. (Pitman.)—
"London: The Story of the City." By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated. 6d. net. (Priory Press.)—
"The London Life of Yesterday." By Arthur Compton-Rickett. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



The Knightsbridge Turnpike.

After a drawing by Shepherd.
From "Knightsbridge and Belgravia," by E. Beresford Chancellor. (Pitman.)



From cover-design of "London: The Story of the City," by Ernest Rhys. (The Priory Press, Ilampstead.)

writings, and has produced a record of Knightsbridge and Belgravia that is topographically and historically as full as it is reliable. It is one of the most fascinating of books about vanished London, and the twenty full-page illustrations from drawings, old prints and photographs add much to its attractiveness and value.

Both "The London Life of Yesterday" and "London: The Story of the City" are wider in scope, each taking the whole of London as its province. Mr. Ernest Rhys chronicling the growth and history of the city from its earliest times down to these days of the County Council, and Mr. Compton-Rickett covering the same ground at greater length, and with a wealth of incident and anecdote that are outside the aim of Mr. Rhys's interesting and charmingly written booklet, with its dozen illustrations from new photographs and old engravings.

Mr. Rhys gives a brief general history that is as adequate as it is concise; Mr. Compton-Rickett sets himself to produce "a series of clearly defined pictures of certain notable epochs into which London History may be divided": the political, social, and religious life of the various periods is not traced consecutively or at all elaborately dealt with, but he shows you with sufficient fulness and vividness how the centre of interest has changed in different periods, has passed from the sheer struggle for existence to the striving after social betterment, after political freedom, after religious liberty:

"Forces—political, economic, religious, scientific, literary, social—which are always present in the complex life of a great city, vary in importance from age to age. We shake the kaleidoscope and the bits of coloured glass assume fresh shapes, new patterns."

So Mr. Compton-Rickett, having pictured London in the making, shakes the kaleidoscope and exhibits in turn the London of Alfred and Canute, of Langland and Chaucer, of Whittington and Crosby, of the Reformation, of Shakespeare, of Milton and Cromwell, of Pepys and Wren, of Addison and Pope, of Johnson and Hogarth, and of Francis Place and Dickens, and reveals to you how the city retains through all a certain individuality, a "persistent, fundamental unchangeableness," so that there is still an un-

broken and "deep relationship between Chaucer's London and the London of to-day." The essence of many books is gathered into these pages; Mr. Compton-Rickett has read widely and has not merely poured his old wine into a new bottle—he has added a flavour to it, a tang of personality, and there is a thoughtful illuminative suggestiveness in his reflections and comments, a realisation of the inner significance of events, and a shrewd insight into the characters he describes, that make this a welcome and valuable acquisition to our enormous and ever-growing library of books about London.

IRISH HUMOUR.*

It has been suggested that the springs of laughter and the source of tears lie close together in human character, and the saying is one almost inevitably brought to mind by any really good manifestation of humour. Such manifestation we surely have in Mr. Shan Bullock's latest story, in which he returns once more to the Ireland that he knows so well and loves so tenderly. In "Robert Thorne" Mr. Bullock presented with amazing fidelity the drab life of a London clerk living in one of the densely populated nearer suburbs; in "Master John" he takes us from the dull surroundings of one who represents the black-coated thousands who daily journey to and from London offices, to the open air of an Irish village and its surroundings. The story of Master John is told as by one who had admired him as a boy and had later become his car-driver. The author has, so to speak, put himself in the place of Dan, and so gives us the story of the Irish countryside and of the big house and its occupants from the inside. Though the narrative is irradiated with good humour, it is humour suggestive of that bright sunshine which follows showers and will be followed by them. We see something of the Irish character and temperament, and we see something too of Irish tragedy—the tragedy of success as well as that of failure.

Master John is the son of an Irish doctor who after letting the boy run wild in more or less irresponsible fashion, storms at him for doing nothing and uses such words as make the spirited lad in similar temper declare that if he leaves the house he will never see his father again. It is the tragi-comedy of quick temper. John goes forth and never even looks back. Years pass and the doctor has been dead some years when his son returns a rich man to buy a neighbouring estate. The whirligig of time brings its revenge, and Master John's only daughter shows something of the family temper when she falls in love with the schoolmaster's son and is forbidden to have anything to do with him.

The story itself is full of interest, but it is in the direct presentation of character, in the by-products as it were of the main romance, and in the sweetness of the whole that much of the charm of Mr. Bullock's story lies. Those "by-products," whether in the wonderful account of Long William and Sarah, or in the grim tragedy of the old schoolmaster's death, show the author's great ability in what may—borrowing an etcher's term—be described as "remarques." It is impossible to read of Long William's "silent treatment" of his wife, and her happy mode of breaking that silence, without laughter; it is impossible to read of the way in which Robert Harvey's daughters ensured the continuance of his pension without being deeply moved. Mr. Bullock's Dan has all the best Irish traits as a storyteller, and whether he is telling the romance of Master John or giving shrewd asides about the ways of English tourists in his country he is always engagingly attractive. Something of Ireland's smiles and tears are in the pages of this book, and it should be read by all who care for that which is best in contemporary Irish fiction.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "Master John." By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Novel Notes.

CALVARY. By "Rita." 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Rita" has written many novels which have been amusing, witty, and interesting in the ordinary sense of these words; but we have not for a long time past read a novel with a purpose, such as "Calvary" undoubtedly is, which at the same time has been so little spoiled by that "purpose." Most novels of the kind are usually vehicles not so much for the enunciation of great truths as for the airing of personal prejudices. In "Calvary" we have something better, although here and there the author's personal bias crops out, in a measure marring her critical judgment. In David, the chief character of the story, we have a very fine conception—a "dream child," and afterwards a visionary man endowed with the gift of a great spiritual knowledge, an affinity for mysticism and for the things which for most mortals lie impenetrably beyond the veil. In his life story one reads how through the whole gamut of the ills of life he wins his way by great and absorbing experiences to the foot of Calvary. Needless to say that "Rita" makes her story the vehicle for some very true thumbnail sketches of Dissent, the Church of England, Buddhism, and many other sects, "Society," and common folk. Her view is that in the warring of these sects one has the secret of much of the world's tragedy: of its misery, want of charity, and irreligion. There is a good deal of the vigorous type of writing with which "Rita" always attacks any sham or pharisaism upon which she has fastened. "The great trumpetings of sensational missionaries sweeping weak-minded sinners off their feet to some promised Glory Land of Safety" is a good example of "Rita's" style and method in dealing with the "sects." If the novel lacks the restraint which almost always accompanies a great book dealing with a great theme, it lacks neither ability, picturesque presentation of the various characters, nor interest.

THE ROSARY. By Florence L. Barclay. 6s. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Rosary" is, of course, the title of a well-known drawing-room ballad, and that ballad, in one way at all events, forms the motive of this book. Had not Jane Champion, for instance, given this song in the Overdene drawing-room when the famous Madame Velma was stricken with appendicitis, Garth Dalman, the artist, would never have realised that she was the one woman in the wide world for him, but would possibly have thought the few years that divided them, or the girl's plain looks, were an absolute barrier to any ordinary sentimentalist. But "only those who have heard Jane sing 'The Rosary' can possibly realise how she sang 'I kiss each bead.' The lingering retrospection in each word breathed out a love so womanly, so beautiful, so tender, that her identity was forgotten—even by those in the audience who knew her best—in the magic of her rendering of the song." And when it was over "a fresh surprise awaited Jane more startling than the enthusiastic tumult of her audience. At the foot of the staircase stood Garth. His face was absolutely colourless and his eyes shone out from it like burning stars." The deadly poison of these words,

"O memories that bless and burn!
O barren gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross . . . to kiss the cross,"

had done their worst. The poor young man was infatuated to the point of distraction, and had he not said some days

before that he could never bear to live with any wife who was not wondrously beautiful, all would have gone well with him—Jane would have been his. But alas! a woman's memory is sometimes a very long, long thing, and a heroine's ways are not to be set down and easily justified in cold print by a reviewer. So "The Rosary" inevitably becomes a novel of staccato emotion, and only when blindness has

overtaken Garth can Mrs. Barclay bring herself to permit Jane to swallow the recollections of those cruel, cruel words and to take the cold plunge into the unplumbed depths of matrimony between the "woman" of thirty and the "boy" of twenty-seven.



Mrs. Barclay.
Author of "The Rosary."

THE GREAT GAY ROAD. By Tom Gallon. (John Long.)

Mr. Tom Gallon has found himself with remarkable effect in "The Great Gay Road." In Hilary Tolfrey Kite he has created a character that should put the coping-stone on his literary fortunes, and should leave him not only in a firm position in the affections of all thoughtful novel-readers, but possessed of a literary vein that will repay careful work. There are, we note, no fewer than twenty-seven books placed to the credit of Mr. Gallon opposite to the title-page of this novel, but with the exception, perhaps, of "Tatterley," with which he first sprang into prominence, we doubt whether this author has ever done a story half so buoyant, so refreshing, so good-humoured as "The Great Gay Road." Mr. W. J. Locke, of course, did excellent service to novel readers by the production of his "Beloved Vagabond," but this last creation of Mr. Gallon's also possesses distinct qualities and merits of its own. Thus Mr. Kite is not only a victim of the "wander fever," but he loves the game of bluff for the sake of the game, and he cannot sit for many days with folded hands. Once he was—he tells us so himself with refreshing frequency—"a gentleman," but when he stalks into Mr. Gallon's book he is apparently a commonplace tramp, and in a house known to many (including the police) as "Mother Grogan's"—a common lodging-house in Notting Dale—a bully attacks an old man and Kite bounds forward and rescues age in distress. From that moment he and old Crook Perkins are inseparable companions, and no Don Quixote of to-day ever had a more suitable Sancho Panza. They take to the "Great Gay Road" together, and when, worn out with misfortune, they reach Hampstead Heath, Fate slips out and befriends them. Quite by accident Kite overhears the sad story of Sir Crispin and his erring son, Hilderbrand, and stung by privation he personates the lost prodigal, and for a brief period plays pranks in the Crispin mansion that have few equals outside the pages of Cervantes. For Kite is not, be it known, a sickly sentimentalist. He would rather use his fists any day than tell a weak or flabby falsehood, and buried deep somewhere in his nature

is an instinct for good form and for better things. Had not Sir Crispin had a sweet and attractive niece, the end of "The Great Gay Road" would have been very different from what it is—with Kite standing on the crest of a hill "where below him the road stretched like a lessening grey thread in the distance." But wistful as on occasion such figures inevitably seem, men of the stamp of Kite do not die easily out of fiction. We are convinced we shall see him again and in happier circumstances.

US FOUR. By S. Macnaughtan. 6s. (John Murray.)

One reviewer at least felt that Miss Macnaughtan had "been there," when she wrote about the Pear-Tree Well and the Montgomerie Woods. He remembers both, and it is a long memory! The Glasgow of that day is an old story, but the Western Highlands are pretty much the same, and the fine description of a calm summer morning on one of the Clyde lochs (on pages 254 and 255) is both true and artistic. Miss Macnaughtan, however, is mainly occupied with the many exploits and experiences of an amusing family, especially with the four younger girls, Tabby, Jumpy, Jock, and Poppy. Their nurse, their parents, their brothers, their governess, and the visitors to the house make up the *dramatis personæ*. There is no plot. The book is a vivacious, entertaining record of their life. Thus, "we were invited down to the drawing-room once to hear a lady sing 'The Lost Chord,' and having listened attentively to the words and the music, we confided to each other that we had never heard such concert! Never! To praise up your own composition like that, and to say you would only hear half as good when you get to heaven! We put 'The Lost Chord' on a black list, and decided that whoever wrote those words thought too much of her own playing." Miss Macnaughtan has written a delightful book of reminiscences, and it is none the less delightful that she has taken sometimes unconventional views of what children are supposed to fear and feel.

GREAT-HEART GILLIAN. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a very real and penetrating charm about this new story by Mr. John Oxenham. It enters into your mind and takes possession of your heart in the first chapter when on that "black night of the black month the people of Guelgoat crouched among the Ghost-Stones of Pen Dhu, with faces chiselled by the storm to the semblance of gargoyles, and peered eagerly through narrowed eyelids and sheltering hands to see if the good God sent anything their way that night" while M. le Curé was "kneeling under the swinging lamp before the altar in his little rough stone church, praying hard for those in peril on the sea and harder still for those he knew in greater peril on the land." And then Gillian is brought from a wreck, a tiny baby, and given into the care of kind motherly Jeanie Daoulas, who has-but recently lost her own little Jeanie: and we are permitted to watch Gillian and her playmate Derek Kerval grow through childhood into bright realms of romance of their own creation. The pity is that, although Derek finds his heart twist with the very agony of his longing for her, Gillian falls a victim to a light-hearted artist from Paris, a Victor Lenoir, "the first man from beyond whom she had ever met." Victor paints a great picture in which she figures, and then he marries her, and the pair go off to Paris—where tragedy and disillusion and heart-bitterness await Gillian. It is in the dark chapters that follow this wedding that the reader realises the true significance of the title. In the first portion of the book the author has taken pains to insist upon the uncommon qualities of the girl's mind and outlook, but in the second part he is content to exhibit these qualities in action—until finally the characters find themselves caught up in the tragic meshes of the Franco-Prussian War and playing out their own poignant drama

of love and hate on the background of those great and awe-inspiring issues. Mr. Oxenham has never created a more fascinating heroine.

WHITE WALLS. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Pemberton can be relied upon for a good story, and his latest book is no exception to the rule. The author has chosen a locality unfamiliar to the fiction-reader for the development of his plot. Few writers ever touch upon Hungary, and, though we do not agree with the hint in the publishers' advertisement that the "phase of life in that modern Hungary of which Mr. Pemberton and the Baroness Orczy are the only chroniclers" is treated in a truthful or exhaustive manner, a sensational author demands, and very rightly is allowed, a certain licence. What is required, as Mr. Pemberton knows very well, is plot and incident. Here in "White Walls" the reader will find both, and he will also discover that the book is far above the average of its kind both in its characterisation and the manner in which the story is told. The title refers to the enormous salt-mine in which much of the action takes place, peopled by beings who seldom or never see the light of day. We strongly recommend "White Walls" to those in search of exciting fiction. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's sixteen illustrations are all very good indeed.

THE DISC. By J. B. Harris Burland. 6s. (Greening.)

"Tremendous" is the best adjective to apply to Mr. Harris-Burland's latest book. Everything about it—including the improbability of its subject and excluding its length, which is ordinary—as of colossal size. But the hero "beats the lot." He is six feet four inches in height and "so powerfully built that he seemed merely a stalwart fellow of no extraordinary stature." His brain, unfortunately, is not exactly in proportion, but it may safely be said that he is of more than average intelligence except for occasional lapses. But he is a pleasant fellow enough, and makes a very good hero to a truly astonishing story. It is utterly impossible to give any idea of what the plot is about—we simply cannot do it—but we may mention that here there is pretty well everything that the reader of sensational fiction asks for—a mystery, murders by the bushel, love affairs both happy and unhappy, horrors and terrors, and a happy ending. Perhaps it was a pity that, in his dashing way, the author overlooked one or two minor points. The worst one is when the hero, having just defeated the second strongest man in the world (or thereabouts) in a hand-to-hand fight lasting over half an hour, pulls a clay pipe out of his pocket and smokes it. Why was not that pipe broken? But this is an idle question. The point is that Mr. Harris-Burland writes this sort of thing with a go and a gusto which are remarkable. We recommend our readers to get the book and try to finish it in a sitting. They will find it simply pulverising.

LOVE BESIEGED. By Charles E. Pearce. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

"'Unrest in India'—the words might almost be stereotyped. From time to time a mist of doubt has arisen, has floated across the horizon, has melted away," writes Mr. Pearce in his preface to "Love Besieged." "Until two years ago no serious importance was attached to simmerings of discontent. The events of the past two years, however, show that this 'unrest' has entered upon a new phase. Western education and training, grafted upon Eastern traditions, custom, character, religion, have introduced fresh dangers, the result of which no man can foresee. We in England must never forget the fixed, immutable characteristics of the Indian race. It is well, therefore, that the memory of the past should

not be allowed to die out. This end I have had in view in selecting the siege of Lucknow as the background of a story in which an attempt has been made to picture the circumstances and conditions of the time, the character and methods of the mutineers, the influence of caste, the treachery of which the native is capable and the loyalty which upon occasion he can show, and the heroism, the fortitude, the unflinching devotion of the defenders." One can gather from this what immensely interesting matter the book contains. Fact and fiction are woven together so cleverly that the story easily serves its double purpose, and not only provides us with a history of the famous siege of Lucknow, but a capital romance into the bargain. The heroine, Jean Atherton, is a beautiful young English girl of nineteen, who goes out to India to join her father; arriving just before the Mutiny begins, she lives through it, playing her part amidst its horrors with splendid courage. The story is written strongly, vividly, and teems with exciting incidents from beginning to end.

ORDINARY PEOPLE. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

When a middle aged, sedate business man marries a handsome young girl, of whom he knows practically nothing, and when the girl is afraid to tell him about an awkward episode in her past, it is inevitable that trouble should ensue. The ordinary reader of fiction anticipates without any difficulty that John Cobham's marriage will turn out a failure, especially as his spinster cousin, Ada Hackett, manages to rake up his wife's past. But Miss Silberrad rounds off her plot in an unexpected and delightful fashion and she relieves the tension by a charming love-story. Gerald Mendham and Kittie Toller are a delightful young couple. Their romance is skilfully woven into the more sombre relations between John Cobham and Catherine, while Miss Silberrad scores easily in her description of one or two old ladies. There is a genuine charm about this novel which is not broken by the rather improbable episode of Catherine disguising herself as a typist and working in her husband's office. The book is written with ease and a sincerity which render it highly attractive. The characters can hardly be described as ordinary people, unless "ordinary" is stretched beyond its conventional limits. But then the novel is not "ordinary."

THE AGONY COLUMN. By C. A. Dawson Scott. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Brilliant characterisation distinguishes Mrs. Dawson Scott's latest novel, and the medium is a plot skilfully contrived and delicately handled. Colonel Morgan and his beautiful wife Frances have been married ten years—a period amply sufficient to demonstrate the complete divergence between the thoughts and ideals of the prosaic Colonel and those of his æsthetic partner. Selfish, helpless, devoid of all natural interest in her little daughter, it is not easy to regard this indolent woman with sympathy, despite the tragedy of her life. Her revolt against the trammels of a loveless home is accelerated by the ready sympathy of a young Jew, Higham. "Here I am not a living being," she complains to him, "but a domestic machine, a wife, a mother, a housekeeper. I hate those labels. I want to free myself from them. I want to be just—alive, and—myself." The Colonel overhears Higham protesting his love, and urging Frances to go away with him; and when, that same day, the two disappear together with the five-year-old daughter Madge, he is convinced that the worst has happened. Actually, however, Frances has withstood Higham's solicitations; but, resolving to stay no longer under her husband's roof, has journeyed with Madge to her father's Cornish home, while Higham has pledged himself not to marry so long

as Frances lives apart from her husband. For the sake of her lover, whose family wish him to marry a rich Jewess, Frances agrees to come to terms with the Colonel, but the latter's doubts and insinuations horrify his wife, and she refuses to return. Soon, however, the claims of an unborn child assert themselves, and she realises that circumstances are stronger than herself. The outward and artificial reunion that follows is fraught with the greatest misery for the hyper-sensitive Frances, in whose innocence her stubborn husband, himself no model of virtue, cannot and will not believe. Smitten with blindness, the lonely woman relies for comfort on a yearly message in the *Agony Column* telling news of Higham, who, though married, maintains his early devotion. The gloom which envelops the central figures of the story is lightened from time to time by the entertaining freshness with which the minor characters are sketched—characters of a more normal and healthy fibre.

QUIXOTE OF MAGDALEN. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Everett & Co.)

There are many who would do well to take to heart the sound advice given by Amelie Thoms to her cousin John, the hero of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's latest novel. "Work is what you want!" she asserts, "real hard work. That is what you have always wanted. If you had had to work, there would have been no trouble. . . . Come! get a *move* on and make something of your life!" John Davenant's character is well drawn, and he makes a likeable hero, though he says, rather regretfully, after acting upon Amelie's advice: "Amelie set me to work, and I like it. She wants me to work always. Imagine it! I, a rich man!" Ultimately, however, work is his salvation. Though John is filled with the best of intentions he seems unfortunate in making those around him unhappy, yet he is ever eager and willing to make amends for his mistakes when he discovers them. Amelie is a strong character, sympathetic, full of common sense; she possesses a delightfully blunt manner of speech that does much good, and makes her distinctly refreshing. We should like to meet her again. The story is an exciting mixture of romance, comedy, tragedy, and the supernatural: written in Mrs. Kernahan's forceful, dramatic style it holds the reader thoroughly absorbed from beginning to end. It is rather a pity that the talented author allows small improbabilities and coincidences to creep in now and again

they tend to weaken the plot and mar an otherwise extremely natural story.

THE PRICE OF LIS DORIS. By Maarten Maartens. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Maartens is always at his best when he is writing about his own country. He is hardly kind to his countrymen and he describes Dutch village life with a most unflattering candour. Like the Dutch painters he has a rare gift for *genre* work, but he resembles the earlier school rather than the modern Dutchmen in preferring interiors to landscapes. Indeed, to pursue the metaphor he may be said to recall Jan Vermeer in the delicate finish and exquisite light effects of his interiors. The story of "Lis Doris" is melodramatic and the central incident is strained and improbable. A young artist of genius who has just begun to find himself is not likely to allow another man to appropriate his work. A man may make great sacrifices for the woman he loves, but if he has the artistic temperament, as Lis Doris had, he would hardly surrender when success is within his grasp. Lis Doris painted not because he wanted fame or money, but because he was born to paint. Such a man would be the last to allow another, whom he knew to be an incompetent amateur, to claim the credit of his finest work. The boyhood of Lis Doris and his apprenticeship to art is described with extraordinary fidelity and vividness. His

later career as a successful portrait-painter is less convincing; the sacrifice which he makes to the stagey and unreal villain is too extravagant a demand on our credulity. But the idyll of Lis and Netta in the days when they were children together at Boldam is perfect. Nothing could be better than Mr. Maartens's handling of the minor characters, the delightful old Dominè, too fine a scholar to be a successful parson, his formidably conscientious and uncompromising wife, their servant Clasine and the Lokster family—all these are real living people racy of the soil, at once typically Dutch and typically human. The minor personages in the drama are a triumph of vivid characterisation. Mr. Maartens has done nothing truer or more delicately finished.

THE UNCOUNTED COST. By Mary Gaunt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

This is, in many respects, a clever, original, and powerful novel. It possesses all the qualities that Miss Gaunt has taught us to note with approval in her work. It gives us scenes of pioneer work on the West Coast of Africa profoundly interesting and impressive. It makes the native figures intensely vital and alive, and when fighting or torture occurs, there are no half measures adopted. You can hear the crack of the rifle; real terror walks through the pages; you get the genuine atmosphere of the tropics. The odd part of it all is this. "The Uncounted Cost" is, in reality, what we were once apt to describe when we were in a hurry as a "problem novel." Anne Lovat, the heroine, is a new type of "woman who did." When her pre-matrimonial experiment with Dicky Bullen, "cheery sailor, brave Englishman, false lover, staunch friend," failed—as, of course, all those experiments fail—she decided that her career in any phase of emotion was dead: she faced the "Uncounted Cost." But she had a friend, a married woman named Kitty Pearce, who had adopted nearly every "new woman" idea that we have ever heard ventilated; and this friend dallied so successfully with one Joseph Cunningham, naval commander, that he was absent one night without leave, lost his temper, and was dismissed the service. He goes off as commissioner to an obscure post on "the Mahogany Coast in Africa," and, of course, the only white man he meets there is Kitty Pearce's husband, and later Kitty and the heroine. How poetic justice is done in the end with the aid of torture, bloodshed, and the display of much fine British pluck is Miss Gaunt's business. We only pause to congratulate her heartily on her full-length portrait of Kudjo Mensa, otherwise the Rev. John Trotter, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, a type of Ashanti who, after taking Orders in the Church of England, returned to his native haunts, went savage, and practised fetish. He is great.

MAJOR OWEN, and Other Tales. By Christopher N. Johnston, K.C., LL.D. 6s. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

This is a volume of short stories of uncommon attractiveness and merit, and it deserves to make heaps of friends. On the cover the author's name is surmounted by a kind of totem in the shape of a lawyer's wig; and we fancy that this quaint design will tempt many strange hands to turn over Mr. Christopher N. Johnston's pages, for the impression is general that if we only heard one tithe of the stories hidden beneath the successful advocate's wig we should be privileged to listen to some of the most stirring and fascinating real life romances ever put together. But think when the narrator is, in addition, a Scottish lawyer—what ingenuity, what humour, what pawkiness, what rich harvests of time and experience may be expected! In truth "Major Owen" impressed us as something quite new in the short story art—new atmosphere, new way of looking at things, new characters—full of the kind of short stories that you would remember with ease, calmly appropriate, and, when the humour

seized you, would hand across the dinner-table as your own. The Major Owen of the title is, we regret to observe, a villain, but a very plausible and fascinating type of villain, and he makes his appearance in a country house in Hampshire in the dead of night in the most romantic circumstances. "Torrance v. Teacher" has a touch of the weird in its composition and an extraordinary climax. It will delight the legal mind everywhere, and is based on an old Scottish law suit decided sixty years ago. "A Strange Rencontre" will attract those people who wonder mildly how it is wraiths do not only appear at the hour of death, but "sometimes they come days before; and it is hard to explain upon any theory at once hyperphysical and rational how and why the wraith of somebody who is still alive, and perhaps well, but is to die to-morrow or next day—it may be by pure accident—should manifest itself to an absent friend." "The Writing on the Wall" is a study in a mild case of insanity and hypnotism in which the adventurous frankly predominates, while one of the best stories in the whole collection is that entitled "An Irregular Marriage," with its strange introduction to its advocate-hero and the ruses he practised to arrive at the truth—and a bride.

The Bookman's Table.

BROKEN EARTHWARE. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The dedication of these extraordinarily graphic studies and sketches to Professor William James of Harvard would suffice, even apart from the long preface, to show that Mr. Begbie has had more than amusement or entertainment in view when he wrote his pages. There are nine vignettes in the book, etched sharply and cleverly from the social wreckage of modern London. But the reviving and saving power of conversion gleams through all of them, and Mr. Begbie attributes this to the magnificent re-fitting work of the Salvation Army. A book of this kind is apt to suffer from its very strength of purpose. It is a record or a series of human documents, if we choose to put it so, which is of more value than sketches which see nothing but squalor and vice in mean streets. Yet even so, the tendency is to undervalue the narrative-element, and this would not be fair to Mr. Begbie, who has succeeded in preserving the dual rôle of a literary artist and a social reformer. Few books of more arresting realism have appeared within recent years. These sketches are not the chromolithographs of a litterateur who is trying to make copy out of material which he only knows at second-hand; they are coloured, but it is the colour of life. Mr. Begbie sees that the true realism includes "such possibilities of purity and devotion as La Rochefoucauld would have us believe do not exist even in the hearts of the best." These possibilities are revealed and reached, Mr. Begbie found, by the Salvation Army. He has small opinion of prison chaplains. He also makes serious charges against certain policemen who privately kick and maltreat in the cells any prisoner who has incurred their displeasure. The counter-plea for a reform in our treatment of children and of criminals is not a new thing. What is new is the graphic intensity with which it is urged, and the wealth of admirably chosen details, pathetic and inspiring, upon which it is based. Mr. Begbie's fascinating volume will do more than silence what he calls the lounging critics of conversion; it will open the eyes of many whom reports and blue-books could not reach to the living power of Christianity in modern life, and especially to the indisputable evidence that sudden changes, permanent changes, can be effected in the most degraded nature. To read a

story like "The Plumber," or "O. B. D.," is not only to be saddened by the thought of city life in its lower phases, but to have one's faith in God and men reinforced. The shabby and sordid mass of human beings among whom Mr. Begbie has been living is lit up by flashes of genuine devotion which are as miraculous and thrilling as any mediæval legends. The modest sub-title of the book is "A Footnote in Narrative to Professor William James's Study in Human Nature, 'The Varieties of Religious Experience.'" It is a worthy footnote, for it has plenty of variety and plenty of narrative, and an inspiring belief in men and in God.

LOVE'S EMPIRE. By A. M. Champneys. 3s. 6d. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

One recognises, from a first glance into the leaves of "Love's Empire," that Miss Champneys is much above the level of the average versifier. She has considerable metrical skill, a real and charming lyrical gift, and the feeling, the tenderness, the dainty fancifulness that inevitably go along with it. Here is the keynote of her volume:

"You cannot flee from Love—I sought to hide me
Where sprays of eglantine weave arching bowers
Tall meadow grass and lilies waved beside me
Lo! Love, the Dreamer, slept among the flowers.

"I looked for safety where the careless thrushes
Warbled their carols on the swaying briar,
While liquid answer flowed from laurel bushes—
'Twas Love, the Minstrel, led their pulsing choir

"When, driven to my own heart's deep seclusion,
Where all was calm, and passion yet unknown,
I barr'd the door against his bold intrusion
Love, the Besieger, broke my barrier down.

"Yearning for refuge in the spheres immortal,
Methought my soul to heavenly realms had flown
Lo! just beyond the angel-guarded portal,
Love, a crown'd Monarch, sat upon his throne."

A strain of sadness runs through many of the poems, but almost as many of them are touched with a joyous lightness and something of ecstasy. Out of every twenty volumes of new poetry there is perhaps one that we make room for on our shelves, and this time "Love's Empire" is that twentieth.

A NEW HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY. By J. V. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by Edward Hutton. Vol. III. 20s. net. (Dent.)

With this third volume Messrs. Dent's fine edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle reaches completion. It is an admirable production. One may dream, of course, of an edition in which every illustration should be a perfect achievement of the latest developments of printing, a folio for the shelves of millionaires; but Messrs. Dent, producing their volumes at the comparatively moderate price of a pound apiece, have done wisely in sacrificing quality to quantity. They might, had they given us fewer, have given us better plates. But those they have supplied, though not specially attractive to the aesthetically, are well enough as references or reminders for students. And as such, the more the merrier. For it is mainly to students, historians, and critics that the "New History" appeals. During the last few years there have been floods of books that tell the stories of great artists and their work in more attractive form. But for their exhaustive treatment of smaller men who will always be less than names to all but the specialists, Crowe and Cavalcaselle still hold the field. In noticing previous volumes, we have already commented on the excellence of Mr. Hutton's editing. Its standard is maintained in this volume, which treats of the Florentine, Umbrian, and Siennese schools of the fifteenth century, commencing with Piero della Francesca and



The Rev. Percy C. Ainsworth.

ending with Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter", between which extremities lie the names of Signorelli, Perugino, Pinturicchio, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolommeo, and others only less famous. The footnotes which testify to Mr. Hutton's industry and which, to the specialist, are almost the most important part of the book, are as abundant as ever. There is also an admirable general index to the whole work, besides an index of places, as in the other volumes.

THE PILGRIM CHURCH, and Other Sermons. By Percy C. Ainsworth. 3s. 6d. net. (Robert Culley.)

This is a volume of exceedingly uncommon sermons by a young Wesleyan minister whose early decease at the age of thirty-five is a loss to the whole Church. Freshness and charm are on every page of the book. There is not a weak sermon in the twenty-four given to us, and some, especially those on "The Large Room," "Hearing for Others," "Faith and Haste," "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," "Star Counting and Heart Healing," "The Wilderness and the Sunrise," are gems of a high order. It is not difficult to account for their charm. Here are fresh thoughts expressed in chaste and beautiful English, a keen love of nature, poetry, and art, flashes of subtle humour, intense sympathy with human toil and suffering, and a strong quiet confidence that the Gospel of Christ is large enough to meet and satisfy all man's myriad needs. The sermons are not "doctrinal" in the ordinary sense of the term, and yet the old doctines are all here. Mr. Ainsworth had an essentially modern mind, at home in all the intricacies of modern problems, but he had found rest in the eternal truths which know no change. The volume contains a brief appreciative memoir by an old fellow-student and a photograph of the preacher. He must have been a rare man to know and possess as a friend.

HOW TO STUDY THE STARS. By L. Rudaux. Translated by A. H. Keane, LL.D., F.R.G.S. 5s. net. (Unwin.)

This is a capital book of its kind, and though now and again the queer halt of the English, which somehow one has so often to associate with translated works, makes

itself apparent, it is eminently readable, and sets out with minute particulars such details as shall help the would-be "star-gazer" to go cannily to work. The introductory chapter is exceedingly comprehensive, and should enable the mind even of the entirely ignorant to "see round" the subject with which the book deals the lamps and wonders of the sky. The amateur will find the chapter on telescopes both sane and helpful, and if he read it before spending his, presumably, modest spare cash on an instrument, will probably have later cause to be thankful, in that he will be likely to have bought the "very thing" he will need. The book is, of course, as it professes to be, rudimentary; but even to those of us who have pursued this study beyond the solid nucleus of known "facts," it is still stimulating to be reminded, for instance, that the diameter of the sun is so great that were it superimposed (may we say "around"?) the earth the moon's orbit would lie incredible thousands of miles down beneath the sun's outer envelope. Then, too, in view of the present interest in the return of Halley's Comet, which visited us last some seventy-five years ago, we cannot but feel how popular should prove the chapter on comets, given near the end of the book. Though this is necessarily brief, and deals chiefly with the methods of observing and recording comets, there is yet a final note on Mr. Morehouse's which provokes speculation, and is associated with the name of M. Flammarion. We are reminded that this comet, discovered in 1908, gave a spectrum analysis which revealed in its constitution a large quantity of the deadly gas cyanogen. "A few whiffs of this gas," M. Flammarion has said, "and all our discussions on tariffs and the income tax would have ceased." This is stimulating, if not cheerful, the more so when we remember that the earth is supposed to have passed through the tail of the great comet of 1861. The book contains seventy-nine illustrations, many of which are of considerable interest.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GEORGES. By W. B. Boulton.
15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Except by painful specialists, divers in the deep seas of private muniment rooms, there is little new to be said about the eighteenth century. But though Mr. Boulton can lay no claim to great originality he knows his period well, and this is not the first book he has written about it. If you are in quest of serious history you must go elsewhere, but if (as is more probable) you want entertainment, "In the Days of the Georges" will provide it. For Mr. Boulton deals exclusively with the lighter side of his theme. One of his chapters he devotes to Charles James Fox, but it is with the reckless gambler, not with the politician, that he is concerned. The notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh occupies another chapter; others treat of the one morally blameless George's reputed dealings with a certain mysterious Quakeress, and his

actual dealings with Lady Sarah Lennox. Mr. Boulton starts with the misfortunes of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and ends with Beau Brummell, thus covering the whole of the Georgian era. "In the Days of the Georges" is an excellent book of its kind. And perhaps, after all, it is serious history; for the side of life with which it deals was extremely prominent in the eighteenth century.

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR. By the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd. 5s. net. (Collingridge.)

Mr. Pemberton Lloyd wrote this book largely in the hope that it might encourage the right people to do what they can towards making our English villages the "models of beauty and centres of joy" that they were in olden times. In twelve close-packed chapters he explains the meaning of the names of the months, and deals with the events that are or used to be celebrated in each of them. Any one who knows anything of modern village-life knows what a monotonous, colourless round it has, for the most part, become, and so far from wondering that many of the villagers nowadays flock to the towns, wonders that so many remain in their native homes. You cannot make a man happy by giving him nothing to do but work; our fathers knew that, and atoned for the lack of places of amusement that are perhaps too plentiful in the city by providing the rural population with a sufficiency of periodical festivals—dances, feasts, sports, fairs, all manner of monthly games and mummeries, so that they had always some recent pleasure to look back upon and some other not far ahead to look forward to. The Church took a full and keen interest in these healthful merrymakings, and why they should have been allowed to grow obsolete is not easy to explain: but obsolete nearly all of them are, and as a consequence England is Merrie England no longer. Whether Mr. Pemberton Lloyd's book achieves its happy purpose or not, it is a remarkably interesting and very valuable repository of folk and flower lore, a carefully compiled and fascinating history of our English country life in that past when country life here was at its richest and ripest. We know of no other volume that deals with this subject—a subject of much greater moment than appears on the surface—so exhaustively, with such scholarly and humanitarian enthusiasm, or so pleasantly. The numerous photographic illustrations are excellently reproduced.



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A London Fog: Looking from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Taken at noonday.

From "The Months of the Year," by Rev. Pemberton Lloyd. (Collingridge.)

Notes on New Books.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

The writers of *Eighteenth-Century Literature: An Oxford Miscellany*, present a very attractive bill of fare; the subjects dealt with are Steele (as a dramatist), Lady Winchelsea, Lady Mary Montagu's letters, "Jonathan Wild," Young's "Night Thoughts," Walpole's criticism, W. L. Bowles, and "Enthusiasm." Perhaps the title of the volume is scarcely justified. The essays are, indeed, of quite unequal value, and some of them suggest their origin as "vacation exercises." In their appearance in book form it might have been better to suppress the use of the first personal pronoun, as this has the disconcerting effect of representing accepted opinions as discoveries, and it would have undoubtedly been better to indicate more clearly the academic status of the authors. As it is, reviewers of the volume must in some cases find themselves faced with the duties of a university examinership. They will agree, we think, in assigning "high marks" to many of these essays. As regards treatment and freshness of subject the essays on "Enthusiasm" and on Bowles are specially commendable. There is the gusto of youth in the repeated attacks on the methods of Macaulay, and there is also the mark of youth in the proneness shown to indulge in his own sweeping generalisations. In the office of "examiner" that the volume seems to thrust upon us, we regret that some of the essays show a striving after the so-called "personal touch" of present day journalism. In an Oxford essay on Steele we are surprised to find reference to "the pathetic passages of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's books," and to find a synopsis of a play interrupted by the unadmirable irony of "Prolonged Applause." For that sally of wit we have no hesitation in deducting a mark.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

In the literature of the Tennyson Centenary a place of honour will be given to the brilliant and suggestive "Leslie Stephen" lecture on *Tennyson*, delivered at Cambridge by Professor W. P. Ker. "For many years past," says Professor Ker, "the Devil's Advocate has been busy, and it is impossible to ignore him. It is not on the grounds of the biography, but on the poems themselves, that he must be met." This is, virtually, the text of the lecture, and Professor Ker sets himself to refute the Devil's Advocate by pointing out some of the excellences of Tennyson's material achievement and of his subtlety as a descriptive poet. This portion of the lecture is full of acute and penetrating criticism, specially interesting being the remarks on the ancestry of some of Tennyson's metrical devices. In regard to the discussion of Tennyson's merits or demerits as a thinker, Professor Ker justly points out a confusion of thought in the use of the term. But beyond this dialectical point the writer makes little advance, and the Devil's Advocate may be pardoned if he continues unsilenced. Professor Ker is, however, a critic and not an idolator, and the only ground of dissatisfaction he gives his readers is the brevity of treatment, for which he is not responsible. The wonder is that one small essay can carry so much illuminative criticism.

MR. JOHN LONG.

A real mystery lurks in the pages of Mrs. L. T. Meade's new novel, *Belinda Treherne* (6s.), and this writer with her ever facile pen lures her readers on to the very last chapter before she reveals her secret. When a pretty girl with a longing to see the world answers the following advertisement "Wanted, immediately, a governess . . . must be young, cheerful, very strong, and with excellent nerves. Good salary given to a suitable person," etc., we know that there are incidents ahead. The "excellent nerves" indeed made us quite sure that the poor girl would have a bad fright. We were not mistaken. We should have been frightened ourselves if . . . But no, we will only assert that the book will keep readers pleasantly awake.

YEAR-BOOKS.

It is difficult now to imagine a time when there was no *Who's Who*; it is certainly one of the most frequently used and most helpful of the many reference books that are among the necessary furniture of the library and office table. The 1910 volume (A. & C. Black) is larger than ever; its numerous biographies have been brought up to date and a number of new ones added; and the overflow of tables, lists and addresses of magazines, newspapers, clubs, schools, societies, and miscellaneous information in the *Who's Who Year-Book* (1s. net) is ample and reliable and arranged with the usual skillful, business-like simplicity.

From Messrs. Routledge we have the 1910 *Literary Year-Book* (6s. net), also grown larger than ever and containing all its customary features, a directory of authors, agents, booksellers, publishers, periodicals, etc., and various additional sections, including a classified list of cheap reprints.

Hazell's Annual (Hazell, Watson & Viney) is packed with information about the men and movements of the day, from Imperial Defence to Sport and the Drama, from Aeronautics to French Gardening, and contains also a large number of important signed articles on special subjects by Sir Harry Johnston, Sir Arundel Arundel, Lady Frances Balfour, Sir Hiram Maxim, Sir Oliver Lodge, and other authors of eminence. It is an encyclopædia of general knowledge in the affairs of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

One of the cheapest and handiest of reference books is *The Daily Mail Year-Book* (6d. net). Its special articles on leading social and political questions are written by expert contributors — the cases for Free Trade and for Tariff Reform are respectively elaborated by a Liberal M.P. and a Conservative M.P.; and in the same way the case for Land Reform is put from the different standpoints of Mr. Ellis Barker and Mr. Josiah C. Wedgwood, M.P.; the case for and against Socialism by Mr. E. R. Pearce and Captain Parsons; and the programme of the Labour Party by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. The book is carefully indexed and conveniently arranged. Mr. Percy L. Parker is to be congratulated on the tenth issue of what has developed into an ideal everyday handbook for everybody.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus send us that indispensable volume, *Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities for 1910*, edited by John Lane (1s. 6d.). This is its forty-sixth annual appearance, and all who are interested in or engaged in philanthropic work, if they do not know the Guide already, should certainly lose no time in procuring and studying it. In alphabetical order it gives name, address, object and other details of the London Charities — not merely hospitals, but charities which extend from that which provides help for all kinds of illness and distress to that which provides comfort and rest for the faithful horse who is past work.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
or that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, Mr. John P. Campbell, Miss Maive Stokes, Mr. Alfred P. Graves, Mr. William Blackwood, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Cassell, Mr. Melrose, Messrs. Duckworth, and Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. Everard Meynell is engaged on an authoritative Life of Francis Thompson.

The Home Country Gazette is a new monthly journal with which Miss Marie Corelli is connected and to which she purposes contributing from time to time specially written stories and articles. It is published in Stratford-on-Avon, which will continue to be its headquarters, though it is shortly to have a London office. It is the venture of a determined group of brilliant men and women who are interested in politics and literature, and who are all more or less socially distinguished. A particular feature of the journal is a series of "Letters to Little

Statesmen," the one of the past month being a masterpiece of satirical eloquence addressed to Lord Rosebery. These "Letters" are the work of a very able and well-known writer, who for the moment preserves anonymity. The current number contains a striking article on the present situation by Raymond Blathwayt, entitled "The Backbone of Putty," and an amusing story, "A Political Wobbler," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie. A series of interesting papers on the sources of Shakespeare's Plays, "Shakespeare the Builder," commences in this month's number, also some bright "Irish Wayside Sketches," by Amy and Lilian Hamilton. *The Home Country Gazette* costs but a penny, and is admirably turned out. It can be ordered from Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 1, High Street, Stratford-on-Avon, and the new number is well worth getting if only for the daring "Letter" to Mr. Asquith.

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's novel, "Berenice," though now published for the first time in book form, was written twenty years ago. He has lately completed a new novel, "The Illustrious Prince," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have ready for publication this month.

"Tower of Ivory," Mrs. Atherton's new novel, is a story of life in Munich; the scenes are laid mainly

in the artist-quarters of the town, and the heroine is a great operatic soprano. It will be published next month by Mr. Murray.

Mr. William H. Davies, who, since the appearance of his remarkable Autobiography has become popularly known as the Super-Tramp, is publishing another volume of poems with Mr. Fifield. Though he has named the new volume "Farewell to Poesy, and Other Poems," we are assured that Mr. Davies has no intention yet of turning his back on the Muses.

There are nearly two hundred volumes of biographies, novels, essays, travels, and miscellaneous literature standing already to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's credit in the British Museum catalogues, and he has just added to them a biography of Samuel Foote. He enjoys the distinction of having both written a Life of Boswell and made the bronze statue of him that was set up at Lichfield a little while ago; and he has just completed a statue of Dr. Johnson, whose Life he has edited three times. Amongst other work as a sculptor, he made the sitting figure of Sterne, now in the York Cathedral Library; busts of Dickens that have been erected in Boulogne Town Hall, Bath Pump Room, Rochester Museum, and on the site of old Furnival's Inn; a tablet to Cardinal Manning; a tablet to Goldsmith that is to be seen



Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

in Brick Court, Temple; and the Memorial to Irving that has been placed in the hall of the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Fitzgerald is the only author now living whose stories were revised by Charles Dickens; when he was in difficulties with his plots he frequently went to Dickens, who also helped him in most of his proofs and added to them "large slices of his own long sentences."

Meredith's unfinished comedy, "The Sentimentalists," is to be produced this month at the Duke of York's Theatre. By the way, the illustrations we reproduced in our two Meredith articles last month were, as we indicated beneath them, from the Library Edition of his works, and will not be used in the Memorial Edition that Messrs. Constable are now publishing. The Memorial Edition is newly illustrated throughout.

What is probably the first Biographical Dictionary of English Literature to be published at a shilling will be included in the fifty new volumes that Messrs. Dent are adding to their "Everyman's Library." The book has been specially compiled for this series by Mr. John W. Cousin, and will include American as well as English authors living and dead.

Mr. Warwick Deeping will follow his "Rust of Rome" with a romance that is woven round Garibaldi's defence of the Eternal City in 1840, and deals with the adventures of a little lame Englishman whose heart was stronger than his body. Mr. Deeping's early work was purely mediæval and romantic in spirit; latterly he is feeling the fascination of modern life with its larger and more complex interests, and has formed a too-modest estimate of those delightful stories with which he made his reputation. "I realise," he says, "that I have written much over-coloured and sweet nonsense. As one grows one learns too late one's affectations"; and his present aim is to get sincerity and truth into all he writes. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and Trinity College, Cambridge; studied medicine and worked for a year as a country doctor before abandoning that profession for literature.

In these days, Mr. Warwick Deeping is living the country life in Sussex; he is a great lover of the open air and of handicrafts of all kinds, and is his own gardener, carpenter, mechanic and motor driver. He is very happily married, his wife sharing all his interests and enthusiasms. He gives his leisure hours to books, but is not much of a novel-



Mr. Warwick Deeping.
Photo by A. R. Perry, Hastings.

reader, and does all his writing in the mornings and evenings, working steadily day by day, but never after nine o'clock at night.

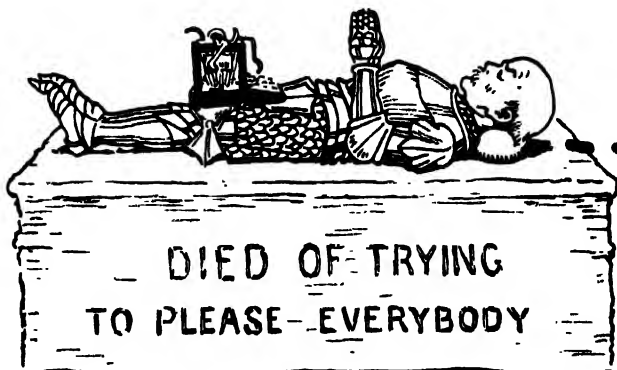
The poet in a golden clime is born, as Tennyson says, but unfortunately he seldom inherits his share in the money of the country. If he no longer starves picturesquely in a garret, his soul does, whilst he is earning his bread by more or less uncongenial labours down in the basement. "As an errand boy," said Gerald Massey, "I had many hardships to undergo. Having had to earn my own dear bread thus early I never knew what childhood meant. I have been congratulated on the uses of suffering and the riches I have wrung from Poverty. My experience tells me that Poverty is inimical to the development of Humanity's noblest attributes. Above all, Poverty is a cold place to write Poetry in." Probably if Mr. F. S. Flint had written any preface to his little book of poems, "In the Net of the Stars," which we review elsewhere, he might have used very much the same words. Mr. Flint, who is still a young man of four-and-twenty, looks back on a life of hardships. He is the eldest of a family of eleven. His father was a commercial traveller, and for a few years after his birth his people were fairly prosperous; then misfortune and hard times came upon them, and until he reached the age of ten Mr. Flint lived through a period of semi-starvation,

often knowing what it was to go hungry. At the age of nine the boy went out to work, but had to give it up on account of his delicate health. A year later, when the family had removed to Tottenham and he saw the country for the first time, he found employment again, and was, for rather more than three years, assistant in a shop, working in this way forty-two hours a week out of school hours. Then, when he was still under fourteen, he started life in the City, reading and learning French of evenings and occupied from nine till seven daily as warehouse lad, warehouse clerk, and finally as shorthand writer and typist, in which latter capacities he is still engaged in a Government Office. Those who can read between the lines find that "he has told his story, in his song," and if the high promise of "In the Net of the Stars" is not belied, he will yet tell it to some purpose.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons are offering in open competition the sum of £100 for the best story accepted by them for publication as a presentation volume for boys or girls. The story must not be less than 50,000 words in length nor more than 75,000, and MSS. must be sent in not later than May 16 next.

"Alongshore" is the title Mr. Stephen Reynolds has given to a realistic study of fisher life that Mr. John Lane is publishing. The book will be illustrated with a series of remarkable photographs.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. will publish "The King of Four Corners," a new novel by Mr. G. B. Burgin, early in March. In this story Mr. Burgin re-introduces some of his most successful characters—Old Man Evans, Ikey, and Miss Wilks, the mule. Raising a question the other day as to who was our most prolific novelist, Mr. Clement Shorter mentioned that Mr. Burgin had produced forty novels since 1893. In addition, Mr. Burgin has



Mr. G. B. Burgin.

An caricatured by Mr. Starr Wood.

written a large number of short stories and done much journalistic work ; he is also kept well occupied as secretary of the New Vagabond Club, and our fancy portrait of him by Mr. Starr Wood predicts the ultimate fate of the man who tries to please critics and the general public with his books, and its many and varied numbers with his club.

Mr. Alfred Gathorne-Hardy's *Life of his father, the first Earl of Cranbrook*, is to be ready this month. The King has given permission for several letters from Queen Victoria to be included, and there are many letters of interest from leading statesmen of to-day and yesterday, but the book is based on the diaries that Lord Cranbrook kept with scrupulous regularity from 1840 to 1906. It will be published by Messrs. Longmans.

"Calico Jack," a study in music-hall life which has just been published by Messrs. Mills & Boon, is Mr. H. W. C. Newte's sixth book. He has recently completed a light summer novel, and is now working on a study in suburban values which the same publishers will issue in the autumn. He is also engaged on a new novel of theatrical life, with the inner workings of which he is intimately acquainted. Mr Newte was born at Melksham, in Wiltshire, in 1870 ; he comes of an old Devonshire family, which helped to make local history in Tiverton during the Civil War, and was educated

for the Navy, but has followed a variety of occupations. For many years he wrote plays which, with the exception of eighteen one-act pieces that were successfully produced in London and the provinces, were consistently refused by all the managers who saw them ; then, as a last resource, he turned to novel-writing, and from the first had no difficulty in getting his work accepted.

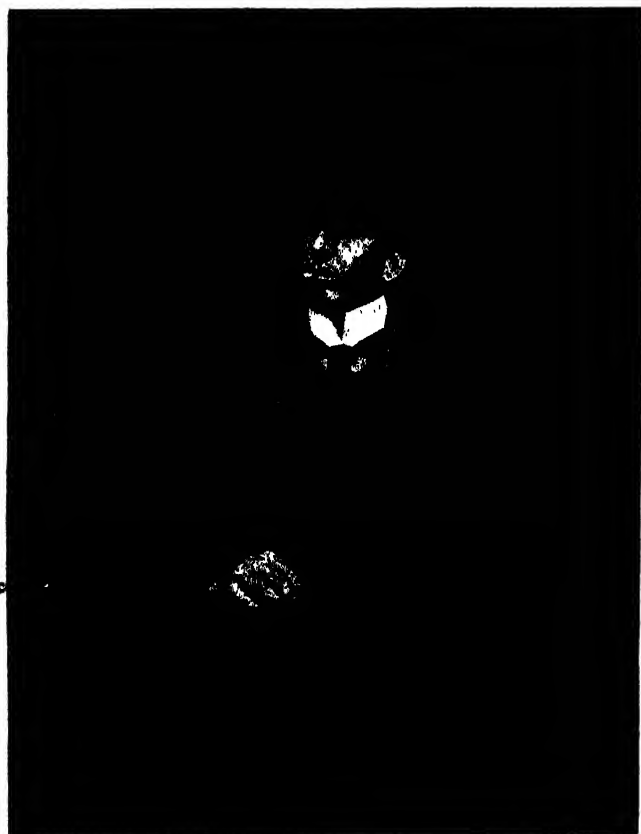
Messrs. Rebman are publishing shortly "The Romance of a Monk," a new novel by Alix King, whose remarkable story, "The Romance of a Nun," created a considerable sensation last year.

In "Records of the Old Charlotte Hunt" the Earl of March has prepared a volume of particular interest to sportsmen and others, which Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish this season. It consists of material which the Earl has himself collected from unpublished documents and letters that have lain for many years at Goodwood, and will include the hunting journal (1738-46) of the second Duke of Richmond, who was Master of the Charlotte Hounds, and some old Sussex sporting songs that have never before been published. The volume will be fully illustrated from pictures at Goodwood.

Mr. Christopher Stone, who has been wintering at Montreux, has completed a new novel, but it will not see the light until the autumn. His recently published story, "They Also Serve," which we review on another page, shows a remarkable advance on his striking but sombre first novel, "Scars."

A new book by Mr. Barry Pain, "The Exiles of Faloo," will be published by Messrs. Methuen early in March.

No novelist of recent years has achieved a more assured popularity than Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. The strong human interest of her stories and the charm of her narrative style gained immediate acceptance for her work, and each book she has published since "The Man who Won" has added to the wide circle of her readers. Her new novel, "Out of the Night," to be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton immediately, is a charming and strikingly dramatic love romance, and is, in the opinion of those who have read the manuscript, the best story Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has written.



Mr. Horace W. C. Newte.



Photo by Galuchat & Gascogne, 188, Strand.

Mr. Walter Jerrold.

Mr. Walter Jerrold's new book, "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*," is to be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. It will contain a number of portraits and caricatures and some of Jerrold's *Punch* work that has never before been reprinted.

Not since Shakespeare's will was found in 1747 has any Shakespearean discovery been made that can compare in importance with the finding of the facts to be derived from the two dozen hitherto unknown documents that, after long and systematic researches in this country, have been unearthed at the Record Office by Professor Wallace, of the Nebraska University, who contributes a profoundly interesting article on his discoveries to the current number of *Harper's Magazine*. The documents he has brought to light include the papers connected with a lawsuit in which Shakespeare appeared as a witness, and the poet's signature is appended to his own depositions. The evidence goes to show that in the earliest years of the seven-

teenth century Shakespeare lodged for six years in Silver Street, near Cheapside, with a French family named Mountjoy, and he was subpoenaed to the Court of Requests because he was able to testify as to the promises that were made in the way of marriage settlements when the daughter of Mountjoy, who was a wig-maker, married Stephen Bellot, who had served as her father's apprentice. No other documents known to be in existence give us such vivid and intimate glimpses of Shakespeare's domestic life in London as do these that the indomitable patience of Professor Wallace has rescued from among the neglected and mouldering treasures of the Record Office. Strange that our English Shakespearean students are so lax as to leave it to a more resolute American scholar to sift our rubbish-heaps and show us that we are richer than we know.

Mr. B. T. Batsford is publishing this month a volume entitled "The Manor Houses of England," by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, with illustrations by Mr. Sydney R. Jones. This book will form a companion to "The Charm of the English Village" which the same author and artist gave us two years ago.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, whose centenary is being celebrated this week by the Irish Literary Society in London, and next week on the day of his birth (March 10) in Belfast, was one of the pioneers of the Celtic revival in literature. A subscription list has



Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves and his Daughter.

been opened in Belfast to raise a suitable memorial to him, the memorial to include the establishment of a Ferguson Lectureship and scholarship in Belfast and the execution of a bust to be placed in the Municipal Library there. The author of "Father O'Flynn," who has written our Centenary article, has arranged to give a Concert Lecture during the Ferguson Celebrations in Belfast, and a Loan Exhibition of pictures, MSS., books and relics illustrating the Life and Work of Ferguson will be held in the Belfast Municipal Art Gallery during the Centenary week beginning March 10.

• An admirable Life of Sir Samuel Ferguson was written by Lady Ferguson and published by Messrs. Blackwood in 1896, and a very charming and sympathetic memoir of Lady Ferguson was contributed to the Irish magazine, *Ulad*, shortly after her death in 1905 by Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, the well-known North of Ireland antiquary. "The duality of life never had a sweeter example," says Mr. Bigger, "than in the union of Sir Samuel Ferguson and his wife. The one reflected in the other all the noble ideals that each strove to attain. It may be said that Lady Ferguson was an echo of her husband in his literary aims and patriotic aspirations. His voice was caught up by her, mellowed and deepened and then passed on to further valleys and more secluded ears with an added cadence. The beauty of the echo would never have been known had not the voice of Sir Samuel Ferguson first penetrated 'the fair hills of holy Ireland.' . . . The early death of Davis, when



Mary Catharine Ferguson (Lady Ferguson).

From Ireland, by permission.

Ferguson was lying on a sick bed, weighed down his soul with great grief. Out of that sorrow he wrote the most vehement of all his songs—the most fraternal in feeling—passionate with a patriot's love, yet withal breathing hope and faith for his country's future." The two sonnets which we reprint below were written on the death of Sir Samuel Ferguson in 1886, one by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, the other by his uncle Mr. Robert Perceval Graves, a man of high literary capacity who numbered Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans among his friends.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Strong Son of Fergus, with thy latest breath
 Thou hast lent a joy unto the funeral knell,
 Welcoming with thy whispered "All is well"
 The awful aspect of the Angel Death,
 As, strong in life, thou couldst not brook to shun
 The heat and burthen of the fiery day,
 Fronting defeat with stalwart undismay,
 And wearing meekly honours stoutly won.
 Pure lips, pure hands, pure heart were thine, as aye
 Erin demanded from her bards of old,
 And, therefore, on thy harpstrings of pure gold
 Has waked once more her high heroic lay.
 What shoulders now shall match the mighty fold
 Of Ossian's mantle? Thou hast passed away.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

August, 1886.

LADY FERGUSON.

Thus spoke he, when he saw her rising tear:
 "Mary, you must be brave. Though now we part,
 We shall be reunited." And her heart
 Drank in with sad delight the tender cheer.
 Nor could she but be sad, when he was near
 Who soon would be so far; when every art
 To keep him here was baffled; when the dart
 Of ruthless Death must strike a life so dear.
 In all things was she Partner of his Mind;
 Felt with him as a Poet; with her own
 His joy in Shakespeare match'd; nor fell behind
 His quest of Bardic lay and Ogam stone.
 And Partner is she still; to her is given.
 His "All is well" to breathe in hope of Heaven.

ROBERT PERCEVAL GRAVES.

August, 1886.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best lines from English literature in prose or verse applicable to Halley's Comet.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

T. M. Willcox, St. John's, Berkhamsted, Herts;
Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks.)

"There's Mary Beaton, an' Mary Seton,
An' Mary Carmichael, an' me."

The Four Maies.

(B. W. Ramsay, Dyke, Forres, N.B.)

"... meaning
Bill Bates, Will Weatherly, Jim Johnson, and me."

Old Song.

(M. Roberts, Jr., Marlborough Road, Roath, Cardiff.)

"A very good girl is Emily Jane,
Jimmy is good and true,
John is a very good man in the main
(And I am a good man too)."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Miss H. McDougall, 366, Moss Lane East, Manchester.)

THE FORERUNNER OF GREECE. BY CHARLES HENRY
HAWES, M.A., AND HARRIET BOYD HAWES, M.A.

"That little candle burning in my hall,"

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice.*

(Mrs. F. Warner, 27, Verig Street, Swansea.)

AN AFTERNOON TEA PHILOSOPHY.

BY W. R. TILFERTON.

"At every word a reputation dies."

POPE, *The Rape of the Lock.*

(Mary C. Jobson, Western House, Middleton-one-Row,
Co. Durham.)

THE HOME-COMING. BY CAROLINE A. ECCLES.

"There was a door to which I found no key."

FITZGERALD, *Omar Khayyam.*

(Mrs. A. M. Webber, 4, Queen Anne Terrace, Plymouth.)

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss
NORAH E. GOODBODY, of Inchmore, Clara, King's
County, Ireland, for the following:

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION THROUGH INTERIOR
UNDERSTANDING. BY A. W. BERRY.

"I'd be sorry to mention
The words that he said."

E. GE. SOMERVILLE, *Slipper's A.R.C.*

We also select for printing:

THE AGONY COLUMN. BY C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

"Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp and sleet, and snow."
TENNYSON, *St. Simon Stylites.*

(Mrs. M. A. Pocock, 2, Aldon Villas, Yeovil.)

US FOUR. BY S. MACNAUGHTAN.

"Emily Jane was a nursery maid,
James was a bold Life Guard,
John was a constable, poorly paid,
And I am a doggerel bard."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(R. C. Orphan, 18, Somerset Road, Newport, Mon.;
Miss Mary Arden, Hall Ings, Southowram, Halifax;

II.—An unusually large number of lists, many of them very carefully compiled, have been received in this Competition, but on the whole Mrs. Dora Maw's is the fullest, most accurate, and most conveniently arranged. Miss M. E. Swain's list is almost equally good. Miss Irene Pollock Lalonde would come next, but she omits Charles I. altogether, and treats pretenders to the crown as ghosts that haunted four kings. In her list of kings deposed Miss M. B. Vincent ties with the winning paper; but she gives us only eight slain in war as against Mrs. Maw's twenty-one. Mrs. Pansie Annie Rainey's list is good, except

that she puts Charles I. amongst kings who were "sleeping killed," and very good lists have also been received from Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), A. Lewis (Cardigan), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Joseph Hanton (Arbroath), E. Beckett (Wolverhampton), and others. The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is awarded to Mrs. DORA MAW, of 57, Wellington Road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to Miss BEATRIX TERRY, of 374, Brixton Road, S.W., for the following :

SHELLEY. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. (Burns & Oates.)

Thompson had here the task of dissecting a temperament which was closely allied to his own ; and that circumstance was productive of a singularly intuitive treatment. His book ascends the zenith of inspiration ; the diction is consistently beautiful ; but in some passages the reader halts to recover breath, convinced that he has brushed skirts with the miraculous. The faculty of metaphor and the sense of rhythm are alike extraordinary, and the intense poetic feeling render the essay a thing unique in criticism ; also, its pervading self-effacement is an attribute which helps to set the laurel more firmly on the author's brows.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are :

THE CARAVANERS. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The most striking feature of this exceedingly amusing book is the skill with which the autobiographer, a German officer, while obsessed with the idea of his own irresistible charm, is made to reveal himself, all unconsciously, as the embodiment of selfishness, the social prig, the consummate ass, who by his insufferable boredom breaks up the caravanning party which he has joined. His wife's adaptability to environment and adoption of English ideas, and her strength of mind displayed in throwing off the yoke of her husband's tyranny, strike one as perhaps an incredibly speedy transformation, but one greatly to be applauded.

(Emily Hunt, Glasfryn, Llanfairfechan.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Methuen.)

It would be impossible to praise too highly Mr. Belloc's latest historical work his life of Marie Antoinette. With great clearness he has made his subject stand out from the dark background of the Revolution. He reveals her a child of fate, led from one tragedy to another by a force over which she had no control. She did not bring doom upon Paris, she met it there, for "God meant the Revolution." In Mr. Belloc's crisp, vivid style she stands before us—first the proud young "Austrian" despising Paris ; later the broken woman upon whom Paris wreaked its vengeance.

(Miss M. V. Woodgate, 68, South Eaton Place, S.W.)

FOR KING OR PARLIAMENT. By S. HORTON. (Robert Culley.)

Here is a pleasant introduction to the stirring times of the Commonwealth, the history being served up with a plentiful admixture of romance and adventure. The reader is led along by the old-fashioned style, befitting a narrative told by the hero of two hundred and fifty years ago. We have vivid pictures of the all-absorbing politics and religion of those moving days and feel a more human interest in the great characters of the times, especially in Oliver Cromwell, who plays a conspicuous part and is finely portrayed in the grandeur and ruggedness of his character.

(Ebenezer Le Marc, 101, Carr Road, Fleetwood.)

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN POETRY. Selected and Translated by JETHRO BITHELL, M.A. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.)

Whoever undertakes to render foreign into English verse must have great faith in his author and a fine willingness that inevitable failures should be ascribed to himself. Professor BitHELL shows this devotion not to one writer only but to modern German poetry as a whole. If peoples are shaped rather by their ballads than their laws, then these capable translations from half a hundred poets offer to any one with a shilling in his pocket a rare knowledge of coming Germany. An informing introduction, a dedicatory sonnet to Richard Dehmel, and a valuable bibliography, preface this evident labour of love.

(Percy Redfern, "Bankside," Mellor Road, Marple Bridge, Stockport.)

GOLDEN APHRODITE. By WINIFRED CRISPE. (S. Paul & Co.)

A strange story containing much interesting character-drawing. The materials of the plot are ordinary enough, but the narrator has aroused interest and curiosity by the marked personality of the twin brothers, and by the means employed by both to gain their ends—or end. The old husband is a monster of malevolence, the young wife is Aphrodite, and the two brothers are her "angels for good or ill." Most readers will concur in saying that there is nothing "good" in her relations with any of the characters. The dénouement is *not* unexpected, but opportune. Just like a book!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CONGO. By E. D. MOREL. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A more thorough retrospect of the relations between the British and the Belgian Government, on the subject of the existing system of administration in the Congo, I have nowhere read. The tone of earnestness is striking, and throughout the volume runs a vein of deep indignation at the iniquitous treatment of the native population in the Congo. The facts which Mr. Morel gives cannot but arouse in every true reader a keen sense of shame at England's dilatoriness in attempting to "wrest the Equatorial Region of Africa from the grip of the slave system which is destroying its people."

(Miss Annie Jones, B.A., 115, Lady Margaret Road, Tulse Hill Park, London, N.)

We specially commend also the reviews of H. S. Eless (Streatham, S.W.), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Ethel M. Kempson (Birmingham), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), Ethel T. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Mrs. Florence Graham Sterling (Comrie, N.B.), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Weston-super-Mare), Mrs. Ada McCartney (Co. Tyrone), Agnes M. Tannahill (Glasgow), Miss G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), James Edgar (Manchester), Joan Harvey Hall (Aberdeen), Marion Murry Brown (Gloucester), Miss A. Clarke (High Wycombe), and F. Hadland Davis (Acton, W.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss CONSTANCE URSULA KERR, care of Mrs. Aitken, Boglily, Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, N.B.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

March 1 to April 1, 1910.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

- BRADLEY, A. G. - The Wye. Painted by Sutton Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.
 BROWNE, EDITH A. - Romanesque Architecture. 3s. 6d. net.
 ELKINGTON, E. WAY. - Canada, the Land of Hope. 3s. 6d. net.
 HOME, GORDON. The Motor Routes of France. 5s. net.
 LYDE, PROF. L. W. Man in Many Lands. 2s.
 MACKENZIE, W. M., M.A., F.S.A. Pompeii. Painted by Alberto Pisa. 7s. 6d. net.
 REYNOLDS, J. B., M.A. Ireland and Great Britain in Outline. 1s. 4d.
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SHERIDAN.

BY LEWIS MELVILLE.

MR. SICHEL concludes his Preface by imagining that Sheridan, had he seen this biography, might echo his own Dangle in "The Critic," and cry: "Egad! I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two." A careful perusal of Mr. Sichel's work * compels us reluctantly to endorse the author's fanciful picture of the great man's disapproval. This must not be taken as entirely condemnatory of the book, which is, indeed, an amazing achievement. It is a wonderful storehouse of knowledge, and contains everything that we can hope to learn about Sheridan; but great things were expected from Mr. Sichel, and we frankly confess to a keen sense of disappointment: the story of Sheridan's life has never been so fully told, nor less effectively. Mr. Sichel has had a great opportunity, for much new material has come into his possession, but he has assuredly not produced the definitive biography of Sheridan; and even as he has airily dismissed the "Lives" written by Thomas Moore and Mr. Fraser Rae, so, we may be certain, some future author will, with more of compliment perhaps, dismiss Mr. Sichel's. Until the inspired biographer shall arise, however, this book will hold the field.

Mr. Sichel's industry has been enormous, he has been amply rewarded in his tireless search for documents, and his knowledge of the eighteenth century is as great as that of any living man or woman. He had, therefore, all the qualifications for the task he set himself—all the qualifications but one: he is the slave and not the master of his erudition. Oscar

* "Sheridan." From new and original material; including a manuscript Diary by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. By Walter Sichel. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 31/6 net. (Constable.)

Wilde once declared that when a present-day novelist has sufficient imagination to invent an incident, he is so ashamed of his vivid fancy that he usually seeks to corroborate it by a lying footnote. Mr. Sichel, on the other hand, when stating a fact, hastens to support it with an entirely unnecessary footnote. If in the course of his narrative he gives incidentally a phrase from Congreve or Farquhar, or any of the numerous authors which his learning enables him to cite, he forthwith elucidates it at the bottom of the page. There are no less than twenty-six footnotes appended to the first dozen pages, of length varying from one to nineteen lines, most of which should have been omitted or incorporated in the text. Mr. Sichel, in fact, lacks discrimination in the use of his material. He is so anxious the reader shall be told everything, that he gives the unessential nearly as much prominence as the important. To give but one example: he refers to Sheridan as belonging by birthright to the

lineal succession of literary borrowers, and proceeds to discuss not Sheridan so much as the literary borrowers, quoting or giving examples from Burke, Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, Burns, Wycherley, Shakespeare, Pope, Farquhar, Molière, and Fox. It is this method of work that has swelled the biography to 956 pages, exclusive of the appendices and the index, and inclusive of them to 1,178 pages. The book everywhere suffers from over-elaboration: such care as has been devoted to its composition is to be commended for its thoroughness, but is advisable only if the writer has the saving gift of the art that conceals art. Before passing from Mr. Sichel to Sheridan, one in-



Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

After Reynolds.

"Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excellence*, the best of its kind."—*Byron's Journal*, 1813-14.



Sheridan's Father.

From "Sheridan," by Walter Sichel. (Constable.)



Sheridan's Mother.

From "Sheridan," by Walter Sichel. (Constable.)

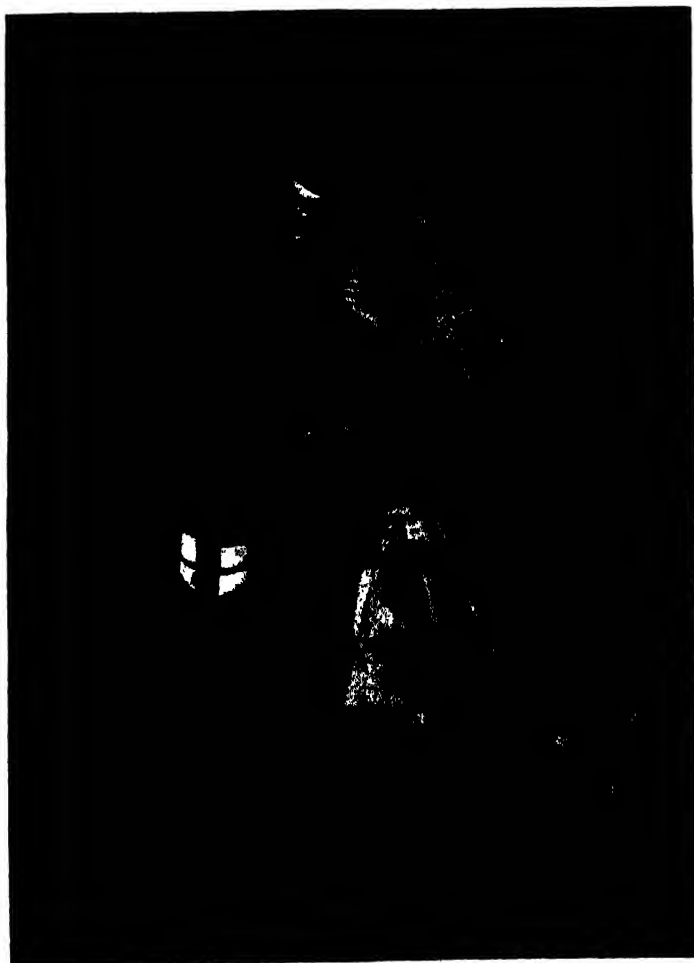
ance must be given of the biographer's method illed from one of the forty-two sections occupying 79 pages that make up the Introduction—

"It is easier to class Sheridan as a comet than to give his psychology, which, if it could be rendered in music, would prove a *scherzo serioso*, a strange medley of tears and laughter. For Sheridan was not merely a free-lance and fantastic rebel like the late Lord Randolph Churchill; he was also, what Heine has termed another, 'the knight of the laughing tear.' A constitutional melancholy neighboured his mirth, the irony of things underlay his gayest outbursts, and his mind, like that of his frolicsome forerunner, the comic Farquhar, was frequently 'dressed in black.' He would have agreed with Richardson's 'I am forced to make myself laugh that I may not cry'; with Beaumarchais' 'Je me presse de rire de tout de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer'; with Byron's

'And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.'

It is the never hackneyed

instance of Yorick without his cap and bells, of Pierrot dissolved in pathos. Those who acclaim their quips or are touched by their whimsies, only think of them as mimes, all 'paint and proverb.' 'Celui qui rit et celui qui fait me sont deux hommes fort différents.' Their audience will hardly follow them into the shipshod retreats where the wounds of body and spirit shame their despisers and vindicate their vagaries. Prior, singing 'Bannissons la mélancolie' at Madame de Tencin's, was such another. Nor is this contrast confined to worldlings. 'Indeed, I wonder,' writes Cowper in one of his marvellous letters, 'that a sportive thought should ever enter the door of my intellect, as if Harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chambers where a corpse is deposited in state.'"



From "Sheridan," by Walter Sichel. (Constable.)

"While the rest of the Linley family were at a concert, the young lady, aged eighteen, was removed in a sedan-chair, provided by the young gentleman aged twenty, to a post-chaise on the London road. They went to France, were married at a village near Calais, and Sheridan returned to Bath, leaving his young wife safe in lodgings with a sisterhood."—Henry Morley, Introduction to *Sheridan's Plays*, Universal Library. (Cassell.)

The life of Sheridan falls naturally into two main divisions—the period of his literary activity and the period of his political activity. From the biographical point of view the literary career



Thomas Moore.
After Richmond's portrait.



Lord Byron.



Samuel Rogers.
From a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence.



M. G. Lewis.
Generally known as "Monk" Lewis, by reason of his
once popular novel, "The Monk."



Charles James Fox.
(Sheridan was a member of the Fox-Grenville Ministry in 1806.)



William Pitt the Younger.
After Hoppner.
(The original is in the possession of the Marquis of Normanby.)

MEN OF SHERIDAN'S CIRCLE.

is far less interesting than the political career, though, of course, the results were far more valuable. The record of the man in the study can never grip the reader like the record of the man in the field; the thought of the writer at work never holds the imagination like the picture of the adventurer in politics or in war. Sheridan's career as a dramatist, if we exclude his adaptation of Kotzebue's "Spaniards in Peru," covered only the five years from 1774, when he wrote and produced besides "St. Patrick's Day," "The Duenna," "A Trip to Scarborough," and "The Critic," "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal." Even in these days, when sincere but ineffectual attempts are made to found national theatres, and when a repertory theatre is on the eve of opening, and there is consequently much discussion about the drama, it is not yet generally realised how few English plays there are of the first rank. Playwriting is, indeed, the most difficult art in the world. Nearly every generation has produced



Miss Linley (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan) and her Brother.
By Gainsborough. (Sackville Collection.)



"R. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P."

From an old print.

"Playing with his irritable or angry antagonist, Sheridan exposed him by sallies of wit or attacked him by classic elegance of satire; performing this arduous task in the face of a crowded assembly without losing for a moment either his presence of mind, his facility of expression or his good humour. He wounded deepest, indeed, when he smiled."—*Wrazzall's Memoirs.*

some admirable novelists, if not of the first then of the second rank, whose works are still read and appreciated. This is far from being the case with plays, and perhaps the reason is that if a play is not in the first rank it will speedily die, for nothing ages so quickly as the second-rate comedy or drama. It is, of course, something that a man should write a successful play, it is more that a man should write a literary play; but it is one of life's little ironies that most successful plays are not literary. Therein lies the reason of their early demise. Literary plays are usually divorced from dramatic effect, and in that fact may be discerned the cause why they do not endure. It is only when the man of letters writes a play instinct with life and character that it can stand the assaults of time; and how rarely this happens is obvious, for the Georgian era, so brilliant in fiction, produced in plays that live to-day as fresh as when they were created "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal." Nor is this merely an isolated example, for the only comedy produced in the Victorian era for which there is any hope of prolonged life is "The Importance of being Earnest." A study of these four masterpieces—all of them, by a strange coincidence, written by Irishmen—shows that a great comedy must contain inimitable character-drawing, great and fanciful humour, a touch



Scene from "The Critic."

(From an early edition of Sheridan's plays.)

"Whiskerandos. My conquering Tilburina! How! is't thus

We meet? Why are thy looks averse? What means That falling tear,—that frown of boding woe?

Ha! now indeed I am a prisoner!

Yes, now I feel the galling weight of these

Disgraceful chains,—which, cruel Tilburina!

Thy dotting captive gloried in before.

But thou art false, and Whiskerandos is undone!

Tilburina O no, how little dost thou know thy Tilburina!

Whiskerandos Art thou then true? Begone cares, doubts, and fears;

I make you all a present to the winds,

And if the winds reject you, try the waves."

The Critic, Act II. Scene ii.



"Enter PORTER.

"Porter. Here's one without, in pressing haste to speak with Father Paul."

The Duenna, Act III. Scene v.

Scene from "The Duenna."

(From an early edition of Sheridan's plays.)



Scene from "The Rivals."

(From an early edition of Sheridan's plays.)

"Sir Anthony. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the powers of unrelenting beauty; and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow. I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Malaprop. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects! (*Aside to her.*)

Sir Anthony. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance. Now Jack, speak to her. (*Aside to him.*)"

The Rivals, Act IV. Scene ii.



Mrs. Sheridan
(Elizabeth Anne Linley).

By Reynolds. (In the Glasgow Corporation Gallery.)

of malice, and kindly satire on society, and that it must have its foundation fixed firmly on a broad aspect of life. The play that lacks any one of these qualities may be vastly successful for a while, as may that which deals with some passing fashion or topical subject; but the history of literature shows that none of these have endured or can endure. Sheridan had the genius of the dramatist, and it was a sad day for literature when he abandoned the study for the senate.

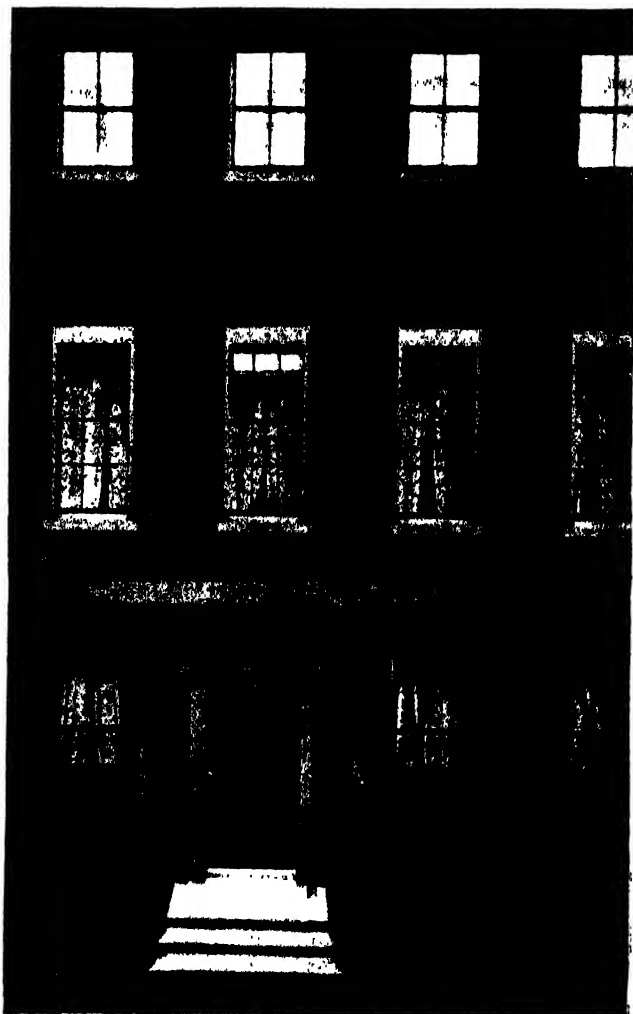
The transition was rapid. On October 29, 1779, "The Critic" was produced at Drury Lane, then under the management of the author; in the following September Sheridan entered the House of Commons as member for Stafford. His career as a politician brought him more renown than the production of his comedy, and it is too well known for more than a passing reference even a hundred years after his death. His speeches in the House of Commons made him a marked figure, his speeches in Westminster Hall gave him a world-wide reputation. Yet the whirligig of time brings revenge in its train, and as the years pass Sheridan the orator becomes a tradition, and Sheridan the playwright receives the full guerdon of his literary fame. It is Sheridan of the study rather than Sheridan of Westminster Palace before whom to-day we bow the knee, great orator though he was undoubtedly, and though the man himself thought more highly of his forensic laurels. "His heart stayed in the assembly of the nation," as Mr. Sichel puts it; "and

to the last, like Congreve, he slighted his theatrical triumphs"—which only shows that even great men do not always justly estimate the value of their achievements.

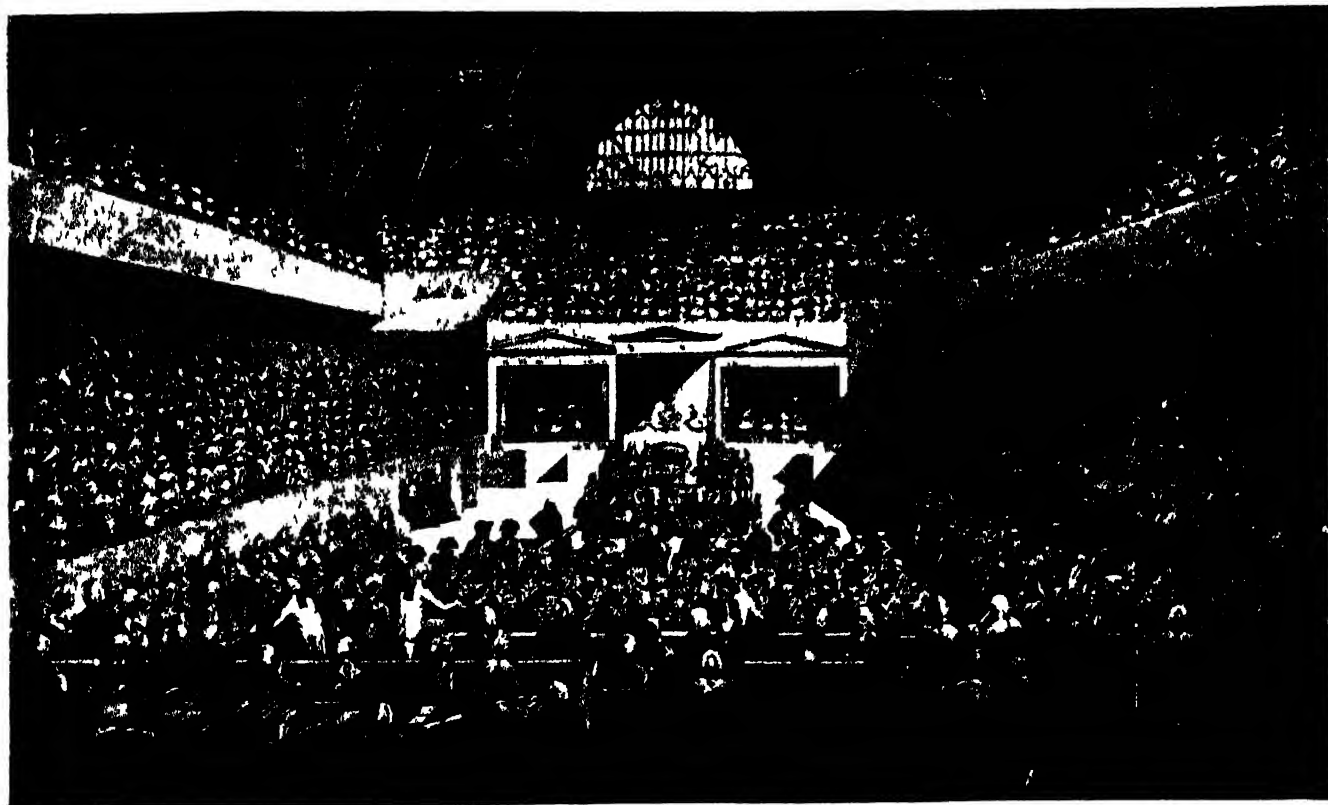
Successful beyond all men since Shakespeare as a dramatist, and one of the most brilliant politicians of his day, second on his own side only to Charles James Fox, Sheridan found his Waterloo behind the colonnade of Carlton House. For the rôle of a Georgian buck he was not fully equipped. There weaknesses were strength, and strength weaknesses. His wit made him a delightful companion, according to Moore.

"Whose mind was an essence compounded with art
From the first and the best of other men's powers
Who ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or draw down its
showers."

"The First Gentleman of Europe" could enjoy wit and conversational nimbleness, nor was he without appreciation of Sheridan's devotion in his later years to the bottle, of his extravagance and irresponsibility. These qualities were so much to Sheridan's credit at the court of the Heir-Apparent; but they were more than counterbalanced by such lamentable failings as poverty, independence, and loyalty. To be loyal to a party was in his Royal Highness's eyes a crime that nothing could excuse when he and the party were in conflict; and so



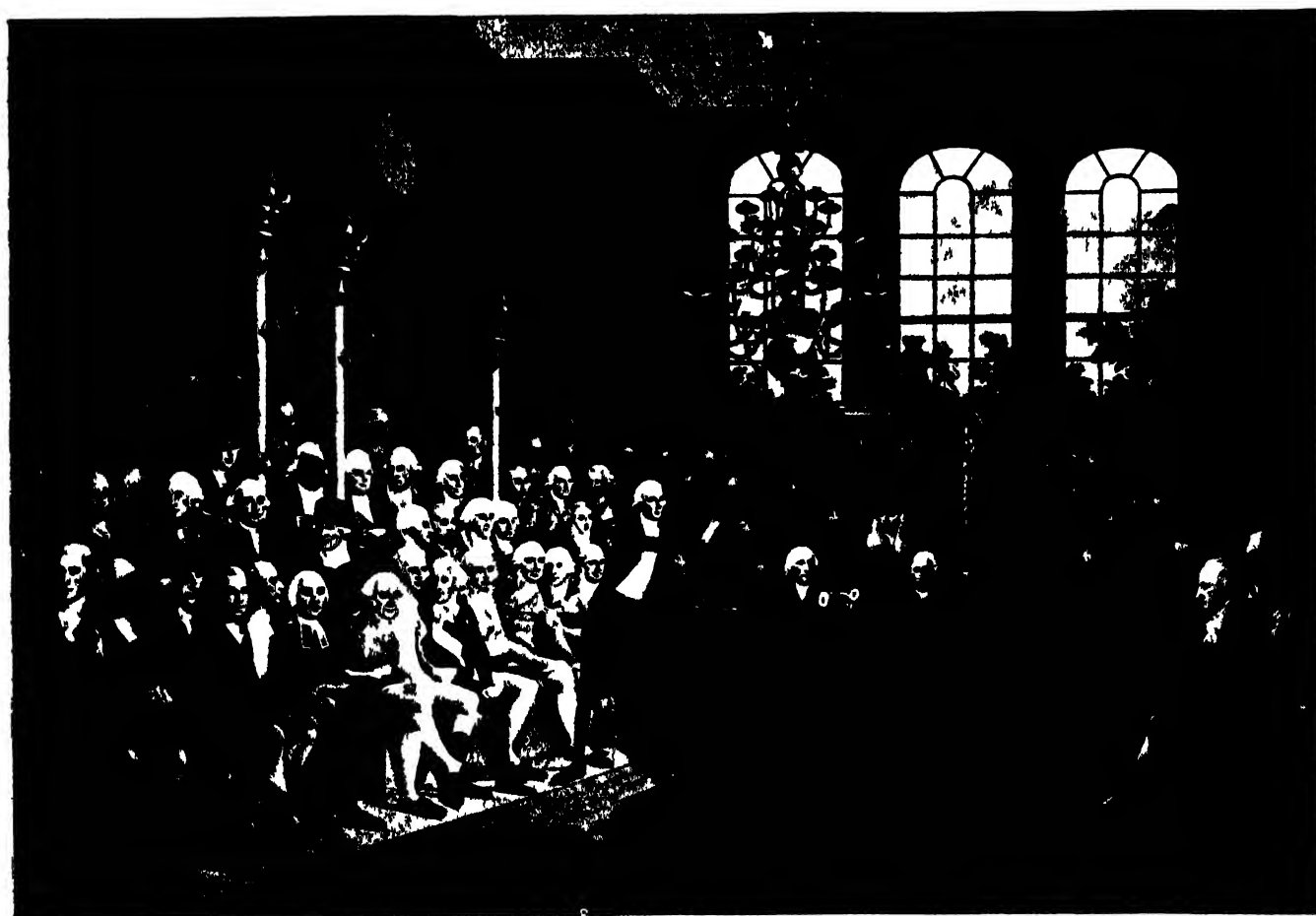
Sheridan's Home, 14, Savile Row.
Here Sheridan died in 1816.



Opening of the Trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, 1788.

From an old engraving

Hastings had short shrift but a long ordeal. It had employed some of the finest brains of his time. Burke and Fox and Grey highly distinguished themselves but the supreme success was reserved for Sheridan whose name abides more closely linked to the trial than any other. —From 'Sheridan,' by Walter Hickel. (Constable.)



Interior of the Old House of Commons in St. Stephen's Chapel, 1793.

William Pitt is here seen addressing the House. Among those present are Canning, Wilberforce, Sheridan, Erskine, and Charles James Fox. From the painting by Karl Anton Hickel.

Dear Sir,

I have been about spunging the voters which were to have followed you to Althorp every day since you left town and as noble as such an employment as I have been diverted from it by one thing or other still more noble even than spunging. I believe I shall give up all attempts to spunge in future, for my efforts in that way always bring me into some foolish predicament which I write in a hurry I always feel to be not worth reading, and what I try to take pains with I am sure never to finish. However such as it is the paper shall solicit your return, and it will then have the advantage of finding you less at leisure to be critical - tho' indeed but that I am not sure of your even receiving this at Althorp I would endeavour to acquit myself of my promise that

Facsimile of the first page of a Letter written by Sheridan.

it came to pass that Sheridan, who for years with heart and soul served his royal master, was in the end betrayed and cast aside by him, as was every one who could no longer render him service.

The account of the last years of Sheridan's life makes sad reading, and his reproachful appeal from a Cursitor Street spunging-house to Samuel Whitbread, a trustee of his marriage settlement and one of his partners in Drury Lane Theatre, is indeed piteous:

"Whitbread, putting all false professions of friendship and feeling out of the question, you have no right to keep me here! For it is in truth *your* act. If you had not forcibly withheld from me the *twelve thousand pounds* in consequence of a threatening letter from a miserable swindler whose claim you know to be a lie, I should at least have been out of the reach of *this* state of miserable insult—for that, and that only,

lost me my seat in Parliament. And I assert that you cannot find a lawyer in the land that is not either a natural-born fool or a corrupted scoundrel who will not declare that your conduct in this respect was neither warrantable nor legal—but let that pass *for the present*. Independently of the £1,000 ignorantly withheld from me on the day of considering my last claim, I require of you to answer the draft I send herewith on the part of the Committee, pledging myself to prove to them on the first day I can *personally* meet them that there are still thousands on thousands due to me, both legally and equitably, from the theatre. My word ought to be taken on this subject, and you may produce to them this document, if one among them could think that under all the circumstances your conduct required a justification. O God! with what mad confidence have I trusted *your word*! I ask justice from you, and no boon. I enclosed you yesterday three different securities which, had you been disposed to have acted even as a private friend, would have made it *certain* that you might have done so *without the smallest risk*. These you discreetly offered to put into the fire when you found the object of your humane visit satisfied by seeing me safe in prison. I shall only add that I think, if I know myself, had our lots been reversed, and I had seen you in my situation, and had left Lady Elizabeth in that of my wife, I would have risked £600, rather than have left you so—although I had been in no way accessory in bringing you into that condition."

Could anything be more sad than that Sheridan should have been reduced to such a pass? That Sheridan was improvident and irresponsible must be frankly admitted, and that as manager of Drury Lane

Theatre he was a square peg in a round hole cannot for an instant be denied, and in so far he all-unwittingly brought his troubles on his own head. Yet, extrava-



The Hustings in Covent Garden.

From a drawing by G. Schay.

"At a later election for Westminster, when the Whig cause was upheld by Sheridan, while the Tory candidate was one Paull, whose father had been a tailor, Cyrus Redding saw some men bringing upon their shoulders, from Drury Lane to the hustings here, a stage upon which four tailors were plying their needles, with a live goose and several large cabbages. This stage was borne close up to Paull amidst roars of laughter. A voter called out to Sheridan that he had always supported him, but should now, after such a disgraceful proceeding, withdraw his countenance from him. 'Take it away at once, take it away at once!' cried Sheridan; 'it is the most villainous-looking countenance I ever beheld.'"

From "London Town, Past and Present," by W. W. Hutchings. (Cassell.)

gant, improvident, and irresponsible, he did not greatly bungle his affairs, since he died three years later less than five thousand pounds in debt, during which last three years, owing to ill-health and misfortune, he had earned nothing at all. A friend or two might, then, without the outlay of a penny-piece at the time of his arrest, have set him on his feet—for the expenditure of the last three profitless years might well account for the five thousand pounds. Such friends, however, were not forthcoming, and though the man's true spirit was never broken, and until the end he held his head high, yet his heart was sore within him and the bitterness took some hold of his gentle heart.

L'autobiographie c'est la vérité. A man's account of himself is generally better than any other man's account of him, for he is sure, consciously or unconsciously, to reveal the truth. Sheridan left no autobiography, but many of his letters have been preserved, and therein more surely than in another's record may be discerned the man in his habit as he lived. Therein we see him, proud, honest, noble, independent—his virtues far greater than his failings.

"'I have never done a base or dishonest act,' he wrote late in life to his second wife, 'I have never omitted to do a kind, a generous, or a benevolent one when I had the power. But sins of omission—ah, me!—senseless credulity, destructive procrastination, unworthy indolence, all abetted by one vile habit, somewhat, perhaps, to be palliated by an original infirmity of constitution—an occasional and unaccountable dejection of spirits without a



Sheridan's Second Wife
(Hester Jane Ogle) and her son.
After Hoppner.

cause, and a constant inability to sleep, but never to be excused.'"

It may be taken as an axiom, however distressing it may be to have to subscribe to it, that the conditions under which a man does his work are those best suited to his genius; and therefore it behoves us not to cavil at the want of continuity in Sheridan's life. It is often said that if he had not abandoned playwriting at the age of eight-and-twenty, what a wonderful series of comedies he might have written; but as against this may be set forth the probability that if he had not exhausted this vein he would have undoubtedly continued in the paths of dramatic authorship. The man himself, better than another, knows when he has spent his gold, and anyhow, there can be no grievance against him who enriched the English theatre by "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal."

More remarkable than Sheridan's versatility was his irresponsibility. He came to London practically penniless, and, with the wife he had won literally at the point of the sword, set up house, entertained lavishly, and lived in the lap of luxury on nothing a year, never doubting that he could make his name and, what at the moment was more important, pay his way. His faith in his abilities was justified from the first, and his powers as an entertainer universally admitted. After meeting Sheridan, Fox told Townshend that he thought Sheridan infinitely surpassed the wittiest men



Entrance to the Second Drury Lane Theatre, 1775.

Showing the "Adam" front facing Bridge Street. Sheridan became manager of Drury Lane in 1776, and "The School for Scandal" was originally produced there in 1777.

he had ever met. "An evening at Sheridan's," he is reported to have said, "is worth a week's waiting for." Henceforth these two formed a mutual admiration society. "Sheridan told me next day," Townshend has written, "that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and that it was a puzzle to him to say what he admired most, his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered."

Though Sheridan had fallen upon evil days, deserted by the Regent, thrown over by his party, ignored by many who had been his friends, yet the report of his death did indeed eclipse the gaiety of nations, and those who had failed him in his need, too late repentant of their attitude, made what amends they could by following his corpse to its last resting-place in the



"Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan."

Engraved by E. Scriven from an original miniature.

Abbey—a tardy apology that roused generous-hearted Tom Moore to fury.

"Where were they, these Royal Noble persons, who now crowded to 'partake the gale' of Sheridan's glory; where were they all, while any life remained in him? (he cried bitterly). Where were they all, but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking—or when the zeal, now wasted on the grave, might have soothed and comforted the death-bed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with patience. If the man was unworthy of the commonest offices of humanity while he lived, why all this parade of regret and homage over his tomb?"

Many eulogies were pronounced upon Sheridan after he had gone to the unknown land, but the finest epitaph was uttered by Tom Creevey, who wrote simply: "There is no one to take the chair he leaves." Nearly one hundred years have passed, and Sheridan's chair is still empty.

THE CENTENARY OF SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

A MOST influential committee, representative of all creeds and parties in the north of Ireland, appointed after a town's meeting summoned by the Lord Mayor of Belfast, have decided to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Sir Samuel Ferguson, the famous Irish scholar, antiquary, and poet, in the terms of the following resolutions:

1. That a subscription list be forthwith opened to raise a suitable memorial to Sir Samuel Ferguson.
2. That the memorial should include the establishment of a Ferguson lectureship or a scholarship in Belfast and also the execution of a bust to be placed in Belfast Municipal Library.

The Centenary celebrations on March 10 next, to which some three hundred distinguished visitors will be invited, will consist of a reception by the Lord Mayor of Belfast, an exhibition of Ferguson memorials, including the MS. of such famous poems as "The Lament for Thomas Davis" and "The Welshmen of Tirawley," which Swinburne pronounced one of the finest ballads in the English language, the original letters of a group of Ferguson's distinguished literary friends such as "Christopher North," Aubrey de Vere, William Allingham, Dr. William, Dr. Whitley and Miss Margaret Stokes, the Bishop of Limerick, Dean Graves, General Chesney, the Blackwoods, and the Irish antiquaries O'Donovan, O'Curry, Gilbert and many others—portraits of these friends and of Ferguson himself, the casts of the

Ogham inscriptions made by Ferguson with his own hands, and the beautiful sketches and drawings produced by him when following the track of Irish saints, missionaries, and scholars up and down the Continent.

A concert lecture, dealing with Ferguson as an Irish song-writer, and illustrated by the best settings of the Irish airs to which these songs were composed, will form part of the programme, with recitations of Ferguson's poems, and, it is to be hoped, a performance by the Ulster Literary Theatre of one of his heroic plays will complete the Centenary proceedings. There is also a movement on foot for making the writings of Sir Samuel Ferguson better known in the Irish schools, and it is not unlikely that a de luxe edition of his poetical and prose works in two volumes, illustrated by well-known Irish artists, may be produced in the course of the year. Moreover, the Irish Literary Society of London will give a Ferguson Centenary Entertainment on the evening of March 5, at which Ferguson's Poems will be recited by Miss Florence Farr, Miss Helen Mather, and Mr. Joseph Campbell, and his songs and others will be sung by Miss May Coleman, Miss Kemp, and Mr. Owen Colyer to the harp and piano settings of Miss Macdonald and Mrs. Milligan Fox.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, sixth and youngest child of John Ferguson and his wife, Agnes Knox, was born in Belfast on March 10, 1810.



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

*Your devoted Son,
Sam. Ferguson*

From "Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day," by Lady Ferguson. (Blackwood.)

The Ferguson family had migrated to the north of Ireland from Scotland about the year 1640, and we find Samuel Ferguson, Sir Samuel's grandfather, resident at Standing Stone in the County of Antrim. The younger Samuel was educated at the Academical Institution at Belfast, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1838, and to the inner Bar in 1850.

In 1807 he retired from the practice of his profession to become the first Deputy Keeper of the records of Ireland. He had married in 1848 Mary Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert R. Guinness, and soon settled permanently at 20, North Great George's Street, Dublin. In the same year he founded the Protestant Repeal Association to aid the Young Ireland movement, but subsequently withdrew entirely from active politics.

In 1805, after the publication of his "Lays of the Western Gael," he received

the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa* from Dublin University, and in 1874 was made an honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. His knighthood was conferred on him in 1878. He was made President of the Royal Irish Academy in 1881, and at the tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh in 1884 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. He made his first appearance as an author under the auspices of *Blackwood's Magazine* with the "Forging of the Anchor," which appeared in the February number of *Blackwood* for the year 1832. It attracted the attention of Professor Wilson, who read it out to his literary coterie. "But is the 'Forging of the Anchor' your own, Kit?" asked Tickler, on hearing it. "I wish it were," was North's reply. "But the world will yet hear of the writer. Belfast gave him birth, and he bears the same name with a true poet of our own Scotland—Ferguson. 'Maga' will be proud of introducing him to the world." For exactly fifty years Ferguson continued to contribute to *Blackwood*, both in prose and verse, his most famous efforts being those two brilliant pieces of humour, "The Wet Wooing" and "Father Tom and the Pope," reprinted in "Tales from *Blackwood*," and pirated more than once in America. A little later, in the early 'thirties, he published "The Fairy Thorn," an exquisite piece of poetical wizardry, lately republished in Mr. Alfred Noyes's collection, "The Magic Casement." Then followed a series of verse translations from the Gaelic, and after them came a long series of Irish historic tales, "The Hibernian Nights' Entertainments," published in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

Overwrought at the Bar, he recruited his health on the Continent, employing much of his time in a diligent examination of museums, libraries, and architectural remains wherever traces of the early Irish scholars and missionaries might be looked for. His notebooks are in consequence enriched with exquisite sketches of scenery and antiquities and pen-and-ink sketches of foreign cathedrals.

Thus his travels added largely to his knowledge of



Royal Belfast Academical Institution.

Where Sir Samuel Ferguson, Lord Kelvin, and many other distinguished Irishmen were educated.



Sir Samuel Ferguson.

From a drawing by Sir F. W. Burton.

From "Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day," by Lady Ferguson. (Blackwood.)

art and history. In consequence he became a busy writer on archaeological as well as literary questions, and as an evidence of the variety of his work at this

time may be mentioned his famous *jeu d'esprit*, "Father Tom and the Pope," and his letter to Hallam the historian, which led to the erection of a statue in the new Houses of Parliament to Henri de Londres, Archbishop of London in the thirteenth century, whose just claim to that distinction would otherwise have been overlooked. Many of Ferguson's articles in magazines and reviews at the time deal with such general subjects as the poetry of Burns and of Mrs. Browning, Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" and "Seven Lamps of Architecture," Lavard's "Nineveh" and Chesney's volume on Artillery. But the work which was distinctly his, and to which his best faculties were given, was concerned with Ireland and covered a wide field. For we find him dealing now with Irish music, now with Irish architecture; or again with Irish annals, Irish law, or Irish antiquities--Pagan and Christian--and yet attending to such subjects of modern importance as the attractions and capabilities of his country.

To these prose works he was meantime adding his "Lament for Thomas Davis" (communicated from his sick-bed to Charles Gavan Duffy, and certainly one of his finest efforts); his "Inheritor and Economist," a poem in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. Then came "Dublin," another satire after Juvenal, his "Westminster Abbey" and his "Cromlech on Howth," otherwise "Aileen's Grave," exquisitely illustrated and illuminated from the Book of Kells by his friend Miss Margaret Stokes.

Ferguson then published his epic "Congal" (founded on the ancient bardic tale of the battle of Moy-Rath), which he himself considered his *magnum opus*, though

The Welshmen of Tirawley.

*Scorrey ^{Bruce} ~~And~~ the Benetti's belief, land & home,
To lift the Lygott's tax when he came,
Rudely drew a young maid to him,
Then the Lygott's rose & slew him,
And in Gbar-ra-Scorrey threw him --
Small your Head
Mighty
Whitkin Lygott!*

Long the Vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley

Facsimile of a Verse from Sir Samuel Ferguson's Poem, "The Welshmen of Tirawley."

Kindly lent by Miss Maive Stokes, the original MS. having been given to her father, Dr. Whitley Stokes, the famous Celtic scholar, by the author.

a subsequent volume of poems containing "Conary" and "Deirdré" and "The Naming of Cuchullin," and published in 1880, won warmer admiration from William Allingham and Mr. W. B. Yeats. Two posthumously published volumes of Ferguson's are "Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland," and the "Remains of St. Patrick," a verse rendering of the writings of Ireland's national saint. "Lays of the Red Branch," published after his death by Lady Ferguson, his devoted wife and partner in all his pursuits, is a collection from all the different volumes of her husband's poems which deal with the Connorian Cycle of Irish heroic literature, arranged in historical order and furnished with an historical introduction.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, after an illness of some months' duration a failure of the heart's action passed away on August 9, 1886, at Shand Lodge, Howth. His personal popularity, attested to by many friendships formed through life amongst old and

the vague undefined, shadowy grandeur, the supernatural glamour of Northern romance, with the self-restraint, distinct symmetrical outline, ordered proportion, and organic construction of the Greek classic." More than this, as Mr. Aubrey de Vere observes, "Its



Mr. William Blackwood.*

Founder of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and Editor at the time when Sir Samuel Ferguson made his chief contributions to it.
(By permission of Messrs. Blackwood.)

qualities are those characteristic of the noble, not the ignoble poetry—namely, passion, imagination, vigour, an epic largeness of conception, wide human sympathies, vivid and truthful description—while with them it unites none of the vulgar stimulants for exhausted or morbid poetic appetite, whether the epicurean seasoning, the sceptical, or the revolutionary."

A tendency to act at times as commentator on his own work and to present it at others in a too ponderously Latinised form are, with the careless, not to say bluff, disregard for verbal delicacies into which he now and again lapses, the only proclivities to which exception



The Cave Hill, Belfast, showing the head of Liberty.

The scene of Sir Samuel Ferguson's best story. (Corry MacGilmore)

young of every persuasion and party, was confirmed at his death by the commingling of all classes and creeds at his funeral as it passed to St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Ferguson was unquestionably the poet of the past century who has most powerfully influenced the literary history of his country. It was in his writings that the great work of restoring to Ireland the spiritual treasure it had lost in parting with the Gaelic tongue was decisively begun. As Mr. Yeats points out, "he was wiser than Young Ireland in the choice of his models, for while drawing not less than they from purely Irish sources, he turned to the great poets of the world for his style and notably to Homer," and the result, writes Roden Noel, is that "'Congal' and his shorter Irish heroic poems combine in a striking manner



Dunagor Church, Co. Antrim.

Where Sir Samuel and Lady Ferguson worshipped, and are buried.

can be taken in Ferguson's technique. But his method is uniformly manly, and his occasional periods of majestic inspiration sweep our minor critical objections

before them, as the blast from his Mananan's mantle swept the hero and his hound into the valley, like leaves before the wind.

LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS.

BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

I walked through Ballindery in the spring-time,
When the bud was on the tree ;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty
On the quick seed-clasping soil.
"Even such, this day, among the fresh stirred hearts
of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil !"

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap ;
And I said as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,
Through the spray and through the prone heaps
striving onward
To the calm, clear streams above,
"So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom,
Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love !"

I stood on Derrybawn in the autumn,
And I heard the eagle call,
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
That filled the wide mountain hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie ;
And I said, as he screamed and soared,
"So callest thou, thou wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored !"

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of danger's plough !
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now ?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful
planting
Against the Resurrection morn ?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
That swells round Erin's shore !
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more ;
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their
raging,
Where troubled waters never come !

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
That thy wrathful cry is still ;
And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
Are heard to-day on Erin's hill ;
Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us
(God avert that horrid day I pray),
That, ere our hands be stained with slaughter
fratricidal,
Thy warm heart should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
That he will not suffer those right hands,
Which thou hast joined in holier bands than wedlock,
To draw opposing brands.
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
Would lie cold and silent then ;
And songless long once more, should oft-widowed Erin
Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise.
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindness, in justice,
To make Erin a nation yet :
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union or in severance free and strong—
And if God grant this, then under God, to Thomas
Davis
Let the greater praise belong.

THE FORBIDDEN LAND.

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

AS a rule the men who can do things cannot write about them and the men who can write are not equally good at deeds. Sir Sven Hedin,* as he must now be called, has a great advantage over the majority of explorers in possessing a pen which is his willing servant. He writes so easily, so naturally, and with such a naive interest in the smallest incidents of his journeyings—the gambols of his dogs, the moods of his servants, or any of the trifles that make a variety in the monotony of travel—that one has a sensation of travelling with him on the long, long trail, through the dreary, eerie mountains and plains of Tibet. It cannot be conscientiously said that we enjoy every minute of the journey. At times the monotony and trifling character of the incidents which fill the day's diary are as wearisome to us as they must have been to the traveller. But one struggles on, just as he and his servants did, and the intense human interest with which he endows his followers, his pets, and the people he encounters cause us to feel towards them a sense of comradeship, so that we cannot desert them. The writer of this review confesses to having prolonged the sitting over Vol. II. to unreasonable hours in order to find out what became of Little Puppy, the offspring of Brown Puppy, who, after accompanying her master during eighteen months of travel, gets left behind and lost in Chap. LXII. No dog-lover can read unmoved the grievings of her master for his lost companion and friend. For a long time he was haunted by the idea of the restless shade of the

lost, perhaps starving dog, following him about and whining for the help he could not give. The horses and mules too, patient victims on the shrine of man's ambition, are the subjects of painful interest to us as they were to the explorer.

"After a while we passed the valley junction and were again on the great caravan route, the road of dead horses. . . . What sufferings and what desperate struggles for life these dreary mountains must have witnessed in the course of time! Lying awake at night one fancies one hears the sighs of worn-out pack animals and their laboured breathing as they patiently go towards their end, and sees an endless parade of veterans condemned to die who can endure no more in the service of cruel man. . . . If any road in the world deserves the name 'Via Dolorosa,' it is the caravan road over the Karakorum Pass connecting Eastern

Turkestan with India. Like an enormous 'bridge of sighs' it spans with its airy arches the highest mountain-land of Asia and of the world."

The human followers of Sven Hedin are as much the subjects of sympathetic interest as his four-footed servants, and it is in his essential humanity and patience, allied to an inflexible purpose, that lies the secret of his success. In 1897, when the writer of this review was living in Peking, he received a visit from the Swedish explorer who, starting from Orenburg, had then just traversed Northern Tibet on his way to the capital of China. He was about to return, partly to pick up one of his servants who had been left on the way, and the quiet confidence with which he spoke of retracing his steps was as striking as the contrast between his achievements and his appearance—a dapper



"'Where are you going?' they asked me."

From "Trans-Himalaya," by Sven Hedin. (Macmillan.)

* "Trans-Himalaya." By Sven Hedin. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

little man, with no sign of exceptional physical strength. In the two volumes before us we are immensely struck with the courage and devotion of his followers, and remember that a good master makes good servants. Sven Hedin inspires his men not only with trust but with affection, so that they will labour to the utmost to promote his plans.

His first design had been to enter Tibet from India, and as far as the Viceroy and the local government were concerned, he had no difficulty, but the Secretary of State for India had decided otherwise, so the frontier was sealed, and the explorer had to overcome his worst difficulties in getting a start at all. From Kashmir, with a surreptitiously collected caravan, he set out via Leh and Ladak, ostensibly to travel in Eastern Turkestan. Once out of touch with officialdom, however, he struck west across the Karakorum, with its tangle of mountains and lakes, and, reaching the great plains where are met the nomads in their black tents, then due south, he crossed his own tracks of a previous journey; and, reaching the valley of the Brahmaputra, visited Shigatse and spent some time at Tashi-lunpo, where the Tashi Lama, the greatest spiritual authority in Tibet after the Dalai Lama, received him with special kindness. The description of this Tibetan dignitary is very interesting, and his countenance in the photographs most prepossessing. After this rest in comparative civilisation, Sven Hedin struck west, chiefly along the course of the Brahmaputra, whose sources he located; and then from the birthplace of the Indus, which he discovered, after one excursion north-east, he crossed the Jukti-la pass and returned to Gartok, where he was once more in touch with the world outside Asia. Most men would have been satisfied with the work done, but not Sven Hedin, for there were still great gaps on the map which he had not succeeded in filling up.

Dismissing his old caravan, of which five four-legged animals and all the men save one survived, he got together, with the aid of a trader named Gulam Razul, a smaller and more compact party. Speed and secrecy were needed, and false reports of the direction to be taken were circulated. Thus equipped, they started off again, and disaster nearly overtook them in the snowy passes of the Karakorum, for the new caravan-leader provided provender for the supposed journey to Khotan only, and not for the much longer expedition, which would only bring them in touch with human beings again when they emerged once more on the Tibetan plateau. The plateau was crossed again, west of the first route, but in a parallel direction. The great range on the south, which Sven Hedin calls Trans-Himalaya, was again crossed and re-crossed, the explorer making a figure of eight with his track, and, finally returning once more to the sacred lake of Manasarowar, which plays a great part in the narrative, he worked his way along the Sutlej and ended at Poo, where were hospitable Moravian missionaries, whence the road lay open to India and home.

The geographical results of these extended journeys

cannot be fully estimated from a popular description of them, such as is given in these volumes; but, roughly speaking, they have filled in, with considerable accuracy, a greater part of the space north of the Brahmaputra, which in the Royal Geographical Society's 1906 map of Tibet was marked "unexplored." Sven Hedin has the technical education which is necessary for geographical observation and he is untiring in his survey work, but to the mere mechanical task of measuring and computing he adds that of giving a pictorial representation of the country and its people, and succeeds admirably both in sketches and photographs. Indeed the former, although he claims no artistic merit for them, are not only interesting but are often remarkably accomplished, particularly when depicting architecture. In word-painting he is equally happy, and the description of Lake Manasarowar—that great turquoise set in snow—and of the night expedition he made on its surface, and the storm which overtook him, are passages which remain in one's memory as pictures of unusual beauty and strength.

Some geographers seem inclined to quarrel with Sven Hedin for the title he bestows alike on his book and on the range of mountains which he traversed in various directions and may certainly claim to have partially surveyed, though the word "discovered" is perhaps a little inaccurate since other travellers have crossed it. The indomitable Fathers Huc and Gabet, the travellers Calvert, Littledale, and Count de Lesdain, one Tibetan pundit and half a dozen Indians (notably Nain Singh in 1867 and 1873 and Krishna in 1881) have traversed the regions, some of them being able to make a certain number of calculations and observations. Moreover, two Englishmen, Ryder and Wood, on their voyage up the Brahmaputra were able to take observations of some of the summits. The tracking of the sources of the Indus, the Brahmaputra, and the Sutlej is another interesting part of his work, though his detailed observation does not actually add much to geographical knowledge on these points. Finally, his whole expedition is to be regarded as exploration of the first class, carried out in the true scientific spirit, and resulting in none of those political disturbances which timid folk had seemed to fear, but rather in the establishment of cordial relations between the natives and the white man who represented Europe in their eyes. Sir Sven Hedin does not attempt to discuss the high political motives which keep Tibet still closed to European explorers, but he proves abundantly that Tibetans themselves have no prejudices, and that even Chinese officials are ready to close an eye if they can do so without danger to themselves. The fear of discovery and of being turned back, especially on the second journey when Sven Hedin travelled in disguise as a servant in the caravan, gives excitement to the narrative, and whether one is a serious geographer or a schoolboy this latest book on the forbidden land will keep one interested for many hours. It is well translated, excellently got up, and admirably illustrated, but the maps are rather too localised for the ordinary reader.

New Books.

NAPOLÉON'S LAST DAYS.*

These laureate books, "crowned by the French Academy," always attract but do not always satisfy. Let me suggest as a motto for the present one, which is nothing less than an autopsy or dissection of the great Emperor, two lines from Juvenal's satires:

"Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in dace summo
Invemes? He est quem non capit Africa."

Weigh the marvellous little Corsican; find out how many kilogrammes will just turn the scale against him whom Africa could not contain. Do yet more. With a Hamlet-like persistency in tracking down imperial men to dust and after, lay bare in the sight of vulgar modern French readers the thing which was left when the surgeons had used their knives upon this dead hero. I am not blaming them. But shall there never be a limit to the foul curiosity which is now rapidly usurping the place of literature and science? The age of chivalry is gone long ago; and now reverence for humanity itself is taking flight. Why drag these official reports from secret archives and scatter them on the pavement? It is desecration.

So I cannot but think; therefore I have no intention of commending for general study this collection of sordid and in the end most unpleasant details, especially since they add nothing essential to what we have already learnt concerning that dismal fifth act of Napoleon's tragedy. How much better if some gifted French poet would lift the legend of Prometheus-Bonaparte on his rock in mid-Atlantic to the heights, fixing it in superb and melancholy verses! Then the whole world would be touched once more by "the sense of tears in mortal things"; for we could not help pitying the one titanic figure who stands above our *crue* of revolutions, alone in his grand imaginations, his marble beauty, his strength, his charm, his crimes, his punishment. But no, the Rostands of our time have not done it, will not do it. Among the French whom he "loved so well," Napoleon had fierce enemies; he would

not have discovered one soul that was indifferent. Under the Third Republic, despite an occasional thrill, as when "L'Aiglon" appeared, his legend is dying. The new democracy wants as few heroes as possible: it demands peace at any price. Napoleon, wrapt in his soldier's cloak, sleeps beneath the dome of the Invalides. And M. Urbain Gohier starts a long anti-militarist campaign by writing "The Army against the Nation." That old conquering people, the Franks, who fought so splendidly whether for God or Devil, seems transformed if not, in the main, extinct.

Dilettanti, of course, will add this volume to their Napoleon library. Expert students will glean from its chaff a gram here and there—trifles about the bad manners of Hudson Lowe, the farming exploits of General Pine Coffin, the furniture and wall-papers of Longwood, the quarrels which were continually breaking out between the Emperor's attendants, the cost of his table, and the dishes that he affected. None of all this mattered greatly. When Prometheus landed on his rock he was doomed. True, the something which makes Englishmen hated by foreigners, and which led Goethe to call them pedants, their red tape, their lack of a finer sense in certain situations, has given the most illustrious prisoner they ever held an advantage over them which, if I were English, would bring the hot blood to my face in reading this gaol-diary. All along England's officials with rare and honourable exceptions, were as stupid as they were mean. To these Lalputions the Emperor was only General Bonaparte; his sufferings were put on, his attitude was theatrical. Step by step their frightened or perverse regulations banished him within an ever-lessening circle until he became a prisoner in his unhealthy rooms, without a physician he trusted or space in which to turn round. He underwent in mind and body the *peine forte et dure* of a system which may be compared to the frightful African torment of being devoured alive by ants. Yet the London Government did not mean to be cruel, except as dull mediocrity is always cruel, for lack of understanding. Had Napoleon been tried, let us say for defaming English travellers, against the laws of all nations, in France when he broke the Peace

* "The Drama of St. Helena." By Paul Frémeaux. Translated by Alfred Rich, B.A., and the Author. (Melrose.)



Napoleon's Funeral Cortège, May 9, 1821.

From an old print.
From "The Drama of St. Helena," by Paul Frémeaux. (Melrose.)

of Amiens—tried, convicted, and executed, he would have met his deserts; and who could condemn the British rulers for so handling a brigand-chief? But the drama of St. Helena is ignominious—an everlasting shame. And that M. Frémeaux so construes it cannot surprise any one who has gone over the squalid particulars or mastered even their outline.

But still I question if there was need of a fresh book on the subject, unless thereby some sensible addition should be made to our knowledge. Assuredly I do not judge the author to be what is ridiculously styled an "Anglophobe." He is too good an English scholar to feel the touch of hatred when this country is mentioned. Lord Rosebery has proved by his own example that a Briton may do justice to Napoleon, and may admit the ignoble character of his imprisonment at St. Helena, without ceasing to be a patriot. To me it seems clear that M. Frémeaux has made his contention good in all essential details. He has, however, dealt with his hero as Southern peoples deal with their saints, handling the dead too rudely. Reverence and reticence are laws of human conduct even for biographers, and I should like this volume well enough had it been printed with the needful omissions.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MEREDITH'S POEMS.*

It is only just that any discussion of this volume should be prefaced by the reminder that Meredith himself, in his life-time, dismissed the whole of its contents as unworthy of republication. And, even without fully endorsing that view, we do well to remember the identity of the poet who made that decision with the critic who, in *The Fortnightly* of 1842, wrote:

"A large and noble theme has a frame-work that yields as much support as it demands. Lyrics yield none; and when they are not spontaneous they rob us of a great deal of our strength and sincerity. If they are true things, coming of a man's soul, they are so much taken from him; if they are the reverse they hurry him. There should be no such thing as the habit of lyrical composition. . . . It is from observation and meditation that poetry gets sinew and substance, and the practice of observing and meditating soon tames in poets the disposition to pour out verses profusely."

Now, though there were not a great many verses in the volume of 1851 ("Poems Written in Early Youth" consists of three sections—"Poems of 1851," "Poems from Modern Love of 1862," and "Scattered Poems," reprinted from magazines), what there are are of a kind which inevitably suggest as their background a vast experimental output consigned to the flames. And this, not because what is elected for publication is rare and consummate, but because so very largely it is experimental and derivative. Both Kingsley and Rossetti in their reviews at the time spoke of the young author as under the influence of Keats, though this particular connection does not seem to amount to much more than Meredith's adoption of faulty expressions like "bloomy" and "seemingness." But the volume has stanzas and poems that are almost pure Wordsworth; the observer of nature in "The South-West Wind in the Woodland" is promised:

"More knowledge of her secret, more
Delight in her beneficence,
Than hours of musing, or the lore
That lives with men could ever give."

and such songs as "When I would Image" are transcriptions of Heine. Byron and Shelley are present too and, inevitably, Goethe. But perhaps most interesting of all is the Blake in the "Pastorals," and peculiarly in "London by Lamplight"—its cadences as well as its images and its theme:

* "Poems Written in Early Youth." By George Meredith. 6s. net. (Constable.)

"But woe is many a passer-by
Who as he goes turns half an eye,
To see the human form divine
Thus Circe-wise changed into swine!"

The stygian darkness reigns within,
The river of death from the founts of sin,
And one prophetic water rolls
Its gas-lit surface for their souls."

The close interweaving of Meredith's novels and poems has never yet been tracked as it should. Can there be doubt that "Love in the Valley"—this shorter and to my mind, much more spontaneous and lyrical version—was written by Richard for Lucy? and, though the writer of it was but twenty-three, his attitude in "London by Lamplight" is already that of the creator of Dahlia and Nesta.

The "Pastorals," with which was included the original eleven-stanzaed version of "Love in the Valley" already referred to, are far the most notable portion of the "Poems of 1851"; these are what Charles Kingsley pronounced them, "Honest landscape painting . . . have the living seed of poetry, certain to grow and develop." But it should fairly be acknowledged that amongst the poems of this earliest volume are some astonishing productions, and perhaps the most astonishing of all is "The Two Blackbirds," which it is really difficult not to think of as written by an older Meredith turning on and parodying his own ideas! The tale is of a caged black-bird daily fed and consoled by a free one whose mate has been shot. The two blackbirds' sympathy in suffering and the devotion of the uncaged bird are dilated on, and then we are given:

"And shall I say, till weak with age,
Down from its drowsy branch it drops,
It will not leave that captive cage,
Nor cease its busy searching hops?"

"Ah, no! the moral will not strain;
Another sense will make it sane,
Another mate will soothe its pain,
Another season work a change."

"But through the live-long summer, freed
A pure devotion we may see;
The ebb and flow of Nature's tide:
A self-forgetful sympathy."

For the lover of Meredith this pre-natal conception of the "stern exact" substituting itself for the pseudo-poetic may have a certain historical value; to introduce it to the world at large is to court ribaldry. "And shall I say" reads like an anticipation of Lewis Carroll.

Of the "Poems of 1862" our first and last impression is astonishment that a volume which contained "Modern Love" and the "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn" could have included "Grandfather Bridgeman" and "The Doe." So great and so high is the poetry of certain passages of "The Ode" that we necessarily cavil at its author's decision not to reprint it, till we realise the grounds of that decision. In this, as in everything else in his maturer years, Meredith is primarily a moralist. All the splendours of the poem failed in their appeal against his dismissal of what he felt inadequate in its expression of the central conviction of his life. For this reason we choose to extract a descriptive, and not the often quoted philosophical, passage. Before a night of wild storm and revel in the forest the wind is sounding its notes in various trees:

"Here stood a solitary beech,
That gave its gold with open hand,
And all its branches, tinging chill,
Did seem to shut their teeth right fast,
To shriek more mercilessly shrill,
And match the fierceness of the blast.
But heard I a slow swell that nosed
Of far-off ocean, I was 'ware
Of pines upon their wide roots poised,
Whom never madness in the air
Can draw to more than loftier stress
Of mournfulness, not mournfulness,
Not mournfulness, but Joy's excess,

That singing, on the lap of Sorrow faints ;
 And Peace as in the hearts of saints
 Who chant unto the Lord their God ;
 Deep Peace below upon the muffled sod,
 The stillness of the sea's unswaying floor."

True criticism needs must note "Who chant unto the Lord their God" as an expression foreign to its context—too facile for the plane of feeling where it is introduced—yet to say this is after all but to pay a tribute to Meredith's work, to apply to it that standard of spiritual reality which is his gift to us and our literature.

There are many misprints in the volume. And when we wonder, is an edition of Meredith's works to appear which shall clear so much of the accusation of obscurity from his fame—obscurity due so largely to the mistaken and misleading punctuation of the present editions?

M. STURGE HENDERSON.

GOOD SAMARITAN SKENE.*

Another book on Scott! Following Mrs. MacCunn's "Sir Walter Scott's Friends" so recently reviewed in these pages, it is pleasant to welcome the present volume, which is devoted entirely to one of the best and staunchest of the friends of Scott—James Skene. The Skenes of Rubislaw, who have for centuries been a prominent Aberdeenshire family, are a branch of the family of Skene of Skene, the present head of which is the Duke of Fife, whose ancestor married the heiress of Skene, and was created Baron Skene of Skene, a title now borne by his Grace of Fife. James Skene's mother was a Moir of Stoneywood, the family whose fortunes are told in Dr. "Rab" Brown's "Jacobite Family." At the age of sixteen, Skene became Laird of Rubislaw, was called to the Bar in the same year as Scott (he was Scott's junior by about four years), and, like Scott, indulged in German studies during his early manhood. Indeed it was this taste for German literature and language which drew the twain together and sealed their life-long friendship. Skene was probably the dearest of all Scott's friends. They knew one another through and through for five and-thirty years, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, each other's successes and reverses. For thirty-two years Skene survived the companion of the most treasured and memorable hours of his life.

To have been minus the record of a comradeship so beautiful, so inspiring, would be a great literary blank. Fortunately, among the Skene Papers, a collection of MSS. upon various subjects, in the possession of James Skene's great-grandson, there has been preserved the whole story of the writer's intimacy with Scott. Lockhart, to be sure, enjoyed the use of this volume of recollections while his great biography was on the stocks, and he quotes from it freely. The manuscript was also lent to Mr. David Douglas, editor of the "Journal" and the "Letters," and in the latter compilation a considerable portion of the correspondence has been given to the public. But it makes a difference to be able to follow the narrative consecutively as, happily, is now the case. There is little that is new, perhaps; yet somehow the story of Sir Walter is ever the most fresh and the most fascinating among literary biographies. One is constantly stumbling on some hitherto half-forgotten or less-emphasised fact. And there are touches in the present volume which set Scott in the most charming and kindly light, and that bind the heart even more closely to one who was certainly the most marvellous man of his day.

The Skene Papers throw some light on the localities of the novels. Skene was an exceedingly able artist. According to Scott, he was "the first amateur draughts-

man in Scotland." In the year 1829 there appeared twenty numbers of a publication designed to describe the "existing localities alluded to in the Waverley Novels," and the remainder of the work, which was not further proceeded with, is still in manuscript with all the original drawings inserted. No one doubts that many of the names of places familiar to readers of the Waverleys are only, as Scott himself confessed, *vox et præterea nihil*. But that probably the vast majority of his scenes were painted from actual localities is apparent from Skene's statements, and from the imprimatur which Scott put upon Skene's work. In the composition of "Anne of Geierstein," for instance, the complete topographical details were furnished by Skene. It is interesting to note, too, how for the sake of some of Skene's suggestions the already printed volume of the novel was suppressed, and the tale re-adjusted. The wanderings of the hero in "Quentin Durward," in places with which Sir Walter was personally unacquainted, were borrowed from Skene's travelling memoranda (still unpublished); and there seems no reason to question the genesis of "Ivanhoe" as being due absolutely to the Laird of Rubislaw. Many incidents in the Waverleys were drawn from Skene's narration of adventures which had happened both to himself and friends, and over and over again Skene was not only a sort of provider, but also chief counsellor to the Author of Waverley.

The letters that are here published for the first time form remarkable evidence of the undying love these two men yielded one to another. Scott received the final news of his bankruptcy on the evening of January 16, 1826. Next morning Skene, at Scott's request, called early at Castle Street. Scott, who was writing in his study, rose and said, "My friend, give me a shake of your hand—mine is that of a beggar." And through all the dark days that followed, there is nothing more worthy or more refreshing than Scott's constant expressions of gratitude and goodwill towards this most genuine of all his friends.

It is Scott who, in the "Journal," speaks of "good Samaritan Skene." One wonders what Scott would have done without James Skene! Who can doubt that the sympathy and the helpfulness of this truly devoted neighbour enabled Scott to master many of those trials which threatened to engulf him? Of literary ghost stories, one of the finest has been told by Skene's daughter, Miss Felicia Skene, authoress of "A Strange Inheritance":

"A few days before my father's death, when, despite his ninety years, his memory and intelligence seemed as bright as ever, I found him one autumn evening almost transfigured by an expression of the most radiant delight. The moment I came in he turned to me and told me that he had just experienced an inexpressible joy; he had just seen dear Scott again! He had walked into the room quite suddenly, and told him that he had come from a very long distance to visit him. Then my father described his unchanged appearance, and how he had sat down on the other side of the hearth. 'It has been such a joyful meeting, but dear Scott did not stay very long.' This account was so detailed and clear that I almost felt as if I had myself seen what he described."

It should be stated that the volume edited by Basil Thomson, whose grandfather was the old son of James Skene.

W. S. CROCKETT.

MR. DE MORGAN'S NEW NOVEL.*

Macaulay, it will be remembered, opens his essay upon "Burleigh and his Times" by saying that the work of Dr. Nares (which he was reviewing) filled him with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when he first landed in Brobdingnag and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large

* "The Skene Papers: Memories of Sir Walter Scott." By James Skene. Edited by Basil Thomson. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

* "It Never Can Happen Again." By William de Morgan. 2 vols. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The circumstances attendant upon the publication of Mr. de Morgan's latest novel inevitably compel some similar reference to the generous scale upon which his book has been conceived. But the reference is made in no carping spirit. It is a real pleasure to find an author who is not in a hurry, and is content to make his points clearly. Now that I have read through the story I can dismiss all thoughts as to the number of thousand words of which it is composed, and I look back upon it with the same pleasure with which I look back upon a conversation with that vanishing type of the elderly gentleman who takes you by the hand and retains it gently, but firmly, whilst he delights you with his deliberate, kindly, worldly-wise and humorous reflections.

But if Mr. de Morgan is gloriously old-fashioned in his method of telling a story, he is always pre-eminently up-to-date in his incidents. The central theme of "It Never Can Happen Again" is the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Alfred Challis, a successful author, who thoroughly justifies the characteristic ascribed to him of never squandering in conversation any good idea which will make "copy," has married the half-sister of his first wife; and consequently, whilst Challis himself is welcomed in Society, Marianne, an uninteresting lady of distinctly anæmic personality, is regarded as "impossible." One of the swell houses at which Challis visits is Royd Hall, where he rapidly falls in love with the handsome Judith Arkroyd. Judith's younger sister, Sibyl, is on the point of successfully engineering some high-faluting scheme of Social Reform, and so Judith, not to be outdone, determines to go upon the stage, and thinks to find in Challis, who is writing a play, a convenient instrument for her ambition. At first there is really nothing at all to be alarmed about in the relations between Challis and Judith, but the idiotic Marianne, egged on by the mischief-making Mrs. Eldridge (an excellent character), runs away with her children to her mother, and so brings on a crisis. Unexpected developments with regard to the Bill drive Challis and Judith, an egregiously staid and unromantic pair of lovers, into an elopement, and only a motor-accident prevents their marriage. Challis, on regaining consciousness, also recovers his senses in every meaning of the phrase. He finds that he is really in love with Marianne; and, since it also transpires that Challis's first wife was not legally married to him, Marianne is, after all, and quite apart from the retrospective nature of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, established as Challis's real wife. This double-barrelled triumph is, perhaps, somewhat unnecessarily complicated to follow. But at any rate the tendency to heaviness in these chapters is relieved by an admirable touch of Nemesis in the way in which Judith, who had begun the flirtation in a thoroughly heartless fashion, ends by falling genuinely in love with Challis, and has to go to the length of becoming a "fizzing Duchess" before her wounded feelings are adequately salved.

In addition to this main theme, there is also an under-plot which describes the conditions of London slums, and in particular tells of the pathetic lives and mutual affection of Lizarann and her blind father, Jim, a creation not unworthy to stand beside Joe Gargery, with whom he has certain qualities in common. The way in which these two contrasted sections of Society are correlated is not, ~~it must~~ be confessed, very skilful. Taken by itself, each is admirable, but combined as they are, they overload Mr. de Morgan's story and unduly retard the action of the whole. Overcrowding his canvas with figures is, in fact, Mr. de Morgan's chief fault, and this is the more to be regretted that his characters are so uniformly good. Mrs. Steptoe, for example, who is Lizarann's aunt, and becomes the Challises' cook, is a capital study. Mrs. Eldridge, the prurient busy-body to whom "the mention of a lady and gentleman, as such, and such only, was as the sound of battle to the war-horse," is also first-rate, and makes

a fine foil to the muscular Christianity of the breezy, wholesome Athelstan Taylor, than whom our fiction can show few more human parsons.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

THE REAL "NEAR" EAST.*

In a long and interesting introduction to her book, "The Soul of a Turk," Mrs. Victoria de Bunsen modestly writes: "None of my journeys have been undertaken with the object of collecting information about anything in particular." It is possibly because of this that she has written an exceedingly entertaining and thoughtful volume concerning various phases of Turkish life, and the places and things she has seen.

In the introduction she writes:

"Once we get down to the roots of our life, the elemental feelings and aspirations, we are on common ground. . . . It is the superficial that makes the barriers. Different civilisations, different official religious systems, different forms of government, alienate and divide; the bed-rock of our life, be it physical or spiritual, unites."

This is aptly put, and forms the undercurrent, not only of Mrs. Bunsen's personal observation, but of the remarkably interesting chapters of her valuable book.

One feels whilst reading her pages that she has by reason of singular sympathy and rare opportunity approached very nearly to the heart of things which lie hidden from most Western eyes beneath the mystery of Eastern life. Very truly she points out in a brief phrase one or two of the essential differences between the villages of Turkey-in-Europe and those of Turkey-in-Asia, which to most Westerners would appear the same thing. "Yeni-keiu," she says, "was like all Turkish villages, distinctive amongst their Christian neighbours for dirt and untidiness. . . . Far different are the Turkish villages of Asia Minor. There the *oda*, or guest-room, is always clean and hospitable; the fare simple but abundant; and the men courteous and kind."

The attitude of the Turkish men towards the ladies who had come thus amongst them is amusingly and very truly put. Of these men—

"They are not shy," says the author, "but they are deeply mystified, and they want to discuss you amongst themselves before you interlere with incredible explanations. Men we cannot be; our voices deny that. Women we certainly are not. The idea is laughable. Do women travel thus, without their lords, unveiled, unprotected, with their heads in the air? Do men fly at their bidding, as these soldiers (the escort) do, and even this lordly Turk? . . . What are we, then? I have heard the question discussed. Something more powerful than a man, something more uncanny than a woman. . . ."

The ultimate verdict of the soldiers was that the authoress and her companion came "from a land where the women rule the men, where even the Padisha is a woman." In fact, from the Paradise of Suffragettes!

Amongst many interesting sidelights which Mrs. Bunsen throws upon the modern Turk is one worth noting, regarding the late Sultan's ideas of reform. After the massacres which had horrified and caused the intervention of the European Powers, there came the appointment of Muavin or Vice-Governors who were Christians:

"Europe," says the writer, "with her usual credulity, believed that the Christians of the various places would by this means be in a measure protected, and kept in closer touch with the Government," and thus get grievances aired and redressed. But this was only a device of Abdul Hamid to hoodwink the protesting Powers. By the appointment of, say, a Gregorian Vice-Governor over a town of Protestant Christians, or a Catholic over one where the Greek Christians predominated, he made use

* "The Soul of a Turk." By Victoria de Bunsen. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

of the well-known dissensions of his Christian subjects to defeat the intention of the Powers, reckoning (in many cases accurately) that these differences and the hatred existing between the sects would prevent the Catholic aiding the Greeks, the Gregorian the Protestants. The wily scheme undoubtedly worked. It was a thing like this that made such "reforms" as Abdul Hamid and his predecessors were willing to grant under pressure mere mockeries.

This is a delightful, as it is an unconventional, record of travel: but it is more than that. It is an illuminating account of out-of-the-way places, customs and types seen with an eye for the picturesque, and a desire for the essential. I scarcely know what chapters to select for special praise: but the one which gives the title to the volume, "On the Tigris," "The Mosque and the Sacred Cave," and "Jesus" are all admirable.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

THE LAUREATE'S PROSE.*

Most of even those who do not praise the Laureate's poetry have nothing but praise for his prose. "The Garden that I Love," "In Veronica's Garden," and the other books he has written in that vein have assuredly given him a place among the few essayists of our day who will be read again to-morrow and the day after. He has no prettinesses of style, no preciousities, but writes a good, clear, vigorous English that is always dignified, unaffected, adequate; above all, he really has something to say—something to which he has given thought, and concerning which he has arrived at very definite conclusions. You do not invariably agree with him: having made up his mind, he is apt to be somewhat dogmatic; but that is precisely one of the charms of the "prose papers on poetry" in this new volume—they rouse a spirit of opposition in you by their emphatic and close-reasoned arguments against certain received opinions, they invite you to a reconsideration of questions you had perhaps too easily taken for settled, and sometimes bring you to a realisation that you have hitherto been answering them wrongly. Albeit there are points on which Mr. Austin is too sure that he is right.

For instance, he lays it down, in his dedicatory note to Sir Alfred Lyall, that "no verse which is unmusical or obscure can be regarded as Poetry, whatever other qualities it may possess," and in his first essay here, on "The Essentials of Great Poetry," he says that "no poet of much account is ever obscure, unless the text happens to be corrupt." This leaves a good deal of Blake's work out in the cold, and some of Donne's. Who will say he has read "The Book of Thel" and not found it impenetrably obscure? But who can say he has read it and been persuaded by it that Blake was no poet? After all, too, a diamond is not the less a diamond because it is unpolished. Poetry would be the poorer lacking some of Donne's rough, rich imaginings, and one gets more meanings out of Blake's misty passages of dim, imaginative beauty than ever could be uttered in plain words.

Then, again, you do not readily assent to Mr. Austin's dictum when he says, "There is in our language only one lyrical poem that can compare for the first place in Lyrical Poetry with Spenser's 'Epithalamion,'" and that poem is Byron's "Isles of Greece." For much of Byron's lyric is fine rhetoric rather than poetry, and Spenser's "Epithalamion," lovely as it still remains, comes to us with not a little taken from it in the passing of the years. The magic has gone out of some of its phrases since they have become

* "The Bridling of Pegasus." By Alfred Austin. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

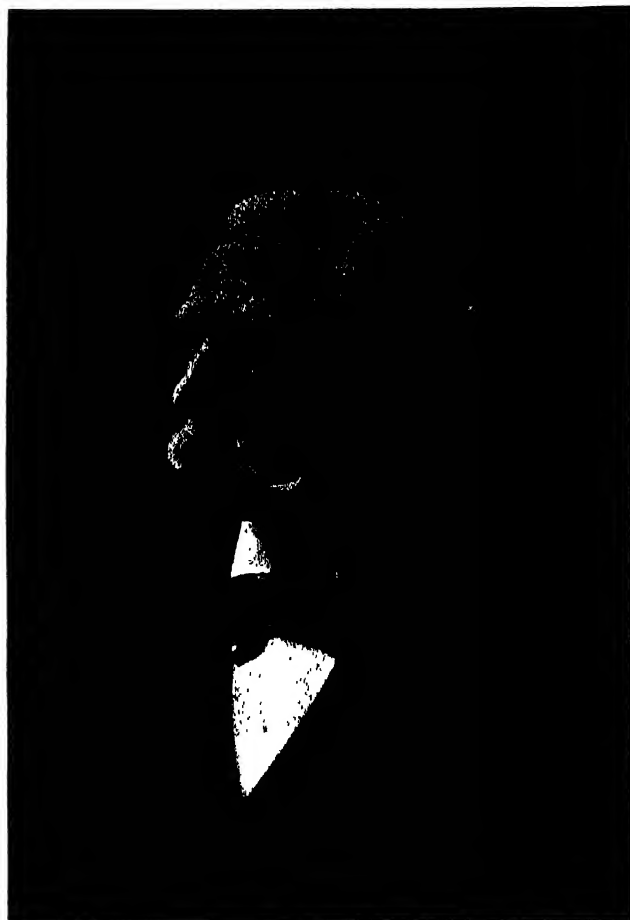


Photo by Langher, Ltd.,
220, Old Bond Street, W.

Mr. Alfred Austin.

conventionalised: even its slightly varying refrain jars upon you with a touch of too-formal artifice:

"The whales do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer and your echo ring."

There is nothing to be gained by comparing beauty grown old with beauty that is still young: the new belle of the new season does not enter into actual rivalry with her grandmother—her beauty may be more or less or merely of a different type; the most you can safely say is that you do not think she is so beautiful as her grandmother was when she was young. I am not insensible to the charm nor blind to the splendours of that great lyric of Spenser's; I know that when you have steeped yourself in his spirit, and become so absorbed into the world and atmosphere of his work that his way of thought and manner of speech seem as your own, it is hard to believe there is poetry more wonderful than his: but when you have escaped from under its spell and are back in your own age and able to measure him with other poets impartially, your judgment corrects your enthusiasm. There is no lyric that can be said to be the greatest lyric in the language, but there are several each of which may be greatest in its kind.

Mr. Austin has some suggestive things to say about the decay of "authority" in literature, and to this decay of authority, to the "perpetual reading of novels of every kind," to the increase of feminine influence and activity alike in society and literature, and to "the febrile quality of contemporaneous existence," he largely attributes our latter-day degeneracy in poetry, in politics, and in life as a whole:

"I should like to say, incidentally, and I hope I may do so without giving offence, that I have sometimes thought that, in an age much given to theorising and to considering itself more 'scientific' than perhaps it really is, the diminution of practical wisdom, somewhat conspicuous of late in politics and legislation, is due in no small measure to the neglect of the higher poetry in favour, where concern for poetry survives at all, of brief snatches of lyrical emotion. Hence legislation by emotion and haste."

Unless you can look back on our discarded, inhuman penal laws and barbarous old Poor Law system and still feel that in those days our legislation atoned for what it certainly lacked in haste and emotion by anything of practical wisdom, this theory of Mr. Austin's opens up a field for discussion that is far too wide to be adventured upon here. In "The Feminine Note in English Poetry" he puts forth bold and uncompromising views that are sure of meeting with disfavour and contradiction in many quarters. Ladies who are advocating women's suffrage will resent his intimation that he does not "class them under the designation of feminine"; and one or two masculine persons, here and there, particularly in Scotland, will be surprised at this verdict on Burns:

"All his sympathies are with cottages and cottagers, whether he be expressly describing their existence, writing 'A Man's a Man for a' that,' 'The Birks of Aberfeldy,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' or addressing lines to a mouse whose nest he has turned up with a plough. All are written in a spirit of compassion for suffering, of sympathy with the lowly, of admiration for honest poverty. They are fundamentally tender, and, though expressed in manly fashion enough, fundamentally feminine, the poetry of a man who lived habitually under the influence of women."

To me, I confess, the admiration of stately palaces, the love of pretty uniforms and Court finery, of brute strength and the dash and swagger of military glory seem far more feminine attributes than does this sympathy with cottages and the unbefrilled lives of sturdy cottagers; but I am possibly in error. In any case, Mr. Austin's reasonings are subtle, plausible, and healthfully stimulating; he is everywhere lucid and in earnest, and has that rare thing in these days, the courage of his convictions.

His comparison and contrast of "Milton and Dante" is a sound and brilliant piece of criticism; he does full justice to Byron and shatters some dear illusions in his essay on "Byron and Wordsworth," but in the end none but a blindly fanatical Wordsworthian will feel that he has been unduly iconoclastic. There are thoughtful and admirable essays on "Poetry and Pessimism," on "Literature and Politics," on "Dante's Poetic Conception of Woman," "Dante's Realistic Treatment of the Ideal," and "A Vindication of Tennyson" that does not so much vindicate Tennyson as it sacrifices Swinburne. In a word, the book is alive at all points with interest; there is nothing tame or half-hearted about it, and it is largely because it is so often aggressive in its tone and there is so much in it that you can and do heartily and profoundly disagree with that you find it all so thoroughly and rousingly interesting. It is an able and delightful volume that will make new enemies for Mr. Austin no doubt he expects that; but it will make new friends for him also, and more of the latter than of the former.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE AMAZING REVOLUTION.*

Sir William Ramsay was on his way to Constantinople when he heard that the Young Turks were concentrating in Macedonia. With his intimate knowledge of Turkey and Turkish affairs, he realised at once the importance of the news, and determining to push on with all speed, he arrived on April 20, four days before the Young Turks entered the city. This book, or at least the first half of it, is the diary which he kept on the journey and during his stay in Constantinople. It is printed exactly as it was written, except for an occasional interpolation to correct some statement afterwards proved to be wrong. Sir William Ramsay's previous acquaintance with Turkish society gave him access to every one of importance, and his

reputation as a scholar and an archæologist as well as his known sympathy towards the Young Turks, won him general confidence. His Turkish friends talked to him without reserve, and he was better able to appreciate the Turkish point of view and far more likely to be told the truth than a diplomat or a newspaper correspondent. His diary is not only extremely interesting, but is a historical document of the first importance.

The first point which strikes the reader is the completeness with which the Young Turks succeeded in isolating Constantinople. No one knew what was going to happen, and what is more surprising, no one seemed to know what was happening only a few miles away. The Young Turks were playing for high stakes, and they were bluffing desperately. Sir William Ramsay passed through the lines while the Salonica army corps was mobilising, and he gives good reasons for believing that the Young Turkish force was probably not more than 12,000 or at the outside 15,000. Whatever the strength of the revolutionary army was, it was unquestionably far inferior to the forces at the disposal of the Sultan. But the city was so completely cut off that the invading army was wildly over-estimated. Had the Sultan, whose powers were manifestly beginning to fail, known the truth, the issue might have been different. But if the Young Turks were numerically weak, their plans were calculated to a nicety. Every movement was executed almost to the minute, though the actual entry into the city was precipitated by the belief (apparently well founded) that the Sultan was planning a general massacre of the Christians in the hope of compelling a European occupation.

Sir William Ramsay criticises severely the policy of the British Government, backed by the newspaper correspondents, in supporting the Liberals instead of the Young Turks. But he forgets that the Liberals had not always been in the helpless position in which he found them in April. After the revolution of July 1908, the Liberals were the chief office-holders, and formed, in fact, the constitutional party, and so long as the constitution was maintained, it was in accordance with traditional British policy to support the constitutionalists. The event proved that the Liberals were outwitted by the Sultan, but to have assumed that events would take this course would have been speculative, if not hazardous; while to have deserted the Liberals when their star began to wane would have shown a cynical opportunism.

The diary makes it abundantly evident that the Young Turks owed much to German support, not in money so much as in advice. The actual details of the advance followed closely upon the lines laid down in an inspired article in the *Neue Freie Presse*, believed to emanate from General von der Goltz. The precision with which the whole plan was carried out was distinctly German. Indeed, nothing in the revolution was more remarkable than the way in which the revolutionists kept to their time-table. Never has a great city been captured with greater punctuality and less loss of life. Incidentally, it is to be noted also that Admiral Gamble's action in taking the fleet to sea was a decisive factor in the situation, and this the Young Turks could hardly have foreseen. The book gives a vivid idea of the state of uncertainty and suspense in the city during the fateful week. It was a time of great anxiety, and for some hours of the gravest danger, and yet Sir William Ramsay was working almost uninterruptedly on an article on the first chapter of Timothy. He has the coolness of the ideal traveller, and his diary is a fascinating page of modern history. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs by Lady Ramsay.

* "The Revolution in Constantinople and Turkey: A Diary." By Sir W. M. Ramsay. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE ART OF CRITICISM.*

Arthur Symons is always interesting because he is always personal. His books are all, as one of them avowed itself, "spiritual adventures," in which he himself is the venturer. His criticism is often as near creation as criticism may be; not quite art, that is, for Wilde's paradox, defend it as he might, remains a paradox; criticism is the expression of opinion and art is the expression of what lies beyond opinion. But Mr. Symons's criticisms, though his intellect rationalises them, often emanate ultimately from his nerves, whence also comes much of the art with which he is most usually concerned.

"Plays, Acting, and Music," which first saw the light six years ago, has been reissued, with additions and subtraction. It now takes its place with "The Symbolist Movement," "Studies in Seven Arts," and the other beautiful blue volumes in which Mr. Symons has been working out his theory of art, and of life, which for him is a form of art. One may disagree with his views. One may feel that, in confining himself so closely to the works of his own time, he risks the perversion of his synthesis, that he is at least on the brink of confusing what is essentially modern with what is essentially artistic. Such a feeling, indeed, none the less discomfiting because one can never finally justify it, his books rarely fail to create. But his method, at any rate, is right; the method, that is, of working from examples rather than abstract ideas, of collecting bricks before attempting to build the house.

This dislike of mere generalisation is very characteristic of Mr. Symons. To those for whom the obvious is the real he seems inhuman in his absorptions in art. Yet his plea that acting and dancing and singing and playing on musical instruments shall be held in as high honour as the more durable arts, his recognition, that is, of the essential unity of art and life—what is that if not a proof of humanity? Who, again, shall say in what manifestation of life it is most human to be interested? Why should things of the intellect which is, after all, but the garment of life, or of the conventions, which are its ornaments, be deemed more real than things of the moods and passions, which are life's very body and soul?

This feeling that art is no intellectual idea but the smoke-wreath from the inner fire of life is, perhaps, what has led to Mr. Symons's preoccupation with modern art. In writing of Irving or Duse or Yvette Guilbert or Pachmann he could not, of course, separate the man from the achievement. But even when dealing with poetry or painting, the arts which, when accomplished, are independent of their makers, he has always been happiest in writing of those whom he has known intimately, like Verlaine or Beardsley. Thus his books, "Plays, Acting, and Music" and the rest, have a justification earned by no mere system of aesthetics. Let us boldly use a hoary phrase: they are human documents.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.†

Mr. George R. Sims is quite right in commending this little book for its usefulness to those about to enter the profession of journalism. It may succeed in warning the faint-hearted and incapable off Fleet Street, and it must be of service to the valiant and stout-hearted. Every working journalist will endorse the author's advice to beginners, and though the methods and character of the Press change, as the methods of commerce change, certain sage counsels hold good for ages. Journalism has bulked

* "Plays, Acting, and Music." By Arthur Symons. 6s. net. (Constable.)

† "Modern Journalism: A Guide for Beginners." By a London Editor. With a Preface by George R. Sims. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

fairly large in fiction of recent years, because so many of our novelists are journalists, and the natural tendency has been to describe the success that has come after difficulties and disappointments. Our "London Editor," fully alive to the failures of the profession, holds out no promise of success save to those who can achieve it. He tells in cold blood the hardships to be endured, even by those who reach the editorial staff of a daily paper. Such a one "can neither dine out nor spend an evening at the theatre. The hour that sees him going down to his office finds other professional men returning home. At 2 a.m. he leaves the building with the smell of printer's ink in his nostrils and the heavy, tremulous roar of the machines in his ears. It has been a wearying, trying night, full of all sorts of sensational news with the terrible possibility of having missed some important item which the rival paper will have in due prominence next morning." To the inevitable question—"Is it worth it?"—the answer, the author reminds us, will depend on the man. And the man must be alive to the requirements of the trade. For instance, the sensitive writer, with nice feelings of honesty, may be disconcerted by the blunt instruction here given—"at all costs he (the journalist) must never plead ignorance." He must be always ready "to hand out information to his readers." Hence the success of "the man of aptitudes" over the man of ability in journalism. It is far easier for the man whose knowledge is so limited that he is unaware of its narrow limitations to obey this axiom of never pleading ignorance than for the man of larger brain and wider outlook. Nothing comes amiss to the "pushing" journalist of today. He is not hampered by any high standard in literature or art when he sets about the criticism of new books or plays. The standard of the world is good enough in morals for him, and why should he trouble to measure books by the standard of the immortals? What has he to do with canons of criticism? It is enough for him to turn out a column or so of readable stuff on "current fiction" (or whatever the subject-matter may be), and bluff the public that he knows what he is writing about. Our "London Editor" recognises the enterprise and energy of the new journalism, inspired by America, but he admits it has undesirable features.

"Strenuousness has taken the place of dignity, a relentless search for the 'newest news' without limitation, irrespective of persons or things, has ousted the cautious reserve and the regard for suitability which dominated the journalism of our fathers."

Not only the budding press-man (and press-woman) are catered for in this useful and eminently readable volume, but the black-and-white artist will also find it exceedingly helpful. For the general reader the best chapter, perhaps, is that devoted to "Famous Feats in News-gathering." We should have liked a chapter on "Honour in Journalism"—it is time it was written, and written by an experienced journalist.

J. CLAYTON.

CHINA AND JAPAN.*

Mrs. Conger's Letters are illustrated with reproductions of about eighty excellent photographs of her Chinese friends, among them many Manchu princesses, and one from Miss Carls' picture of the late Empress Dowager. Interesting though these are, they would be yet more

* "Letters from China." By Sarah Pike Conger. 12s. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"The Catholic Church in China, from 1860 to 1907." By Rev. Bertram Wolferstan, S.J. (Sands & Co.).—"The Japanese Spirit." By Okakura-Yoshisaburo. With an Introduction by George Meredith. (New Edition.) 1s. net. (Constable & Co.).—"Japan in World Politics." By Henry Dyer, Emeritus Professor, University of Tokyo, etc. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackie & Son.)

so if not so much dressed and made up for state occasions. The same applies to most books by diplomatists' wives, and Mrs. Conger's unfortunately inflated style, a curious mixture of Americanisms and phrases connected with Christian Science, heightens this effect. On page 14 she is unaffected and at her best :

"Here came quietly along an orderly drove of about two hundred swine from the mountains of Mongolia. On close observation we discovered that each foot of each beast was shod with a leather sock to protect it from the sharp stones. Foolish, do you say? Not one of them seemed footsore, and they travelled on at their master's bidding without rebellion. I call this a wonderful phase of patience and economy. Patience in making and tying on those eight hundred socks, and economy in keeping the feet well, thus enabling these swine to make their long journey to Peking."

The account of the Peking siege is so sympathetic, one can only wonder it has not been published earlier. The story of the two Russian soldiers who dropped their loot and ceased to insult the girls in a Chinese home when the anguished father, in his desperation, took down his piccolo and played to them the Russian national air, deserves to be told. The man happened to be one of Sir Robert Hart's Chinese band, hence his knowledge of foreign music.

When, however, Mrs. Conger realises the dream of her heart, and becomes acquainted with "her Majesty," as she loves to call the late Empress Dowager, English readers will find a little too much of "natural grace of manner and extreme courtesy." "She took choice bracelets and fastened them on my wrists." "Crowning the Imperial graces was the womanly tenderness that bade us draw near to her." On the occasion of the first visit, the leaders of the Chinese Reform Party, the chosen councillors of the young Emperor, had but just been summarily executed with all his trusty servants. On almost the last occasion, when Mrs. Conger went alone save for her interpreter, one of the learned writers of China had just been beaten to death by the Dowager Empress's express orders, it being contrary to Chinese custom to sentence any one to death in the dog days. One of the ladies who interpreted for the United States Minister's wife used to relate: "The Christians all weep when any of us go to the Palace, saying, 'You too abandon us, and forget our dead!'" Owing to the forces of seven nations, the Dowager Empress could kill no more foreign Christians, but she could still persecute Chinese Christians, still held all Chinese editors under sentence of capital punishment, still had a tremendous price set upon the heads of the surviving Reformers—the Emperor's friends. It is always hard to combine love for persecutors and kind consideration for their victims, but what are we to say of Mrs. Conger's reflection: "Respect shown the great Confucius quite appealed to me, as he is China's redeemer and saviour"? No Chinese would ever dream of saying this, and if she often expressed herself thus, no wonder Soochow missionaries took for granted it would not interest her to see anything of their work.

The passages describing Mr. Conger and his methods are the more touching now when that good man, a real father to his country-people, has been called away from the wife who lived so happily in his sheltering companionship. To those who know little of Chinese politics, this book will afford some quite pleasant reading.

"The Catholic Church in China"—"Christendom in China" or "Christian Workers in China," it should rather have been called—is a book of altogether different calibre, a book that may arouse much controversy, unless that word "Catholic" deters those readers to whom it should most appeal, and which may possibly lead to further-reaching results than its author yet dreams. A one-time Naval Lieutenant, who becomes an R.C., subjects himself to the severe training of many years demanded of Jesuit priests, and is then made head of the Army Training

College at Wimbledon, which has already become famous as making no failures—such a man would be likely to produce an exceptional book, such as this, where Protestant Missions to China are judged out of the mouths of Protestant missionaries. The Jesuits might have converted China centuries ago, but for the jealousies and interference of the Dominicans. What the intense sympathy with the Chinese of this one Jesuit priest may effect, yet remains to be seen. And to the end a good deal turns upon what one means by conversion to Christianity. The Rev. Dr. Williamson objects that the only difference "between them (R.C. converts) and their heathen neighbours, is that they are good Mass-hearing shoemakers, or whatever their calling may be," which was precisely the difference the Catholic Church sent her missionaries to China to effect. Here remarks our author, who very rarely allows himself to express any opinion of his own: the Catholic Church's "object is not to transform the Chinese into French, English, or Italians, but into Christians; and it will be under this heading only that the Christian missionary will one day have to give an account of his stewardship." W. E. Griffis writes: "If his (R.C.) people are good Catholics, they may still plod on in the old ruts. But the Protestant missionary comes to reform society. . . . He gives a new view and compels change, and a change for the better. Consequently there is to-day a 'young China,' etc., etc." Young China certainly owes its present position to the Christian Literature Society and American schools, whilst everywhere in R.C. schools girls' feet were being mutilated long after the antifoot-binding movement had won an Imperial Edict, and Viceroy's proclamations condemning binding, thus making Chinese Christians appear behind their Buddhist kinsfolk in humanity.

Father Wolferstan is uncompromising in his claim that the law of God over-rides the law of man: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel unto every creature." But possibly the chapters that will attract most notice are those on the protests of the most eminent of Protestant missionaries against the action of the Bible Society in circulating the Bible broadcast without any attempt at making it intelligible to the Chinese. These protests may possibly be a revelation to some at home. This is certainly a book that should be carefully read by all serious thinkers upon China, although it may give some pain—especially to those who still look for Union upon Earth.

In "The Japanese Spirit," curiously enough, Mr. Okakura writes: "The Roman Catholics, more enthusiastic than discreet, committed wholesale outrages on our harmless ways of faith in the early days of the seventeenth century, which did much to leave in bad repute the creed of Jesus Christ." This dainty reprint of a book deservedly popular merely, however, deals *en passant* with the religious question, as is the wont of Japanese, who, as the author writes, "are not a people with much aptitude for deep metaphysical ways of thinking, they are not of the calibre from which you expect a Kant or a Schopenhauer." In contradistinction to Mrs. Conger, this Japanese writer records how Confucius called himself "a transmitter and not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients." The author's charming account of how the Japanese nature has been influenced by a friendly sun and by "their most beloved Fujiyama," "lifting its snow-clad head against a serene background," etc., etc., we regret much not having space to quote, and yet more his comparison of the Japanese spirit with the cherry-blossom.

The shrinkage of the world through quick and easy inter-communication by trains, steamers, and telegraphs, and consequently increased influence of the nations upon one another, is so interesting a subject that the only question is whether any one writer can be competent to deal with one so world-embracing. We have noticed before that people who live long in Japan learn to regard it as the centre round which the rest of the world revolves;

thus we find Dr. Dyer writing of "Japan's influence on social and political conditions in the Far East generally and directly or indirectly on *all* the commercial and industrial countries in the world, and *especially* on those in the Pacific area." The italics are ours. Most of us would certainly place the last clause before that about *all* the nations, but Japan schooled, Dr. Dyer places it last, as the most important portion of the universe. This vast subject is further complicated by being bound up with the discontent among the industrial classes of all civilised nations. That Dr. Dyer yet writes of it with a lucidity that makes his book easy as well as interesting reading sufficiently shows how thoroughly he has digested his subject. His guiding star seems to be that much-dreamed of Universal Peace, which he sees "with the United States of Europe on one side of the globe, and the United States of America on the other, and with Japan in the Pacific Ocean to act as reconciler of East and West."

He quotes Kämpfer, in 1692, writing, "The behaviour of the Japanese from the meanest countryman up to the greatest prince or lord is such that the whole empire may be called a school of civility and good manners." He then quotes the Director of the High School of Technology in Tokyo as saying now of Japanese labourers and factory hands: "The vast majority spend their time out of shop in drunkenness and debauchery. Family life brings them neither pleasure nor comfort. Not only so, but as a class they take no interest in their own trade: they are simply coolies—whose only motive to labour is mere subsistence." Factory girls in Japan seem to be in even worse case. This is a book which affords much food for thought, and it is difficult to lay it down.

ALICIA LITTLE.

COLLECTIONS AND THE INTERPRETER.*

There are three books before us on widely diverse subjects: one is primarily devoted to the description of part of the writer's unique collection of old English pottery; the second is an album of Constable's Sketches; and the third is a new book by Professor Gardner on Greek Sculpture. But they have this in common, that they are all picture books, and thus really they enable us to enjoy possession, ourselves, at second-hand, of treasures of art, though they all refer to collections easily accessible in the Kensington and British Museums.

It is, to many, a disconcerting and discouraging experience to be plumped down in the midst of a collection of art treasures and left there, helpless and amazed; and we may see any day what the ordeal is in any of our National Galleries or Museums. For hither come pious and simple folk, and they hang about the temple hoping that some good may come of it; and for the most part the oracle will not speak a word to be understood. Perhaps the seekers after knowledge go out and buy "Art Books," thinking there may be some interpretation in these volumes; and then, too often, they find the priestess (or priest) who speaks through the "Art Book" has been so bewildered by the intoxicating smoke around the shrine that she (or he) can utter nothing to the purpose. A student who wants information and is presented in the "Art Book" with platitudes about the Good, the Beautiful and the True, is apt to say in his wrath that he would like an interpreter to be intelligible as well as inspired, and one, too, whose talk is not all "smoke." He will fall in here, however, with interpretations that are intelligible and that are trustworthy, and, thanks to illustration by photography,



**Female Figure from the
Acropolis at Athens.**

From "Six Greek Sculptors," by E. A. Gardner. (Duckworth.)

he can take home with him together with the interpretation something of the collection itself.

The idea of the "Great Artists" series is to make each book into a kind of portfolio of reproductions of the artist's works, and in the present volume the collection is of Constable's Sketches.

We might say with propriety of Constable himself what he said of Wilson, that distinguished but too-late appreciated master: "He was one of those appointed to show the world the hidden stores and beauties of nature"; but Constable's great work was to reveal the loveliness of the common light of day. The sketches suffer, of course, by translation, yet the beautiful effect of sunlight is preserved and we have presented to us a book of joyful memories wherein we may see what things Constable loved in nature;—"Light," he said, "dews, breezes, bloom, and freshness."

Professor Gardner has prefaced his account of "Six Greek Sculptors" by a valuable chapter on the characteristics of Greek Sculpture. Now it would be an abrupt change indeed to turn from consideration of Constable's individuality and original genius, to look at pictures of Greek sculpture, if all we should find there were the academic generalisation of a conventional school. Many people expect to find no more than this; but Professor Gardner is at pains to disprove Ruskin's assertion that there is no personal character in true Greek art. Cunningly, he places side by side photographs of a Greek head and its Græco-Roman copy; and in his work of interpreting Greek art to us he points out that the copy possesses just those qualities of cold and colourless generalisation that have been thought typical of the antique, while the original has

* "Quaint Old English Pottery." By Charles J. Lomax. 2s. (Sherratt & Hughes).—"Six Greek Sculptors." By Ernest A. Gardner, M.A., Yates Professor of Archaeology in the University of London. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth).—"Constable's Sketches." With a Biographical Study by Sir James Linton, R.I. 5s. (George Newnes, Limited.)

expression and character, realised and reproduced with marvellous directness of observation.

This is, it is unnecessary to say, no picture book like the book of illustrations of sculpture recently issued: it is a piece of interpretation: but skilled use is made of photography, and Mrs. Strong has contributed photographs used to illustrate her own admirable translation and compendium of the work of Professor Fürtwaengler. Among them we see again the photograph of that famous antique head in Lord Leconfield's possession, the Aphrodite, said to have been, in truth, Phryne; and as she smiles upon us the ages do but "spread her conquests farther."

The whirligig of time carries us from a statue that bewitched the world to an archaic representation of a very queer wood spirit, to wit, King Charles in the oak tree with a lion and a unicorn in dutiful attendance. This is pictured in the interesting and delightful book by Mr. Lomax on "Quaint Old English Pottery." There are many illustrations of the work of old English craftsmen, and they are clearly and concisely explained by the author, who reminds us that the men who produced this pottery were catering for the peasant classes, from which they themselves were drawn. There were a number of potteries in the country, each one serving its own locality, for heavy ware could not be carried to any great distance upon pack horses or panniered donkeys. Now the Compleat Collector unearths the history, if he can, of those potteries that sent out ware skilful in execution and design; and it seems to us he should set about this enterprise in something of the temper of Gilbert White, who discovered a whole world of interest in the natural history of a remote country parish: for the collector is but concerned with the simple annals of the poor, and yet as he draws near to the life of the people he sees how wide is the reflection of events of national importance, and finds a whole history of the past in the Puritan pottery of the Metropolitan Slip Ware, in tygs and plates and posset-pots.

F. E. PHILLIPS.

PASCAL.*

Principal Tulloch, in his brief but masterly study of Pascal, observes that there is hardly a name more famous than his, at once in literature, science, and religion. He was a great saint, a great student, and a great writer. He has, moreover, that peculiar charm of personality, shared by Newman and a few others, that impels us, when we have weighed his thought, to penetrate further and try to understand the man. It is not an easy task. To Voltaire and to Condorcet he seemed a crazy fanatic. Victor Cousin thought him a sceptic, driven to credulity by his despair. Sainte-Beuve judged him to be believer and unbeliever by turns, pouring out a flood of eager questionings and equally eager but unsatisfying answers. Vinet, who has perhaps studied him best of all, thinks that his distinguishing quality is his profound individuality associated with an equally profound intellectual courage in the search for truth.

It was to be expected that a man upon whom such divergent judgments have been passed should come in for special attention to-day, when the psychology of belief forms a subject of so much study and inquiry. Accordingly, Viscount St. Cyres tells us that he has done his best "to profit by the wisdom of Professors William James and Leuba, and to deal with Pascal's conversion and its consequences as a 'variety of religious experience.'" His book certainly profits by this wisdom, but its main value is that it gathers up practically all that is known of Pascal's life, and is the fullest biography of the great writer that has yet appeared in English.

And, after all, the best commentary on Pascal's thought

* "Pascal." By Viscount St. Cyres. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

is his life. He was born in a Christian household, all of whose members took a deep interest in the serious affairs of life. His father watched over his mental development with unremitting attention. His sister, Jacqueline, felt the attraction of Port-Royal, and was continually urging her brother to the religious life. The accident at the Neuilly bridge, when the carriage in which he was driving was almost precipitated into the Seine, gave him a moral shock, which changed his religion from one of quiet acquiescence into a passionate and ascetic devotion. His mind was the mind of a mathematician—that is to say, it hated compromise and approximations to the truth, and was therefore necessarily repelled by the Jesuit morality. It found the precision it sought in the teaching of Port-Royal, and thenceforth Pascal became the most formidable supporter of Jansenist opinions. What Port-Royal was for its age may be read in Sainte-Beuve's great history. It was defeated and destroyed, but it has left its mark upon Western Christianity, and by no means its smallest achievement was that it inspired Pascal's "Provincial Letters" and "Thoughts."

The "Provincial Letters" are masterpieces of style and of polished irony. Readers averse from all theological discussion, from whom the Five Propositions and the Bull "Unigenitus" are as remote as squabbles of kites and crows, yet find in these "Letters" a brightness of wit, a play of fancy, and a rapid and penetrating intelligence scarcely equalled in the whole range of French literature. No polemical writings have enjoyed greater fame, and none have reached so high a level.

An interesting chapter in literary history might be written upon the books which great men have projected but failed to complete. Such a chapter would deal at length with the work in defence of the Christian religion which occupied Pascal for so long, and of which the "Thoughts" are the scattered fragments. Criticism has laboured upon these fragments, and out of them has erected, not indeed the edifice Pascal dreamed, but a piece of religious literature that ranks with Augustine's "Confessions" and the "Imitation." They are, as has been well said, more than thoughts; they are passionate lyrical cries. Their peculiarly modern air has often been noticed, and is perhaps due to this, that they lack serenity. For this reason they appeal with special force to our own generation, which possesses many things, but is restless, agitated, inquiring, and like Pascal longs for and always hopes to find the serenity needed to complete its happiness.

A. W. EVANS.

ARE POETS BORN?*

Let us be serious (until we come to one of these books), and let us not be backward in appreciation of that impulse which, despite the Time's indifference, produces books of poetry and verse. Let us utter no complaint about the surging number of these books: it would become us rather to complain that they are all too few. The poet, such as one imagines him to be, must frequently resolve to walk in more frequented groves, and thus the most exalted form of art is being shorn of devotees. We do not now refer to those who, by their own desire and the desire of Providence, give worship at more shrines than one. Far be it from us to lament the various activities of Mr. Sturge Moore, of Mr. Newbolt. But the poet who, says Stevenson, inhabits all our youthful bosoms must, in many cases, have

* "Baudelaire: The Flowers of Evil." By Cyril Scott. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.) "Exultations of Ezra Pound." 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"A Century of Sonnets." By Bertram Dobell. 1s. net. (Dobell.)—"The Scarlet Gown." By R. F. Murray. 2s. 6d. net. (MacLehose.)—"In the Net of the Stars." By F. S. Flint. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"War Songs of Britain." Selected by Harold E. Butler. 2s. (Constable.)—"Poems Lyrical and Romantic." By J. Barnard-James. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Master-Singers of Japan." By Clara A. Walsh. 2s. net. (Murray.)

been stifled prematurely. Thus our harvest is a thing of sorrow, seeing that we cannot but remember those for whom the winds have been too cruel. Whither have they carried all the songs we should have heard? It is improbable that Mr. Davies is the only poet of the doss-house, but his silent comrades were not gifted with his perseverance. Of them we cannot speak, and sometimes we would rather say no word about those others who from their profession turn again to poetry. The deafness of the world may irretrievably have made them deaf, and it is possible that Mr. A. E. Housman, if he had been silent until now, would now for evermore be silent. Mr. Cyril Scott, the creator of splendid music, has addressed himself again to poetry. "La musique souvent me prend comme une mer!" sang Baudelaire, and this is one of the poems that Mr. Scott has rendered into English. Mr. Ezra Pound is a pundit. He has grown to be learned in many ancient things and then has turned again to poetry. Of course the poet in our youthful bosoms is not always a considerable poet, and if, later on, he tries to sing, the failure of it may not always be because the time is out of joint. But there is a poet in Mr. Pound's bosom, and we would beg him to abandon his pursuit of knowledge and to make for us more "Ballads of the Goodly Fere" before it be too late. Mr. Bertram Dobell is the publisher, the super-publisher who has deserved so well of us. And it is not on that account alone that we would praise this little book of his. Wherever we may look there is good thinking and a work that entertains. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Dobell's acquaintance, but as I read his book I find that I am wishing that I had that pleasure.

Robert Murray's name has long been dear to us, and now we have his book, "The Scarlet Gown," republished with additional poems. Here we find again his beautiful piece beginning:

"When the weary night is fled,
And the morning sky is red,
Then my heart doth rise and say,
'Surely she will come to-day.'"

Murray must be read at St. Andrews, and by those who love St. Andrews.

Evidently Mr. Flint is young and old. At the end of one of his poems we have these lines:

"In the fields of the moon
She hath strayed, hath strayed,
Among the roses,
A white moon maid.

And now on the earth
She hath come to me,
Fragrant with spice
Of eternity."

And I refuse to listen to the baser voice in me that says that he is too much occupied with stars and dreams and Mr. Yeats. Are not these delightful things? Some day this little book will, I am thinking, be the quarry of collectors, when the poet has expressed the song of London that is waiting to be sung. And he has started on it, for instance, in the first poem of this book, where he sees in smoky streets a vision of the sea. Here is the last verse:

"As I face the streets, there come to me,
In an awful wave that stops my breath,
The clutching, gripping thought of death,
And the bitter taste of an unknown sea."

I lent "In the Net of the Stars" to a friend, before passing my proof, but a crowd of starry lines assailed me now as I re-read my quotations from it, and I feel I might have said much more without overpraising it. Follow my advice and get this book. Do not follow me in lending it, for I am doubtful if you will ever recover such a charming, delightful thing, once you let it escape out of your hands.

Bon voyage, Mr. Flint! . . . We have two books from Meredith's publishers. The war-songs would have been a pleasure to him, though we may question why his own glorious "The Head of Bran the Blest" was not included.

The book is cheap and contains a quantity of good stuff. But the other book is—well, no, it is cheap, too. Mr. J. Barnard-James has given me an hour of merriment. If now I am sad, it is because I have no space for adequate quotation. On every page, in almost every line—but perhaps we are too sophisticated. It will gratify the German Emperor to learn that when "Adam to his consort spoke," his words were, "Liebst du mich?" and she, not to be outdone, replied, "Ich liebe dich." The same words passed, we learn, between Romeo and Juliet, as also

"When Faust, with Marg'riet on his arm,
Enjoyed a walk in Martha's garden."

One day Mr. Barnard-James himself was walking in the "Garden of Beauty," and

"Then, won by the fair situation,
I stretch my limbs gladly,
And seek to solve Nature's equation,
Neither madly nor sadly."

I am not sure whether these lines are lyrical or romantic:

"With female tact she quickly knew
That mine was heart designed to woo." . . .

But I do know that Mr. Barnard-James's substantial book has put my fire out. . . . However, I have got Miss Walsh's book to solace me. On page 52 thereof is a translation from the Japanese, beginning:

"No bird-songs at dawn breaking sound by the lonely sea."

And it appears that all the readers of the "Wisdom of the East" Series will find a place upon their shelf for this new dainty comrade.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MASTERS OF LITERATURE.*

These are the first four in a series of handy and beautifully produced volumes that are to contain "the finest passages from the greatest writers." Each book is edited by a well-known scholar who in some cases connects the selections with editorial comments, and in all cases furnishes a full, critical and biographical introduction. It is an excellent idea excellently carried out.

The Fielding volume is edited by Professor Saintsbury and includes ample and carefully chosen chapters, episodes and descriptive or reflective passages from the three great novels, from "Jonathan Wild" and "A Voyage to Lisbon"; and from the novels the extracts are so made that, reading them, one has not only read all the best that Fielding wrote, but, with the help of the editor's occasional brief epitomings, has been able to follow easily the developments of the narrative. In his thirty introductory pages Professor Saintsbury gives a masterly little sketch of the novelist's career and a scholarly and brilliantly critical estimate of his work. Those who have never opened and have not leisure to open the voluminous writings of Fielding, in these hurrying days, will gain an adequate knowledge of the man and his achievements when they have possessed themselves of the contents of this book; and those who know them already and have not time to read him again will find it convenient and invaluable for purposes of reference.

Professor Grant has done for Scott, Mr. John Masefield for DeLoe, and Mr. A. W. Evans for Carlyle what Professor Saintsbury has done for Fielding. In each instance the selections are entirely satisfying, and the editorial comments and criticisms are admirably helpful and suggestive even if you are occasionally inclined to dissent from them.

* "Fielding." Edited by George Saintsbury, D.Litt., LL.D.—"DeLoe." Edited by John Masefield.—"Scott." Edited by Arthur James Grant, M.A.—"Carlyle." Edited by A. W. Evans. Masters of Literature Series, 3s. 6d. net per vol. (G. Bell & Sons.)—"Thomas Carlyle; the Man and his Books." By Wm. Howie Wylie. New Edition. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

For instance, Mr. Masfield says justly of Defoe, "Writing to such a man is not so much an art as a natural personal faculty, like conversation. We see no conscious striving for particular beauties in his style. He works at a continual low, even pressure, thinking clearly, but with no glory of thought, feeling rightly, but without rapture, seeing the world and its faults, but never its significance; expressing always the daily commonplaces of his nature, and of the world, with a minute and skilful accuracy." But when he adds, "One can always fix a writer's rank in the heavenly hierarchy by asking, 'Who reads such an one?'" Defoe is read by schoolboys and kitchen-maids, by sailors, by seekers after dirt, and by a few students of history and social science; his popularity is a proof of the commonness of his vision," you are set a-wondering what is proved by the popularity of Bunyan, of Dickens, of the Brontës, of Shakespeare.

But, as Professor Grant puts it in one of his footnotes, "My object has not been to draw up an examination class list, but to stimulate reflection and discussion," and this has been the general object of all the editors of the Series, an object that Mr. Evans has fulfilled with notable taste and skill in the very difficult task of making a representative selection from Carlyle. His concise biography, his analysis of Carlyle's style and notes on the influence of his teachings, form an ideal introduction to a book in such a series as this.

From Mr. Fisher Unwin comes a cheap reissue of the late William Howie Wylie's well-known and delightful monograph on Carlyle, with its wealth of anecdotes, table talk, and personal reminiscences. The new edition has been revised by Mr. William Robertson, and contains a sympathetic memoir of the author by his daughter.

THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS.*

During the last ten years many essays have appeared dealing with the French Impressionists, but, interesting and useful though they have been, none has succeeded in defining precisely the actual group of painters who created the great innovation now known by the familiar word "Impressionism." Few people in this country are quite certain as to who the Impressionists were, and it is by no means unusual to hear almost every modern French painter who was not flagrantly in the academic line of succession, like, say, Bouguereau, classed roughly under this title. Such diverse artists as Manet and Degas, Monet and Cézanne, and even Courbet, Corot, and, because of his association with France, Whistler, have all been bracketed together as Impressionists. Obviously there is a misuse of the term somewhere, although one should not be too categorical in such matters. Categories are, after all, only means, and not ends, and, in the last resort, useless.

But there is a difference between impressionism in Art and the French Impressionists, and by the publication of an English translation of M. Duret's excellent book, "Manet and the French Impressionists," we are set right on what is a very interesting point in contemporary art history. This well-printed and beautifully illustrated volume is, however, something more than a definitive history of the Impressionists, it is, in its way, authoritative; for Duret was both the friend of Manet, who was the father of the Impressionists, and one of the earliest critical backers of the famous group of painters in the days when they excited the kind of hostility hitherto reserved for the more daring of social reformers and founders of religions. He speaks, therefore, with the knowledge of an initiate.

At the very outset he is able to show quite clearly that Manet, although the direct inspirer of the Impressionists, never accepted their label; and that, innovator though

he was, and revolutionary though his art came to be, he, the source of revolt, like so many effective revolutionists in history, was a quiet, conventional man, who went about his business in an absorbed way, with due reverence for the masters; and he was not a little surprised, and even indignant, to find that his pictures aroused the contempt usually accorded to freakish things. Manet, above all things, was no crank. He was a refined Parisian, fastidious of habit, engrossed in his work, and healthy-minded enough to hunger after human applause. And he was confirmed in his attitude because he knew instinctively, what we all know now, that his pictures were not so many insurrections, but evolutions of the great tradition in art. Indeed, precedents, as is well known, have since been found among the accredited masters of the past for such seemingly impossible pictures as "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" and "Olympia." Manet came not to destroy, but to fulfil. His protest was in his work, and it was levelled against those who would have limited painting to the cramped intellectualism of the Beaux-Arts.

The name Impressionist, M. Duret tells us, was first a term of contempt used against a group of painters who were inspired by Manet's work and rejected of the authorities. They therefore held exhibitions of their own. To-day their influence can be seen in all good painting, and their names—Claude Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Cézanne, and Guillaumin—are household words wherever art is valued. They adopted the title Impressionists much as our Suffragettes adopted their name, and the name has become historical. But Manet and Degas repudiated it. The former never ceased to look to the Salon for exhibition purposes, and it is surprising to find how many times his pictures succeeded in passing the bewildered hanging committees; and on one occasion at least, a work of his, the delightful "Le Bon Bock," received popular acclamation. His aloofness from coteries was temperamental and wise. He probably suspected the large freedom of impressionism. New movements lend themselves to charlatanry and abuse. To paint exactly what you see requires not only courage and skill, it requires honesty and correct eyesight. Manet may have feared whimsical digressions as well as impostures. In spite of the novelty of his work, his painting was as normal as his personality; that is why he renounced labels. This does not mean that the Impressionists as a group were not normal—occasionally, to be sure, individuals overstepped the bounds of graphic sanity—but as a group the Impressionists were almost as normal as Manet. M. Duret shows this in his invaluable history, in which he gives a separate account of each of the seven original Impressionists, a history of impressionism up to 1909, as well as the longer Manet chapters, and an iconography of the paintings and pastels of Manet and their present owners.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

Novel Notes.

THE RUST OF ROME. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

This is a modern, not a mediæval story. Let no unwary reader suspect or hope that Mr. Deeping has written a story upon the corruption of the Roman Church. The heroine, left an orphan in a little country cottage, finds the remains of a Roman villa under her garden, and this discovery has suggested the title of the book. It is a story which begins with great promise. Heriot, a wild-cap undergraduate, has been released from gaol after a long sentence, and returns to society. A disgust of life finally drives him abroad, after which he returns to bury himself in a country district in England. This move

* "Manet and the French Impressionists." By Theodore Duret. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

unwittingly leads to his marriage. He befriends the heroine, thrashes and finally kills the villain of the piece in excellent style, and generally holds the stage when he is on it. The country folk supply an element of human comedy which is needed to relieve the pathos of the fate which befell Eve's parents. Mr. Deeping develops as usual a strong human interest in his characters. The scenery gives no chance for displaying highly embroidered tapestries of description, but those who care for a vigorous and versatile modern story may be recommended to try "The Rust of Rome."

A YEAR OUT OF LIFE. By Mary E. Waller. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Readers of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus'" will greet with pleasurable anticipation the publication of a fresh novel by Mary Waller. And if Twiddle, Uncle Shim, and Aunt Lize refuse to be displaced in our affections by Nathalie and the German author, we can nevertheless ungrudgingly recognise in the portrayal of these last the same talented and sympathetic pen. In the course of a pleasure visit to Germany, Nathalie Felton, an American girl of twenty-one, is attracted by the works of a famous author, Friedrich von Ehrlingen, who has been left a widower with two children. She writes seeking permission to translate one of his books, and so initiates a correspondence which, while purporting to deal with the progress of the translation, develops into an interchange of pleasant confidences, and, on his part, into a thinly-veiled declaration of deep affection. Doubting her own heart, Nathalie employs every artifice she can to avoid a meeting. She perseveres, however, in her task of translation, bound thereto by two things—the fascination of von Ehrlingen's delightful letters, and the determination to uphold the honour of America by not "backing out." At length they meet, and instinctively she realises that "there would be no 'falling in love'" on her part. With von Ehrlingen it is different; the sight of Nathalie fulfils his fondest imaginations. The charm of his correspondence continues to exert its old spell on Nathalie; but at a second interview she has to confess, "I do not know whether I love you or not." Then, on an impulse—little knowing he has said good-bye to her in earnest—she writes him a letter "out of the very fulness of her heart," and, later, asks him to spend a day with her party. She receives a reply: "Such a letter! In the warm September sunshine, filtering down upon me through the pines, I shivered. He had turned and—rent me. The words scourged. They fell on my soul and heart like driving winter sleet on naked flesh:—'He come to me again! No. I had fooled him long enough, a year already. I had taken a year out of his life—deprived him of the power of doing his accustomed work—a year. . . . And life was so short.' Fooled him! I?" Written with a woman's keen insight into woman, this novel possesses a distinct literary charm which more than compensates for the thinness of the plot and the dearth of incident.

BRUMMELL AGAIN. By Cosmo Hamilton. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's new book isn't really a novel (though the publishers describe it as such). It is a series of criticisms on present-day topics—social and political, collected (we should suppose) from some periodical. Taken in the mass "Brummell" is rather too solid for good digestion, and this in spite of the humour and philosophy that abound. It is only fair to say that "Brummell" warns us he is "not to be taken at a gulp," but recommends that his proper place is "on the little table at the side of the bed next to the candles, d'y'see, one on wakin', one at bedtime." There is a great deal of good sense in Brummell's comments on men and things, and the satire and irony, "break the glass and ring the bell" (to quote



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton.

Brummell's happy phrase) nearly every time. Nearly, but not quite. For Brummell is an avowed, unashamed sentimentalist, and the sentimentalist can't help going wrong when he deals with politics and social questions. Hence the politically minded, of one school at least, will find Brummell peculiarly irritating. But on such subjects as London, Paris, St. Malo, Henley, Oxford at the Eights, golf, Brummell is vastly entertaining; and on theatres, clothes, the art of buyin' presents, and the London season, he is really luminous. There is a healthy feeling about the discipline of rowing which finds expression in the thought after Henley Regatta. "For I say this. I say that the man who'll swot like a galley-slave as these jokers are doing is the man to back in whatever job he eventually takes up." But Brummell's politics, to people of opposite views, are very distressing.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S SECRET. By W. Holt White. 6s. (Unwin.)

Mr. Holt White's story should appeal to a public which we have reason to believe is considerable. In his first chapter the author contrives the meeting of his hero and his villain under somewhat unusual circumstances. Sir Paul Westerham, indeed—who is the afore-mentioned hero—is threatening the life of Captain Melun in the second sentence. From such a beginning great things may be expected, and Mr. Holt White certainly does his best to make his book as exciting as possible. But his story would have been better if he had managed to strike a slightly less exaggerated note. As it is, the heights to which the heroine rises, and the depths to which the villain descends, are superhuman. Luck and coincidence also come freely to the assistance of the hero, who, indeed, cannot be said to solve the mystery, but merely to hit upon it by a happy chance. In addition to all this, improbabilities are unusually numerous. However, "The Prime

"Minister's Secret" has some very good points. The mystery, though conventional, really is kept secret until the close of the story; incidents crowd closely upon each other's heels; and, above all, the plot is very well constructed. In fact, the author shows clearly that he knows what he is about. He makes no literary pretences, but he does turn out a sensational story in a workmanlike manner.

THE UNSPOKEN WORD. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We know Mr. Morice Gerard chiefly as a writer of virile and picturesque romance; and when we say romance we mean tales of those glamorous bygone ages that are always spoken of as if they were more romantic and fuller of adventure than our own. But in "The Unspoken Word" Mr. Gerard is as thoroughly up-to-date as it is possible to be: his story is of to-day, and may be of to-morrow. It is of the daring and unscrupulous attempts of certain German spies to obtain our military secrets and plans of our sea-coast fortifications. The plot is very ingeniously contrived; the subtle schemings of the disreputable German Baron and the shrewd measures to thwart them that are adopted by the English officer who is told off to unravel the mystery surrounding the murder and drugging of two of the sentries at Dover are narrated with such skill and gusto that from the moment when the First Lord of the Admiralty arrives in the ball-room and dispatches Captain Devigne on his difficult mission, to the night when Devigne unmasks the chief of the German conspirators, as he sits blamelessly playing at bridge with some of his aristocratic English friends, the interest of the reader is kept unflaggingly and intensely alert. In the main, this is a varied and exciting story of plot and counter-plot and diplomatic intriguings, but a very charming love idyll runs through it all: the unspoken word has to do with this idyll, and if the reader cannot guess what the word is he does not deserve to be told. Mr. Gerard finds as much romance in his own day as he has found in the days that were not his, and if in other ways "The Unspoken Word" is unlike his earlier books, it is like them in that it is well and deftly written and tells a capital story.

ROMANCE AT RANDOM. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Watson is raising the flower whose seed was scattered by Stevenson in his tales of Prince Florizel. Lord de Lys is a whimsical aristocrat who gets himself into all manner of scrapes and adventures, by playing practical jokes or intruding *incognito* into the affairs of people who are strangers to him. The general idea has been worked out quite happily. Once or twice an adventure threatens to become serious. In at least two cases Lord de Lys is entangled with matters in which the wings of his fancy threaten to be singed. But he emerges scatheless from the last adventure chronicled by Mr. Watson, largely owing to the fact of his coolness and quick wit, added to the equally salient fact that he is a thorough gentleman. There are twelve adventures. "The Uncommercial Traveller" and "The Jamboree" are perhaps the neatest of the twelve, but all of them are vivacious and entertaining. Mr. Watson never clogs a story with verbiage, ~~and~~ he invariably writes in buoyant spirits.

ROBERT EMMET: A Historical Romance. By Stephen Gwynn. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This is no ordinary novel, and any adequate criticism of it must take into consideration the plea, addressed to both critics and readers, in Mr. Gwynn's preface. There, qualifying somewhat the sub-title, he calls his story "a romance of fact . . . a faithful recital of things which

happened . . . a full, consecutive account of that famous episode in history (the Emmet rising of 1803, to wit) based upon a serious study of all the material which is accessible to-day." And then, leaving to his critics the decision how far he is justified in giving to a historical narrative the colours of fiction, Mr. Gwynn from his countrymen asks pardon and indulgence for the book's manifest shortcomings. That such pardon and indulgence will be given readily by most Irishmen is a thing upon which Mr. Gwynn may count. A patriot himself, he has told the story of perhaps the noblest and surely the most unfortunate of Irish patriots with dignity, reticence, and a fine impartiality. There is in the whole book not a jarring or unbalanced word. Nothing is extenuated, nothing set down in malice. Defects and all, Mr. Gwynn develops Emmet's portrait. Sympathetically, if not eagerly always, we follow his love-story, so brief, so joyless, ending so tragically on that black morning when Sarah Curran waved, with a wild and passionate gesture, her eternal farewell. In minutest, frankest detail we are given account of the famous rising—its conception, the amazing preparations for it, the tragic-comedy of that fateful Saturday when—so, to many, it must seem "the very name of rebellion was made ridiculous. . . ." And then, his hero marching now for the mountains, Mr. Gwynn finds his opportunity. Hitherto facts have in the main weighed against him. His faithful recital has seemed often too faithful—events not sufficient to ensure pictorial or imaginative effect—truth less wonderful and stirring, somehow, than it should be even in a historical romance. But now interest heightens. The story moves, appeals. Those last chapters are fine. We understand at last why Emmet "the defeated, the deceived, the undismayed and undespairing, animates for ever the hope in which he died." Quietly, simply, yet with a burning vividness, Mr. Gwynn describes the hero's last triumph. We are in the stuffy, packed court. Our eyes are on that small slight figure in the dock, facing inevitable doom fearlessly, crying out the noble words of his vindication: "My ministry is now ended; I am going to my cold, silent grave: my lamp of life"—he pointed to the flickering and waning lantern—"is nearly extinguished. . . . I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence." Then the black cap; and in a few hours the end on a plank beneath the scaffold. The pitiful, yet magnificent end.

JOY. By L. G. Moberly. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The long arm of coincidence proves invaluable in the clearing up of difficulties in this pleasantly written story and everything ends as the reader of Miss Moberly's novels would have it end. We feel sure all along that whatever delays and disappointments occur to Joy and her friends there will be no serious miscarriage of justice—such as too often occurs in this world of living human beings—and we are amply rewarded for our trust; no less than three couples are happily married at the finish—to make up for two deaths in the beginning. The frequent discussion of the question whether divers persons are "ladies" is a little tiresome; and the consideration of the expected results of gentle birth and good breeding is apt to pall outside the circulating library and the meetings of the Eugenics Society. But against these drawbacks we have a grocer's assistant who in a fit of primitive, barbaric jealousy nearly murders a baronet, and we cannot recall in all the realms of fiction any other grocer's assistant behaving in such an outrageous manner. We welcome this as a new departure; and if it is improbable, and out of keeping with the young man's character and calling, what of that? Greater writers than Miss Moberly have ridden rough-shod over probabilities, and in an amiable novel like "Joy" probabilities are as out of place as sheer realism. There are some illustrations to "Joy," by an unnamed artist, and these are quite pleasant and suitable.

FAERYLANDS FORLORN. By Arthur Shearly Cripps. (Oxford: Blackwell. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

We are not in this country so enamoured of style as to peruse with great enthusiasm such accounts of distant and exotic places as are met with in the works of Loti. Apparently he now can write them and omit the love intrigue, the marriage, which in former books of his was *de rigueur*. Page after page of glowing pictures, that is what he gives: no matter if his readers are familiar or unfamiliar with the scene. An English writer ventures much if he depicts a place to which the readers do not hope to travel. Monte Carlo is permitted, but the circle of appeal will be exiguous in less frequented paths, unless—as in “The Blue Lagoon”—there is a compensating human interest. Now with Mashonaland there clearly must not be a lack of human interest, especially if—as is here the case—the writer gives us not one story, but a string of short ones. Well, there is a varied group of human beings—clergymen and natives, and traders and wandering sculptors, and clergymen and police, and farmers and clergymen, and outcasts and clergymen. The most delightful thing in the world, whether in England or Mashonaland, is “shop,” and to read the evident joy with which Mr. Cripps contemplates his profession and all that concerns it, is, I will not say disarming, for he does not appeal to those who do not like that sort of thing: it must be perfectly delightful to the reader who is interested in the work of missionaries. And that, I suppose, includes a large number of people. And those who read this book will find a local colour very well employed, a very pleasant fancy and a sympathetic attitude. It is a good book.

A WILL IN A WELL. By F. Everett Green. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Beyond the fact that the title gives away the plot, there is little to find fault with in this agreeable domestic story. The will is, of course, discovered: the heiress is righted: and Miss Green even weds her to an earl. But this does not take place until plenty of difficulties are overcome, including a plot to kidnap the heroine, and a motor-car accident, in both of which an American visitor acquits himself ably. A double marriage rounds off the story, whose title might as well have been “All’s Well that Ends Well.” For young people, especially, this novel will have strong attractions. Other and older readers will appreciate most the sketch of the *nouveaux riches* which the authoress has thrown in to give relief to the simple, hearty ways of Val and Hilda and Mary.

THEY ALSO SERVE. By Christopher Stone. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

The diary form of novel has its disadvantages: it is better adapted for reflective stories than for adventure and incident. Mr. Stone, however, chooses a hero who withdraws into the country, to live for a while in obscurity, painting a little, thinking a little, and flirting a little. It would spoil the reader’s enjoyment of the tale if we were to disclose the secret of the plot, which is pretty enough. The good genius of the story is a man who has become blind. The Miltonic title fits him, at least upon the lips of the hero and Marjory Chesselden. His intervention clears up their love-affair, and that was to the young pair an extremely real service. The construction of the book is less remarkable than its characterisation. Mr. Stone has drawn some well-marked figures, each with an individuality of its own, from the strenuous, headlong curate, to Mrs. Joddrell, the superior beauty who is married to the factor. The charm of the book lies in this circle of men and women round George Martin, the hero, who is rather a flabby sort of hero, by the way: and Mr. Stone has enriched his pages with reflections and observations which are seldom irrelevant and as seldom trite. These invest the book with a real attractiveness. Their atmosphere is more convincing than the suddenness



Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Photo by J. Burlon & Sons, Leicester

with which Marjory and her lover fall in love, or the discovery of the latter’s parentage. However, the novel is quite able to float, even under the slight handicap of these improbabilities.

BERENICE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The heroine of this novel is an actress who first wins notoriety in a play by Ibsen, or Ibsen as Mr. Oppenheim chooses to disguise thinly the Norwegian dramatist. Berenice has the misfortune to be separated from her husband, after a loveless marriage, and this complicates her relationships with a young literary man who writes a play for her. Matravets, if he had only an “I” in his name, would recall some of the aristocratic heroes in early Victorian fiction, but he feels in honour bound to keep clear of any entanglement with Berenice, for her own sake as well as for that of her little boy. After generously providing for the husband and the child of his beloved, he poisons himself. The publishers, in their paper cover, assert that “this is the most puzzling and moving story its author has written” but Mr. Oppenheim has done far better work than this in the line of melodrama, and there is nothing specially puzzling about the plot. There is a strong emotional interest, which borders upon the sentimental. The novel belongs to the author’s earlier manner, but it contains many of the qualities which have made Mr. Oppenheim a favourite among lovers of the sheer story.

BLACK SHEEP. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a strong, courageous story, worthy of Mr. Hyatt’s reputation. James Grierson returns from ten years’ wandering to find himself the black sheep of a family of appalling respectability. The Griersons are the kind of people with whom Mr. Galsworthy has made us acquainted: people of narrow views, the morality of the Pharisee, and of a charity limited to the social circle they adorn. To such James Grierson, unsuccessful and nomadic, is, naturally, uncongenial. To make matters worse, he fails utterly.

to adapt himself to the environment of wealth and comfort enjoyed by the recipients of steady incomes, and, striking out as a journalist, pitches his tent with one of the world's outcasts. The struggles and disappointments of Fleet Street are excellently done. Douglas Kelly, experienced and pushful, explains to Grierson the difficulties to be faced:

"You'll have a hard fight, because you've got ability and experience of the world, and those will tell you against you at first."

"Why?" Jimmy asked.

"Kelly gave a cynical little laugh. 'Because there's not much demand for either in Fleet Street. You've only got to study the Press to see that—dailies, weeklies, magazines, the whole lot. They want writers who are just on the level of the mob, because then the mob can understand them.'"

If this judgment is severe, the truth it contains will hardly be disputed. Here, as in other novels, Mr. Hyatt is equally severe on our modern civilisation and on the coloured races. It is possible the coloured races have as just a case against the conduct of the white man abroad. Why municipal trams and borough councils are detestable to Mr. Hyatt is not very clear. The trams of private companies really make quite as much noise as "the grinding whirr of the municipal trams." And, in spite of Mr. Hyatt's declarations, the experienced Londoner knows that the County Council has not destroyed freedom. Apart from these things, "Black Sheep" is a good, clean book.

A WINTER'S COMEDY. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (T. Werner Laurie.)

A refreshing, wholesome atmosphere pervades "A Winter's Comedy," Mr. Sutcliffe's new book: it is full of a sense of strong clean winds, wide stretches of field and wood, sunshine, and fresh air. The story is told simply and sympathetically, and the principal characters are drawn with care and skill. Phyllis Dene, rescued from eighteen years of "captivity" with her Aunt Selina in West Kensington, is transported by her wealthy Uncle Saul to a lovely country house in Yorkshire. The country "gentry" at first resent Saul's appearance in their midst, and will not allow that he is of their "class" because he is a self-made man. Luckily for him (and for the reader) he is not of their "class"—being a cheery, sincere, great-hearted man, a man with a passion for horses and dogs and the healthy outdoor life of a country squire. He is a fine fellow, well worthy of all the good fortune that crosses his path. Phyllis makes a charming heroine, and the "gentry" are amazed at her perfect manners and refinement. Full of life and zest, she has occasional dreamy fanciful moods in which she seems to be able to see into her future. Consequently, she greets many of the events that take place in her new life in a calm casual way that is extremely weird. When Phyllis first appears in the village near her home she is much puzzled by the curious glances cast at her by the villagers. She questions her uncle, but, although he knows the reason, he will not tell her, and she does not discover till near the end of the story why it is she is regarded with such wonder and whispered comments. There is one fault in the story, and that is the continual harping on "class" distinctions; and we hear rather too much of Phyllis's "short upper-lip." Otherwise "A Winter's Comedy," with its cleverly handled plot, and its very natural characters, is a most thoroughly enjoyable and successful book.

The Bookman's Table.

REST AND UNREST. By Edward Thomas. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

There is more poetry in Mr. Thomas's prose than in any new book of verse that has come into our hands this

long time past. He has a delicate gift of style: a sensitive feeling for words, a nice instinct for the illuminating phrase; his ideas seem to clothe themselves in fitting and graceful language, easily, naturally, without a touch of eccentricity or affectation; there is no bareness anywhere, but nothing is overdressed. His little sketches of landscape catch not only the light and colour and visible details of a scene, but the very atmosphere of it, and in each of the nine essays in this volume such descriptions of the countryside and the moods of nature get their chief importance, or at least an added significance, from serving as a setting and background to some everyday story of human life and character. One could not handle Mr. Thomas's slight themes in a summary without thumbing most of the bloom and beauty from them. "The First of Spring" does not more exquisitely express the joy of a world awakening out of its winter, than the pathos of the maternal yearnings that stir in the starved heart of the subdued, kindly, spinsterly Alice, at sight of another's motherhood and the thought of adopting the little child that nobody wanted. Mrs. Wilkins, the masterful, tyrannical housewife of "Sunday Afternoon," her tolerant, easy-going husband, her three thin spectacled, unmarried daughters, the oppressed, imaginative, rebellious little granddaughter, orphan of the only daughter who had rebelled against her narrow government, and the deadly dull and dreary Sunday she enforces upon them—the room, the people, the past that lies behind them, are sketched in lightly, vividly, with sympathetic humour and with a shrewd insight that gives them life and makes them wonderfully real. There are happier, more attractive things in the book, perhaps, but none that is more subtly charged with emotion and the unacted dream-drama of the inner life of humanity; and the same charm of style, the same qualities of sympathy and insight and descriptive cunning, are common to them all. "Rest and Unrest" is the newest addition to the series that includes Michael Fairless's "Roadmender," and it is no little praise to say it is worthy of its place.

MODERN WOMAN AND HOW TO MANAGE HER.
By Walter M. Gallichan. 2s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

It is from the man's point of view, of course—and Mr. Gallichan has done it well and interestingly. "Woman is essentially implacable, like the cat." That came from Nietzsche. It suggests a fascinating household exercise (preferably, to give it full flavour) just after that pleasant man has made his fifth demand for the rates, and the last new hat (proudly displayed!) has caused yet another of those sinking feelings so familiar to the married man. The exercise? Trace out, as you sit in armchair ease, the points of resemblance between your wife and Tobina the cat, sleeping and stretching in front of the fire. (N.B.—Don't tell your wife about your conclusions.) This is just mentioned, because the conclusions of Mr. Gallichan, convincingly put down, are to the effect that woman is essentially, all said and done, by much the inferior of man. Nature, as he seeks to show by a number of apt instances, plays her lure of sex-attraction, and then has no further concern with the resulting happiness or unhappiness. Mr. Gallichan rightly sums the whole difficulty—there must be eternal compromise, compromise underlined all the time. There must be some make-believe. Love's the art that, as much as any other art, wants careful craftsmanship.

"There is more need for love-making in wedlock than in the betrothal days. God bless us all, we are children who want to be noticed, flattered, petted, and played with. As soon as a husband ceases to admire his wife for her features and her other charms, or her domestic economy, or her mental parts, or her goodness, or what not, he is losing the lover attitude and merging into a state of mere toleration. When a wife neglects those gentle offices that count for so much in daily life, and ceases to take interest in her husband's opinions and hobbies, she is forgetting that love can only be kept aglow by art and tact."

Every husband should get this book—and every wife with any common sense at all.

THE IDEA OF A FREE CHURCH. By Henry Sturt. 5s. net. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)

This is a book that may be read with interest and with profit by men of all shades of religious opinion. Mr. Sturt handles the vexed problems of the day thoughtfully, earnestly, and with a philosophic breadth and impartiality of view that thinking men will deeply appreciate even where they incline to dissent from him. His idea of a Free Church is a new religious system which takes a wide and penetrating survey of causes and effects and is raised on a sound basis of pragmatism. He outlines this system clearly, brilliantly, reverently, with ripe knowledge and high reasonableness that come of a close study of the history and the spiritual needs of humanity. It is an important and profoundly stimulating exposition of a great theme, and one that we warmly recommend to all those who concern themselves with the latter-day religious ideals and aspirations of the race.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S PLANT-BOOK. By Rich G. Hatton, Hon. A.R.C.A. (London). 25s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Craftsman's Plant-Book" is the puzzling and unattractive title of a by no means puzzling and very attractive book. Its sub-title makes it clearer and runs as follows: "Figures of Plants selected from the Herbals of the sixteenth century and exhibiting the finest examples of plant-drawing found in those rare works, whether executed in wood-cuts or in copper-plate engravings, arranged for the use of the decorator, with supplementary illustrations and some remarks on the use of plant-form in design." Of the five hundred and thirty pages, by far the greater part is given to reproductions of the illustrations to herbals and plant books, beginning with that of Otto Brunfels in 1530 and ending with Crispian van de Passe in 1614. The supplementary illustrations are from Lindley's "Vegetable Kingdom," Zwingus's "Tharum Botanicum" and the author himself. Altogether they number more than a thousand and are a fascinating selection, many of them being no less beautiful and suggestive than they are valuable as representing an interesting branch of art at an early stage; for the very first of the herbals drawn upon is noticeable as containing copies of the plants from life. Most of them are accurate in a great many details and in total effect, while at the same time a large proportion have been rendered with a view to decorative effect, and with success. Mr. Hatton's writing extends to fifty pages and covers chapters on the herbals, on the use of plants as elements in design, on Jacobean floral ornament, on some considerations governing the use of plants in design, and on the general form and classification of plants. These chapters are practical, forcible, and brief, and form a sufficient introduction to a book which is likely to be permanent as well as unique.

THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. Vols. VIII. to XII. 5s. net each. (Methuen.)

These five volumes complete Messrs. Methuen's uniform edition of the chief works of Oscar Wilde, and include "A House of Pomegranates," with its four exquisite fairy-tales, two of them, "The Young King" and "The Fisherman and his Soul," surely among the most poignant and wonderfully human stories in this kind that were ever written; they include also "Salome," and "A Florentine Tragedy," "Intentions," "Essays and Lectures," and "De Profundis." The Essays and Lectures show Wilde as a serious, unconventional thinker, one of the leaders in that æsthetic movement which profoundly influenced the artistic taste of the latter years of last century, though its excesses were mercilessly laughed at. But the two volumes of Wilde's prose that will be longest and oftenest

read are "Intentions"—that subtle study of Lamb's friend Wainewright; "Pen, Pencil, and Poison," and the two brilliantly witty dialogues on "The Decay of Lying" and "The Critic as Artist"—and his painfully self-revealing apologia, "De Profundis," whose finely imaginative, sensitive prose loses nothing of its magic on a re-reading. Small wonder that, in the five years since its first appearance, it has gone already through fourteen editions. Messrs. Methuen are to be congratulated on the completion of this cheap reissue, which, alike in print, paper and binding, is tasteful and entirely satisfying.

THE CHRIST OF THE HOLY GRAIL. By James Macbeth Bain. 2s. 6d. (Theosophical Publishing Company.)

There is nothing cryptic about the mysticism of Mr. Macbeth Bain. He delivers his message in simple—almost artless—language, and draws his illustrations from the common phenomena of nature and everyday life, although here and there in his little volume one lights on phrases that reveal the influence of the Hindu school. The keynote of the doctrine is expressed in the introductory chapter, which declares that "the Christos is the Great Love and the Great Love is the Christos." Of this theme in its various aspects the book treats, now in a vein of rhapsody and now in discourses of calmly reasoned appeal to the facts of ordinary human experience. It represents, in short, a body of transcendental doctrine simplified, but rendered distinctive by a personal note that rises at times from earnestness to ecstasy, as in the "Invitation to the Feast of the Holy Grail" at the beginning, and the prose "Hymn to the Christ of the Holy Grail" which forms one of the closing chapters. The author has realised, in common with many other thinkers of to-day, to how small a degree spiritual progress is subserved by purely intellectual concepts, and his appeal is made to the higher intuitions or, more correctly, to the entire soul-consciousness. As for the main motive of the book, while Love, whether sacred or profane, is a trite enough subject in the hands of literary rhapsodists, it becomes transfigured when it is treated worthily in its universal or cosmic presentation. Although Mr. Bain's present work has no pretensions to great literature—that being no part of his purpose—his message will be welcome to all who are interested in the movement of human life towards unity, and especially to those who realise that Love in its more unfolded forms may be seen not only as the Awakener, the Beautifier, and the Liberator, but also as the Discerner.

A QUEEN AT BAY. By Edmund d'Auvergne. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. d'Auvergne is to be congratulated upon the discovery of a new heroine for the purposes of biography. We can recall no other work which, in a popular manner, puts before the reader the inner history of Spain during and after the Carlist war. This "story of Cristina and Don Carlos," as is the manner of its kind, concerns itself chiefly with the court intrigues of the period, and the action of the Carlist war takes, comparatively speaking, a "back seat." The diplomacy of the times was exceedingly complicated, and though Mr. d'Auvergne is deft enough in pointing out the general trend of events, he is at times confusing. The author confesses to a greater admiration for his heroine than we ourselves can summon: "Cristina of Spain was a very human, passionate woman, whose lot it was to save her daughter's throne and unwillingly to preside at the coming of age of a great nation. These mighty tasks she accomplished not by the exercise of any great talents or genius for statecraft, but by dint of pluck and plain common-sense." However, although we may not always sympathise with the Queen, there can be no doubt that the story of her life contains most of the essentials of romance. The reader will find Mr. d'Auvergne's pages picturesque and interesting.

HAMEWITH. By Charles Murray. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang and two illustrations by E. Douglas Strachan. 5s. (Constable.)

Are the Scottish people still "songsmiths"? It is to be feared they are not in the old historic sense, or even in the more modern one in which the brilliant little company who formed the collection contained in "Whistle Binkie" were song-writers; men like Alexander Rodger, James Ballantine, and William Miller. These men walked easily in the Scots dialect; the clothes fitted them. To-day every newspaper has its dialect poets, but they seldom walk with grace; the old garments seem like borrowed suits. It is sad, but we fear the people of Scotland have ceased to think in their own sinewy and expressive tongue. They have got the impression that the speech of Whitechapel is the dialect of the English people and that it must be best. And so we may get verse in Scotland but it will no longer be Scottish verse or even bear marks of its origin behind the Cheviot Hills. How does it come about, then, that Mr. Charles Murray's "Hamewith" contains so much that

- is virile and racy of the soil? Mr. Murray seems to have escaped the bad form of Anglophobia which holds Scotland in its grip by going abroad, and there his eyes have been better able to see the true value of the fast disappearing life of the old Scots countryside. The ballads in his book show all the trenchant strength and the faculty for swift and graphic portraiture which are familiar to us in such ballads as "Allister MacAllister," "Kate Dalrymple," or "Robin Tamson's Smiddy." Mr. Murray is a master of his own Aberdeenshire doric which, for sonorousness, copiousness, and graphic power far surpasses any dialect spoken south of Tweed. His ballads, too, are full of pictures, for he shares with our old ballad-writers and, indeed, with the best poets of all countries, the faculty for making picturesque and illuminating phrases; we have no space for quotation, but the reader will find such a poem as "The Deil and the Deevilock" positively alive with them. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a preface in which he laments that the art of reading poetry is almost lost, and whimsically suggests that there are now probably more writers than there are readers of verse. The book also contains two admirable illustrations by Mr. E. Douglas Strachan.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN LONG.

The Phases of Marcella. by Captain Henry Curties (Os.), is a novel which will not allow its readers to fall asleep. It begins so quietly and innocently with the girlhood of the orphan heroine in the quiet country parsonage on the borders of the New Forest that we were quite unprepared for the one might almost describe it as the vortex of incident which follows the heroine's quiet marriage to the man she loves, in her uncle's little country church. Drugging and poisoning seem to be two of the main occupations of the villains in this story, and things happen with startling unexpectedness. We are thankful to leave the hero and heroine actually alive, not to speak of happy, in the last chapter.

MESSRS. GIBBINGS & CO.

- **The Collector's Handbook to Ceramics**, by William Chaffers (6s. net), cannot be called a new edition in spite of the fact that its contents are selected from the author's larger book, "The Ceramic Gallery." It is in its present form such a thoroughly useful, concise, and workmanlike volume, that as a handbook it comes as a new help to the collector. It is full of salient facts and necessary information, and as to these are added very carefully selected illustrations of pottery and porcelain of the Renaissance and modern periods, it will be easily understood how excellent a guide it is to all lovers of ceramics and to collectors anxious to identify specimens which bear no marks to guide them. The volume is full of general interest also, and is very really educational, as it touches upon so many points of an historical and biographical nature.

MESSRS. GOWANS & GRAY.

Messrs Gowans & Gray have followed up their excellent series of "Masterpiece" booklets of Paintings by a further two-volume publication of **Masterpieces of Sculpture**, selected by Dr. Georg Gronau (6d. net each). These handy booklets follow the lines of those on the art of various painters, viz. they show by reproductions alone the best sculptured art of the world, with just sufficient at the foot of each page to indicate the school, the sculptor, the material in which the work was wrought and its present home. The fame of the dainty "Masterpiece" series is world-wide; a score or so of the small parchment volumes would take little space in one's library and add little to the weight of one's luggage, yet would cover in a wonderfully detailed manner the whole field of classic painting and sculpture. The latest volume of the Painters' Series is **The Masterpieces of Carpaccio and Giorgione** (6d. net).

This same enterprising firm has just published in its "Humorous Masterpieces" a series of illustrations from "Punch" under the title of **Pictures by Charles Keene** (6d. net). It is a little gallery of good work by this fine artist, and by it we can realise how far the artist's wit and humour exceeded that of the joke-writers in the mid-Victorian period.

THE UTOPIA PRESS.

By all lovers of the nursery and by all dwellers in the nursery, Mr. J. H. Goring's new volume, **The Ballad of Lake Laloo**, and **Other Rhymes**, will receive a very hearty and a very right welcome. With but few exceptions Mr. Goring maintains a high level in his poetry for children. He understands the child-mind very thoroughly; his lines are picturesque, they hold colour, and they possess that blend of the imaginative and the everyday which is so perfectly natural to the normal child. He is especially happy in his "cumulative" verses, if one may so describe them, such as "I Bought a Ship":

"I bought a ship and went to sea;
The sea was deep, too deep for me,
I sold the ship and bought a train,
And took a trip through France and Spain," etc.,

and "The Half-Crown":

"When I go up to London Town,
What can I buy for half-a-crown?
I'd like a horse with a cart behind;
A watch to pull out of my pocket and wind,
A baby brother, a clockwork train,
And a real live dog at the end of a chain—
Then if there's any change out, I'd like
Just two white rats and a motor-bike."

But it is this use (a far too frequent use) of the slang word "bike" which is one of the things we do not approve of in such a charming book. Another point we demur at is the intelligence given in the last verse of "The Horse." Children need not be told anything about the fate of horses in this manner. With these two exceptions we heartily congratulate Mr. Goring and prophesy that his poems will find their way into many a future anthology for children.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

It was a happy thought which made Professor Spingarn issue in separate form (from the Clarendon Press) Sir William Temple's **Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning, and on Poetry**, from the third volume of his standard collection of "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century." Sir William Temple cannot be said to have been hardly dealt with by time. He lives by reason of the enthusiastic tributes of the eighteenth-century essayists, by his connection with Swift, and perhaps most of all by one deathless sentence. Professor Spingarn seeks to add to these claims. He urges that Temple is a pioneer of historical criticism, that he anticipates Jeremy Collier, and that he has something of Gray's romantic interest in the literatures of Northern Europe. "The blunder of Phalaris," he maintains, "cannot override such claims as these." Professor Spingarn seems to overstate his case. The blunder of Phalaris does not stand alone in convicting Temple of superficiality and sciolism. In his dashes "through thick and thin" Temple was inevitably "in" as well as "out," but on such occasional successes it seems hazardous to base a claim for so far-reaching a prescience. It is doubtful if Temple's position in the development of English Prose has not been over-rated by the influence of a critical tradition. The "genteel" school conferred a new smoothness on our prose, but did not at the same time retain the more important qualities of Dryden's variety and vigour. Temple, we take it, stands to Dryden as a prose-writer in much the same relation as Waller stands to Dryden, the poet. This scholarly edition is an addition of the greatest value to our educational literature.

The fine classic of Sir Thomas More, the "Utopia," has been rendered into modern English by Valerian Paget, under the title of **More's Millennium** (5s. net), and Messrs. Alston Rivers publish it. There is no need for the shudder which we half feared would be felt when we turned to the first chapter of this modernisation, for the moderniser has brought understanding and a great sympathy, taste, and an intellectual self-restraint to his work. Utopia now lies open to the general reader; it

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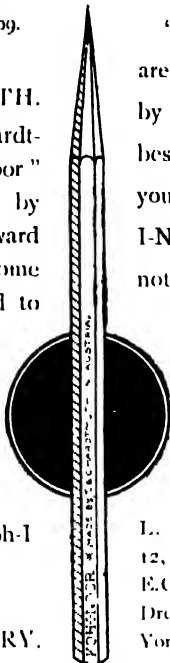
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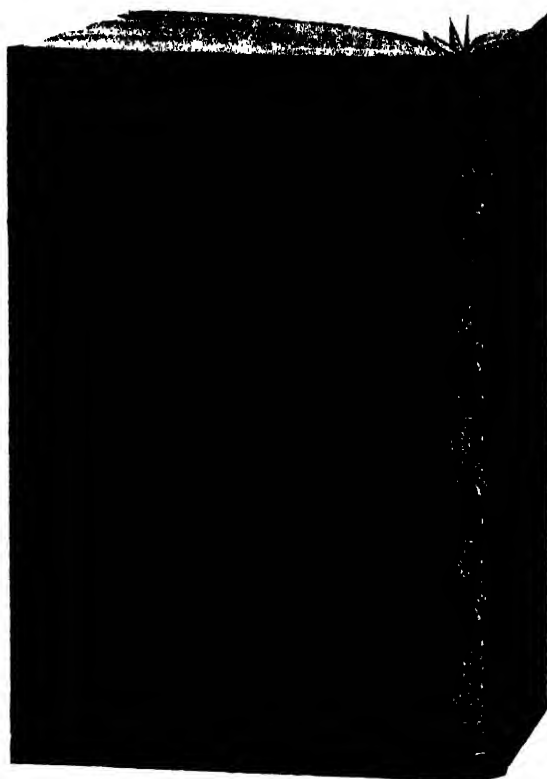
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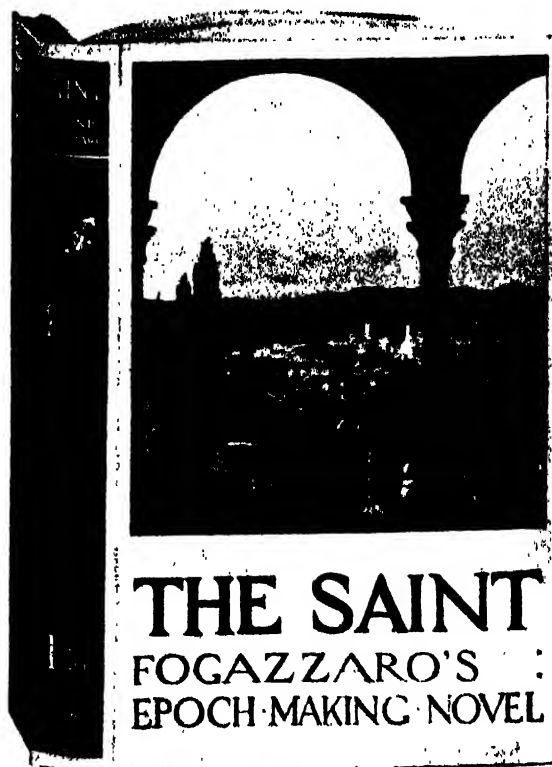
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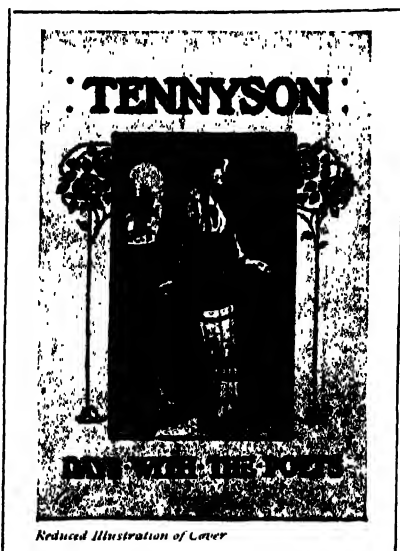
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APRIL, 1910.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The May BOOKMAN will contain a special, fully illustrated article on G. K. Chesterton by Henry Murray.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons are publishing immediately "Maurice Maeterlinck," a biographical study translated from the French of Gérard Harry by A. R. Allinson. The book includes two new essays by Maeterlinck, a photogravure portrait, and eight illustrations.

Before the success of "The Walls of Jericho" made him one of the most famous of modern dramatists, Mr. Alfred Sutro was known as the translator of six of Maeterlinck's books: "The Life of the Bee," "The Treasure of the Humble," "Wisdom and Destiny," "The Buried Temple," "Aglavaine and Selysette," and "Monna Vanna"; Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos translated Maeterlinck's

"Life and Flowers," "The Double Garden," and "Joyzelle"; all which translations, with Mr. Bernard Miall's renderings of the two plays, "Sister Beatrice" and "Ariane and Barbe Bleue," are published by Messrs. Allen. A translation by Miss Jane T. Stoddart of Maeterlinck's essay on "Ruysbroeck and the Mystics" is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. "The Blue Bird," which has met with such a remarkable reception at the Haymarket Theatre, was translated by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, and is published by Messrs. Methuen.

But, as Mr. Teixeira de Mattos puts it, "the honour of introducing Maeterlinck to the English public is wholly due to Alfred Sutro; a fact upon which I cannot lay too much stress." A similar honour belongs to Mr. Teixeira de Mattos in connection with the works of Styn Streuvels, and of Carl Ewald—for the express purpose of translating the books of the latter he taught himself Danish, seven or eight years ago. Mr. Teixeira de Mattos was born in Amsterdam in 1865; his family are members of the Dutch nobility; he learnt English, Dutch, and French from nurses of different nationalities, and picked up German later. He came to England in 1874, and in 1904 succeeded Mr. Sutro as Maeterlinck's official translator. He is also the sole translator of Louis

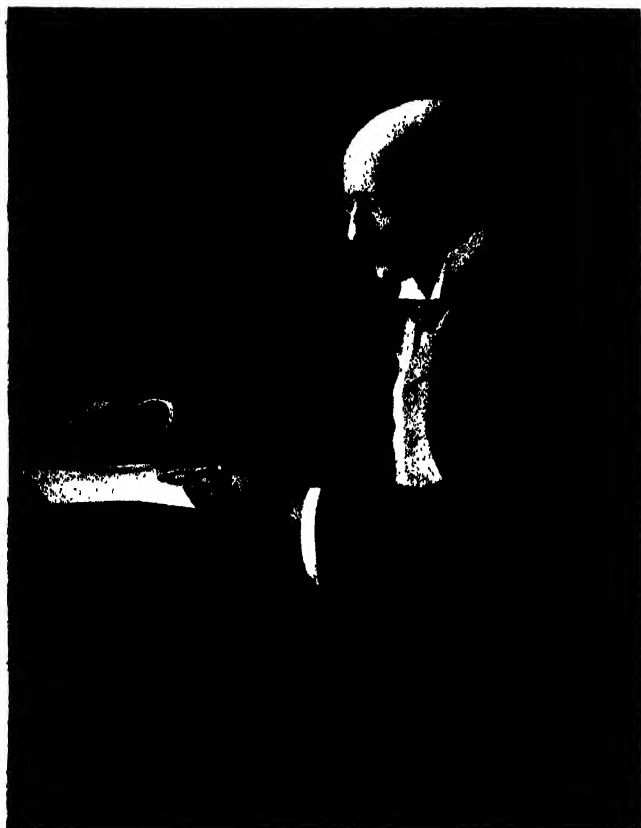


Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

Mr. Alfred Sutro.

Couperus, the leading Dutch novelist, and of Maeterlinck's brother-in-law, Maurice Leblanc, author of the "Arsène Lupin" series, all of whose books he has done into English; but he regards as his *magnum opus* the complete translation of Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe" (1902-3). A few weeks ago Mr. Teixeira de Mattos married the widow of the late W. C. K. Wilde, elder son of Sir William and brother of Oscar Wilde.

That Mr. Teixeira de Mattos brings a conscience and enthusiasm to his work as a translator is indicated by the fact that he confesses to never feeling so proud as when he succeeds in obtaining payment for an English or foreign author from a foreign country or from England for work for which, owing to a non-adhesion to the Berne Convention or other reason, he is not absolutely entitled to demand payment. He hates a literary pirate, and none has been known to sail across his bows and escape unpunished. He particularly cherishes memories of cheques he has extracted for English writers from Holland, and for French writers from America. What pleases him best in his work is the encountering and overcoming the difficulty of turning essentially sprightly foreign books into English: such as the Vicomte Robert d'Humièrre's "Through Isle and Empire," which was published a few years ago, and the Marquis de Castellane's "Men and Things of My Time," a translation of which he has just completed. He

is at present engaged in translating Maeterlinck's new play, "Mary Magdalene," and on an essay which he is calling "The Insect's Homer."

Those who care anything for the higher interests of the drama in this country are under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Herbert Trench and his theatrical enterprise. Mr. Trench revealed himself, in "Deirdre Wedded," and in his later volume, "Apollo and the Seaman," as a poet, and he has shown by his successful management of the Haymarket Theatre that when he turns his hand to business your poet makes the best of business men. If his success proves anything it proves that he was right in believing there is a public ready and willing to appreciate and support good plays if they are offered to them. "The Blue Bird" is nearing its 200th performance, and Mr. Trench has recently arranged with the New Theatre Company, New York, for its production in America.

The Baroness von Hutten has nearly finished a play entitled "Break o' Day," which is to be produced shortly at a London theatre.

A new poet who sells out an edition of a thousand in less than two years is not to be passed over without congratulation. Mr. Scott Craven's somewhat Ingoldsby-like "Joe Skinner," issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1907, has met with this happy



Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.



Photo by Dover Street Studios

Mr. Herbert Trench.

Mr. C. E. Montague, whose novel of journalistic life, "A Hind Let Loose," bids fair to be one of the most successful novels of the season, has for these fourteen years been chief leader-writer on the *Manchester Guardian*, and for some time past has been also one of its directors. His only other book is a memoir of one of his teachers in journalism, the late William Arnold, written in collaboration with Arnold's sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and published by the Manchester University Press in 1907. In that memoir Mr. Montague set himself to show what journalism could be at its best; in "A Hind Let Loose" he shows what it may be at its worst. He wrote the novel several years ago, but it was not until long afterwards that he found leisure to go over and recast it and offer it to a publisher. He has too little time to spare from journalism to carry out many literary projects, but he has been asked to make a book of some of his critical work in the *Manchester Guardian*, and is now searching through an old scrap-book and revising some of the contents to this end.

An interesting souvenir of the recent celebration of the centenary of Sir Samuel Ferguson is the reproduction of an admirable portrait-study of Sir Samuel by Mr. John P. Campbell, the well-known Belfast artist. The drawing is a faithful and striking piece of work, and has been very artistically reproduced.

**Mr. C. E. Montague.**
Photo by Warwick Brooke.

fortune, and he has just brought out with the same publisher a drama, "The Last of the English," that is presently to make its appearance before the footlights in London. Mr. Scott Craven was born in India, and, after coming home for education at Cheltenham and Eton, joined the staff of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette* as Simla correspondent, serving under Mr. Kay Robinson, who was then editing that paper with Mr. Rudyard Kipling as his second on the staff. He did a good deal of journalistic work on several Indian papers; was for a short time Simla correspondent to the *London Daily News*; and in 1893 accompanied the Marquess of Lansdowne on the first Viceregal visit to Upper and Lower Burmah as correspondent for the *Times*. In 1897 he returned to England and abandoned journalism for the stage, and for two years appeared at His Majesty's as a member of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's company, which he rejoined a year ago. In the interval, he fulfilled engagements as leading actor in various companies here and on tour in the United States, Canada, and South Africa. He has written four one-act plays that have been successfully performed in London and the provinces, and one other volume of poems, his first, entitled "Poems in Divers Keys," that was issued by Mr. Grant Richards in 1904.



Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

Photo by Kate Pragnell.

In addition to her new book, "Out of the Night," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has completed two other novels which will be published by the same firm, one during the autumn and the other next year. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has in preparation a collection of her short stories which Messrs. Mills & Boon will publish.

In earlier life Mr. Wilkinson Sherren (whose new novel, "Tumult," we review elsewhere) learnt the ancient craft of printing as well as of reporting. He wrote stories, reports, and articles for a little West Country paper which he not only edited, but also helped to print, sometimes completing his round of usefulness by selling it to the trade over the publishing counter. Mr. Sherren was born in 1875, and belongs by birth and ancestry to the Dorset he writes about. Newspaper work in various parts of the country alternated with periods of retreat at Weymouth, devoted to writing fiction, which for some considerable time appeared destined to remain unknown. His volume of short stories, "A Rustic Dreamer," was in manuscript long before the publication of "The Wessex of Romance," the first book to introduce him to the notice of the public. Three years elapsed between the publication of "A Rustic Dreamer" and "The Chronicles of

Berthold Darnley," that was followed in 1908 by "The Insurgent"—a novel which drew letters of appreciation from several well-known men and women of letters. His last book, "Tumult," which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. have published, is to be succeeded in the late autumn by a novel of rustic life. While "going through the mill" Mr. Sherren had two characteristic letters from George Meredith, one of which spoke of how the novelist had to brace himself when for the first time a novel of his ran the gauntlet of the reviewers. "Here and there a hostile review is instructive," wrote the Sage of Box Hill, "if only that it throws us back on the consciousness of our latent strength."

The title of Mr. Sidney Warwick's new novel, "The Road Back," was suggested to him by a phrase he heard used in the pulpit of Keble College Chapel: "To turn away from the beckoning mirage of desire, to take the thorny road back to duty." Like his former novel, "The House of Lies" (which Messrs. Cassell, who publish the new book, issued last year), "The Road Back" ran serially through the *Daily Chronicle*. In addition to boys' stories innumerable, Mr. Warwick has written many serials for the London dailies; one which he wrote and supplied from day to day for seventeen weeks to the *Evening News* brought about a breakdown in his health that nearly ended prematurely the career of a very promising novelist. He has lately finished another novel, the scenes of which are laid in the ruined city of Messina after the earthquake; and is busy on yet another, whose scenes are in Wales, round about Cardiff and the rugged,



Photo by C. Vandyk.

Mr. Sidney Warwick.



Mr. J. A. Hammerton.

romantic mining district of the Rhondda Valley, where the Evan Roberts revival had its beginnings.

The Educational Book Company is publishing on April 4 an important new edition of Dickens's works in eighteen volumes. The Book Company is one of the allied companies of the Amalgamated Press, and its general editor is Mr. J. A. Hammerton, author of "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," "In the Track of Stevenson," and other books. The Company publishes subscription works only, and probably its most successful enterprise so far has been "The *Punch* Library of Humour," of which it seems some twenty thousand sets of twenty-five volumes each have been sold in two years. A distinctive feature of their more ambitious venture, the publication of Dickens, is that the edition is newly illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss, this being the first time that any one English artist has illustrated Dickens throughout. Mr. Furniss has been exclusively engaged upon this work for the last year or two, re-studying the pages of Dickens, and, without violating the traditions that other artists have established, has set himself to re-create with his pencil those characters with whom the reading world is so familiar that any radical departure from the accepted portraits of any of them would be regarded as a bad likeness. There are five hundred full-page illustrations in all, and every one who knows Mr. Furniss's brilliant black-and-white work in *Punch* and elsewhere will be prepared to find that he is in the true line of descent from "Phiz," Leech, Barnard, and those who have come to be regarded as the most characteristically Dickensian of illustrators.

We regret that by an oversight we omitted to mention in our last number that the picture of "Sheridan assisting Miss Linley in her Flight from Bath" was reproduced by permission from the original by Jerry Barrett, which is in the Public Art Gallery, Brighton, and is the property of the Brighton Corporation.

In the last nine years Mr. H. Noel Williams has published over a dozen books of historical biography. Mr. Williams has been extremely fond of history from boyhood; he took the Modern History School at Oxford, but it was not until some time after he left the University that he began to write histories himself. His first volume, "Madame Récamier and Her Friends," was promptly accepted by Messrs. Harper. His forthcoming book, "The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu," will be published by Messrs. Methuen, who are issuing yet another book of his, a history of "Henry II., his Court and Times," in October.



Mr. Harry Furniss.

From a drawing by himself.

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"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

"Somebody says that she'll say no,
Somebody knows that she'll say ay."
TENNYSON, *The Wrens*.

(Miss B. W. Ramsay, Dyke, Forres, N.B.)

"I never use a big, big D."
W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best three original epigrams applicable to the works or personalities of any three living authors; no epigram to exceed twelve words in length.

(Miss Mabel Mackay, 48, Parliament Hill, Hampstead Heath, N.W.; Miss Mackechnee, St. Andrews, N.B.; Maude H. Bartholomew, 13, South Grove, Highgate, N.; J. E. Macdonald, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh; Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.; and Dorothy M. Taylor, Gorphwysfa, Cwrt-y-vil Road, Penarth.)

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

II. — A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best lines from English literature applicable to Halley's Comet is awarded to Mr. GEORGE ROTHNIE, of 27, Victoria Street, Aberdeen, for the following:

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

"Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing Nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of ether; coasts unnumbered worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years."
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mrs. MARY SCOTT, St. Mary's Vicarage, Carlisle, for the following:

THE UNSPOKEN WORD. BY MORICE GERARD.

"The Sacristan he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his fingers out."

Ingoldsby Legends: Nell Cook.

We also select for printing:

TANGLED RELATIONS. BY COL. CUTHBERT LARKING.

"A little more than kin, and less than kind."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, I. II.

(G. M. Vickridge, "Ronda," Worthing.)

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall"—*Nursery Rhyme*.

(Miss L. White, Green Bank, Allerton, Bradford.)

CHINA AS I SAW IT. BY A. S. ROE.

"Every plate and dish and bowl
Wildly on the floor did roll."

DR. HOFFMAN, *Fidgety Philip*.

(M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere, Kent.)

THE UNSPOKEN WORD. BY MORICE GERARD.

"My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word."

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

(A. Masson, 28, Burma Road, Stoke Newington, N.)

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head."

JOHN GAY, *The Sick Man and the Angel*.

(Miss E. Waller, 5, The Ridgway, N. Wimbledon.)

"Eyes looked love to eyes which spake again."

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

(Miss B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

This Competition has brought in a very large number of quotations. We specially commend the selection sent by Amy S. Bell (York), M. C. Jobson (Durham), Mrs. Pansie Annie Rainey (St. Ives), Miss B. W. Ramsay (Forres, N.B.), Joseph Hanton (Arbroath), E. M. Marshall (Dulwich), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), W. E. Burgess (Morley, nr. Leeds), E. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Mrs. A. M. Webber (Plymouth), Margaret Colson (St. Andrews), Miss E. Moore (St. Felix), Mrs. May Stanbrook (Sandown, I.W.), A. Medams (Clissold Park, N.), A. W. Back (Settle), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Jess Pescoe (Aylesbury), Rosamund Langhorne (Wakefield), Miss L. Jury (Huddersfield), Miss H. M. Booth (West Kirby), W. A. Smith (Clifton), A. Gibbs (London, W.C.), Ethel R. Ward (Altrincham), and Gladys Pask, Alice Russel Florence Wandby, and Ada Jury (St. Pancras School, London, N.W.).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mrs. H. H. PENROSE, of Deepcu Bungalow, Frimley Green, Surrey, for the following:

THE CARAVANERS. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A man is never wholly successful when he attempts to write in the person of a woman. "The Caravaners" proves that woman can succeed when writing in the person of a man. The German baron is an absolutely convincing character-study, and only those islanders who have not had the doubtful privilege of meeting his counterpart in real life will call him overdrawn. The author's style and finish, joined with her marvellous insight and mordant wit, offer an intellectual treat to lovers of real good fiction. She shows on every page the satisfying result of careful first-hand observation.

Among the best of the other reviews received are :
AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR EVENING STUDENTS. By
 F. A. ADKINS, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

This is a living and interesting treatment of that "hardest of all languages—our own." The hat has gone forth against formal grammar; yet the author shows how fascinating the study of language may be when connected with essays and debates on subjects within a pupil's experience and interests. Here the influence of the admirable French method of teaching the mother-tongue is evident. The study of grammar, too, gains dignity when we are led to see the philosophic reasons for things. Mr. Adkins's criticism of Shakespeare is provocative—even startling—but should only the more stimulate serious study.

(I. Jackson, 37, Cavendish Road, Stretford, Manchester.)

SUCH AND SUCH THINGS. BY MARK ALLERTON.
 (Methuen & Co.)

The author has given us a portrayal in a masterly manner of a canny Scot with a great "ambition" to make money; the tale being interspersed, however, and somewhat interrupted, by little homilies on various subjects. There is very little plot, but the Scotch character stands out predominantly right through the book; a very clever sketch is that of an exuberant Irish editor, whose velocity serves to give force to the cannyness of

the hero, David Logan. The attitude of the parents and their son, their stern suppression of any tenderness as being unworthy of their religion, is very pathetic.
 (Miss Jess Pescod, Caxton Villa, Tring Road, Aylesbury.)

We particularly commend also the reviews of Miss H. M. Cam (Cheltenham), S. Shamsuddin (Calcutta), Miss C. Leadley-Brown (Heswall), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Weston-super-Mare), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Miss Strahan (Earl's Court, S.W.), Agnes M. Tannahill (Glasgow), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), J. Swinson (Guildford), Joan Harvey Hall (Aberdeen), E. Rippon (Hull), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), A. Fawcett (Deepcar), Marguerite Atkinson (Belfast), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), J. Young (Edinburgh), and James Todd (Darlington).

IV.—The PRIZE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. C. S. EMDEN, Trinity College, Oxford.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1 to May 1, 1910.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons.

BANKS, ELIZABETH.—The Luck of the Black Cat, and Other Stories. 6s.
 COTSWORTH, M. B.—Railway Maximum Rates and Charges. Fourth Edition. 10s. 6d. net.
 FAHY, MISS.—St. Clement's. 6s.
 HARRY, GERARD, and A. R. ALLINSON.—Maurice Maeterlinck: a Biographical Study, including two Essays by Maeterlinck. With Portrait and other Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net and 4s. 6d. net.
 MACLEANE, DOUGLAS, M.A.—Lancelot Andrewes and the Reaction. 3s. 6d. net.
 MARTERLINCK, MAURICE. *Monna Vanna: A Drama in Three Acts.* Pocket Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
 SCOTT, MELVILLE.—The Atonement. 5s. net.
 SIMMONDS, T. C.—The Art of Modelling in Clay and Wax. New and Revised Edition. 1s.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

BARNES-GRUNDY MABEL.—The Vacillations of Hazel. New Edition. 6d.

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, E.—The Passing of the Shereefan Empire. Illustrated. 15s. net.
 CANDLER, EDMUND.—The Mantle of the East. Illustrated. 6s. net.
 KENNION, MAJOR R. L.—Spot and Lode in the Further Himalaya. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
 NOYES, A.—Collected Poems. 2 Vols. 10s. net.
 WEIGALL, ARTHUR R. P.—The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
 "WHISPER, A."—King Captive. 6s.

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AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—Outsiders and In. 6s.
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 PENN, G. MANVILLE.—A Crimson Crime. Cheap Edition. 6d.
 KING, L. W.—A History of Sumner and Akkad. Illustrated. 18s. net.
 MORRIS, P. SYDNEY (Compiler).—The Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos of Ouida. (St. Martin's Library.) 2s. net and 4s. net.
 PEARCE, CHARLES.—From the Thames to the Seine. 12s. 6d. net.
 STEVENSON, R. L.—The Silverado Squatters. (St. Martin's Library.) 2s. net and 4s. net.
 ZOLA, EMILE.—Abbé Morellet's Transgression. Cheap Edition. 6d.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

ADAMS, H. P. B.A.—Burke: French Revolution. 2s. 6d.
 COLLINS, A. J. F. M.A.—Shakespeare: Coriolanus. 2s.
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of him, few had met him, or even knew him by sight. Not for him the catés where the ardent young poets foregathered and declaimed their verses, hailing each other as "cher maître"; he was rather to be found on the quays, thumbing the books at the stalls, or looking at his favourite Flemish and Italian Primitives at the Louvre, or, on his bicycle, making for the open country, careless of the weather. Lugné-Poe and Camille Maclair founded an independent theatre, L'Œuvre, with the special purpose of producing "Pelléas et Mélisande"; it was with difficulty that they could induce the author to attend a rehearsal or two; he was at work on other things. Before "Pelléas" there had been "La Mort de Tintagiles," "Intérieur," "Alladine et Palomides," "L'Intruse," "Les Aveugles"; his admirers, and their number was ever growing, proclaimed him the founder of a new drama, and waxed delirious in his praise. He, meanwhile, went soberly about his business, living on very little, for his earnings were small, shrugging his shoulders at all this fuss; not displeased, of course, disliking it only when one of his worshippers tried to get at close quarters—then his distress was pathetic! He read omnivorously, mastered the English of Chaucer, the Elizabethans, Meredith, though unable to speak a word of the language; translated Ford, then Ruysbroeck, Novalis, steeping himself in mysticism;

and, when the summer came, he fled to his father's house in the country near Ghent, where he would spend long hours looking at the simple things of Nature, "going his way amid the still meadows, bending to a flower, and watching the sunset." And irate uncles would come to him, frowning heavily, as they complained of the indignity of seeing the respectable name of Maeterlinck on the title-page of a book.

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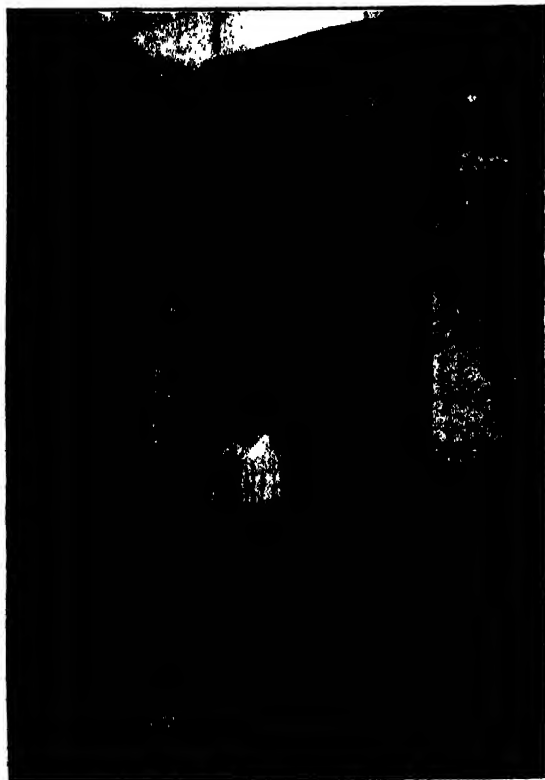
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years began to fall from him ; he looked clearly into life, loving it, seeing hope and beauty there ; he grew impatient of dogma, but found a bridge that seemed to lead him near to the one God. Strange blend of philosopher and poet, so powerfully, unconquerably sane that he could venture upon lonely, giddy heights from which others shrank and fell back, his glance and step did not falter ; and from those heights he looked upon



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And so, calmly, as deliberate and persistent as one of the long green canals he loves so well, he goes his way, doing his work, undisturbed by blame or praise: a tall, burly figure, with blue eyes and silver-grey hair, and a sudden smile that makes his face boyish. An athlete, a man of his hands, a keen fencer, motorist, he lives a little aloof from the world, spending the summers at an old abbey in Normandy, the winters at Grasse; and his life is exceedingly simple, one day like the other, books in the foreground always—and the warmest welcome for a friend. A fisherman: the trout at St. Wandrille, that at first watched his efforts with amused indifference, are beginning to dread him; a great lover of dogs, as all know who have read the tribute he paid to the friend whom he lost. A real philosopher, lover of Wisdom and Nature, drawing his breath uneasily in towns, and ever anxious to get back to the country; with so keen, so deep a feeling for the flowers, the bees, the birds, that one could almost imagine they must have chosen him to be their spokesman and biographer. A man of happy mood,

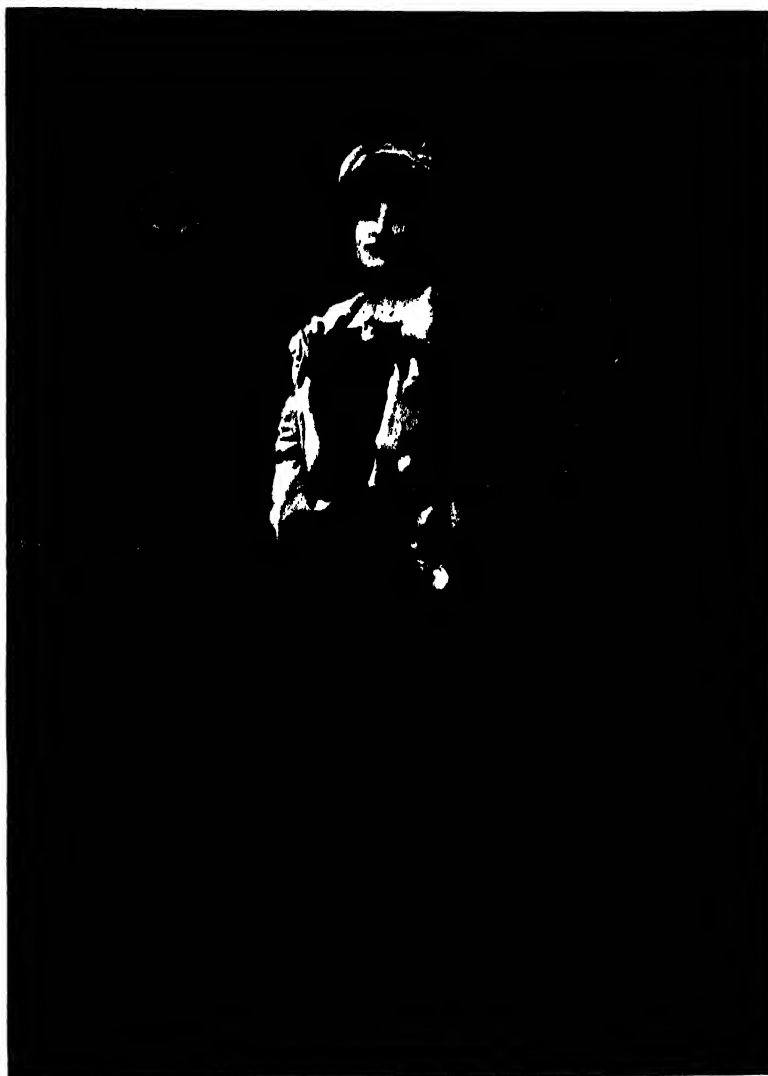


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Madame Maeterlinck.

One word more, in speaking of the man; and it is right that this should be of homage to his wife. A woman of rare intellect and charm, with a touch of genius herself, Madame Maeterlinck has been the ideal helpmate to her poet husband. There are traces of her in the stately Aglavaine, in Vanna, Joyzelle; through the pages of "Wisdom and Destiny"—a book that posterity, it may be, shall yet proclaim his masterpiece—there moves a woman's figure that his friends do not fail to identify, even without the aid of the beautiful dedication. Madame Maeterlinck has stood between him and the jarring world, kept the yelling "market" at bay, inspired him where inspiration was needed; she, perhaps, like the exquisite figure of Light in the play, has known where to look for the Blue Bird of happiness.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON.

I.

IT is customary in our time to classify certain writers as modern, and by the use of the word we probably mean to indicate those writers whose work, whilst being in the tradition of great art, is primarily moved by the ideas, feelings, and aspirations of our own age. No

art, any more than life itself, can be quite independent of its forbears; art, like life, builds on old foundations, and traditions may be modified but they are rarely scrapped. Those who are called modern simply vary the texture of the edifice, give a new turn to the foliage, a fresh balance to the design, or a different accent to the



**The House of the Four Roads
at Grasse (Alpes Maritimes).**

M. Maeterlinck's winter residence.

duction of *Pleiade*, one of those short-lived reviews whose importance is only recognised years after their death, and in 1889, when he was twenty-seven years old, he ventured into separate print with a small volume of poems bearing the suggestive title "*Serres Chaudes*." Moth-like little poems they were, beating soft wings against the dim-lit windows of a new realm of consciousness, and obviously related to the indefinite symbolism of Stéphane Mallarmé and the ill-fated Arthur Rimbaud; yet in them is to be found the first glimmering of that strange light which he afterwards threw upon the helplessness of man before the blows of destiny.

corner-stone. Maurice Maeterlinck belongs to such moderns. His ideas and his art are obviously linked with the past both immediate and remote, yet together they form an art-work which is peculiar to our day and to its author. That is why it is misleading to give him an ancestral label as some critics have desired to do. There are better grounds for calling him, at least in so far as his ideas are concerned, a Belgian Emerson, as Mr. James Huneker has done, than a Belgian Shakespeare after the manner of his earliest and most enthusiastic French critic, M. Octave Mirbeau. All such attempts to pigeon-hole genius are, however, unsound. Maeterlinck is a Flemish Maeterlinck with all the leanings of his race towards the practical side of mysticism. He was born in Belgium, and it was the Admirable Ruysbroeck, the passionate and austere Flemish mystic, who first fired his inward vision.

The city of his birth was Ghent, one of those cities which stand between two eras, that of modern commerce with its workshops and machines, and that of the slow industry of the peasant past, much as it lies between the mediæval dream of Bruges and the brisk wakefulness of Parisian Brussels. These accidents of locality have woven themselves into the art of Maurice Maeterlinck, for a man becomes a part of the city and country in which he has lived and dreamed. He was born on August 29, 1862, of old Flemish stock, and trained for the law. But he soon abandoned the legal gown and went to Paris, where he became an associate of the Symbolist group of writers, collaborated in the pro-

But these poems were also the outcome of earlier and deeper influences. Maeterlinck had brooded alone in the silence of the sky-swept plains of his native Flanders. Sauntering along the still canals where the barges drifted lazily, or among quiet farmlands where the slow peasants seemed one with the brooding landscape, and in his father's garden he cultivated unconsciously that inward-looking habit which, though



The House of the Four Roads : The Approach.



The House of the Four Roads : The Entrance.

latent in all men, becomes conscious only in the few, and which would seem to be an intimate part of the lives of those who live in countries where the sky sweeps magnificently over long rolling plains. The homely things of the countryside moved him to wonder and delight, the cottage flowers, the bees, the faithfulness of dogs, and the busy and ancient craftsmanship of the lace-makers. And every now and then noble relics of the past would come in his way, feudal castle and Gothic minster, forming the scenario of a mind which was already peopled with a romantic *dramatis personæ*.

He was naturally drawn towards minds of his own kin; and besides Ruysbroeck the Admirable, he consorted with Novalis, Swedenborg, Jacob Boehme, Plato, Plotinus, and our own Emerson, Coleridge, and Carlyle. He brooded over the spiritual deeps of these sages until he saw in them the reflection of his own ideas. But he was not only drawn towards the mystics: his reading was as catholic as it was profound. He sat long at table with the modern French writers, and longer still with the great dramatists of the Renaissance, more particularly Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, with whom he drank deep, and thus laid the foundations of that intimacy with the works of our national poet which astounds English readers of his essays.

His early interest in the mystics found separate expression in his translations of works by Ruysbroeck and Novalis in 1891 and 1895, to both of which he added sympathetic and illuminating introductions. But whilst he was studying the mystics and translating their works, other matters engaged his attention; for as in after life his concern for art is never far removed from an equal concern for practical ideas, so in these young days absorption of mystical wisdom impelled him towards artistic expression; and side by side with his translations from Ruysbroeck and Novalis came poems and stories and plays which brought him fame in his own country and France, the country of his adoption, long before "Pelleas and Melisanda" gave him English and American repute. His first published



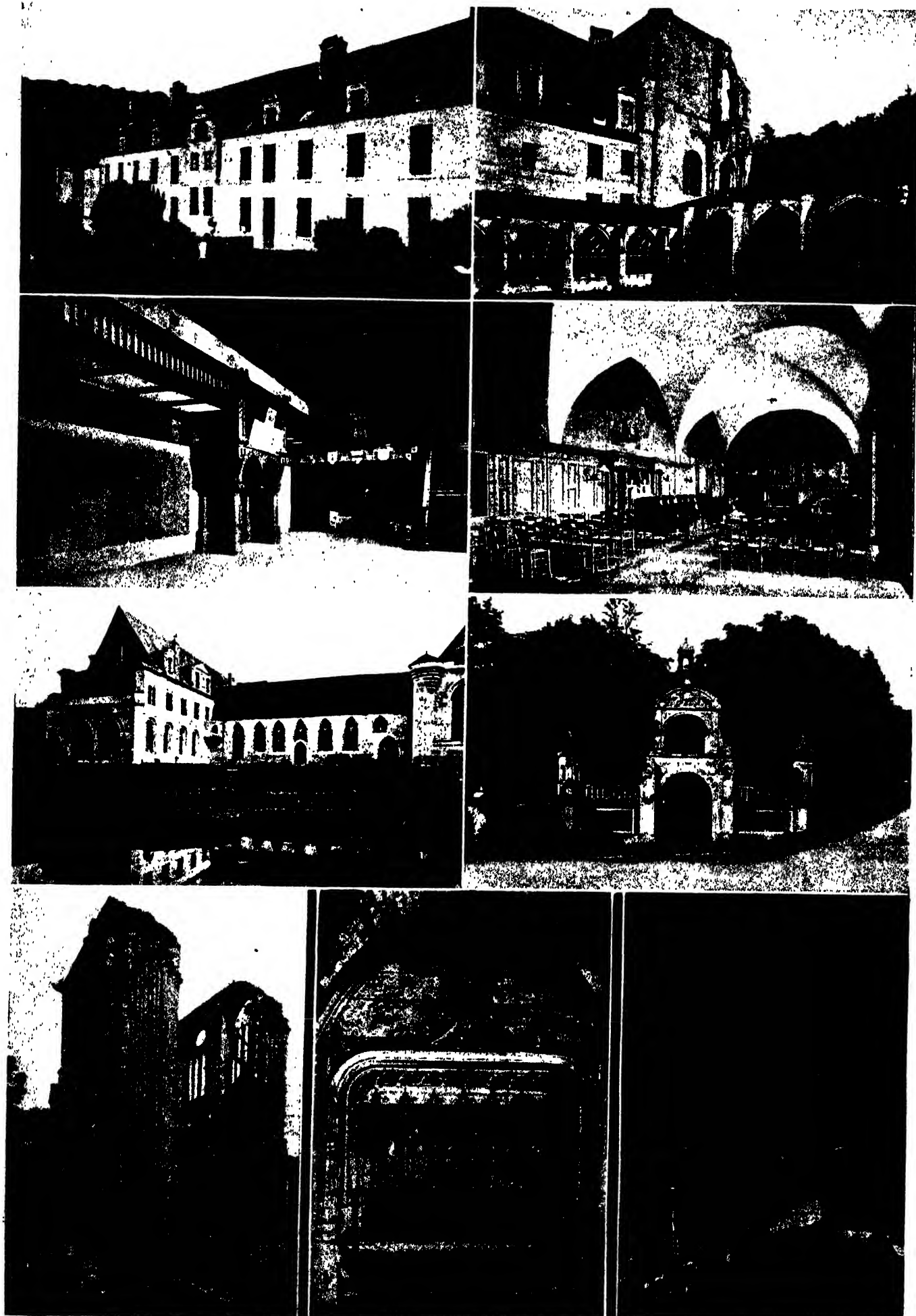
Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Bo'ak, Ltd.)

M. and Madame Maeterlinck.

play, "The Princess Maleine," appeared in 1890, and the same year saw the issue of "The Sightless" and "The Intruder." Between the first play and the two latter there is a marked difference. The former, like his early story "The Massacre of the Innocents," is obsessed by death and violence, and it is only in certain vivid flashes of dialogue that we get a hint of the essential Maeterlinck who begins to come into his kingdom in the two little plays of the same year.

With "The Sightless" we get a fuller glimpse of the genius which was destined to create that perfect tragedy, "The Death of Tintagiles." The Maeterlinck who created something like a clairvoyante drama, a drama of the spirit, revealing material things in essence, ghostly little bodies consumed by ardent souls which he visualises for his readers or audiences, men as marionettes swung and jerked by Destiny. Such were the themes and aspects of the cycle of plays which now came in steady succession: "The Seven Princesses," in 1891; "Pelleas and Melisanda," in 1892; "Alladine and Palomides," "Interior," and "The Death of Tintagiles," in 1894; and "Aglavaine and Selysette," in 1896.



**VIEWS OF THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE, IN NORMANDY, M. MAETERLINCK'S
SUMMER RESIDENCE.**

1. Courtyard and Entrance, dating from seventeenth century.
2. The Refectory.
3. The North Front of the Abbey.
4. Ruins of the Transept (fourteenth century).

5. The Lavabo in the Cloister.

6. The Cloister and the Church.
7. Hall of the Chapter House.
8. The Gateway.
9. Corridor in the Cloister (sixteenth century).



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Bolak, Ltd.)

**Miss Pauline Gilmer and Miss Olive Walter
as Mytyl and Tytyl in "The Blue Bird."**

Then came a change: it had been perceptible even in the last named play, where a tendency to discursiveness seems to replace the intuitive directness of the

earlier plays. Maeterlinck reaches the summit of the art which is peculiarly his own in "The Death of Tintagiles"; its wizardry still, however, dominates "Aglavaine and Selysette," and it even casts a glamour at times over "Sister Beatrice" and "Ariane and Barbe Bleue," which appeared in 1901. But somewhere between 1896 and 1901 Maeterlinck the dramatist of mysticism died, and with the issue of "Monna Vanna," in 1902, a new cycle begins; he is still engaged with the mystery of life, but from the point of view of the psychologist rather than that of the mystic. And in the successors to "Monna Vanna," "Joyzelle" (1903) and "The Blue Bird" (1908), he has not returned to his original attitude.

During the time of this dramatic production he has been expounding his ideas and his drama by means of essays, and the change which I have noted, though less definite, is to be seen here also. The first essay volume, "The Treasure of the Humble" (1897), is an exposition of the attitude which produced the marionette plays, it is a book full of mystic suggestion and hope, it reads at times like a scripture foretelling immediate revelation. With his next book, "Wisdom and Destiny" (1898), he attempts to formulate his ideas into a working philosophy, and he is gradually drawn away from mysticism with its introspection, to a more objective moral psychology, which in succeeding volumes—"The Life of the Bee" (1901), "The Buried Temple" (1902), "The Double Garden" (1904), and "The Intelligence of Flowers" (1906)—becomes almost entirely absorbed in an outward view of life, a kind of transcendental rationalism.



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(Bolak, Ltd.)

The Woodcutter's Cottage.

"As soon as Tytyl turns the diamond in the cap the Fairy Berylune has given him the door of the clock opens, and the Hours come laughing out and begin to dance."—*The Blue Bird*, Act I. Scene I.



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Bolak, Ltd.)

**Mr. Ernest Hendrie as Tylo
the Dog in "The Blue Bird."**

II.

With the deepening of the personal note which is one of the marked features of modern art, the ideas of the artist become more intimately associated with his art, and it becomes less and less advisable to attempt their segregation. This is quite obvious in the work of Maeterlinck. His plays have, of course, a marked glamour of their own apart from any ideas which may be held by their author; just as much as his essays, which possess independent literary charms of form, delicacy of expression and vocabulary. But, even were it possible, it would be as wholly undesirable to accept the mere charm of the essays and neglect their ideas, as it would be to attempt to enjoy the beauty and mystery of the early plays without realisation of their deeper meaning.

Maeterlinck, like Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, is a type of the artist-philosopher. He is a man with a message. He does not trust, however, to the action and symbolism of his drama revealing the whole of his ideas, as Ibsen did, but like Bernard Shaw, he expounds his aims in his essays.

But as a philosopher he is not strikingly original, except in the sense that originality and sincerity are accounted one. He has added little of note to our stock of ideas, but drawing as he has done largely on the wells of the older mystics and some modern sages, he has distilled their thoughts in the alembic of his own temperament and applied the result to life in his own way. His accomplishment amounts to a more intimate revelation of the spirit of man and, in his essays, of animals and flowers. In no other plays do you feel so close to the spiritual essence of life as in the early plays of Maeterlinck. So acutely does he manifest the reality

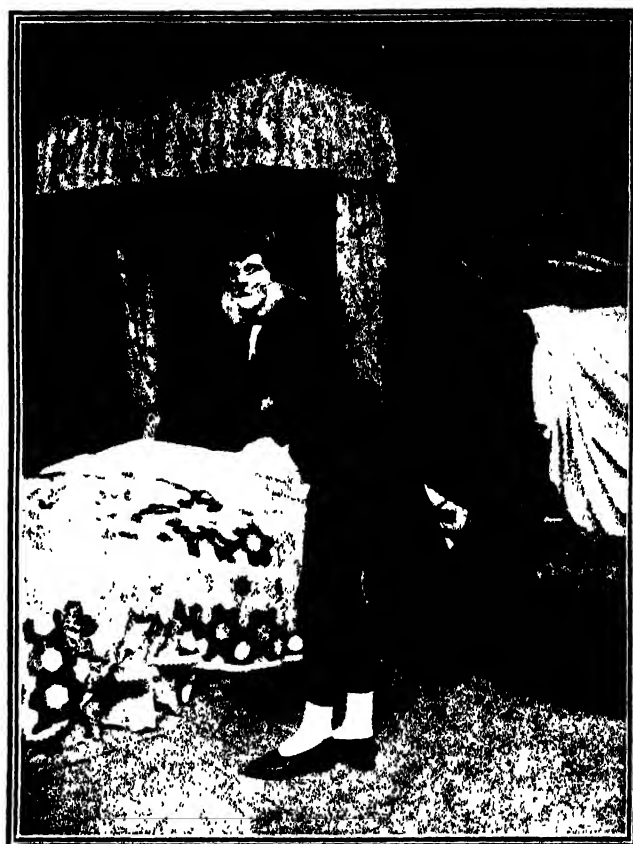


Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Bolak, Ltd.)

**Mr. Norman Page as Tylotte
the Cat in "The Blue Bird."**

of the soul that you feel at times that he alone among artists has come closest to the unseen and the unknown. The human soul moves through these plays like an actual presence; tragic and tormented it is, to be sure, but it is a vivid reality, more real indeed than the ghostly bodies of his characters, which fade before the fervour of their awakened inner consciousnesses. You feel yourself instinctively pitying their pains; not the pains of the flesh, but, for the first time in a theatre, the pains of the spirit, and this again, as distinct from emotional pain. The creation of such an attitude is Maeterlinck's original contribution to art.

All mystics have been conscious of the soul, but none in quite the same way as Maeterlinck. They have generally looked upon it as a religious counter with a purely formal destiny; he looks upon it with the eye of the naturalist. Where the older mystics are theological Maeterlinck is secular. Consciously or not he has attempted the secularisation of mysticism, but under his touch it is none the less religious in the deeper sense. Everything for him has spiritual significance, yet never for a moment does he pretend to revealed or superhuman knowledge: he is untiring in his watchfulness, but brings no news of final certainty; and although he is sensibly credulous, "I know not" is ever on his lips, punctuating his aspiration with something like pathos. Still, he is never without hope, something may happen at any moment. Humanity after passing through many vicissitudes stands on the threshold of wisdom.

At the same time Maeterlinck anticipates no sudden change; catastrophic revivalism has no place in his outlook; his awakening is progressive, a gradual unrolling, as it were, of the inner vision. He sees this



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

"TYLTYL. And who is that wet lady?"

"THE FAIRY. Don't be afraid, it's Water just come from the tap"—*The Blue Bird*, Act I Scene I.

(Bulak, Ltd.)
The Woodcutter's Cottage.



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

Light, Water, Bread, Sugar, Milk, Fire, Tylo the Dog, Tylette the Cat, the Fairy Berylune, Tyltyl, and Mvtyl setting out to look for the Blue Bird.
"THE FAIRY. Let us go out by the window... You shall all come to my house, where I will dress the Animals and the Things properly... (To Bread) You, Bread, take the cage in which to put the Blue Bird... It will be in your charge... Quick, quick, let us waste no time. (The window suddenly lengthens downwards like a door. They all go out.)"—*The Blue Bird*, Act I Scene I.

(Bulak, Ltd.)
The Woodcutter's Cottage.

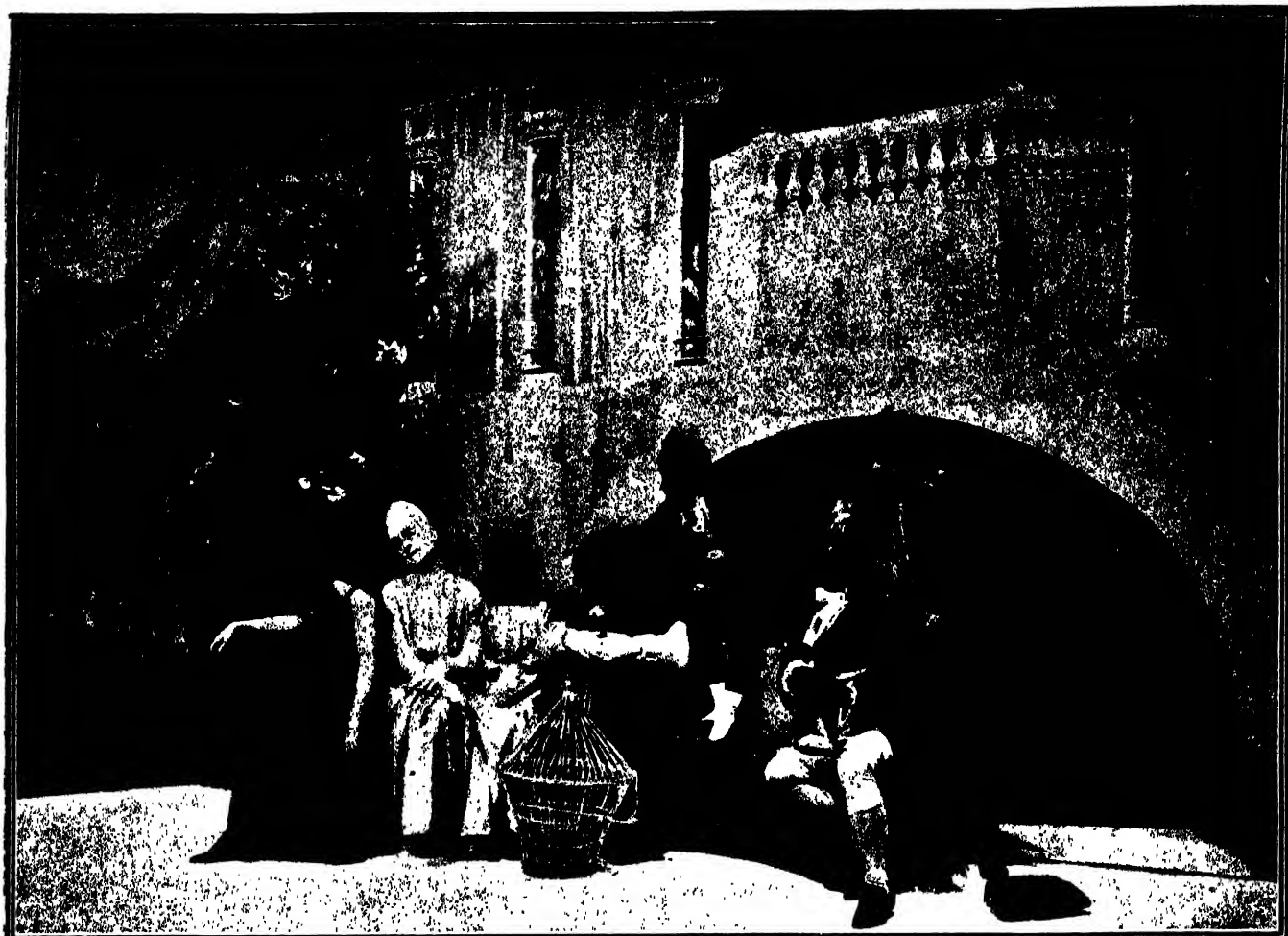


Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Holak, Ltd.)

Entrance Hall in the Palace of the Fairy Berylune.

"THE CAT. Our future is at stake. . . . You have heard—the Fairy has just said so—that the end of this journey will at the same time mark the end of our lives. . . . It is our business, therefore, to prolong it as much as possible and by every possible means. . . ."

"BREAD. Hear, hear! . . . The Cat is right."—*The Blue Bird*, Act II. Scene i.



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Holak, Ltd.)

The Land of Memory.

Tyltyl and Mytyl journey into the Land of Memory and see Gaffer and Granny Tyl, their grandfather and grandmother, who are dead.

"TYLTYL (suddenly recognising them). It's Grandad and Granny!"

"MYTYL (clapping her hands). Yes! Yes! . . . So it is! So it is!"—*The Blue Bird*, Act II. Scene ii.



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Bolak, Ltd.)

In the Land of Memory.

"TYLTYL. And my little dead sisters, are they here too?

"MYTYL. And where are my three little brothers who were buried? *(At these words seven little children of different sizes come out of the cottage.)*

"GRANNY TY: Here they are, here they are! . . . As soon as you think of them, as soon as you speak of them, they are there, the darlings!"

The Blue Bird, Act II. Scene ii.



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Bolak, Ltd.)

Leaving the Land of Memory..

"TYLTYL. It is this way, Mytyl.

"MYTYL. Where is Light?

"TYLTYL. I don't know. . . . *(Looking at the bird in the cage.)* But the bird is no longer blue! . . . He has turned black.

"MOM: Give me your hand, little brother. . . . I feel so frightened and so cold."—*The Blue Bird, Act II. Scene ii.*



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Bolak, Ltd.)

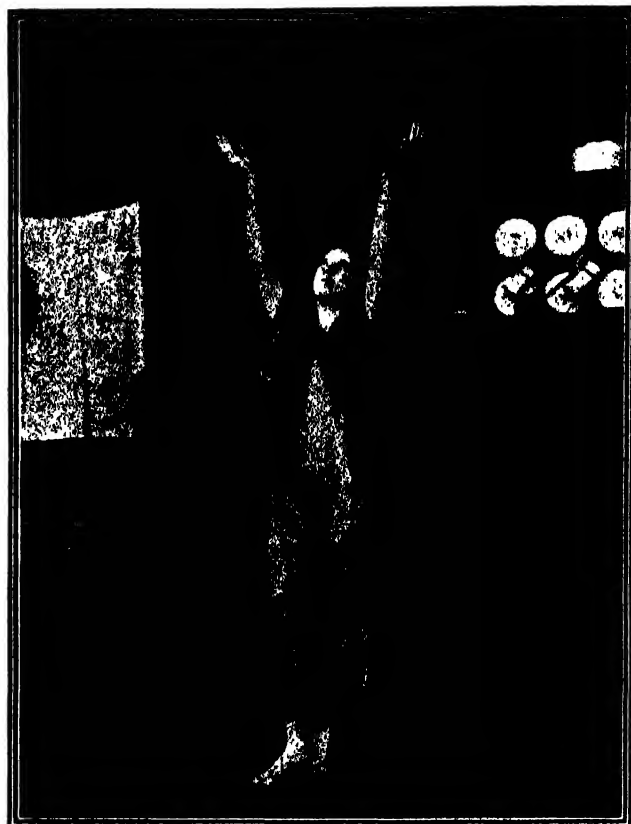
**Miss Enid Rose as Light
in "The Blue Bird."**

Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Bolak, Ltd.)

**Miss Ina Pelly as Water
in "The Blue Bird."**

awakening in many directions: in the discoveries of science; the growth of psychological knowledge; the spread of humanism; the desire for fellowship among men and nations; and the higher regard we pay to women who have, he is convinced, guarded through the ages a fuller sense of the mystic value of life.

Into this spiritual sensitiveness he weaves his idea of Destiny—the unknown determining force of life. But he gives no detailed scheme of predestination except in the simple symbolism of "The Blue Bird." Destiny, for Maeterlinck, is immanent and closely related to the will and personal power. Our Destinies are to be guided and controlled by wisdom, which is love, and truth, and justice. He is progressive both as a fatalist and as a mystic; Destiny is, he believes, constantly being conquered by individuality, by science, by invention, and by every addition to human power.

Such is the philosophy behind his drama. It dominates those early plays which flutter in a wizard twilight on the very frontiers of consciousness, just as much as the later plays. But it is the early plays which, as I have said, stand alone. They have the quality of uniqueness and, in "The Treasure of the Humble," Maeterlinck has shown that they have a philosophy and an æsthetic which is peculiar to them. Like Ibsen's plays, they have a simple and realistic movement and the inevitability of all great drama, but the contest, despite the violence in which it usually culminates, is largely static. Material action is reduced to a minimum, but it is not substituted by discussion as in the later plays of Shaw and Granville Barker, it is replaced by abrupt self-revealing dialogue

and long silences. Silence is the chorus of the Maeterlinckian drama.

The tragedy in these plays is the outcome of contest with the unknown and the foreordained. But it is almost tragedy and life in the abstract. His people are like children in peril, symbols of man battling against nature. You do not see the photographic realism of Ibsen, but a clairvoyante realism; you become an initiate whilst reading Maeterlinck's early plays, and see what is ordinarily unperceived; indeed ordinary sight is almost unnecessary for these plays. Walter Pater has said that "All art constantly aspires to the condition of music," and in Maeterlinck's plays for marionettes you see this aspiration at the very parting of the ways. The dramatist himself, however, as M. Gérard Harry has pointed out in his admirable essay just issued by Messrs. George Allen,* is practically deaf to music, especially opera, so it cannot be assumed that he has left the static drama for the drama of action deliberately because he felt he had pushed his art as far in the direction of music as it would go. But he may have felt unconsciously that any further development along those lines must be continued by musicians like Claude Debussy, whose operatic treatment of "Pelleas and Melisanda" does actually carry the theme into deeper realms of consciousness. But whatever may have been his motive, he no longer reveals upon his stage man as an anxious marionette whipped and scourged by Destiny.

His later plays are purely romantic; clairvoyance

* "Maurice Maeterlinck. A Biographical Study." Translated from the French of Gérard Harry by A. R. Allinson. 2s. 6d. net. (Geo. Allen & Sons.)

has entirely disappeared; and in its stead we have passion and will stalking across the stage after the old dramatic method, dependent upon plot and costume and scenery, as bravely as in any of the masterpieces of stage-craft which we associate with the art of Victorien Sardou. There is one exception however, to this rule, and that is in his latest play, "The Blue Bird," which synthesises the Maeterlinckian idea of Destiny in a kindergarten fairy play of intense charm.

But the poet in Maeterlinck, it would seem, is destined to give place to the humanist and psychologist. There were always two sides to his genius, even in the early days: the introspective and the objective. The latter

has prevailed, and Maeterlinck, apart from his drama, has become a new type of scientist, his essays revealing something like a marriage between science and poetry. "The Life of the Bee" is perhaps the best example of the work of the new Maeterlinck, for in it he has given us, not only excellent natural history, but social philosophy and mysticism as well, wrapped in a prose which alone would have made his reputation as a writer. And if his dramatic genius no longer dives for pearls in the perilous deep, but is content to investigate the surface of the waters of life, we may be sure that whatever he does will have the quality of great art, and that he has not ceased beating at the doors of mystery.

THE MYSTICISM OF MAETERLINCK.

BY JANE T. STODDART.

A RECENT German critic of Maeterlinck applies to him the words of Dilthey on Novalis: "His heart's true home was in the world beyond." The name of Maurice Maeterlinck will be for ever linked with the names of some of the chief mystical writers, and especially with that of Ruysbroeck l'Admirable. When visiting London in the spring of 1895, M. Maeterlinck told the writer that the discovery, in the public library of Brussels, of the ancient Flemish manuscripts of Ruysbroeck had first turned his attention to the study of mysticism. At that time he was entirely occupied in this fruitful field. "What is there to tell about my life?" he said. "It is the story of a man who works with pen and paper." We seemed to hear an echo of Ruysbroeck's words: "What concern have I outside?" At the moment M. Maeterlinck was disposed to abandon the drama as a medium of expression. "Grossier et vulgaire" were the words he used in speaking of the exigencies of the theatre. He was plunged in his studies of Novalis and Claude de Saint-Martin.

"I think," he said, "that we are living in one of the ages when the human soul awakes. There are such times, and to me they are the only interesting periods of history. A new inspiration, a new activity becomes felt, not in one country, but all over the world. The ancient Egyptians had such

awakenings, the mystics of the fourteenth century had their part in another and not less marvellous revival. In dull and self-conscious times the soul seems small, poor, and limited, but in the great ages of mysticism its powers and its resources are felt to be inexhaustible. Truths after which humanity was dimly groping are expressed by the mystics with unerring certainty."

In 1895 M. Maeterlinck published his translation of "The Disciples at Saïs" and the "Fragments" of Novalis. Among the writer's most prized books are copies of this work and of "Le Trésor des Humbles," with inscriptions from the author. As an illustration of M. Maeterlinck's attitude towards mysticism, the "Introduction" to Novalis comes second only to the essay on Ruysbroeck. He acknowledges his debt to Emerson, and this is very important for lovers of "The Blue Bird." In the works of Ruysbroeck, he says, we see, glimmering on the horizon, the blue ice-clad peaks of the soul, while in those of Emerson we see the rounded and undulating lower hills of the human heart. M. Maeterlinck has cut out steps with the ice-axe on the mystical Weiss-horn or Dent Blanche, but he is happy as a child at play among the rivulets and green valleys of the Cheviot Hills.

Writing in 1895, M. Maeterlinck traced a spiritual connection between these three masters—Ruysbroeck, Novalis, Emerson.



From the photo, by M. Ed. J. Steichen. **Maurice Maeterlinck (1902).**
From "The Buried Temple," by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by
Alfred Sutro. (Geo. Allen & Sons.)



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Holak, Ltd.)

The Palace of Night.

Tyltyl and Mytyl, accompanied by Bread, Sugar, Tylo the Dog, and Tylette the Cat, enter the Palace of Night, and Tyltyl demands the key that opens all the doors in the hall, so that he may search there for the Blue Bird (Act. III. Scene i.).



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Holak, Ltd.)

The Forest at Night.

"THE OAK. What have you come here for; and why have you made our souls leave their bodies?
 "TYLTYL. I beg your pardon, sir, for disturbing you. . . . The Cat said that you would tell us where the Blue Bird was.
 "THE OAK. Yes, I know that you are looking for the Blue Bird, that is to say, the great secret of things and of happiness, so that man may make our servitude still harder."—*The Blue Bird*, Act III. Scene ii.

He wrote :

"They went, each in his own direction, far beyond the safe circles of our common consciousness, and each met with truths which have no resemblance to each other, but which we should welcome none the less as prodigal sisters restored. It is on a hidden truth that this life of ours depends. We are its silent, its unconscious slaves, fast bound in chains until the day of its appearing. But if one of these marvellous beings, who are the antennæ of the human soul in its multifold unity, gets an inkling of its existence as he gropes about in the darkness, the humblest of us all, by some swift and inexplicable reaction, feel that they have been set free from something. A new truth, higher, purer and more mysterious, takes the place of that which knows itself discovered, and which now for ever withdraws. The common soul of mankind, though no outward sign gives evidence of the fact, enters upon a calmer era and celebrates deep festivals, in which we can take only a belated and very distant share. And it is in this way, I believe, that it rises and goes on its way towards a goal which none but itself can know."

Richard Crashaw had already expressed M. Maeterlinck's thought, as it concerns the history of the Church, in lines of immortal poetry :

"Lo the new Law of a new Lord
With a new Lamb blesses the Board.
The aged Pascha pleads not yeares
But spyes love's dawn and disappears.
Types yeild to Truthles; Shades shrink away;
And their Night dyes into our Day."

After the publication of "*Le Trésor des Humbles*," M. Maeterlinck seemed for awhile to grow weary of the high mountain paths. One of his best French critics, M. Yves Mainor, author of that important short essay, "*M. Maeterlinck, Moraliste*" (1902), dwells regretfully on the change which all students recognised in "*Wisdom and Destiny*" and "*The Buried Temple*." In these books we saw a great mystical writer entangling himself with the affairs of this world, and we remembered the closing line of one of his lyrics in the early volume, "*Serres Chaudes*" :

"Et la tristesse de tout cela, mon âme, et la tristesse de tout cela."

M. Mainor said, writing eight years ago :

"He, the son of heaven, has put off the cloudy veil of mysticism, and has left the high peaks for our sorrowful plains. The eyes of the dreamer and the poet, once caressed by visions, are now lingering on the shows of earthly things."



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

(Bolak, Ltd.)

Mr. Chas. V. France as Time
in "*The Blue Bird*."

Maeterlinck's mystical writings were described by this critic as "the breviary of souls" and as "the precious key which opens the great gates of life." His work was "as ethereal as a poem and as full of living force as a doctrine." "His thought, disguised beneath the coarse veil of language, was like a princess in a russet gown."

But in his later prose work there was a decline. "His eloquent word pauses on the threshold of hearts. No one now weeps in listening to it. For it is not any longer the voice of love, and love alone is that unique and all-powerful Word which is able to rule the world, the word which springs up from everlasting wells, the word of the deeper life." Sorrowfully this French critic

wrote of Maeterlinck : "He is no longer the apostle of the lowly, but the head of an aristocracy of wise men and thinkers, who might clasp hands over ruins."

It is possible, however, that the critics misunderstood M. Maeterlinck's real attitude towards the mystics, even in the years when he seemed to have quitted their company. Novalis says : "*Nach innen geht der geheimnisvolle Weg*," and "*The Blue Bird*" affords sufficient proof that its author has forgotten none of the lessons of mysticism. "The light still burns on the high peaks." Take, for instance, that chapter entitled "*Olive Branches*" in M. Maeterlinck's book, "*Le Double Jardin*" (1904). There he expresses the view that "we are passing out of the great religious period," but he pictures humanity as waiting, with ardent hope, for a new revelation :

"We are in that majestic attitude in which Michael Angelo, on the immense ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, has shown us the prophets and just men of the Old Testament. We are living in expectation and perhaps in the last moments of expectation. In that attitude of waiting there are degrees, which pass from the vague resignation which does not yet venture to hope, to the thrill caused by the sense that the thing for which we wait is moving close at hand. It seems that we have heard these movements. Were they the sound of supernatural footsteps, the opening of a vast door, a breath of air that blows upon us, a coming light? We do not know. But when waiting has reached this point of intensity, it is a moment of ardent and wonderful life, the best period of happiness, its youth, its childhood."

Humanity, says M. Maeterlinck, is waiting—waiting for what? Would not his true masters reply in St.

Paul's words: "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

This chapter, "Olive Branches," reminds us that among the Spanish mystics Maeterlinck's favourite is St. John of the Cross, and that some of the most beautiful passages in this saint's exposition of the Song of Songs are concerned with the dove that flew from the Ark and returned at even. One of the verses in his "Cántico Espiritual" begins: "Vuélvete, paloma" ("Return, O Dove"). The heavenly bridegroom calls back the soul from its highest mystical flight, that it may minister in humbler cares. "The

kindly father Noah put forth the hand of his mercy and took the dove and placed it in the Ark of his tenderness and love." The words "Vuélvete, paloma" are thus interpreted: "Return from that high flight in which thou thinkest thou shalt attain to a more sure possession of Me, because the time has not yet come for such high knowledge; and content thyself with that lowlier knowledge of which I tell thee now."

The teachings of the mystics are in their essence one. The Dove that flew, "through the airs of love, over the waters of the Flood," returned at even to the lighted window of the Ark. The mystical Dove becomes the Blue Bird by the cottage door.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

i) CHILDREN AND MAETERLINCK.

BY WILLIAM PURVIS.

NOT even the Veto-Budget Crisis has driven from the columns of the popular press, which represents presumably the popular mind, the more or less serious problems of the Theatre and the Child. As a dramatic critic who for ten years saw practically every first night in London, and as an established father, I incline to the opinion that both the Theatre and the Child are in danger of being discussed too much in these days, that both of them would benefit by being left alone for a while by persons who know nothing whatever about them.

We are sometimes told—I was told so only the other day by a charming lady who is at once a Spinster and a Novelist—that we shall never succeed in understanding our children and treating them accordingly until we realise "the subtlety of the young."

For myself, I do not believe in the subtlety of the young at all. I have lived with children, and they are—that is to say, healthy children are—very practical plain-spoken young Pagans. They learn to be secretive and mysteriously vague from the grown-ups; they are part monkey, part parrot, and entirely lovable. But they are not a bit subtle; even the fairy tales and the imaginary lands which they create out of their gardens and books, and the people they see about them, are solid things, with cake and guns and other material details in them. Of course, the children think and write and talk topsy-turvy stuff that means nothing, or else means something very simple that might have been said quite easily. But this does not prove that they are subtle, only that in secret probably they read the Saturday edition of the *Daily News*, or sample the box from Mudie's whilst nurse is not looking. The little Lytton in his seventh year surprised his mother by asking her whether she was

not overwhelmed sometimes by the sense of her own individuality. But he had read it in Hegel.

So, tracked to its source, the subtlety of children is generally mimicry or sheer crib. Young, primitive things are beautifully simple: with age and decadence come the shadows of complexity. At least, that is what I think; and it occurred to me that I might, to some extent, test my opinion by going and talking to the children who play at the Haymarket in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Here, if anywhere, we should find the child all subtlety and delicate shades of soul, said a cynic with whom I discussed the problem, and who is a bachelor. "The Blue Bird" was very subtle, he said; he had read it himself, and not quite got the hang of it (I repeat, he was unmarried); and Mr. Herbert Trench, the Haymarket's lessee, had said so in an interview the other day. I liked the idea;



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In the Land of Memory.

"GAFFER TYL . . . Now then, stand up straight. . . . (Tytyl stands up against the door) Four fingers taller! . . . That's immense!"—*The Blue Bird*, Act II. Scene II.

and I went to the Haymarket.

My long-held opinions were confirmed. At the Haymarket there is a subtle play: a wonderfully entrancing play into which a grown-up person may read a hundred wonderful meanings. But there is not a subtle child among the fifty cheerful, boisterous, happy youngsters who perform the play.

If you have seen the special Haymarket edition of Mr. de Mattos' brilliant version of "The Blue Bird" (published by Methuen at one shilling net), you will know that there never has been a more successful fairy play than this. In England alone ten editions were issued by Methuen between March 25, 1909, and March, 1910. No fewer than fifty-nine companies are touring Russia with "The Blue Bird"; this will surprise those who hold the conventional view of the Russian provinces and Russian taste, but not those who have read Maurice Baring's new book. "The Blue Bird" has made the Moscow Théâtre

des Arts one of the most profitable playhouses in Russia; before the Maeterlinck success there, the house had lost heavily, being supported by the subsidies of a few wealthy men.

For over a year "The Blue Bird" has been running in Moscow: in London at the Haymarket it is near its 200th performance. Not only is it certain that "The Blue Bird" will belt the theatrical world triumphantly from London to Melbourne and New York to Shanghai, it is sure to be revived annually in London for many years ahead. No play is so hard to write as a good fairy play: one that

alike will capture the budding fancy of the children and enchain the attention of the sophisticated grown-ups. "Peter Pan" did this; "The Blue Bird" does it. "Its central idea is the victorious destiny of Mankind," says Mr. Trench, in his Preface. There is scientific observation in it, and the dreamwork of a poet; and a lot of other things besides, according to Mr. Trench.



Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

Miss Olive Walter.

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Photo by the Dover Street Studios.

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Miss Pauline Gilmer.

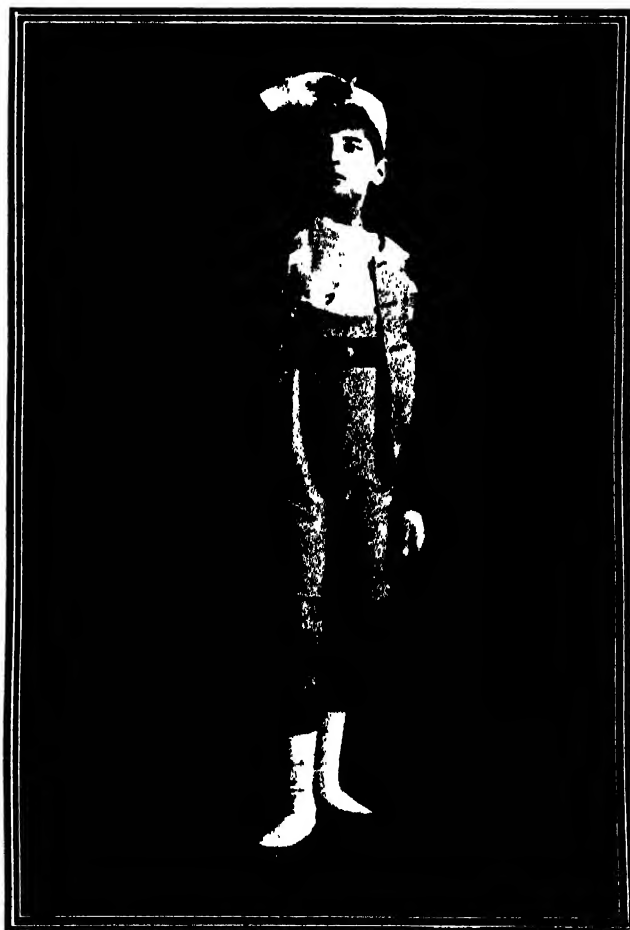


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Master Stephen Thomas as Tytyl in "The Blue Bird."

(Master Thomas took the part during Miss Olive Walter's absence.)

Mr. Trench says of it only what is perfectly true ; but the small red-headed, bright-eyed boy over whom I tumbled in the greeny-gallery light behind the scenes at the Haymarket, and whom I proceeded to cross-examine, was equally convincing and much more brief. "How do I like 'The Blue Bird'?" he asked (with an eye much as to say "What a silly question!"), and then he added promptly: "It's rippin'!" He was not at all subtle. "What part in it would I like to play best?" (again the expression that suggested plainly "How stupid to ask me *that*")—"Why, Tytyl, of course."

Tytyl, I may explain for the benefit of those who do not know the play, is the biggest male part in it, and is most prettily played at the Haymarket by Miss Olive Walter, an experienced actress of eleven and a half years. Actors (the most childlike of all adults) are never subtle, or they cannot act; I mean that they cannot earn a living by their art. Subtlety is undramatic; Duse is only the

exception to the rule. The reply of the small red-headed boy was the reply that would have come from the most commonplace or the most distinguished actor on the Rialto. There was no subtlety in it, only human nature. He wanted the "fattest," that is to say the largest; part, and he said so. He was certain he could play it: his brother had done so at times, to relieve Miss Walter. What his brother could do, he could do. He knew the play "all through and backwards." No suspicion of subtlety was here; mere downright, outspoken knowledge of himself and the task in hand. What did he think the play meant? He had never bothered himself about that. He enjoyed playing in it: that was good enough for him. The public liked seeing it; that seemed to be good enough for them. A philosopher distinctly, but not at all subtle. His ideal world? A place where everybody had enough to eat and a nice house and a fine time generally. Very natural and hardly to be improved upon, but not at all subtle. And he was the type.

Even the dainty child who plays the Blue Girl was not so very subtle. She also would like to play Tytyl; she likewise knew the play all through and in and out and round about. "And which would you

rather be—a boy or a girl?" I asked her, and she replied, "A boy in the theatre, and a girl outside." The minx would make the most of both her little worlds: play the big boy's part in the theatre and have the small girl's privileges at home. A shrewd young woman, but not appreciably subtle. So it was with them all. They wanted every boy and girl to have lots of feeding and lots of fun; which is a wiser prescription for producing the Perfect People than most of those set out by the Eugenists and Child Culturists and other fad-mongers.

The young actors wanted "The Blue Bird" to go on for ever; and they wanted all the children in the world to see it. In short, I found them real childlike children, much after the model of my own. When I hinted that a group of them would like to live in a land where one had sugar fingers, which would grow again when broken off and used as sweetmeats (as happens in the play), a little boy whispered, "Rather!" and a little girl said out loud, "You'd

rather have fingers made of cigarettes, like my father, wouldn't you?"

I pelted those bonny youngsters with the words of Mr. Trench, and tried to lure them into some smallest hint of subtlety; I worked my hardest to show them that it was their duty to say something about the hidden significances of the play. They simply said it was a "good" play, "because they liked it." They had no use for hidden significances here or anywhere. And I was glad, for many reasons.

"Are they ever 'subtle'?" I looked as solemn as I could whilst addressing my question to Mr. Charles La Trobe, the Haymarket stage-manager, and temporary father of these fifty children. "Are they *what*?" smiled Mr. La Trobe. "No; they are playful or excitable, and sometimes forgetful or mechanical, they are liable to catch colds and other things. But they are never subtle. Unless," he added hastily, as if to give me a ray of hope, "there is subtlety in this: off the stage they are always acting; but never have I seen them acting their own parts; always they play other parts in the play, or little plays which they make up for themselves. Perhaps their most enjoyable moment in the week, although they seem fairly happy all the time, is on Saturday, when in the interval be-



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In the Kingdom of the Future.

"THE CHILD (who has just run up, and who now kisses Tytyl and Mytyl effusively). How are you? . . . All right? . . . Come, give me a kiss, and you too, Mytyl. It's not surprising that I should know your name, seeing that I shall be your brother. . . . They have only just told me you were here. . . . Tell mummy that I am ready. . . ."

"TYTYL. What? . . . Are you coming to us?"

"THE CHILD. Certainly, next year, on Palm Sunday. . . . Don't tease me too much when I am little."—*The Blue Bird*, Act IV. Scene iii.

tween the acts I let the hero and heroine play the fool for awhile in the galley of Old Father Time. They are not at all subtle then, I assure you. They improvise a crude sort of melodrama, with hero and heroine, rescuer and rescued, and—well, a good deal of noise. As to 'The Blue Bird' itself, I think it is the humour and the picturesqueness, not any ethical message, that the child players are most impressed by. In fact, they are impressed by just the things that impress the child playgoer."

"You're *quite* sure they're not subtle?" I asked once more, with simulated anxiety.

"Not a bit," he rejoined with a twinkle of the eye.

"Take the little lady who plays Tytyl. She is a good-natured tomboy, whose pets include a dog called Pat and a guinea-pig named Bill. She doesn't like lessons, and she does like games and flowers, and spends nearly

all her pocket money on the latter, and gives most of her purchases away. She studies dancing under Cavallazzi Mapleson, and was the only child who appeared at the Ristori matinee in 1908, when she danced a solo as Cupid. She was the boy in "The Truants" at the Kingsway and Sarah in "Grit" at the same theatre. She tickles her friends by declaring herself a "Suffragette." She danced once for the Women's Movement; and when she was invited to give her services she wrote solemnly and hopefully to ask whether if she consented to assist she would become "one of them." The reply, I understand, was what is called "sympathetic."

Here possibly is the silken thread of subtlety. For my part, I imagine that little Miss Walter, like most other young people who work artistically for a living, and try to enjoy the proceeds, is more busy than subtle.

(ii) THE STAGING OF "THE BLUE BIRD."

BY T. MARTIN WOOD.

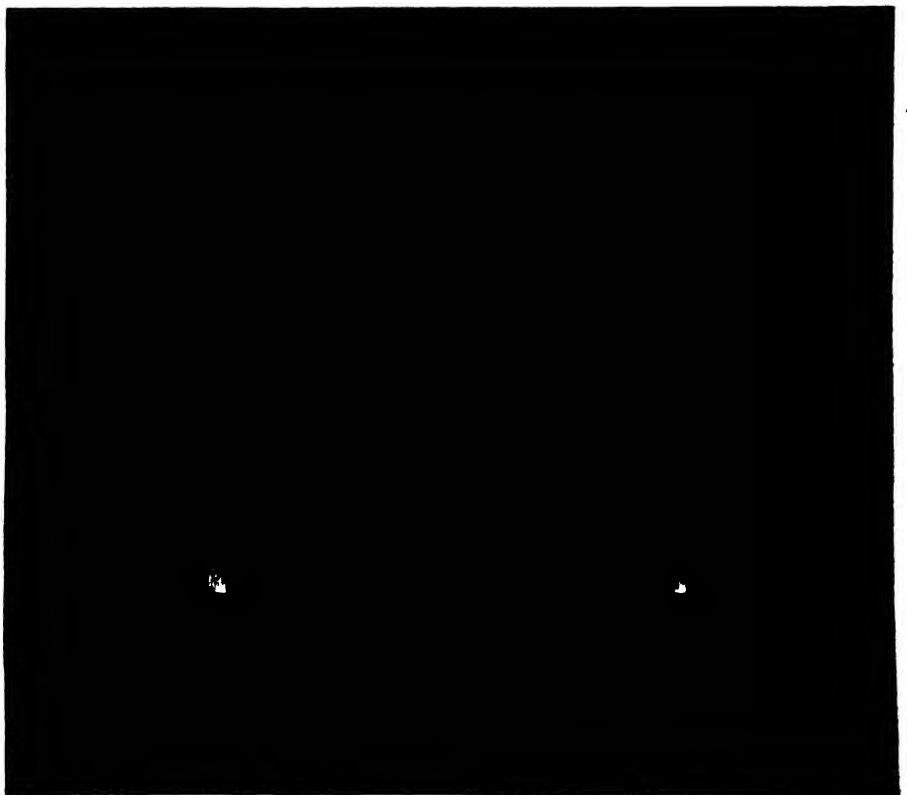
THE impressionist movement in painting, and the symbolist in poetry; it was not new truths that these introduced, they only stood for the everlasting truth about art, just when it tended to become obscured; that the visible is beautiful only as the symbol of the invisible. The substitute for art in a materialistic age is always the mere craft of surface imitation. Music never had quite such a struggle, in this respect, as sister arts. Try as the bandmaster might to smother the nimble spirit, it always escaped with flame in the hand for the other arts to follow. It is only the drama that has lagged, crushed under the weight of stage properties. But it is rising, it will be radiant, it is invulnerable, as all the arts are, while our faith survives.

Art and the great public have always been inseparables, dimly understanding each other, but friends; holding out hands to each other, but always kept apart, by managers, academies, publishers and so forth, who pretend to know what everybody wants, while handing on their own prejudices by way of education for the public.

Music ever has come and gone from the stage with the greatest freedom; where would drama have been but for this? Music comes into a play and wraps us and carries us past all the tawdry effects of staging to the spirit of the play. For

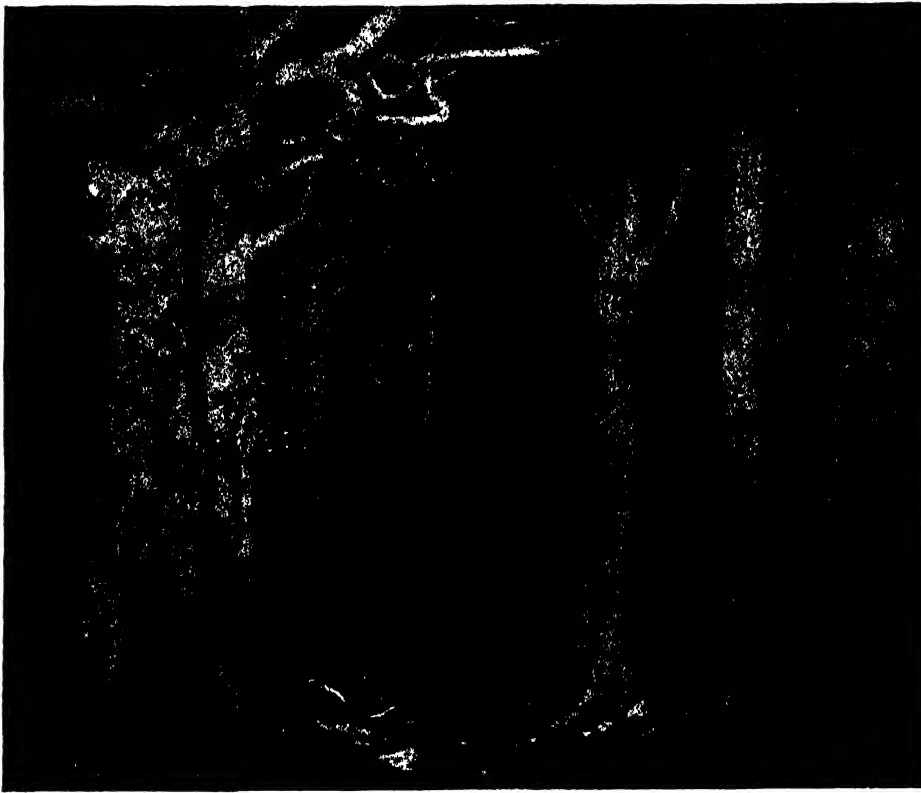
a moment the music ceases, and painted cardboard, machinery, hideous colour, all come back again. But colour should be with the imagination, not against it; in the theatre the designer's art must be recognised in its power to cast a spell over us, as it takes hands with music to conduct us into a mood.

At the Haymarket there has been brought about something of a reconciliation between art in the theatre and art outside of it—though the quarrel between these



The Palace of Night.

From Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's original design for this scene in "The Blue Bird."

**The Forest.**

From Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's original design for this scene in "The Blue Bird."

was never their own. A difficult compromise has been effected—all praise to the artist of the theatre, Mr. Harker—between the limitations of stage-craft and the roving imagination of outside artists, unembarrassed by anything but their pencils. The play itself, all fantasy and beauty, was elusive as any blue bird could be, and it had to be carried over the footlights without singeing its wings.

It opens with a scene of the interior of a woodcutter's cottage, which was of Mr. S. H. Sime's designing. If in a short space of time we are to glean the atmosphere of a room long lived in, multifarious must be the detail, and the suggestion of accumulation in homely things. In this respect the scene is quite a masterpiece; the finishing touch, the admirable cradle swung up to the high ceiling. Mr. Sime's imagination is apparent everywhere, and the Balzacian enthusiasm for life which seethes up in his illustrations.

At Scene ii. the schemes pass over to the dreamer, Mr. Cayley Robinson, whose art has always savoured of things portending, happy or otherwise, such as are only reflected in beautiful mirrors, like water under the stars, or children's eyes. One can imagine one London manager after another turning pale, as they did, at the thought of re-constructing this play, with such a scene, for instance, to be contemplated as the vaults of the blue in which the unborn children await nativity. All the problems which confronted the artist are interesting—those arches, for instance, in the scene in question, and called "The Kingdom of the Future": might not the Gothic form have been more rhythmical, and more convincing by association, since the song of the mothers mounts, reminiscent of the *Magnificat* that echoes for ever in Gothic fanes?—but as yet there must be no foreshadowing that there is

such a thing as that death which is also met with chantings here. Even the Norman, the most natural arch, is dated, and all dates must be evaded—all associations—but this is impossible! To create archings without echoes is not possible, and echoes are always memories. Where there is only one colour everything is colourless, as it is in the scene of "The Kingdom of the Future," for nothing can be anticipated, colour not more than form. And one of the best of all effects in the play is the changing colours of ships and figures at the embarkation of the unborn children for this world. Again, in the matter of design, at the gate where the embarkation takes place, the problems cluster. How was reminiscence of time and place, and things as yet to come, to be avoided? Would suggestion

of high garden gates have been permissible, where gardens are still unwilling and uncreated? I imagine Mr. Robinson tried to evade everything that was reminiscent, and excellent as his design is, was not this attempted evasion perhaps a mistake? Lines might have been gathered into a design which incorporated something of the memory of gates in general, akin to the symbol of a thing the mind creates when the name of it is spoken. To pretend, since we have come into this world, that for a moment we can anywhere escape memories, was not artistically wise.

These are reflections, not criticisms; for the scenes as they are we have only admiration. Subtleties have been appreciated at every turn. In the scene of "The Kingdom of the Past," we had to be brought to the place of graves without the depression of the graveyard; there to come into a sudden consciousness that the dead survive in the living, as the seed in the flower—words are not easy to express this; it is Maeterlinck who writes easily the things that cannot be spoken.

In a sense the costumes of the children, the animals, everything comes under the problem of scenery; the designs for these were all carried through from drawings of Mr. Cayley Robinson, aided in the matter of the clothes of Tytyl and Mytyl, the little boy and girl, by Mrs. Cayley Robinson. The two-legged horses and cows are the test whether we catch the spirit of this play, which is of laughter warring upon tears, as it always does with the brave. The number of designs which had to be drawn for all the trees and animals, and adapted, suggests an infinite amount of thought. Some of these, like "The Oak," and costumes for dances like "The Perfumes of the Night," are deeply poetic,



Mytyl.



Dew.



Tytyl.



Time.



The Lime Tree.



The Chestnut.



Cold-in-the-Head.



The Dog.



The Poplar.

COSTUMES FOR CHARACTERS IN "THE BLUE BIRD."

From the original designs of Mr. F. Cayley Robinson.

and the dance of "The Hours" became an interpretation of classic design, the effect of movement upon the folds of the draperies reproducing lines which recalled the Parthenon rhythm. If we could have wished anything, it would have been for more convention—in the sense that Mr. Gordon Craig would use this word, in respect to these things, especially when the door

opens at the back of the Palace of the Night, for if once we put reality behind us in art, the symbols of reality must give place to the arts of pure suggestion. In the atmosphere of illusion it is the real things that turn out to be the shams, and it is only in that atmosphere that emotion can survive, when it is not face to face with Nature.

THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

BY ANDREW LANG.

DR. HAY FLEMING'S work, "The Reformation in Scotland,"* is to me in one way rather disappointing. In about 530 pages the learned author devotes too much space to forcing an open door. It seems to me that every student of history admits that the Church, in Scotland as elsewhere, had been "grossly corrupt" long before the Reformation. But Dr. Hay Fleming (p. 74) observes that "modern apologists, some of them Protestants, occasionally betray their recklessness by asserting" that gross corruption only set in at "a comparatively short period before the Reformation." It is not worth while to argue at length against such ignorant persons. But Dr. Hay Fleming gives them eighty pages of the licentiousness of the clergy (frequently confessed by themselves authoritatively, or from private pens) before he even denounces the equally notorious ignorance of most of the clerics. An appendix, from manuscript and published sources, contains lists amounting to another thirty pages of the legitimations of "priests' geats." I find myself, as is the custom of critics, blaming my author for having done his work in the way which I would not have chosen, and for telling me what I know very well already. Would it not have been more interesting to ask how the clerics came to be so regardless of their vows? That is not the necessary consequence of priestly celibacy; in our day we do not, I suppose, hear of more scandals among the celibate Catholic clergy than among those of other denominations, whose ministers may marry at will.

The causes of the corruption and ignorance seem a topic better worth insisting on than the notorious facts. The Church, as a wealthy yet weak corporation, was the milch-cow of the nobles, the gentry, the Crown. Younger sons and illegitimate sons of secular tastes were thrust into offices which demanded men of learning and piety. The occupants hated learning and gave themselves up to diversion. The Renaissance, like the spring, "came slowly up this way," and it has sometimes occurred to me that the great mediæval Revivals of religion, the Franciscan for example, reached Scotland, if not tardily, still with a much weakened impact. As for preaching, that of the mediæval Church was apt to be "much

more diverting than edifying" (p. 89). The Presbyterians made preaching the main thing, to the great affliction of many not ungodly men, and were diverting only occasionally and unconsciously.

Of three hundred and eleven incumbents in the diocese of Gloucester (1551), Bishop Hooper found "nine *insigniter doctus*, and three *insigniter eruditus*." These unusually skilled teachers, the dozen, would have preferred, collectively, to be styled *docti* not *doctus*, and I share their taste! (p. 90). But take three hundred and eleven ministers at random, in Scotland or England, to-day, would you find among them a dozen who are *insigniter docti*?

The vast majority of the Churchmen were as ignorant as the ordinary Sunday-school child; not because they were Catholics, but because they were listless hangers-on of a wealthy ecclesiastical corporation. When the crash came, the learning, among the preachers of the new creed, was mainly contributed by Catholic priests who had adopted the new German and French ideas and criticism. From Andrew Melville's day to that of Dr. Johnson, who found a precursor of Wolf's Homeric heresy in Skye, there were many learned men in country manses. But to-day I do not think that our Protestant clergy are more learned than their brethren of the Catholic faith on the Continent. They maintain no anthropological review like the *Anthropos* of Père Schmidt; they do much less for palæontology than several abbés in France; and when I wanted a clear summary of what is ascertained about Minoan religion, I found that the best was by Père Lagrange, in a French serial devoted to biblical studies. It is not this or that creed which fosters a learned clergy; other conditions are at work.

Again, Dr. Hay Fleming gives abundant examples of the credulity and superstition which attended clerical ignorance. But the miracles of the Saints of the Covenant, and the hideous credulity of witch-burning preachers down to the early years of the eighteenth century, may be set off against the superstitions of the priests before the Reformation. They, at least in Scotland, were not responsible (so far as I know) for the tortures and burnings of multitudes of women and men, more numerous by far than the martyrs of Protestantism before 1560.

* "The Reformation in Scotland." By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Nobody who knows the facts, even imperfectly, can deny that a reformation was absolutely necessary and inevitable. From within a Church whose highest clergy were as secular—to put it mildly—as the great Cardinal Beaton and Archbishop Hamilton, and so ignorant as the mass of priests, nothing could be expected, and men like Ninian Winzet, who was “wanted” by the police, were few indeed. Education had reached a *nouvelle couche*, which always means revolution. The public, in the light of the Higher Criticism of the age, found that they had been gulled; the poor were taught to expect the wealth of the monasteries, which they did not get: their new landlords were more grasping than the old. Knox, with his amazing energy, brought in ideas much more extreme than those of the leading French Calvinists; he confesses that he was thought “too extreme,” and letters of a leading French Huguenot show that he spoke sooth.

The dominance of preachers, possible for a while in a small city state like Geneva, was applied to a whole kingdom, and the result was, for Scotland, more than a century of unrest and war, in which, for the only time in history, Scotland was conquered. No sooner had the Brethren captured Perth than they forbade priests to celebrate mass under pain of death (1559) (Knox, Vol. VI. p. 23). This was typical of the whole affair. Permission to the Brethren to preach led to attacks on sacred buildings. Liberty of conscience meant liberty to trample on the conscience of Catholics. It was not enough to be permitted to believe in your own creed, and celebrate your own rites; you must have liberty to prevent other people from celebrating theirs. There was no help for it; but the persecutions by the followers of the new ideas cannot be pleasing to people who esteem liberty of conscience in matters of religion.

In no more than two or three cases (I am only familiar with one) did the lay governing classes permit the fanatics to punish a priest with death for doing his duty. The Presbyterian persecution was a steady grinding tyranny of civil disabilities, fines, imprisonment, and exile. It was the right way of persecuting, if persecution was to be successful, and, as it was not made conspicuous by burnings, it escapes the notice of the ordinary reader. On the other hand, the abominable cruelties of torture and the stake had awakened a just resentment; the furies of the revolution were very natural and human, and seldom led to bloody personal reprisals. Persecution by the Brethren was natural, given their ideas of Christianity, mainly derived from “the fightingest books” in the Old Testament. But nothing could be more hostile to the spirit of Christianity. The new faith was infinitely more cruel, in Scotland, than the old faith had been towards poor wretches accused of witchcraft. As far as I am aware, among the slacknesses of the old faith in Scotland, indifference to the sin of witchcraft must be reckoned. The Reformation was unchristian in its methods; that is the short and the long of it.

A recent historian veils the ruthless demands of

“the assembly of the kirk convened at Edinburgh” in the year of the Bartholomew. Dr. Hay Fleming does not blink those hysterical outcries. The passage may be read in his book, with his comments (pp. 448-53), and the student may learn for himself who the people are of whom it is written “it shall be lawful to all the subjects in this realm to invade them and every one of them to the death.” But the State did not gratify “the assembly of the kirk convened at Edinburgh.” It was not the fault of the preachers that the death-penalty was not enforced for the third time of celebrating or attending the vital rite of the Church. “The humanity of the nobles must not be passed over in silence,” says Bishop Lesley, “for at this time (1560) few Catholics were banished, fewer were imprisoned, none were executed.” As for church-despoilment and church-wrecking, it was wholly contrary to the ideas of Calvin. The wrecking of the church at Perth is attributed by Knox to “the rascal multitude” in the nearest contemporary part of his History; to “the Brethren” in a private letter. Seventeen centuries of Christianity and of war have spared infinitely more of the “monuments of idolatry” in Greece than have been left to Scotland in the shape of cathedrals, church plate, and other relics of mediæval art. “It is possible to acquire the most beautiful building at too great a cost,” as by “grinding the faces of the poor,” or “using unholy means for raising funds” (p. 327). But, having the beautiful building, why sell the lead of the roof, and turn the edifice into a quarry? I do not see the logic; but, if logic it be, let us destroy the cathedral of Glasgow. Dr. Hay Fleming blames the English destroyers on the Border in 1544 and later. But far more is left of Melrose and Jedburgh and even of Coldingham, than of the cathedral of St. Andrews, or of Lindores, and of scores of places which the English never touched. I look up Restalrig (p. 409). It was resolved at the first General Assembly “that the kirk of Restalrig, as a monument of idolatry, be razed and utterly cast down and destroyed.” But, says our author, the church was not “utterlie castin downe and destroyed.” If not (there are traces of it to this day), the fault does not lie with the General Assembly. In a document of the late sixteenth century I have read that the church of Coldingham was then the only one of its kind which retained its roof. In a MS. version of Spottiswoode’s History, to which Dr. Hay Fleming appeals against the printed version (p. 413), we read “they rifled all churches indifferently . . . the buildings of the church defaced, the timber, lead, bells, put to sale. . . .” When you have sold the timber and lead of a church, time and quarrying soon do the rest, and of that “place of idolatry” less is left than of Ilios and Mycenæ. On the whole Dr. Hay Fleming decides that “Spottiswoode’s account is very highly coloured, or rather, grossly exaggerated” (p. 415). Then what *did* become of the lead and the timber, and where *are* the churches of which Spottiswoode speaks? If Dr. Hay Fleming will grant the selling of the lead and timber, we understand the present condition of ruin. But if he maintains that



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Drawn by Arthur C. Mitchell.
In the Woodcutter's Cottage.
 "The tap, in another corner, begins to sing in a very high voice and, turning into a luminous fountain, floods the sink with sheets of pearls and emeralds, through which darts the soul of Water, like a young girl, streaming, disbelieved, and tearful, who immediately begins to fight with Fire."—*The Blue Bird*, Act I, Scene i.

the lead and timber were *not* sold, then we are puzzled.

Dr. Hay Fleming's book adopts the tactics called "offensive-defensive." He carries the war into Rome, the Rome of the three centuries before 1560; and as for "the great pillage," the annihilation of so much that was beautiful and harmless, he makes the best case he can for his clients. The things are gone—

we both regret it; what the first Reformation spared by oversight, the second did its best to destroy, breaking the Ruthwell Cross, but not grinding it into powder. One feels inclined to say, like Fanny Burney, when she and other children had destroyed a valuable perruque, "the wig was a good wig. But it is gone, and there is no more to be said about it."

New Books.

RECENT HISTORY.

The train of thought which sought an issue, in part, in the following reflections, was commenced appropriately enough in the library of Holly Lodge. There, it anywhere, the spirit of the greatest of literary historians in the modern world may be said to be immanent. The invincible picturesqueness of Macaulay cannot fail to drive public opinion about, to excite enthusiasm and to provoke antipathy. Yet the historian of to-day must not seldom be bewildered by the antagonistic forces at work in the case of such a mighty faculty: on the one hand the master-passion to acquire knowledge which is the mainspring of the art, on the other hand the irresistible craving to cram and distort all the knowledge acquired into a peculiarly personal and rhetorical mould.

Political bias, though strong, will be found, I believe, in the end to have played a quite secondary part in this heightening and perspective process. Artistic bias, so commanding as to be almost unconscious, was the ruling motive, and so strong that it often leaves the writer no option but to make his friends appear fully as grotesque as his enemies.

The greatest of Macaulay's successors to-day in the ardent and successful pursuit of historical knowledge is the Regius Professor of History at Oxford. He too, like Macaulay, has specialised upon the second half of the seventeenth century. He too, like Macaulay, has been impressed by the extreme importance of presenting a social tableau side by side with a political picture. Circumstances have led him to cover a great deal of Macaulay's own ground, and the investigations which he has made upon the use and abuse of his original authorities by the great Whig historian, and which are to form the staple of a series of lectures to be given in London in the ensuing academical year, will supply one of the most interesting chapters yet written into the inmost secrets of graphic history as practised by the greatest English master of the Pageant. Macaulay, whether as social or political historian, is an inveterate romanticist. Intensity is the quality which he puts above all others. In order to ensure this he modernises every archaic phrase, heightening as he goes, so as to deepen the shadows and intensify the colouring. The fact that all these effects are studiously eschewed by Professor Firth constitutes a severe historical criticism. It is true that, in our opinion, in his recently issued volumes on "The Last Years of the Protectorate," * he goes rather to an extreme in the opposite direction, continually reproducing the actual phrasing of the old newsletters in the text, with all their obscure tautologies, where a crisp modern phrase would simplify counsel and, indeed, often elucidate fact. But Professor Firth is essentially a realist in history. He wants to place facts before us as they were. He is apt to forget

that art requires illusion, nay, that Art is Illusion itself. In his case we have, not infrequently, to add just as much as in Macaulay's case we have to subtract. He, of course, it will doubtless be said, is a disciple in quite another school.

The present work is grafted ostensibly upon the seventeen foregoing volumes by Samuel Rawson Gardiner which carry English History in conscientious detail from 1603 to 1656. Mr. Firth takes up the tale at the exact point where Gardiner broke off, namely, at the assembling of Cromwell's second Parliament in September, 1656. The elections preceding this event formed the subject of a last chapter in the hand of Gardiner, which was to have been the opening of his final or eighteenth volume. This chapter was published separately in 1903. Mr. Firth has, if anything, increased the scale of development, for he devotes no less than seventeen chapters to narrate the end of the Spanish War, the death of Blake, the plots against Cromwell, the campaign in Flanders, the Protector's policy in the Baltic, the dissolution of February, 1657, Monk in Scotland, Henry Cromwell in Ireland, the capture of Dunkirk and the death of the great Protector. He has taken six years or thereabouts to finish these seventeen chapters. The pace seems dilatory; it is certainly much slower than Gardiner's. But we must remember that no other living man could have taken up this work commensurately at all. The preliminary studies have occupied over twenty years, during which Mr. Firth has showed himself fully as great a glutton of rare political tracts and pamphlets as Gardiner himself. He has had the additional advantage of a superbly specialised private library in which he has brought together a collection of satires, ballads, squibs, and caricatures dealing with the politics of 1650—1660, such as Macaulay himself would have envied. He has, therefore, in a sense, been able to out-Gardiner Gardiner himself.

It was inevitable in these circumstances that the critics should say that the mantle of Elijah had fallen upon worthy shoulders. Yet this way of conferring praise is one never quite agreeable to the recipient. The fact is too, of course, that although Professor Firth has assimilated his predecessor's equipment, he differs from him profoundly in historical outlook, whether artistic, scientific, or educational. Under a very specious guise of impartiality Gardiner was always the earnest, striving, agonising champion of the Puritan cause. Yet he combined with this the very un-Puritan quality of unqualified toleration. And so when the Puritans fell upon each other's throats at Preston and Dunbar, he is constrained to back Cromwell through thick and thin. Professor Firth is really far more impartial. He refrains from moralising our Oliver for us. He leaves his motives in dissolving his second parliament in all their bare arbitrariness for us to digest as best we may. He has far more of an eye for the humours, the ironies, and the pleasantries of history than had ever Dr. Gardiner. His

* "The Last Years of the Protectorate, 1656—1658." By Charles Harding Firth. 2 Vols. 24s. net. (Longmans.)

appreciation of detail—of small concrete fact—is far more keen. But he refuses obstinately to read the runes for us. He gives the materials and he puts them together with singular impartiality into the picture that he, in his capacity of student, has been able to form. But not an inch farther. He will not stand by the death-bed of Blake and Cromwell to ejaculate fine sentiments, to attitudinise, to vaticinate, or even to focus the vision for our modern understandings. This will explain the disappointment of some who read him in the expectation of experiencing historical emotion. The austerity of this historian is very great. He has a horror of utilising soft material in the construction of his chapter-units. His idea is to build up a Roman Wall of record out of material so hard that it will need a dynamite explosion to displace a single brick of it. He sacrifices nothing. But the difficulty of his achievement is one which only the professional student can adequately understand. Hitherto I have found it hard to elicit the opinions of students. They answer with one accord, "We must wait to read it until the book is cheaper." The present price of twenty-four shillings net for two rather short volumes (containing less matter than the corresponding volumes of Gardiner, or than a standard work in contemporary French History costing 8 francs) is, to scholars, prohibitive. The subordination here of those ethical and biographical elements to which the picturesque school have habituated us will render Professor Firth unpopular with the library readers. This same subordination will commend him to the historians of the future.

The death of the Protector during the famous storm gives an opportunity for dramatic representation from which Professor Firth deliberately refrains. Mr. Belloc is no less self-sacrificing in his delineation of "Marie Antoinette." * We have here no pathetic description of the sunset splendours of Versailles and the Bourbon Court, no exuberance of court gossip or character intaglio-work. The luxury of tears and abhorrence which every library reader feels entitled to claim as a right in an expensive biography of the last French Queen is here expressly denied. Assuming the sequence of events and most of the details as *choses connues*, Mr. Belloc takes upon him rather the rôle of Carlyle or the author of "The Dynasts," and proposes to show us how the whole episode fits inevitably into a vast scheme of world drama. We occasionally overhear a word or two of the chorus of pities or ironies. But for the most part Marie Antoinette, far from being greater than nature, is reduced to very ordinary dimensions, those of a not very intelligent female caught in the clash of warring national systems, dislocated social machinery, and widespread conflagration. The attempt of Mr. Belloc to connect the whole tragedy specifically with the failure of the counter-reformation to stamp out the embers of Protestantism, and his apparent desire to convince us that we should have all been much happier and wiser had only Kepler and Newton been treated in the same way as Galileo, endangers the whole concatenation, and risks the sacrifice of a fine historic fabric to a monomania as persistent though not as amusing as that of Mr. Dick. But having weathered the first few pages the reader will find very great compensations. Mr. Belloc's assumption once granted, nothing could be finer than his delineation of Kaunitz and his mistress. The plot is thus carefully laid for the alien player-queen. Much that follows is rendered inspiring in the highest degree by Mr. Belloc's distinction of phrase, his original inspirations and epigrams, his remarkable gift of historical creation or construction. Such by means of inference mainly are his narrative of the Queen's relations with Fersen, of her conjugal relations, his imaginative picture of Drouet's ride in June 22, 1791, and his defence of the Queen's valedictory letter. Mr. Belloc thinks that history has been too much written along the ruts of routine. He has

certainly avoided that fate. His views about the massacres of September and the capture of the Tuileries by the mob differ entirely from those of most of the accepted historians. Not having time to refute them he merely asserts his own views. For those who wish to read history quietly and without a brief, it must be admitted that a subservience to routine is distinctly more restful.

Nevertheless, Mr. Belloc's violent assertions are extremely attractive. The book is full of original affirmation and of personal power. It has insight, imagination, creative genius. It arrests thought unexpectedly by a hundred happy terms of expression, comparison, or remonstrance. No one who traverses the period can fail to admire his attempt to show us almost from hour to hour how the events on the frontier reacted upon the critical stress of the capital in October, 1793. Yet from an artistic point of view this antiphonal effort seems to me just to fail to achieve success, and the dithyrambic effect, verging at times upon the exaltation of the "Tale of Two Cities," throws the suspicion of allegory over the whole narrative. Excluding the first chapter and the last, this book seems to attain the highest point in history that Mr. Belloc has yet reached, and that is saying very much indeed.

Space will preclude us from endeavouring to criticise or indeed from doing much more than to report the advent of two praiseworthy additions to Messrs. Longmans' "Political History of England," * under the editorship of Drs. Hunt and Poole. That work is now complete but for Vol. VI., dealing with Mary and Elizabeth, which after some vicissitudes was finally entrusted to the capable hands of Professor A. F. Pollard. Mr. Pollard's public lectures on the period from 1550 to 1588 have given us a foretaste of the quality of this much-looked-for volume, which may, I apprehend, be expected in September. In the meantime we have Professor Lodge on the Macaulay territory from 1660 to 1702, and Mr. I. S. Leadam on Anne and the first two Georges.

As a teacher, like Dean Bradley and Dr. Franck Bright, Mr. Lodge attains to the sovereign quality of lucidity in the highest degree. Yet the quality has its own defects, chief among them being that of leaving the impression that here we have finality, and that beyond the information here given all the rest is not worth having, merely confusing or chaotic. Read Mr. Lodge on the restoration settlement, and then read Sir Walter Scott in "Peveril of the Peak." Both show its importance, but the former leaves all smooth and clear, while the latter reveals to us the background with its infinite doubts and perplexities.

Yet Professor Lodge merits the highest possible credit for the vigour of his ordonnance and for the independent method of his summaries. Mr. Leadam's volume differs considerably from most of its predecessors. It embodies, so far as I can judge, a good deal more original research. It is based, to a large extent, upon MS. authorities, it contains more footnotes, it is history of a more advanced order, admirable for serious students who are competent to draw conclusions, but singularly deficient in relief, in generalisation, and in guidance for the common run of teachers and pupils. When the last volume appears this autumn, it may be possible, it is hoped, to give a consecutive survey of the whole series of twelve volumes.

Two works of prominent historical value have recently been issued by Messrs. Routledge, first the three-volume translation of Ludwig Friedlander's "Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire," † a standard work not unworthy to rank with Burckhardt or Symonds, and important in the highest degree as a supplement to Warde-Fowler and Dill; and secondly, Mr. A. Abram's extremely suggestive little book on "Social England in the Fifteenth

* "Marie Antoinette." By H. Belloc. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

* "The Political History of England." In 12 Vols. Vols. VIII. and IX. 7s. 6d. net per vol. (Longmans.)

† "Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire." 6s. per vol. (Routledge.)



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The Graveyard.

"MYTYL (looking in the grass). Where are the dead?
 "TYLTYL (looking also). There are no dead. . . ."—*The Blue Bird*, Act IV. Scene ii.



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The Kingdom of the Future.

"TIME. All this does not concern me. . . . Address your entreaties to Life. . . . I unite and part as I am told. . . . Come, come, he is not going to die but to live.
 "THE SECOND CHILD (stretching her arms out frantically to the child that is being carried off). A sign! . . . A sign! . . . Tell me how to find you!
 "THE FIRST CHILD. I shall always love you!
 "THE SECOND CHILD. I shall be the saddest thing on earth! . . . You will know me by that!
 "TIME. You will do much better to hope. . . . Enough! Enough! . . . The anchor's raised!"—*The Blue Bird*, Act IV. Scene ii.

Century," * a survey of agrarian and commercial changes and economic conditions valuable for its original deductions and new readings of a most important though obscure and consequently unpopular age. I may conclude as I began, by citing Macaulay. He is seen to exceptional advantage as a politician in his "Essay and Speech on Jewish Disabilities." † These have just been reprinted with useful introduction and notes by Mr. Israel Abrahams and the Rev. S. Levy.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE BALL AND THE CROSS.‡

"The Ball and the Cross" is the best piece of sustained work Mr. Chesterton has yet given us. It is quite as well written, and more equally interesting from its first page to its last, than its forerunner, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," and it successfully illustrates in rapid and buoyant action much of that quaint philosophy which its author has expressed, in a rather casual and haphazard fashion, in innumerable essays. It would be very much the best book for an intending reader of Mr. Chesterton's entire output to start with.

It is a book which may be viewed either as an allegory or as a mere story of adventure strongly dashed with the supernatural. I prefer to look at it from the latter point of view, simply because the first necessity in dealing with an allegory is to have some sort of inkling of the meaning it is intended to convey, and, after two diligent and delighted perusals of "The Ball and the Cross," I am as far from understanding its more occult significance as I was before I opened it. It is no doubt merely my own stupidity which prevents me from relishing the allegory as keenly as the story in which it is embodied, but I have the consolation of knowing that several of Mr. Chesterton's other critics suffer under a similar disability.

But, if I am befogged regarding Mr. Chesterton's allegory, I have no difficulty in understanding that portion of his philosophy which is expressed in this book, and with which he has made his readers familiar aforetime. It is expressed in the honest and healthy dogma that not hatred, but indifference, is the cardinal sin against his brother man and his own soul of which man is capable. The protagonists of the story are Evan Maclan, a hot-headed Caledonian Quixote, a fervid Catholic, and a red-hot Jacobite; and Turnbull, an atheistic editor and Bible-smasher of the type of Bradlaugh or Colonel Ingersoll. Mr. Chesterton's sympathies are, of course, entirely with the former, but he exhibits both honesty and artistry by making Turnbull his opponent's equal in courage, generosity, and chivalry, and very much his superior in brains. The fact that from the moment they first encounter they love each other like brethren will hardly be obscured in the eyes of any reader Mr. Chesterton will desire to find by the other facts that they immediately set out to roam the world together in search of a quiet spot in which to cut each other's throats, and that, almost to the last page of the book, each honestly believes that he regards the other with the most malignant loathing. That is merely one of the many minor allegories of which the book is full whose meaning is as clear as it is beautiful. The absurd adventures of this absurd couple on this absurd quest are recounted with an absurd gravity which would have delighted Swift. Their intention to fight has been advertised all over England, and the entire police force of Great

Britain is on the watch to prevent the consummation of their bloodthirsty attempt. They take to the sea, and on the testimony of a roadside crucifix and a scrap of printed paper found in a hedge believe that they have landed in France, only to discover, on the appearance of the ubiquitous man in blue, that they are in one of the Channel Islands. A second voyage lands them in an unknown country which they first believe to be some uncharted isle in the Atlantic, then the continent of America, and later, from a glimpse they catch of a burnt-cork nigger whom they mistake for a genuine son of Ham, the coast of Africa; at last to find that it is really a spit of sand in the immediate neighbourhood of Margate. Then they arrive in the garden of a lunatic asylum, and make the acquaintance of a couple of the inmates, one of whom believes himself to be the Creator, while the other has merged his unknown actual identity in that of King Edward VII. This incident gives the cue for what is perhaps the best, and is certainly the most startling episode, in the book. Turnbull gravely—or rather, passionately—accepts the first as what he proclaims himself to be, and pours out on him a lava-stream of incandescent invective for the idiotic fashion in which—from the atheistic or agnostic point of view—the entire cosmos is administered. Maclan promptly plagiarises Turnbull's line of action—which he certainly would never have had the wit to invent—and, in his character of the last living champion of the exiled house of Stuart, denounces the other unhappy lunatic as an usurper, and clamorously demands an account for "the corpses of Culloden and the blood of Lochiel." The scene marks too the culmination of the interest of the book, which rather fails from that point onwards, although there is much ingenuity in the fashion in which the author contrives to immure in the asylum every person, down to the least important, who has for the merest moment crossed the scene of his story. There is, too, some excellent and quite legitimate satire at the expense of that unholy sort of alienist by whom the most normal and innocent personal peculiarity is twisted into a proof of insanity. Charles Reade would have revelled over the passage in which a man who complains that his yacht has been stolen is inscribed as a sufferer from "Perdinavititis—mental inflammation creating the impression that one has lost a ship," while Turnbull, who confesses to having stolen the yacht, is booked as a victim of "Rapinavititis—the delusion that one has stolen a ship."

HENRY MURRAY.

DEAN SWIFT.*

It is easy to understand the temptation to write a biography of "le premier Rabelais d'Angleterre," as Voltaire called Swift, for the great man's personality is vastly fascinating. It is, however, not mainly because of this, but because writers of an earlier era maligned him terribly that Miss Shilleto Smith has felt called upon to present this more favourable portrait.

"I have written the life neither of a saint nor of a fiend; I have neither dragged him down to hell nor raised him to heaven; I have dressed him neither in black nor in white; I have not attired him in scarlet, nor endowed him with a cloven hoof, setting him to dance among fiends worse than himself. I have tried to place him in the grey light of reality where perhaps some sunbeams may shine upon him and occasionally cast a golden reflection, where the clouds surrounding him may sometimes be pink-tinged. But above all I have tried to represent him as a man of like passions with ourselves, of a like longing for affection, of a like sensitiveness to pain or injury."

Thus Miss Shilleto Smith in her Introduction. Now this is all very well in its way, but, with all respect, it is

* "Dean Swift." By Sophie Shilleto Smith. With 16 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

* "Social England in the Fifteenth Century." By A. Abram. 3s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

† "Essay and Speech on Jewish Disabilities." 2s. (Printed for the Jewish Historical Society.)

‡ "The Ball and the Cross." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. 6s. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

ridiculous so to address the "critical public" before whom the author states explicitly she desires to place her book. For what exactly do all these words mean? Merely, that Miss Shilleto Smith has written down honestly what she conceives Swift to have been—which, it is but right to assume, is exactly what Swift's adverse critics have done. Miss Shilleto Smith refers to some other writers on Swift as having been "terribly unjust" and "entirely lacking in the mere elements of that toleration and charity which the most despicable sinner has a right to expect from his fellow-men": surely it would be more in accordance with "the mere elements of that toleration and charity which," etc., if she had confined herself to the comment that the other writers were, in her opinion, mistaken in their view. Again, Miss Shilleto Smith refers to "those students of literature" who may look upon her book as "an unnecessary defence of a writer whom they regard as unpardonably indecent." Where, it may be asked, are to be found to-day students of literature who regard Swift's works as "unpardonably indecent"? Such an epithet may fittingly be applied, for instance, to the "Crazy Tales" of Hall-Stevenson, but no critic worthy of the name has ever used it in connection with the works of a Rabelais or a Swift. Where, indeed, to write down the works that first occur to the mind, can be found the man who has levelled this charge against "A Tale of a Tub," or "The Battle of the Books," or the Bickerstaff Papers, or the "Gentle and Ingenious Conversations," or the earlier parts of "Gulliver"? The fact of the matter is that Miss Shilleto Smith is tilting against windmills. Perhaps thirty or forty years ago there might have been some justification for her attitude: to-day most certainly there is none. Indeed, this attitude inevitably recalls the story of the brilliant lad who at a very early age retired into seclusion and returned into the world many years later with a number of very clever inventions: they were of great value, and did him much credit, only—most of them had been in use for hundreds of years.

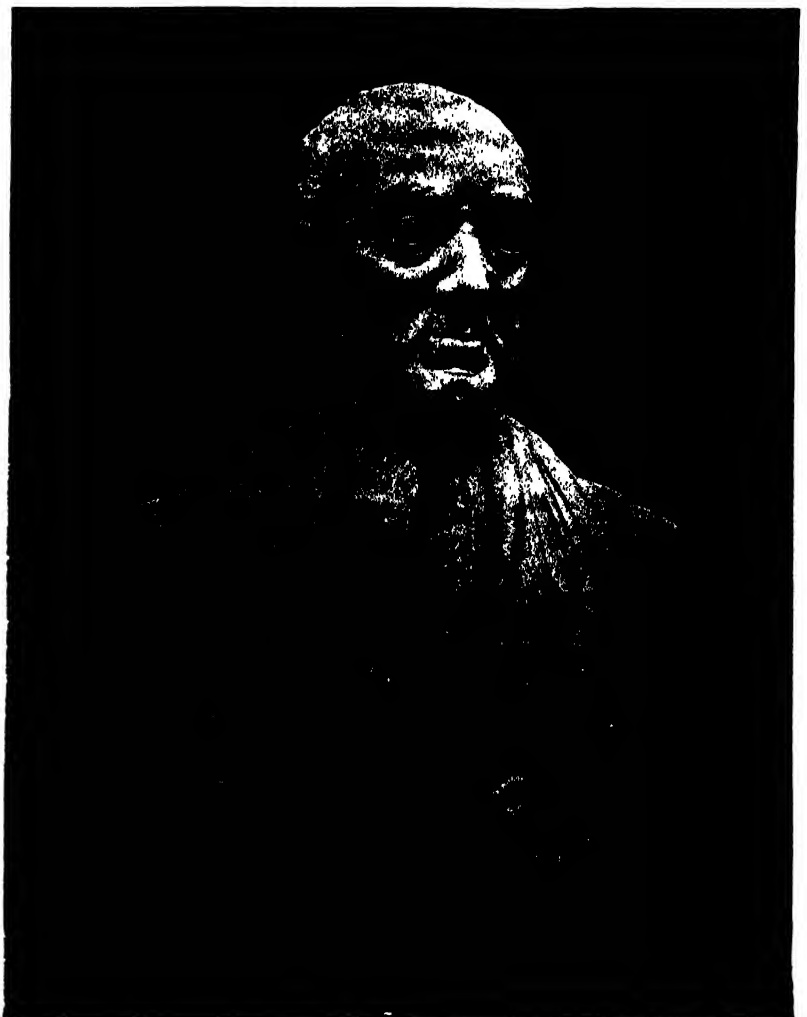
In these days, when the tendency to associate a man's work with his life is, if anything, being carried to excess, it is rather strange that Miss Shilleto Smith should think it necessary (in her Introduction) to defend her book against "those critics who object to the facts of a man's life being associated with his work." It is true that any product of an author's pen must be judged as literature solely on its merits—a poem, for instance, takes no higher or lower place in the literary tables of precedence because it was written in sickness or in health, in a garret or in a palace, whether the author was sixteen or sixty. Whether "Hamlet" was written by Shakespeare or Bacon is of no consequence so far as the value of the play is concerned. On the other hand, it is a matter of very great interest to students of literature to trace the connection between a man and his work. In no case, perhaps, was the connection closer than in that of Swift. "In Swift the author and the man are identical," Sir Leslie Stephen has said with truth. "No writings ever reflected more perfectly a powerful idiosyncrasy; and his famous sayings resemble groans wrung from a strong man by torture." Miss Shilleto Smith has nothing new to say, nor has she any fresh light to throw upon the Dean's character or his writings.

"His own righteous anger at the wrongs of mankind are at an end (so runs the last passage of the book). The life of pain, mental, moral and physical, is over. Surely few men have

suffered so much. Few have deserved to suffer so little. He was crucified by the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. Knowing himself to be a soul apart, he lived a lonely solitary life, though for happiness he depended, more than most people, on the affection of others. A sense of vocation inspired him throughout his life. A feeling that he had duties to perform, greater than the majority, taught him that their small interests were not for him, that he must enter greater lists. Knowing his danger, fully aware of the risk of failure, he entered the greatest lists that any man can enter and failed. On this field few have entered and none have been known to succeed. Surely we must give the greater honour to the few. They have staked everything and lost everything.

"What is their reward?"

Considerations of space prevent any detailed considerations of the various propositions set forth in this grandiloquent peroration; but in a book such as this, which, though designed for the "critical public," is more likely to find its way to the "general reader," it cannot too often be insisted upon that Swift was a satirist because of his sympathy with suffering humanity. It is one of the little ironies of fate that "Gulliver" should be almost universally regarded as a children's book not less popular than "Robinson Crusoe." It is another of the little ironies of fate that the most terrible satire on mankind should have been written by one of the most tender-hearted men that ever drew breath. Macaulay and Thackeray were deterred from a true appreciation of Swift by his ferocity, and their verdict was long generally endorsed, or at least accepted, outside literary circles. How this misapprehension could have taken possession of two such men is not easy to understand, and Thackeray, at least, every now and then gave indications that, even while pronouncing sentence, he was somewhat uncomfortable in his mind. "And yet to have had so much love," he said, in the course of his lecture, "Swift must have given some." It did not dawn on Thackeray's mind, however,



Dean Swift.

From the bust in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.
From "Dean Swift," by Sophie Shilleto Smith. (Methuen.)

how much love the satirist gave and received. He won the love of a nation, and kept it for thirty years—and he earned the love by the love he gave, and the labour inspired by that love. He won and kept the affection of Gay and Prior, of Pope and Addison, of Berkeley and Arbuthnot; he won the hearts of Esther Vanhomrigh and of "Stella" Johnson. Not even "the greatest genius of the nation," as Addison rightly and generously called him, could have won such love from men and women without paying for it in kind.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

TWO BOOKS FROM THE NILE.*

Modern travel-books may be conveniently classified under two great Natural Orders, the travelling writers—who travel just to furnish their books; and the writing travellers—who write on their return because they see fame and money in their tale. I have the pleasure to-day to exhibit, classify, and describe an entirely new and curious specimen of each order.

1. First, then, this example (vulgarly known as Loti's "Egypt") of the order *Scriptor itinerans* and of the genus *Rhetor*, so rich in sentimentalists and word-painters, may at once be referred to the species *atherialis*, from its marked tendency to sunsets and atmospheric effects. It seems to be a sport of the variety *Anglophobus*, till recently abundant in France (whence the specimen was obtained), and I propose to name it either *gelosus* or *lugubris*. It has borne transportation very well; indeed, the English version at once suggests Loti without his name on the book. It is a difficult task. When first Pierre Loti beamed upon the world, I wrote that, while dazzled by his novel enumerative style, I could not help hankering for just a verb or two here and there. These the translator has judiciously supplied.

The book is disappointing—strangely so from such a pen as Loti's. It gives so very little that is new about either Egypt or Loti, and that little often uninteresting or distasteful. By far the best chapter is that on the university of El Ilazar. The description is admirable and the reflections original and suggestive. With a few blemishes the Easter visit to the Coptic Church of St. Sergius reaches a high level. Indeed Loti always seems more himself in the mediæval mosques and churches and streets than among the desert ruins.

The work may be resolved into three nearly equal elements—guide-book, word-painting, and moralising. As to the first, I never heard that Pierre Loti was a profound Egyptologist, and suspect that his glib and ostentatious antiquarian lore is based on poor Baedeker. Yet he is always sneering at the miserable tourists who brandish this vile *vade mecum*. Secondly, the word-painting is not up to the old mark, though here he has two subjects in his own *genre*, the Egyptian skies and the desert. On these *pièces de résistance* he is always falling back at regular intervals. Very early he says what he has to say about the desert, just what we expected; but he keeps on saying it every now and then in much the same words. Then his skies—well, they are, of course, very good skies, but when they differ from other people's, I suspect they are highly subjective. For this reason: his strongest work, the "Pêcheurs d'Islande," owed its glamour to that new, strange, uncouthly world he revealed with all the passion of an eye-witness—that life far outside ours, of the Arctic fisher fleet, drowsing in

calm and silence through the nightless summer—how that magic vision haunts us still! What was the wizard's spell? Partly the subtle quietude of his subdued style. His fisher-lads seemed to speak in low, gentle tones, and we hear them distinctly from very far off in the brooding silence. But the sovereign charm lay in his marvellous atmospheric effect—that weird, grey, diffused, all-pervading, sunless light, that opal globe of inseparable sea and sky, in which the ships seemed suspended—and this pale shimmer he never let us forget for a moment. But at last came the thought, Why had none of the many Arctic voyagers that I had read noticed or described these wonders? And the other day I saw that Pierre Loti had never been farther north than Brussels in his life! So I mistrust his word-pictures, but admire him all the more. Impressionism impresses less when it is professional. No doubt Loti conjured up some warm impressions by rowing about Philæ by moonlight, by viewing the Pyramids under the stars, or, after evading the guardians, groping his way alone among the murky ruins of Thebes; but it is all so mechanical and well-planned. Take the worst instance, the chapter called "The Hall of the Mummies." Not content with inspecting the famous Cairé Museum by daylight, Loti explores it by the fitful glimmer of a midnight lamp, in order to gain "gruesome" impressions. So, of course, we have the big spick-and-span rooms impressionised into Halls of Eblis—hollow tread, vast glooms, gibbering ghosts, etc., etc.—all the old business which Dickens taught us so well. When he gets to the sanctum where lie the great kings and queens, his curiosity is so morbid, his prying so brutal, his dissection so remorseless—while all the time he is denouncing the irreverent tourists—that one seems to hear the monarchs whisper, "Begone, insolent mime! you are worse than the Murrikan maidens."

As for the moralising, it is not more original than Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs." How could it be? You can but torture the old "storied urn" into new words. Loti engages us more in his political and social observations on the Egypt of to-day; but here his prejudices, real and affected, often repel. No doubt the Land of the Pharaohs is being vulgarised by the invasion of Cook, but it is not the odious rich tourists that Loti hates most, but the inelegant cheap Cookites. Among these are surely many genuine enthusiasts quite as sincere as himself. Why may not they too come to gape at the Sphinx? But above all he is anti-anglomaniac. Now I yield to no Frenchman in detestation of the modern English, but Loti is simply jealous and unfair. We have dammed the Nile just to filch from the desert for our cotton-growing, and to further multiply the servile race of fellahs. We have defaced the land with our horrible railways, telegraph posts, and hotels, and so on—*les Anglais ont toujours tort*. And why? simply because they are not the French. This truth is always leaking out. If "the Passing of Philæ" had only fallen to the luck of France to effect, Loti would certainly have gloried in the wicked dam, and pronounced the ruins all the more impressionistic, reflected in the beneficent flood. If only France still ruled Egypt, all the odious boulevards and hotels would have been *charmants, coquets, tout à fait à l'instar de Paris!* But the Englishwoman—the British matron is Loti's pet *bête noire*. She is ugly, "no longer young"; her figure is unwieldy, her costume a bundle of hideous rags; she is never dressed for the desert as for the Bois. And more infamous still, "despite her high respectability at home," she flocks to the Nile to gratify in secret her vicious propensities with the Bedouin donkey-men. The whole passage (p. 102) is too coarse for quotation. How ridiculous it all is! In my experience the French or German travelling frump ever bears the palm. Mrs. Bull's clean soap-and-water face and sensible dust-coat make a far better foreground figure to the desert than the third-rate fashionable Parisian slut, with her idiotic and ugly costume; her unwashed

* "Egypt." By Pierre Loti. 15s. (T. Werner Laurie.)—"Lake Victoria to Khartoum with Rifle and Camera." By Captain F. A. Dickinson. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill. 12s. 6d. (John Lane.)

face steeped with tallow, bought dearly under some fine name; and the frightful stock to hide her probably dirtier neck. *Voilà, monsieur!* But something tells me that Loti journeyed through Egypt not at his best, not quite himself, but sick in body or at heart; so let us forget his peevishness, and remember him only by his singular and most beautiful talent.

2. Ord. *Viator scriblerus*, gen. *Venator*, sp. *loquax*, var. *slangy*. A curious specimen this, presenting many diverse characteristics. Captain Dickinson is a mighty hunter and enthusiastic naturalist in his special department, who has already given to the world some of his experiences in Equatorial Africa. By the masterpiece of jumbled chapters and confused arrangement before me, some delusive hopes were raised. The "Introduction" by Mr. W. S. Churchill which glorifies the title-page shrinks on inspection to twenty-five lines of testimonial to the author's merits as sportsman, guide, and travelling companion, and thirty-nine of general reflections on the amenities of Africa. As Johnson says, "If this is not criticism, it is at least gratitude." Further, I was more curious about the Africans themselves than about their wild beasts. But men seem to be about the only African animals which do not interest the author. He always refers to them as the "savages." His attitude is that of most officials and sportsmen, kind and just, but indifferent. They are not game. He neither shoots nor studies them.

Nor do his accounts of the country satisfy us. His information is very general, and we have seen it elsewhere in greater detail. His introducer praises his "jaunty chronicle"; jumpy it certainly is, separate expeditions and subjects being so mixed up that I could not follow his marches. Perhaps if one put out the gas, turned the map upside down, and then stood on one's head, one might get a clearer notion; I did not think of that till too late. But the author's style is his note. Such copious slang is rarely seen in type. It seems such a pity. He can and does write with perfect ease, lucidity, and correctness whenever he chooses, and even at times, in deference to convention, attempts a little florid word painting. His slang is that which now rages among young soldiers, sportsmen and the like. Many expressions are actually a pleonastic waste of breath, a long vulgar sentence being used instead of a short correct one; so nothing is gained. Of course in conversation mankind has always used expletives and always will. We need a few forcible but indefinite adjectives of universal application, pejorative or meliorative, for use in emergencies when we have no time to think of the right one. Each class, even the ladies, has its own. For sportsmen nothing can better the old strenuous words. But these new locutions serve no purpose except to show that our vulgarity is of the latest fashion. Originating mostly from stupid music-hall songs and gags, they are superfluous, burdensome, fatuous, coarse, and inexpressive. The line surely should be drawn at printing. Let friends talk as they like, but the reader is a stranger and should be addressed with courtesy. It only takes a little extra trouble, and to grudge that is an affront.

Captain Dickinson might well compile a new work, collecting in separate sections his complete zoological observations, and his science and practice as a hunter. The former are clearly of great value. As to the latter, he has no marvels like Colonel Patterson's to tell, yet for all that is a Nimrod indeed. But then I know as little about Nimrods as about okapis. Only fools despise what they cannot understand. So I admire Captain Dickinson's skill and prowess. But what would he on his part think of one who will go down to the grave without ever discharging, or examining, or touching a firearm? A whiff of rancid sweet oil to this day recalls my brothers' guns, from which, as a lad, I always shrank with disgust. Antique weapons I have handled, and once—but that was an

exploit! passing through a militia camp I paused to watch some noisy boys who in turn observed the sun through a long shining optical tube. Suddenly, to my dismay, one turned and thrust it into my hands, saying: "What yer think o' that, sir? Just try it!" But how? What did it all mean? Twelve bold recruited eyes were upon me—the honour of the *pékin* was in my keeping—in desperation I was inspired to do and say just the right thing. Raising the telescope to my eye I frowned thrice, saw nothing, then handed it back with a flourish and an emphatic "*That's all right*," which was well received. After fencing successfully with a babel of questions about "sights" and "bores," I retired with a reputation for gun-lore which even the captain himself might envy. But an impostor is not so bad as a traitor, and I confess that I love to read how the rhino broke away, and the pretty antelopes led perspiring Nimrod a dance, and the lion put him to flight. Then the elephant and his assassin! Is it quite in good taste to invade another gentleman's family domain, and murder him in order to steal the teeth out of his head? When will some philotherist arise to teach the elephants strategy and the use of the dentist's forceps? Then they might contrive to ambush the Nimrods, and wrench from them splendid trophies of Bond Street ivory and gold plates.

Captain Dickinson's photographs are most interesting, and their profusion is more instructive than a few "choice bits." He gives some fine examples of those strangely English woodland, park, and river scenes which occur in Central Africa and nowhere else in the Tropics.

Y. Y.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY.*

Here we have a refreshing lack of pedantry. The subject is treated in a business-like way. The most exacting craftsman cannot but be satisfied with the thoroughness of the professional parts, and the general reader will find much that is stimulating and instructive. We are all interested in history, and the mode in which the subject is to be presented in schools cannot be regarded with indifference by any one who has at heart the welfare of society in general and of his own country in particular. Mr. Keatinge is too good a teacher and too practical a man to overburden his book with technicalities. In fact, he has himself a grievance against the specialist. He complains that at the present moment the curriculum in history of many of the external examinations is drawn up by men who are admirable historians, but who have no knowledge of boys. He rightly maintains that, whatever happens, the subject must be so presented as to fit the boy's capacity. There is a place for what is now known as scientific history, but that place is certainly not the lower forms of our schools.

Mr. Keatinge is not at all afraid of the scientific aspect of history; in fact, his whole treatment is an exemplification of the best method of preparing pupils to understand scientific history. He is angry with those who maintain that history is something to be merely presented or narrated to pupils, with an added indignation against those teachers who say that it is the teacher who must analyse the facts and draw the conclusions. What he is specially afraid of is that history should become too easy a school subject, and, therefore, not bring out the pupils' best efforts. Accordingly he sets about inventing exercises in the use of contemporary documents. Liking the history classroom to a laboratory, he claims that educational authorities should spend a few pounds in providing suitable books and maps, and reproductions of old charters and similar

* "Studies in the Teaching of History." By M. W. Keatinge. 4s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

documents. With such apparatus, history may be taught in a more or less scientific way; its form can be as accurately defined and as logically discussed as that of any of the scientific or linguistic subjects. Not only does the subject thus treated offer an excellent training for the understanding, but it affords an abundant supply of moral and mental content. Many people are worried about the nature of the material supplied to young people in the history lesson. Since human nature is what it is, the teacher has either to make a dishonest presentation or to present truths that will inevitably lower the pupils' ideals. Mr. Keatinge suggests the comforting compromise that the pupils are still at the epic stage, at which broad views are taken. Men are either good or bad, countries are either rich or poor, laws are either just or unjust. The finer shades are left to come at a later stage, by which time the pupils will have reached at least the lower levels of that tolerance that comes with years and experience. Though he does not say it in so many words, Mr. Keatinge would in all probability include in his epic treatment of history a correspondingly broad exposition of that rough justice that after all does seem to characterise the dealings of men with one another.

From the point of view of the professional teacher, it is impossible to speak too highly of Mr. Keatinge's work. His use of original documents as aids in methodical study and as atmosphere is excellent, and cannot but be of the greatest value to teachers. He is not unaware of the difficulties that meet those who seek to apply his suggestions, and he treats those difficulties with unusual insight and courage. In dealing with the organisation of history teaching, he faces the inevitable protest of the teacher that the time-table is an insuperable barrier. The external examiner is faithfully dealt with, and relegated to his proper place. Whether one agrees or not with Mr. Keatinge on this point, one cannot but admire his complete mastery of the conditions of the case and his fearless method of dealing with them. The problems and devices of class-room practice and the ideal teacher of history are subjects that, though admirably treated, do not greatly interest the general reader. The chapter on History and Poetry, however, will be found full of charm for even the least pedagogically minded. The relation between didactics and poetics leaves room for many an interesting dispute. One can picture a common-room distracted for weeks over such a statement as "Inaccuracy of fact, if not carried too far, is in itself no reason for discarding a poetic extract." Occasionally severe (witness the company in which he puts "Herbartian educationists of a certain type"), sometimes paradoxical, and always clear, not to say sparkling, Mr. Keatinge has given us a book that should rejoice the heart of every one but a pedant.

JOHN ADAMS.

THE JOURNALIST UNMASKED.*

"A Hind Let Loose" is in many ways the most scathing satire on modern journalism and journalistic methods that has yet been published. Its characters are in themselves true to life, and drawn with masterly subtlety; its irony has teeth in it and bites hard; its humour is spontaneous and pervasive, and the whole book is so well written that every page of it is good to read, but its weakness is that its fable is too fabulous. Mr. Montague knows the newspaper world so intimately that one hesitates to cast the smallest doubt on the reality of his story, and yet it is hard to believe that Fay, the brilliant young Irishman, could under two different names have written Conservative leaders for one paper and Liberal leaders for another, day after day for a lengthy period without being discovered;

that when he was at length discovered and his indignant proprietors discharged him, they found they could not do without him—that the inferior leaders they wrote themselves were so unfavourably commented on, were doing their papers so much harm, that by-and-by each went privately to Fay and induced him to come back and resume the work he could do so easily and so well. This is hard to believe, partly because the specimens of Fay's leaders that are given are not so remarkable but that many another man could have been found to do them, and partly because the two proprietors, being the self-important, pretentious men they are represented to be, would not have gone back to the man who had so befooled them until they had, at least, tried to replace him from among those many other journalists in existence who are quite capable of doing that work of Fay's. And when after Fay has returned to his two employers and is again writing his two leaders nightly—one for the Conservative, one for the Liberal organ—Roads, the great yellow journal proprietor, unaware that the other two have re-engaged him, employs Fay to write leaders for his paper that rivals both well, you draw a breath and can only admire and rejoice in this super-journalist who can write three leaders nightly, in addition to occasional miscellaneous articles, and so arrange things and dodge from place to place that one employer is unaware that the others are also employing him.

This exaggeration is the one weakness of the book. It gives a touch of burlesque to a story that is otherwise amazingly and revealingly realistic. Fay himself is a great creation; there are dozens of him in Fleet Street at this hour; and his charming, conscientious, anxious little wife is as real as himself and the most sympathetic and most delightful character in the book, though Pinn and Brumby, the two newspaper proprietors, are no less delightful in a vastly different way; Mr. Montague has limned them vividly and with an unsparing hand; before you are at the end you know them, in all their strength and their meanness, more completely than if you had been actually acquainted with them in the flesh.

After all, you will feel that the fable can take care of itself—it serves its useful purpose; it gives Mr. Montague scope for the development of his characters, for exposing certain tricks of a certain class of journalist's trade and for saying about them things that needed to be said and that nobody could say more pungently or with a livelier sense of the humours and little ironies of life in general and the life of the successful journalist in particular. We have read the book with almost unqualified pleasure, and, apart from that flaw in the building of the plot, have nothing but praise for it.

A.

FOOTE THE IRRESISTIBLE.*

It was Samuel Johnson who dubbed Samuel Foote irresistible; what reader of Boswell will not the passage remember? "The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible."

This was hearty recognition of Foote's comicality. The most serious of people (serious, that is, on the sane side of fanaticism) must sooner or later respond to the ebullient drollery of a gifted buffoon. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that of the two Samuels

* "A Hind Let Loose." By C. E. Montague. 6s. (Methuen.)

* "Samuel Foote: a Biography." By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

here brought together to the undoing of the gravity of one by the levity of the other. Thanks to James Boswell, Johnson dominates immortally the literary history of the mid-eighteenth century. Had Samuel Foote had an attendant satellite to boswellise him we might have had an entertaining book the more, but it is difficult to believe that we should have had any truer a portrait of "the English Aristophanes" than can be built up from the many references to him in the memoir literature presenting the period in which he flourished. It is certainly a remarkable thing that a century and a third should have elapsed before there should be an attempt to make anything like a full biography of Foote. Yet such is the case. It has remained for Mr. Percy Fitzgerald to recognise the gap in our eighteenth-century "Lives" and to fill it with a "diligently" prepared biography from which twentieth-century readers shall be able to catch something of the impression of the actor, dramatist, mimic, and wit who is known to most of those familiar with his name as the hero of one or two good stories, the sayer of one or two happy witticisms. Reading his full story it may be recognised that in the traditional Foote we have, as it were, his life and character in a highly concentrated form. In his biography the lively, daring satirist is seen to be the Foote of the *ana* writ large.

On his title-page Mr. Fitzgerald happily quotes Dr. Johnson's "he was a fine fellow in his way; and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. . . . I would have his life written with diligence." It is certainly remarkable that a man of whom Johnson could say that should have had to wait so long to have his life written, and it is gratifying to find that the task has fallen into the hands of one who as biographer of Garrick had already steeped himself in the literary and theatrical history of the period. Mr. Fitzgerald turned to the task, it may be imagined, rather with the desire of filling up a gap than with any idea of making of his subject a hero, for there is certainly nothing heroic in the career of Samuel Foote—unless we may regard as such the way in which he, having lost his leg, turned that loss to professional uses on the stage. His biographer says of him that "he was so disorderly and inconstant, so reckless in his habits, so devoted to pleasures and revelling, that he can hardly be considered to have been directed by ordinary common sense or restraint." Indeed Mr. Fitzgerald is at times unduly severe on Foote, saying, for example, that "it was idle to look for good taste or self-respect from this irrepressible jester," but on the whole he gives us a fair picture of the strange man who won his way by a ready humour, a "gift of the gab," and an indomitable persistence in refusing to be put down. The story of his theatrical fight, his giving "tea" or "chocolate" with a dramatic performance thrown in when the magistrates refused to allow him to continue his miming entertainment as a "theatre," is well known, and here we have that story well retold. "In this fashion Foote began his system of levelling the barriers between the stage and the public, and so finally introduced what might be likened to the coarse happy-go-lucky methods of the seaside performances on Margate sands." It was rather an introduction of the "one-man show" or "entertainment" which was to be made newly popular in the nineteenth century by Charles Mathews. By inviting his friends "to come and drink a dish of chocolate at noon" Foote anticipated, as Mr. Fitzgerald points out, the morning performances that are no unimportant portion of theatrical enterprise to-day.

Though there were amusing incidents in the contest with authority, in the rivalries with the other theatres, in the antagonisms which Foote's methods inevitably started, it is not as a record of such that his biography is interesting, but rather as an anecdotal presentation of the story of a man who could succeed in being entertaining in all companies—who, if Mr. Fitzgerald has read his character aright, could succeed in being esteemed in none. He was an irrepressible droll, a mimic, a practical joker, and a wit—in

many respects he was a man of character and talents such as those of Theodore Hook, and we almost inevitably think of the author of "Sayings and Doings" while reading this record of the doings and sayings of Foote. Mr. Fitzgerald, as has been said, does not err on the side of general laudation of his "hero," but when he does indulge in praise he scarcely shows sufficient discrimination as when he finds Foote "supreme" in the department of conversational wit.

Foote wrote a number of plays, some of them of considerable excellence, and indeed of great importance if we are to accept his biographer's view that Goldsmith and Sheridan were dramatic borrowers in his debt. Readers who do not care to turn to these old plays themselves will be grateful to Mr. Fitzgerald for his summaries of the principal ones. All interested in eighteenth-century life and letters may well feel that they owe a debt to the author of this volume for giving us this long-delayed "full-length" of an interesting, amusing, but unadmirable character. It is a pity that Mr. Fitzgerald should find it impossible to write of the old without sneering at the new—as when he dismisses modern dramatists with wholesale condemnation, forgetting that the drama of to-day does not differ more widely from the drama of the period of which he writes than did the drama of that day from the drama of the Elizabethan period. Friends of the late Mr. Joseph Knight may think that Mr. Fitzgerald need scarcely have introduced two pages on that genial critic and kindly man into a Life of Foote, and will surely resent the appended footnote in criticism of the critic. The author of this volume has, indeed, an unhappy knack of introducing egotistical footnotes the relevance of which is often of the slightest. Still, he has given us the first full biography of Samuel Foote, and though the book is by no means without faults we cannot but feel grateful to him for having performed a task that had been over long delayed.

WALTER JERROLD.

GAMBETTA'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

The France of the Third Republic has not been over-lucky in the discovery of statesmen, but surely its greatest ill-fortune was the loss of Léon Gambetta, the one political genius his country has produced in modern times. That he was never long in office, that his "grand" ministry was of singularly short duration, does not affect this judgment, for he was only forty-four years old when he died. Moreover, he had every prospect of a speedy return to power, and he was plainly, as was shown by his attitude in the Egyptian question, an advocate of the policy of the future, the policy of an Anglo-French entente. There stands, however, one solid achievement to his credit which is of itself enough to demonstrate his capacity to rule and his organising genius, not to speak of his patriotism. I refer to what he accomplished as Dictator of National Defence in the dark days of defeat when France was plunged in humiliation and misery and everybody save Gambetta seemed given over to despair. Whilst Paris was distracted by contradictory counsels and even civil strife he worked heroically for the general good, creating armies as it were out of nothing, raising the great loan which liberated his country from the grip of the invader, and sparing neither brains nor body in a round of innumerable duties. For four months he scarcely gave himself time to eat or sleep, and this period of indefatigable exertion left him prematurely aged. It is not about Gambetta as patriot or politician, save incidentally, that a reader will learn much from the "Life and Letters" of the famous Frenchman, compiled by Mr. P. B. Gheusi, any more than about Gambetta the lover of Mme. Juliette Adam or Mme. Léonie Léon. There is but a single reference to the latter lady in

"Gambetta, Life and Letters." By P. B. Gheusi. Authorised Translation by Violette M. Montagu. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

the correspondence, and any one ignorant of recent French history who approached this volume in the expectation of gaining some knowledge of its hero's parliamentary career would find himself strangely at a loss to trace the public events of the 'seventies and early 'eighties. Mr. Gheusi has had the excellent idea of letting Gambetta tell in his letters—letters which are unstudied in composition but delightfully sincere and emotional in style—the story of his own life, and the idea only breaks down when we reach the days of the writer's forensic triumphs and political struggles. There we stand constantly in need of clues to make clear obscure allusions, but M. Gheusi, while giving some hints as to the nature of the *causes célèbres* with which the great orator was associated, fails to supply the running commentary that would have unravelled the tangle of the party politics of Gambetta's day. Just a few lines of explanation connecting the letters would not have enormously increased the size of his book, and they would have been of the greatest service to the non-expert reader. But on one aspect of Gambetta's life the letters throw a very interesting light, and that is on his relations to his family and especially his parents. No politician has suffered more from calumny than he; no one, on the side of filial devotion, emerges more successfully than he from the ordeal of self-revelation.

Most of Gambetta's faults, no less than his virtues, arose from his southern origins. His family was Italian by race and remained Meridional after emigration. Not a little, too, of the statesman's sturdiness of character must have been inherited from his father, a careful tradesman who had the French provincial's habit of parsimony. But if Gambetta owed his father much, he also suffered considerably at his hands in the early stages of his career. The old man would have liked him to serve behind the counter at Cahors and put various obstacles in the way of his studying law in Paris, only giving way to the pressure of the women of the household. All through the boy's struggles to obtain a footing in the capital, he kept him short of money. Many a day at first the young Gambetta went without a fire and nearly starved for lack of food. Many a day he yearned for the supper-hour at home and the crackling stove and the sound of a fowl roasting on the spit. But he kept on stinting himself cheerfully and in the letters of his student days shows himself enormously grateful for a present of a few sous. "I shudder to think what I should have been without you," he tells his father, and that reflects the general tone of all his correspondence with the elder Gambetta. It is a tone of respect, of submission to reproof, of fervent and adoring affection. If the old man in moods of resentment refrains from forwarding his usual letter, the son is in an agony of distress, and implores the breaking of "this painful silence." At twenty-one he says he has not signed a newspaper article because he had not got the paternal consent. And when a cruel creditor informs Gambetta père of his son's having got into debt, oh what protestations of penitence and reform he offers to soften the old man's heart, how joyously the prodigal welcomes signs of forgiveness! Even at the height of his fame at the Bar he meekly asks indulgence for not having informed the home circle that he has been undergoing an operation, and only in middle age does he dare half-jestingly to take his father at all to task. He writes less often to his mother, but towards her, too, he figures as the model son, for her indeed he seems to have had a more passionate love. While she lay dying in Paris, he, an important minister, went twice a day to her bedside and found it hard to tear himself away to perform his duties in Parliament. When one day, after delivering a brilliant speech, he arrived too late to find her living, he broke down and sobbed like a child, and the story goes that as her coffin was being lowered into the grave he whispered "Au revoir, maman. A bientôt." Within six months this most loyal of sons had fulfilled his own prediction and lay by her side.

Gambetta was the victim of legends and lying rumours,

some of which have persisted even to the present day. It is a pleasure therefore to see that Mr. Gheusi is able to dispose satisfactorily of two stories often repeated against his hero. Thus he disproves easily the tale that Gambetta when at school deliberately ruined the sight of one of his eyes to punish his father for not having removed him from an establishment conducted by priests. The more widely spread legend that the statesman was shot dead by Mme. Léon in a fit of jealousy the biographer similarly shows to have been a fiction. In point of fact, Gambetta died of a disease approximating to appendicitis, and it was he himself in a moment of carelessness who inflicted the by no means fatal pistol wound. So far was Mme. Léon from having any quarrel with her lover that he had just got her consent to legalising their union. Scandal in fact has done its worst for Gambetta and time has brought about his vindication. Whatever he confesses about himself in these letters of his—and the letters are the treasures as they are the justification of Mr. Gheusi's book—only enhances his reputation and does credit to the goodness of his heart and the generosity of his ideals.

F. G. BETTANY.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S NEW NOVEL.*

Between the granite boulders on the side of the tor moves a gnarled and stooping figure, in its rain-beaten, sun-tanned clothes hardly to be distinguished from the greyness all around. On the edge of the moor below, the March dust flies in little skirts across the ribbed furrows, traced by the creaking ploughshare under the hand of the sinewy lad in earth-stained corduroy, the buttons on whose small-clothes are the only points that catch the light, save the bright edge of the share itself.

Both moorman and ploughboy "belong" to the scene in which they are set. Neither in looks, nor clothes, nor manners do they jar on the background of heather and ploughland against which they move. They are of the earth, earthy, slow-moving, not easily angered, but once moved, subject to storms that rend, living lives the slow continuity of which would drive a "band-box townsman" mad. It is precisely this quality of kinship with the earth that gives Mr. Eden Phillpotts's characters their unique effect. His men "belong" to their surroundings, as much as do the weather-marked clothes they wear on their backs. Whatever may have been Mr. Phillpotts's own ancestry, he knows these men from intense natural kinship. He shows, in his story-telling, too, the defects of their qualities: they repeat the same old worn saw from year's end to year's end; they are, as personalities, rarely clear-cut, drawn in high relief, but almost always roughly chiselled like the contour of their bronzed and hairy faces. Yet they are true peasants and their creator never presents the attitude towards them that Mr. Trevena, for instance, shows—that of "the chiel among them taking notes," the satirist, the observer. Mr. Phillpotts does not observe, because he knows: these men are blood of his blood. And in none of his books, save in his masterpiece, "The Mother," does he show this power of sympathy more plainly than in his new novel, "The Thief of Virtue," which forms, indeed, in many respects a pendant picture with the "The Mother." For it will be found that all novelists reach the high-water mark of their work when they are delineating the one special human relationship which is their emotional métier, as it were. Thus no one ever painted the tie of friend with friend more truly than R. L. Stevenson, or of lover with mistress than George Meredith. And in Mr. Phillpotts's case his finest work is always done when he is describing parenthood. Nor is the reason far to seek, for parenthood is the strongest, most poignant, most real of

* "The Thief of Virtue." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Murray.)

all the passions among these natural men and women of whom he writes. Thus, where "The Mother" was a tragedy of patient maternity, "The Thief of Virtue" is a tragedy of false fatherhood.

Philip Ouldsbroom, a well-to-do farmer, by his persistent and selfish wooing, induces Unity Crymes to marry him, though she is betrothed to Birdwood, the shepherd, and loves the poor man far better than the rich. Unconsciously, however, the whole desire of Ouldsbroom is not towards Unity as a woman, but towards Unity as the mother of children, and as the months pass and no child is born, he knows the bitterness of frustrated hope, even as Birdwood had done. At length, however, Unity bears a son, and apparently Ouldsbroom has escaped the Nemesis of his selfishness. Yet all the while his house is built on the sand, for the child is not his, and in the long unfolding of character this cuckoo in the nest is destined to drive his nominal father to madness and death. It is in the gradual conflict of the two characters that the strength of the book lies and in Ouldsbroom's slow discovery of the contrast between the boy's cold, calculating, priggish correctness of behaviour and his own impulsive, generous, and reckless disposition. The story moves slowly, after the usual fashion of a Phillpotts novel, covering many years and seeing the birth of two generations. We watch the declension of Ouldsbroom into drink and degradation under the whip of disappointed hopes, and the hardening of Unity, until she actually hastens the death of her aforetime lover, in order to hide her lapse to the very end. Unity is perhaps the saddest picture in this tragedy of unequally matched temperaments, for, built after the make of a Phillpotts heroine, to be a mother of men, broad-chested, quiet-eyed, she is nothing but a mere simulacrum of a woman without a heart to her anywhere. The drama, with its usual choros of bar-loungers and parish gossips reaches a pitiful intensity of tragedy in the last scenes. It is a fine story, built round a curious human problem, cunningly planned as to its development and as divertingly varied in its subordinate characters as anything Mr. Phillpotts ever wrote. Gregory Twigg, the Little Baptist, who oozed piety as naturally as a cat joint exudes gravy, is a very fine figure of a man indeed. Thomas Hardy would have appreciated the flavour of him, as will Mr. Phillpotts's many thousands of readers.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

THE RESTORED BOURBON.*

Louis XVIII. knew the extremes of fortune, but the grandeur of fate produced in him no grandeur of character. One reads the exciting chronicle of his life, but at no moment can one say that he showed genius or great virtue or great vice. At one period only, when he was dallying with the idea of the Revolution and even publishing ironic pamphlets from his private press, did his actions show any vestige of daring or originality. For a moment he was the favourite of the crowd, and at the Assembly of the Notables he posed as the friend of change and reform. Even in this, however, he was easily outbid by the Duke of Orleans, and his treaty with Mirabeau produced no effects largely because the king's brother would negotiate in private but would not act in the open. Mirabeau certainly preferred Monsieur to Orleans, of whom he said, "I would not have him for a pet!" but he sneered also at the future king: "The king treats Monsieur like a little chicken which one likes to carcass through the bars of a coop, but one is very anxious not to let out, and he allows himself to be treated in this way." After the Favras affair and the extraordinary visit of exculpation to the Hotel-de-Ville—an action in itself more flamboyant than dignified—the prince was

more than ever afraid of openly taking a side. "Monsieur has surpassed himself in cowardice," said Mirabeau. He was suspected, not wholly without reason, of disloyalty to his brother and of an underhand hostility against Marie Antoinette. When he had fled from France and had established, with his younger brother the future Charles X., a court of *émigrés* at Coblenz, he exerted no authority and was without initiative, failing to train his army and quickly becoming a person of no account in the diplomacy of Europe. The ardent Royalists, who really believed in the old system, distrusted him because of his meddling with revolution, while the men who were fiercely destroying the old order paid no attention to him at all. By this time he had a clever woman at his side, the Comtesse de Balbi, but with all her qualities of intrigue she could not make anything of Monsieur.

After the death of the unhappy Louis XVII., Monsieur at once proclaimed himself king of France, and was acknowledged by Russia and Spain immediately, but was regarded as an inconvenient guest by most of the great nations. He was allowed to settle at Mittau by the Russian Emperor, but was expelled with every circumstance of harshness and brutality, and enjoyed little happiness as an exile till he reached England, where the Government allowed him a pension. At Hartwell, in Bucks, he followed the advice of Candide, and cultivated his garden. His occasional relations with Buonaparte are interesting. When the great General was rising to power Louis wrote to him, "You must play the part of Caesar or of Monk." Buonaparte replied: "It is of no use for you to hope any longer for a return to France. You would have to walk over a hundred thousand corpses. . . . I shall contribute with pleasure to the happiness and tranquillity of your retreat." Later Napoleon attempted to persuade Louis XVIII. to abandon his claim to the throne, but the descendant of St. Louis replied with real dignity and effect to this overture.

Miss Sandars writes, "Nothing can be more incorrect than the statement that the Bourbons were restored to the throne by foreign arms," and adds that the restoration was "in reality settled by the few Imperial functionaries who formed the Provisional Government, with the wily and unscrupulous Talleyrand at their head." The Provisional Government—of which, by the bye, Miss Sandars does not mention that Montesquien, the friend of Louis, was a member—was of course itself the result of foreign arms. The restored king, whose character, it has been well said, was governed by a kind of fatalism, half religious, half epicurean, often showed a pretty wit, as in his words to Talleyrand: "Many things have happened since we last saw each other. You realise that we have been the cleverest. If it had been you, you would say to me, Let us sit down and talk; as it is I say, Sit down and let us talk." Miss Sandars is more at home with the personal aspects of history than with the more serious elements of historical writing. Her account of the Constitution of 1814 omits all mention of two most important provisions—the maintenance of the revolutionary land-settlement, and the reserving to the Chamber of Deputies of the sole right to initiate money bills. Her brief description of the Treaty of 1814 is so inadequate as to be misleading, and to say that during the first days of the Restoration "the reputation and influence of France in the Councils of Europe were as great as they had been in the most palmy days" is to exaggerate the success of Talleyrand's wiles at Vienna. On the other hand, Miss Sandars deals very well with the damaging activities of the Comte d'Artois and the mischievous social effects of the *maison du roi*. After the Hundred Days and his second Restoration, Louis XVIII. really determined to govern as a constitutional king—even when the newly elected Chamber of 1815 (the *Chamber introuvable*) had shown its strong Royalist bent, he declined to supersede the constitution. "I had a very good leg; it has been broken and they have set it for me somehow. But at least I can walk, and I prefer limping to submitting to

* "Louis XVIII." By Mary F. Sandars. With 17 Illustrations. 26s. net. (Hutchinson.)



Drawn by Harry Furniss.

Mr. Micawber achieves the downfall of Heep.

"'Heep, and only Heep, is the Forger and the Cheat.' At these words Uriah made a dart at the letter, but Mr. Micawber caught his advancing knuckles with the ruler, and disabled his right hand, which dropped at the wrist, as if it were broken."—*David Copperfield*.
From "The Charles Dickens Library" edition of Dickens, illustrated throughout by Harry Furniss. (The Educational Book Co., Ltd.)

an operation." Miss Sandars may be congratulated on a very readable book and on having made judicious use of Daudet's histories and the principal memoirs of the period.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

THE NEW DICKENS.*

Every now and then some critic of the superior order rises up and tells us that Dickens's day is done—that much of his humour is vulgar, his characters caricatures, and most of his pathos maudlin sentimentality; and when we have read all this and a good deal more to the same effect we still go on reading Dickens. Criticism is wasted on the Pyramids; individually you may like or dislike them, but they are there, and there to stay. It is easy to say that the spread of education has produced a race of inferior readers, but it has really done nothing of the sort; it has added to the inferior readers of the upper classes a supply of inferior readers from the lower classes, but it has also enormously increased the public that wants good literature. The popularity of rubbishy novels tells one tale (a tale that always has been told by works of that kind), but the success of such a series as Everyman's Library tells quite another story that any thoughtful person can read for himself.

And amongst all the numerous reprints of the classics Dickens more than holds his own. Probably he is more frequently re-issued and in a greater variety of forms than any English author except Shakespeare. The public has made up its mind about him; and no matter how often he is reprinted, it is always waiting to buy him. In many ways, the most interesting edition we have seen of recent years is this that the Educational Book Company is publishing under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Hammerton. The volumes are handsomely produced; each contains a biographical and bibliographical preface by the editor telling "the story of the book"—how it came to be written, the reception it met with, what Dickens himself thought of it, and what has been said of it by those who admired and by those who did not; and sixteen of them are illustrated

throughout with 500 full-page illustrations specially drawn by Mr. Harry Furniss for this edition. These illustrations are certainly among the very best work that Mr. Furniss has ever done. He has caught the essential spirit of Dickens in them, reproduced in line the characteristic humour and grace and tenderness of the tales themselves. Less extravagantly grotesque than Phiz's, but not so strong as some of the best of Barnard's, Mr. Harry Furniss's drawings are in the main nearer to reality than are those of either of his two great predecessors, and especially in certain of his character-studies we are inclined to think that he surpasses both. We do not like his Dick Swiveller, but turn to the wonderful sketch of Quilp, for example, or to the presentment of Mrs. Jarley taking tea on her caravan, or to the portrait of Gradgrind, and here indubitably are the very Quilp, Gradgrind, and Mrs. Jarley that Dickens has drawn in words. One could say the same of a score or more of the other pictures—it is sufficient to say that they are always adequate, and that not a few of them will rank among the truest interpretations of Dickens that any of his illustrators have achieved.

The seventeenth and eighteenth volumes are other distinctive features of this new edition. One, the "Dickens Picture Book," forms a historical record of the early illustration of his work; all the illustrations of Phiz, Leech, Cruikshank, Walker, Barnard and others are reproduced from the old etchings and woodcuts; there are admirable reproductions from paintings of well-known artists who have chosen Dickens subjects for Academy pictures; and the editor supplies biographical and critical accounts of all the famous Dickens illustrators. The eighteenth volume is "The Dickens Companion"—a useful and interesting collection of miscellaneous information concerning the life and literary career of Dickens, illustrated with numerous portraits, and in the last hundred and sixty pages containing synopses of all the novels and complete dictionaries of all the characters.

Mr. Hammerton has completed a great undertaking skilfully and carefully; his own prefaces are models of fullness and conciseness, and in his editorial capacity he has been at the pains of producing what is not only a new edition of Dickens, but in many respects a novel one, and in all ways a satisfactory one.

* "The Charles Dickens Library," 18 Vols. With 1,200 illustrations, including 500 special plates by Harry Furniss. Edited by J. A. Hammerton. (Educational Book Co., Ltd.)



Caleb Plummer, the Toy Maker.

"The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, and his absorbed and dreamy manner, which would have sat well on some alchemist or abstruse student, were at first sight an odd contrast to his occupation, and the trivialities about him."

The Cricket on the Hearth.



Mrs. Gamp.



Newman Noggs.



Mr. Peckaniff leaving the Dragon.

"Peckaniff walked away in a sort of ecstasy or rapture, with his hat under his arm."

Martin Chuzzlewit.

CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS, DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

From the new edition of Dickens—"The Charles Dickens Library," illustrated throughout by Harry Furniss, and published by the Educational Book Co., Ltd.

Novel Notes.

TUMULT: A Wessex Romance. By Wilkinson Sherron. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

It is a relief to take up a novel by Mr. Wilkinson Sherron. This writer belongs to that increasingly small band of authors who practise the art of fiction in a serious spirit, who are dominated by a conviction that the stories they relate must bear some intimate relationship to human experience, and who are able to look away from the possibilities of success of the particular work that they have in hand to that final end for which they first of all entered the magic land of romance—complete self-expression. "Tumult" is, in many respects, a fine novel, vivid, picturesque, passionate. It presents a canvas crowded with strongly limned definite figures thrown into striking relief by the free use of Portland as a background, and by Portland customs, people, and folk-lore; but we fancy it would be a mistake to regard it as the most powerful or typical story that Mr. Wilkinson Sherron will ever write for us. In this "romance" he has tried to throw a fairy bridge between the Bohemian world of London—as represented by a black-and-white artist who in a flash of weird, almost grotesque, self-abnegation marries a girl who has become hopelessly declassed—and the rude simplicity of Wessex; and he does not quite bring the two into apposition. This girl tires of the smooth, the limited, and the humdrum—as most of those women inevitably do in the slow progress of time—and goes off, careless of what becomes of herself or her husband, anxious only to have money, and to be free. Then the artist "with a problem to solve and a past to forget, sets out to find material for a subject picture, for a modest inheritance has released him from the drudgery of illustrating cheap serials." He purchases a disused lighthouse in Portland, and, of course, meets there the one woman that he should have waited for—a woman he had known in the hot stressful days of an art class—a woman who has buried all her artistic

impulses in the call that has come to her at the death of her parents, to manage a stone quarry business and to educate a young and rather helpless type of brother. And at her side is a fierce trade rival, a typical middle-aged native of Portland, named Shadrac Dine, who, when she repulses him, tries to crush her business, and, eventually, driven frantic by failure, engages in a terrific duel with the whole public spirit of the island. This constitutes the "Tumult," of mind, body, and estate, of the title in its three senses; but, apart from its robust action, its virile characters, its intimate and powerful pictures of a district which most travelled men love to talk about, the novel possesses other haunting qualities.

A BLOT ON THE SCUTCHEON. By May Wynne. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Probably the first French Revolution has afforded excuse for more works of fiction than any other event in history. Miss May Wynne has recently added to the number with a novel which is gallant and readable. Truth to tell, "A Blot on the Scutcheon" does not rejoice in an impressively accurate historical atmosphere, nor is it particularly well written. However, if the reader can accustom himself to Miss Wynne's jerky and telegraphic style of writing, he will get an hour of capital reading, for incident is Miss Wynne's forte. Besides this, the plot is well constructed, the book contains two pleasantly obtrusive love stories, and it winds up with a dash. Considering that it is not too harrowing and that it keeps going all the way through, we can well believe that it will appeal strongly to a not inconsiderable section of the public.

THE EAGLE'S NEST. By Alan McAulay. 6s. (Lane.)

The story of Napoleon has been told so often and so well that it would seem as though there were hardly room for another work on the same subject, particularly when that work is a novel. It would be a thousand pities, however, if Mr. McAulay's book were to fail of its just reward, for "The Eagle's Nest" is quite out of the common. The scene of the novel is laid entirely in Corsica, and the time is anterior to Buonaparte's rise to greatness. The author seems to us to have shown excellent judgment in the selection of his characters (Napoleon is not the "hero" of the book, though naturally he plays a great part in it), and he has clearly taken great pains that his "atmosphere" may be correct. He has a real insight into Corsican character and an insider's knowledge of the political intrigues of the Corsica of that day, and of both of these he makes excellent use. Even though the tragedy of the end of Domenico Tirolani is well described, the plot of the novel is less satisfactory, and the first hundred pages can hardly be held not guilty of the charge of occasional dullness. Later, however, the story briskens up, and the remaining two-thirds of the book leave nothing to be desired. "The Eagle's Nest," in fact, is a most painstaking piece of work, very nearly a model of what the historical novel should be, and so often is not. We strongly recommend it for its vivid description of the times and the manners of the country with which it deals.

OUR FLAT. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Mr. R. Andom does not perhaps go in for the very highest class humour, but it is difficult to understand how he manages to keep going so brightly and so often—as he does. "Our Flat" is very far from being the worst of the Troddles series, and we are inclined to believe that most people—most men, certainly—will be duly tickled by it. Of course, there is no plot. The book is simply a series of episodes strung together upon a central idea. Troddles and his three friends get tired of lodgings and decide to take a flat. Once he has them inside, Mr. Andom keeps the pot



Mr. Wilkinson Sherron.

boiling as hard as he is able. It is, in fact, a marvel to us that his imagination did not run dry half-way through the book. But there can be no doubt that the fun is even more furious at the end than at the beginning. "Our Flat" is quite a good piece of knockabout humour, and it has a large number of appropriate illustrations by L. Gunnis.

SERVICE. By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

There is one method of writing fiction that is well known to all practised story-writers. It consists of collecting various weird or well-contrasted types of character under one roof and of introducing quite suddenly and unexpectedly one personality that has the effect of making all the others unconsciously exhibit their most striking characteristics. Or to adopt a homely simile—picture to yourself a tiny aquarium containing minnows, sticklebacks, and the like, and the effect that would be created in those homely waters if you deftly inserted at the top a goldfish of undeniable beauty, strength and sweetness. This is, practically, the style of construction adopted by Miss C. Smedley in her new novel, "Service." On the one hand we are shown a cheap, noisy, and selfish household containing the snob, the prig, the unappreciated artist, the girl with views, and the like. On the other we are bidden to admire the effect of the arrival of the refined and educated Phœbe, who, at her aunt's death, refused the provision which vicar, friends, and neighbours would make for her in the shape of a poultry farm of her own, and who preferred to go forth as a drudge to this domestic menagerie of prize ineffectuals and intellectuals, practically in the spirit of an early martyr—buoyed up with the memory of her dying relative's words, "a way will be found." The action is obviously clogged with a great amount of turgid, incoherent conversation and unnecessary material, but eventually Miss Smedley does manage to lift the story on to a level whereon is exhibited not only the practical value of an absolute belief in the laws of the unseen, but the abiding truth of the familiar promises about Him "whose service is perfect freedom" and "they also serve who only stand and wait."

THE TREE OF BITTER FRUIT. By Cullen Gouldsbury. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

When Geoffrey Callaster, after ten years of Government service in Central Africa, decided to bring the boy Mkonto to England and try the effect of European civilisation on the young tribal chief before sending him back to rule his people, any one might have foretold the experiment would be a failure. Paul Mitchell, Callaster's successor, never had any doubt of it. The remarkable thing is that Mkonto was not utterly ruined before the time of his probation expired; as it is we leave him despised by his kinsmen, an outcast in England, exploited by a second-rate music-hall proprietor to make a British holiday. And all because Callaster had wider sympathies than the average administrator of subject races! Mr. Gouldsbury tells his story with marked fairness and considerable ability, and the moral seems to be that the Central African is not to be accepted as "a man and a brother" in England. But the point rather is not the foolishness of Callaster's well-meant experiment, but the means to be taken to enable the Central African tribes to work out their own salvation instead of keeping them in bondage, the victims of the trader. Is Callaster's plan the only alternative to the Congo Administration? Paul Mitchell, the typical English official, is, of course, as far removed from Congo methods as from Callaster's philanthropy; but Mitchell's schoolmasterly rule leads nowhere as far as native education is concerned. Incidentally Mr. Gouldsbury makes it plain that the African's low point of view about women is shared by plenty of Englishmen of the Carson Carnegie type, and doubtless it is necessary to be reminded of this, since Mr.



From a portrait study by Habberton Tulliam.

Josephine in the drawing-room at Copyhold.

From "The Question," by Parry Truscott. (Werner Laurie.)

Gouldsbury himself dwells on the African woman's subjection. Carnegie is a thorough-paced blackguard, and it strikes us that he is not the sort of journalistic charlatan who would at any time take up the cause of aborigines, even from the most mercenary motives.

THE QUESTION. By Parry Truscott. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

There is at least one chapter in "The Question" that touches greatness. It is that chapter which describes how in Nap's farmhouse kitchen, with Nap himself dying in the next room, Penuel Barton declares his passion for Josephine. The story is a study in temperaments, and if the masterful passion of Penuel brings it to the verge of tragedy, nothing but his equally masterful practicability averts the threatened catastrophe, and makes a happy ending possible. Josephine, with little knowledge of men, the world, or her own heart, is profoundly in love with Rupert May, but only half realises the truth; Rupert, for all his lightness, his frivolous gaiety, his apparent shallowness, is profoundly in love with her, but she will not consent to a formal engagement until he has proved himself worthy of her by making the most of his high gifts as a musician and becoming famous as a pianist—"winning his spurs," as she puts it. He writes to her from London, but is a fitful, flippant correspondent. During an interval in which he returns to be present at the wedding of her friend Flossie Eastwood, he gives Josephine some cause for jealousy, and it is whilst she is smarting under a sense of resentment that she wanders alone across the moor, and as she is passing old Nap's farm, Penuel, clumsily tending the sick man, appeals to her for instructions in the making of a poultice, and in these homely, somewhat grotesque circumstances the big scene of the book develops. The story has its lighter side, for which the spinsterly Flossie and her prim, didactic lover, the Rev. Sidney Padfield, are mainly responsible.

The humours of Mr. Padfield are a distinct joy. But it is in the portrayal of the three chief characters, Josephine, Rupert, and Penuel, and in the presentation of Penuel's three girl cousins, that the story reaches distinction. Mrs. Parry Truscott has written some excellent novels; one does not forget "Mr. Saffery's Disciple" nor "Motherhood"; but she has done nothing better than this.

THE RED FLAG. By Georges Ohnet. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

All students of the French drama must have noted the French fondness for argumentative dialogue. A play is written round an idea or a doctrine, and the situations are designed primarily to prove the author's thesis or to give the characters an opportunity of arguing the case all over again from another point of view. The work of M. Hervieu is a signal instance of this, and M. Georges Ohnet, who is a dramatist as well as a novelist, belongs to the same school. "The Red Flag" is in effect simply a dramatic demonstration of the futility of the socialist and collectivist ideal. Armand Didelod is a great iron-master—M. Ohnet apparently has a special fondness for ironmasters since "Le Maître de Forges"—a millionaire, but the best type of benevolent employer. In spite of his wealth he is a socialist deputy, and is genuinely persuaded of the sincerity of his political creed. He never suspects that he is being deluded by his political allies, who look upon him simply as a source of necessary funds. But the revolutionary section of the party decide that Didelod's association is too compromising. He is, after all, a capitalist, and they propose to make an example of him. Lehrange, where Didelod's works are situated, has hitherto been a model town, and the great man laughs at the very idea of a strike. The book gives an admirable account of the way in which the agitation is worked up till it culminates in a general strike. For a long time Didelod will not face the facts. He is convinced that his socialist friends will prevent the men from proceeding to extremities. Not till his works have been set on fire does he face the situation. Then he locks the men out, crushes the strike, and finds himself stronger than ever. We leave M. Didelod a Cabinet Minister and well on the way to the Presidency. It is not a convincing story, nor does M. Ohnet attach much value to mere narrative interest. The story is really the logical development of M. Ohnet's social and economic theories. The question of the relations between employer and employed is discussed by all the characters from every possible point of view, and although M. Ohnet's personal views are sufficiently clear, he has been scrupulously fair, and has made out the best possible case for the other side. As a study of modern French industrial conditions the book is of real value.

THE KING OF FOUR CORNERS. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. G. B. Burgin has already written several successful novels upon the same lines—so far as regards locality and the leading characters—as those which recur in his latest book. This being the case, "The King of Four Corners" hardly needs further recommendation. Just before his death Ikey promises Old Man—both characters will be remembered by readers of Mr. Burgin's earlier novels—that he will, if he can, revisit him in some form or other, whenever he may be most needed. In spite of the fact that at least two ladies are running after him and that he throughout has the delightful companionship of Miss Wilks, his famous mule, Old Man falls into a state of great depression. But on Young Ikey's arrival from Toronto, Old Man manages to shake this off. The young fellow has many of the faults of the city and is fresh from an unsuccessful love affair, but under Old Man's guidance he starts afresh. Old Man is at first obsessed with the idea that Ikey has returned to him in the body of his son, but he is wrong in this surmise.

How he rediscovers Ikey's spirit, and how he marries the charming Odette Fauvert, form the theme of the delightful idyll which ends the book. The story is developed with much charm and no little humour, while Mr. Burgin also uses to advantage his knowledge of Canadian habitant life and customs. "The King of Four Corners" should fully satisfy those who were asking for more of Old Man and Miss Wilks, and should also gain for Mr. Burgin many fresh admirers.

NO. 19. By Edgar Jepson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

By a lucky speculation a young man makes a sum of money sufficient to enable him to gratify one of his ambitions—to have a house of his own. Accordingly he buys No. 20, Walden Road, situated in Hertford Park, "the prettiest and greenest of the inner suburbs of London." He soon becomes conscious that there is something very wrong indeed with the house next-door, the No. 19 of the title; and once he feels a horror in the air and has "the impression of a hideous, shapeless, sluggish beast, drawing its pendulous belly over the turf. It was moving towards the house." The owner of No. 19 exorcises the beast in twelfth-century Latin, and the oppression clears. This is a good start for a horror story, and Mr. Jepson's invention does not flag. No. 19 is, of course, the abode of an experimenter in the Black Arts, and most writers, if possessed of a certain knowledge of the practices of such people and an engaging manner, can turn out an interesting book on such subjects. Mr. Jepson, at any rate, is more than conventionally thrilling and he is completely enthralling. "No. 19" cannot be treated as a serious novel, but we venture to think that its readers will in the dear old stock phrase, which this time meets the case admirably—"not be able to lay the book down until it is finished."

WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

To most novel readers Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is becoming known as the exponent of a certain genre of story, more French than English in its inception. Thus the starting-point of many of her later books has been a crime, perpetrated not in the slum, but in the most conventional of middle-class surroundings, where afternoon teas and matinées occupy the minds of the women and where the men catch the nine-thirty for the City. "When No Man Pursueth" is a study of this kind: Christopher and Cynthia Burdmore are a married pair posing as brother and sister for the purpose of committing a peculiarly slow and cruel murder. Yet the wife from one point of view is hardly a criminal at all, but merely a woman who loved her husband to the extinction of her own personality. It is, in fact, the Macbeth motif over again, for to Kit Burdmore's desires his wife is prepared to sacrifice everything, even womanly mercy: he has become her soul-keeper. These two guilty folk serve as a sort of touchstone to the people around them, bringing out the conscience of one, the weak will of another, the innate repulsion of a third, as gradually the atmosphere of suspicion spreads everywhere like a mist before the wind. But Mrs. Lowndes differs entirely from Mr. Benson in "The Luck of the Vails" where he attempted a somewhat similar subject, for he bends his powers to the sole task of making the flesh creep. Mrs. Lowndes will have none of this: if there are ghosts about they shall not reveal themselves in midnight excursion and alarm, but in broad daylight, with the butcher-boy dashing round the corner outside. Even the villains themselves are ordinary in every way, save for a strange want in their natures. All through Mrs. Lowndes strictly limits the scope of her art and rigidly eschews the abnormal. Neither, indeed, does she attempt anything like analysis: in every page we see her people from the outside, very much as we know ninety-nine people out of a hundred in real life. Such drama might be called the drama of fact: these

things happen just so and therein lies their interest. And the circumstance that we know neither the why nor the wherefore of their happening is precisely what makes them curious: which is exactly the attitude of the unphilosophical man to all the events of this planet. "When No Man Pursueth" not only holds the attention as a story, but arouses a profound sense of wonder at the strange secrets hidden behind many smiling faces. It is, in short, pre-eminently a book to be read.

The Bookman's Table.

LIFE OF REGINALD POLE. By Martin Haile. 21s. net. (Pitman.)

This is an extremely interesting book, well written and well documented. That it is strongly partisan in tone might be taken for granted; it would be impossible to write a biography of a man so intimately connected with the theological and political struggles of the first half of the sixteenth century without exhibiting a marked bias to one side or the other. But even partisanship may be sane, if not just, and when Mr. Haile, on the second page of his book, speaks of Pole as "the greatest Englishman of his time," he has already begun to cast serious doubts upon his own sense of historical justice. And he does the cause for which he pleads but scant service in reviving and supporting against Henry VIII. the charge of general incontinence, and especially the accusation of having had too-intimate relations with the mother and sister of Anne Boleyn. He adduces no evidence in support of that unsavoury accusation except that—it evidence it can be called—upon which Brewer relied, a tissue of anonymous libel long since absolutely discredited. Mr. Haile's portrait of Pole is altogether too flattering: it is false by suppression of traits as well marked as those others on which he dwells so complacently. He tells us nothing of the vanity which was as conspicuous as the piety, the learning, the kindness, the humour, and the courage which help us, as they helped Pole's contemporaries, to condone it. He tells us nothing of Pole's tergiversation—a harsher term has been employed—regarding his famous tractate "De Unitate Ecclesiastica," of which its author spoke to his friend Cardinal Contarini as being "not so much an address to the King as to the English nation, who were impassive and hard to move . . . I must go beyond the matter and beside it, and insinuate where I am unable to assert" while, in his subsequent defence of the book to the English Privy Council he described it as a private letter privately sent to the King, which he had written as a confessor to a penitent, under the same obligation to secrecy. Mr. Haile skims very lightly over Pole's frenzied appeals to Charles V. to abandon his campaign against the Turk and turn his arms against England—treason, in an English subject, of the highest and the rankest. These faults sadly diminish the value of a volume which contains much interesting matter, and of which the merely literary quality is consistently excellent.

THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH. By Arthur Scott Craven. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Scott Craven has chosen a glorious romance for this drama of his, but his final curtain leaves us a little dissatisfied. He has fashioned a strong and stirring chronicle-play out of the fine old story of Hereward the Wake, but as history knows nothing of Hereward's ending he was free to shape for him the noblest end he could imagine, and instead of showing us the last of the English dying greatly in some last fierce battle, he leaves him tamely making friends with the conquering Norman and



Photo by J. Russell & Son.

Mr. Scott Craven.

proposing to serve England still as William's vassal. This is to give to the essentially primitive fighting-man a spirit of compromise, a sensible, huckstering soul that will put pride in the pocket and play for safety sooner than sacrifice one's self and all that one holds dear to an obviously losing cause. Which is not the ancient heroic mood, and one cannot believe in a Hereward who declines upon such easy levels. Otherwise, Mr. Scott Craven writes a fluent, variable blank-verse, and unfolds his story with an alert dramatic instinct. His characterisation is good, where occasion serves he gets some fire and passion into his lines, and except for the spiritless ending it is a spirited and entirely interesting piece of work.

TRAVELS IN SPAIN. By Philip Santford Marden. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

"Travels in Spain" is one of the pleasantest books of its kind that we have ever read. Mr. Marden, who is an American, supplies us with no fresh information, nor does he pretend to a vast knowledge of the Spanish character, but he contents himself with describing his impressions in a bright and chatty manner. This is, in fact, just the sort of book that the ordinary cultured person ought to be able to write without much difficulty—and so often fails in writing. The author seems to have "done" Spain fairly thoroughly so far as regards its principal towns, and though he seldom wanders far afield, we have no hesitation in saying that the ordinary traveller will find this book a charming and useful companion. The author takes one from Tangier and Ronda, *via* Madrid and Burgos, to Barcelona and Monserrat; and everywhere he contrives to make even the most trivial incidents of his journey interesting and attractive. Although not in the least a guide-book, we venture to think that "Travels in Spain" will be largely used to this end, and for this purpose the present volume is a little bulky. The forty photographs with which the book is illustrated are for the most part well reproduced, though they do not always do justice to their subjects. This is especially the case with the photos of Monserrat, but upon the text Mr. Marden must be cordially congratulated.

JUSTICE: A Tragedy in Four Acts. By John Galsworthy. Cloth, 2s. net Paper, 1s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

Mr. Galsworthy has several times drawn attention to certain definite and socially-perilous effects of our judicial system; and he has now written a play showing how this system, allied with our present prison treatment, may utterly ruin the character of a man who might by other means be strengthened against the recurrence of temptation. He takes the case of a clerk, unstable but not vicious, who, in a moment of insanity, alters a cheque for nine pounds into one for ninety. The unpremeditated act is the result of the young man's love—the one poetic and noble thing in his life—for an unhappily married woman whose husband is killing her. With the money obtained, Falder purposes beginning afresh in the Colonies, with the woman and her two young children; but the crime is discovered, and Falder's employer hands him over to Justice. Mr. Galsworthy gives us in detail the trial of the accused man, wherein the defending counsel tries vainly to show, first, that the crime is one of a weak nature, and not that of a criminal; and, secondly, that imprisonment will certainly crush the young man altogether. In spite of this eloquent pleading, Falder is sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and we are shown, dispassionately, but with ample realism, the horrible torture of solitary confinement. Released on ticket-of-leave, Falder obtains work with forged references, and for this reason, and because he fails to report himself to the police, he is re-arrested. The wretched man struggles free, flings himself down the stairs, and breaks his neck.

It is a remarkable, and perhaps a significant thing, that Mr. Galsworthy's play reads better than it acts. In the theatre, the minute realism of the Court scene is, of course, accentuated, and the truth of the prison scenes is more obvious; but on the stage Acts I. and IV. betray the weakness of Mr. Galsworthy's exaggeratedly subdued method, and the occasional failure of his singular humour. In the play as written, however, we are able to follow, with a truer perception of their dramatic as well as their human value, the steady progress of events; and we can understand more clearly the extraordinary power which Mr. Galsworthy possesses of writing fine, clean-cut, and significant dialogue. Here we are not interrupted by the waits of the stage performance; and we can study the play as a piece of admirable special pleading on behalf of the weak. As a work of art, "Justice" lacks power: unfortunately, Mr. Galsworthy cannot interest us in the particular individuals, and we necessarily subordinate them to his thesis. But if we find Falder continuously inglorious, and the others memorable for their qualities and defects alone, we must claim for the author that his exposition is lucid and unstrained. Mr. Galsworthy's purpose is a high one—no less than the purification of our law as it applies to ordinary criminal cases. He shows us how necessary it is that we should alter the law so that it may have reference to the individual, and not merely to the discovery and punishment of technical crime. He shows also that solitary confinement is cruel and demoralising; and that we, as a nation priding ourselves upon our sense of scrupulous justice, must not be content with the mechanical operation of a system which destroys character instead of encouraging virtue. It is a splendid and courageous effort, which only a man of Mr. Galsworthy's ability could make with dignity and power; and although it is dramatically inferior to "The Silver Box" and "Strife," the play of "Justice" should be read.

AN AFTERNOON-TEA PHILOSOPHY. By W. R. Titterton. 1s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

Mr. Titterton's pleasant essay work in the columns of the *Daily News* will have prepared many for this little volume, with its agreeable discoursing upon all manner of things, from the weather and shaving and cooking down

to baggy trousers. Though these sketches may seem like frivolling, they are by no means mere words. Mr. Titterton is a serious jester, and there is thought under the surface. In Fleet Street and the City (and even in the tiny hour when the tea comes in and the spoons go clinking) he succeeds in expressing his discontent with the world's stupid way of things and the longing for an ideal. One of the best chapters in his well-written little book deals with modern journalism, and shows the stupidity of what modern journalism wants. Says the complacent sub-editor, as he lays down the "line of stuff" to follow, in order to please his readers:

"There's an opening for good art copy, with plenty of statistics. Say, the average amount of paint it took to daub one of Watts's pictures, or the weight of the stone used for the Nelson Monument. Here's a list of suggestions I've made out for next number."

"What colour of eyes do girls like best?"

"Should dogs wear corsets?" That'll start a correspondence, with protests from the S.P.C.A.

"How to become a housebreaker," by an ex-convict. The criminal is a safe investment.

"You must study your public. . . ."

That is not all satire, by a long way. Mr. Titterton is welcome in the ranks of the rebels.

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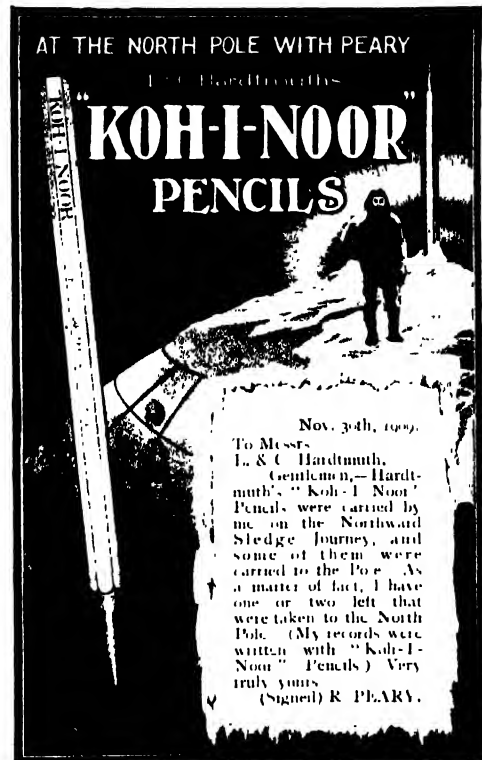
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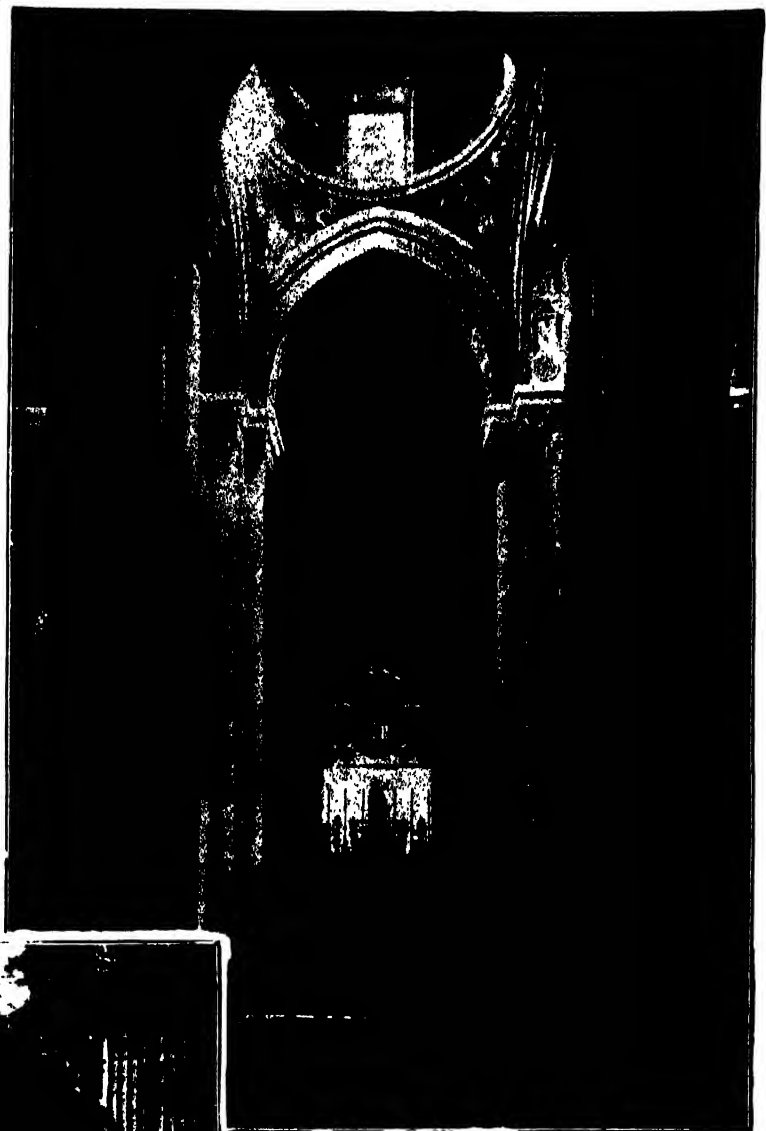
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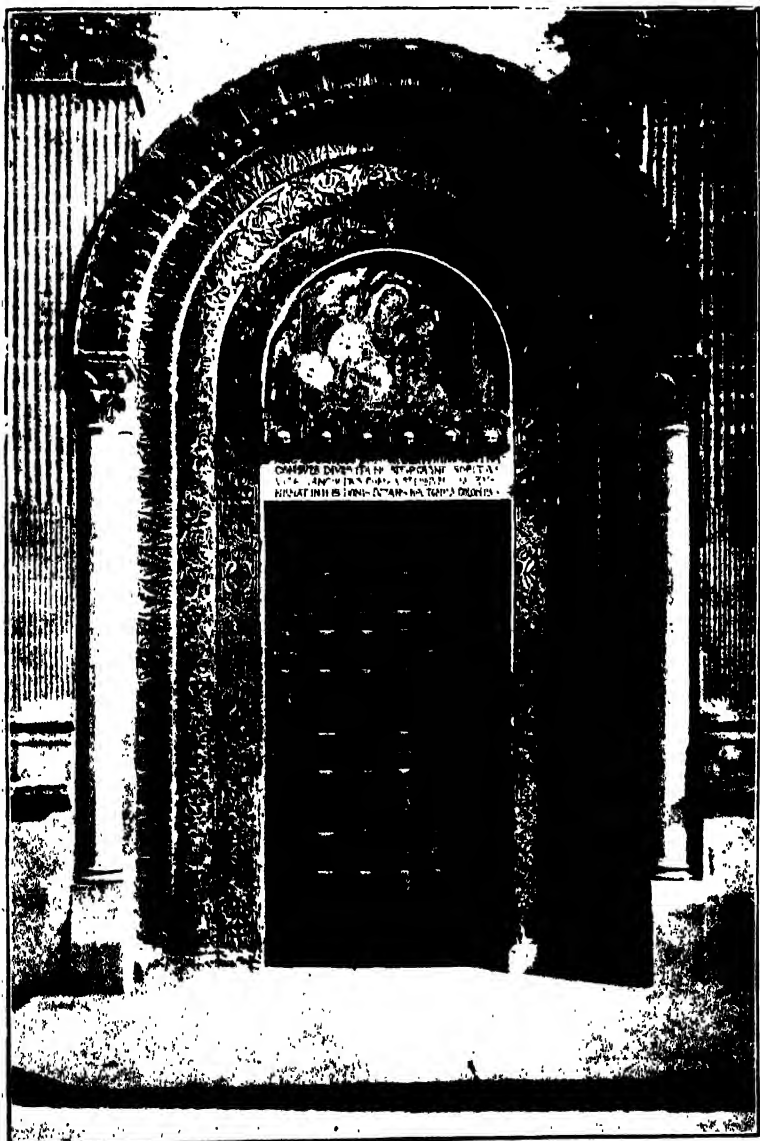
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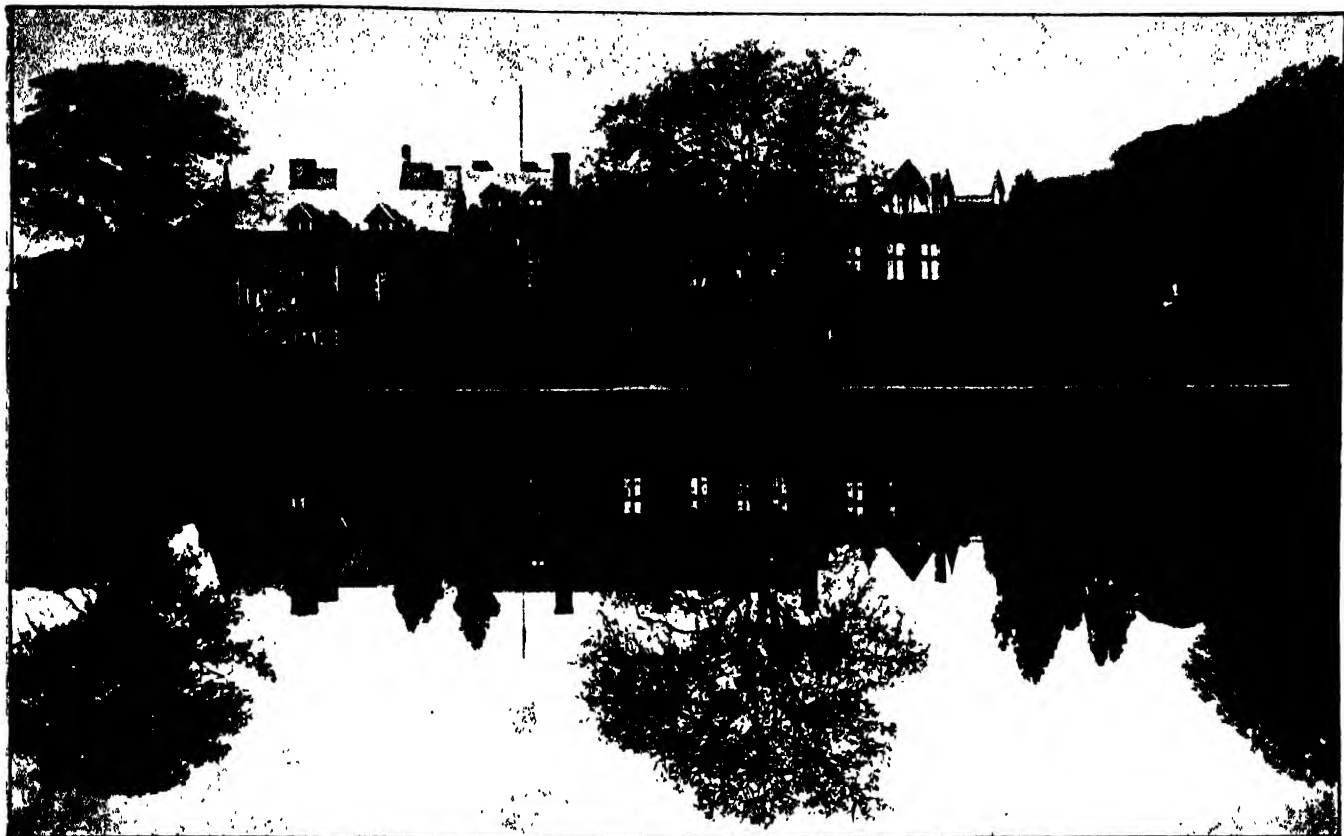
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The Way of the Gods in Japan. By HOPE HUNTLY. 6s. (Rebman.)

This is the story of how Pauline Erskine obeyed at length a call that she had heard ever since the early days of her girlhood, and went forth to Christianise the "Land of the Rising Sun." She was intensely earnest about it, and so narrow and bigoted in her views that before going she broke off her engagement to the young surgeon Lionel Trevor

because he did not share her belief in certain of the less essential doctrines of the Anglican Church. But in Japan Pauline passes through experiences that are humanising, and in every way healthful. Her life in Japan is described vividly, and the story of the people she meets and the events that happen there and of the results they bring about is told entertainingly, brightly, but with great forcefulness. She returns home, at last, less self-sufficient; not so ready to teach, more ready to learn; not so sure that her own views must be right, or that the views of others must be wrong. "Forgive the fanaticism of the past," she says to Lionel, in the hour of their reunion. "There are countless theological bypaths devised by brains of well-intentioned men, but I have learned that only the one which ignores them all is the surest. This alone is Kami-no-Michi The Way of the Gods." It is a thoughtful and well-written novel, and one that we strongly recommend to all thoughtful readers.

ST. GEORGE OF CAPPADOCIA IN LEGEND AND HISTORY.

By CORNELIA S. HULST. Illustrated. (Nutt.)

There have been several books of recent years in honour and defence of St. George — the saint whom Gibbon slandered as a swindling army-contractor. Miss Hulst in this volume contributes a very interesting essay on the history and the growth of the legend, which derives probably from Persian mythology. While not attempting exhaustive treatment she gives an admirable account of the growth of the story and of its wonderfully international character. She traces it in art and pageantry and popular customs, and has a specially interesting chapter on the Order of the Garter. Miss Hulst has been at considerable pains to track the

observance of St. George's Day in many European countries, and the up-to-dateness of her researches may be gathered from the fact that she duly chronicles the recent appearance of the Saint in a fancy-dress bicycle pageant at Chester. The book is beautifully appointed. There is a frontispiece reproduction in colour from the Bayeux Tapestry and thirty-five half-tone pictures chosen from the most famous delineations of St. George in art. The size of the page has enabled the illustrations to be made unusually handsome



From Oxford from Within
(Chatto).

TOM QUAD, CHRIST CHURCH.

and effective. The volume contains a useful list of the pictorial representations of St. George. Miss Hulst would have done well to add a general index.

OXFORD FROM WITHIN.

By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. With Illustrations by YOSHIO MARKINO. (Chatto & Windus.)

We have long wished for, wanted, needed this kind of book, and we confess that it has excluded every other interest from the mind, from the turning of its first page. We think it will appeal to those who do not know Oxford, but to those who do know Oxford there is no doubt of its appeal. It is not a history, it is not a description, it is not a guide-book. Not in the least is it any of these. It is a book of many sides, many subjects; it is a book part criticism, part reminiscence, a book of meditation, thought, allusion, reference, observation, and love. Countless are the themes touched upon, but always the main theme is Oxford, herself, her influence, her age, her modernity, her beauty, her variety even her ugliness. The thoughts are thought, the pages are written by a man who has known the best of his University, and has understood her, even while he is able to listen to the voice which tells him of all her failures and drawbacks. Added to the worth of the writing are the beautiful illustrations by Yoshio Markino, who himself writes a "Note on the Illustrations" which will prove a delight to every reader by its lively artlessness.

A DAY WITH THE POET BROWNING.

With Illustrations in Colour. 18s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It was a pretty fancy to picture a poet's day from sunrise to sunset, and the fancy makes a very charming volume. We begin with a quotation in which Browning himself speaks of the early morning vision from his window in the



From *A Day with the Poet Browning*
(Hodder & Stoughton)

"DEAR AND GREAT ANGEL, WOULD'ST THOU ONLY LEAVE THAT CHILD, WHEN THOU HAST DONE WITH HIM, FOR ME?"

Palazzo Giustiniani Recanati. And then by poem and connecting links from the pen of the compiler we follow the poet through the hours, we see him in his home, at his work, his recreation. Characteristics and habits are lightly touched into the picture, and the day ends at last with the beautiful poem

"Fear death" - to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place.

And sleep foreshadows death. There are several full page illustrations in colour, interpreting the poems.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

A Tale of Troy. By RICHARD SHEEPSHANKS. With Illustrations. (Blackwood.)

The Iliad of Homer is here rendered into English, and the splendid story is offered to those readers of fiction to whom the original poem has been closed. But the writer of this book attempts more than a translation, he realises that translations, some of them of high merit, have utterly failed to make the great story generally readable; the repetitions, the discursiveness, the irrelevancies, slacken the interest of the reader who is really eager for the plot itself. We venture to affirm that Mr. Sheepshanks has done well what he set out to do. Those who know and love the original poem, those who care for things as they are and for nothing else, those who have, in fact, no need for alterations, are already provided for. But those who can love and admire the story of the Iliad for the story's sake have been ill-provided for, and the present writer has sympathised with them to good effect.



From *Six Greek Sculptors*
(Duckworth & Co.)

ARES LUDOVISI

(Reviewed in March BOOKMAN.)



From A History of Birds
(Methuen & Co.)

MESOPTYLE FEATHER OF
THE BARN OWL

This is no jargon for schoolboys: it is the careful, dignified work of a man who has a scholarly feeling for the classics, and the "sense" of the born story-teller.

A HISTORY OF BIRDS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

This is the second volume in the series of natural history books named "Animal Life," and in itself it is an important addition to bird-literature. Experience has taught us to expect from this author sound knowledge and accurate information. In this volume he deals with what may be broadly termed the evolution of birds, and one cannot read a single chapter without realising the extreme patience and the comprehending care with which he has long studied his subject. The life-history of birds, their characteristics, their adaptation, their migration, the individual habits of the several classes, so opposite and reasonless to the careless observer, so important and full of meaning in

reality, all these things and many more on subjects which every scientific lover of birds needs to know are here fully written of. It is at once a thoroughly learned book and a book in which the novice may find what he seeks to know. Birds of all countries come into this "history," and all phases and periods of their life are described. Sir Ray Lankester contributes an Introduction, and numerous illustrations, both on the beautiful and the scientific side of the subject, are included.

DOGS AND ALL ABOUT THEM.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

With the assistance of many eminent authorities, Mr. Leighton has compiled a book which should find a place on every sportsman's bookshelf and in every dog-lover's home. Full information and wise, independent comment are given about all



From The Common I Know
(Dent & Co.)

MEADOW PIPIT FEEDING YOUNG CUCKOO.



From Dogs and All About Them
(Cassell & Co.)

MRS. H. HORSFALL'S GREAT DANE, CH. VIOLA OF REDGRAVE.
Photo by Coe, of Norwich.

(we cannot, at the moment, think of an omission) recognised breeds of dogs: from the massive mastiff to the toy Brussels Griffon. With sound care the author has traced their origins, their history, their rise, and sometimes their fall, and in addition to the general account of the dogs, he gives instruction as to the care of them, and a detailed account of what their points should be. Books about dogs are like books about gardens. Every day sees an accession of owners of dogs and gardens, to whom it is indispensable that their *vade mecum* should be up-to-date. Capital illustrations are here given of prize dogs of various breeds, and the volume as a whole is a pleasure as well as a trustworthy reference book.

THE STORY OF THE PINE-MARTEN MUSTELA.

By ARTHUR BERTRAM HUTTON. With Illustrations.
(David Nutt.)

The pine-marten is an animal rarely seen in England now, but Mr. Hutton's artless little chronicle of a short period of "Mustela's" life will make his readers feel quite intimate with the graceful, clever creatures. This small volume seems to hold the breath of the moorland and the wood in its pages; without any straining after effect the author tells simple facts, and recounts the interests of a pine-marten's life, and the too probable tragedy of its death. "Mustela" herself is alive when we say "good-bye" to her; but her adventures have been many and her risks great. We really thank Mr. Hutton for refraining from throwing Mustela's "Story" into the shape of fiction. His book is the affectionate record of a genuine naturalist and no spurious romance of a sentimentalist. The illustrations reveal the shy pine-marten as she is.



From *The Story of the
Pine-Marten Mustela*
(David Nutt).

PEKAN WATCHING THE
WHISTLING LABOURER

THE COMMON I KNOW.

Edited by W. PERCIVAL WESTERL, F.R.S., and HENRY E.
TURNER. With Illustrations. (Dent & Sons.)

The common of this engaging little volume is a typical English common, where the blackthorn, the hawthorn, the furze grow in spring; where the wild thyme, eye-bright, thistle, and heath may be found; where linnets and buntings and stonechats build, and sing, and call, where lizards and adders glide through the grass and among the leaves; where butterflies and bees, spiders and beetles, add to the beauty and the sound and the well-being of the pleasant, breezy tract of land. Much more than these plants and animals are to be found on it, and the chapters tell of it all lucidly, attractively, and without technical obscurities. It is distinctly a book to please



From *A History of Birds*
(Methuen & Co.)

FLEDGLING BARN
OWL.

the naturalist, at the same time it is one which will delight the mere lover of nature. The illustrations include the beautiful and the informative, and we only regret that it is not in our power to reproduce in its delightful colouring the spike of blossoming furze or the delicate spray of blackthorn.

DREAMS MADE VERITY.

By MRS. DE COURCY LAFFAN. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mrs. de Courcy Laffan is perhaps more generally known under her former name of Mrs. Leith Adams. Several of her books of stories have enjoyed a very considerable popularity, and her new volume, "Dreams Made Verity," which contains some of the most charming little stories and sketches she has ever written, should prove also one of her most successful. Of the seven stories we prefer "A Romance of a London Street" and "The Little Window-box"; but all of them are dainty and pleasantly written, and touched with the humour and pathos of everyday life. Five sketches, or "memories," are included in the book, and two lectures—that on "Fictional Literature as a Calling for Women" being an especially able and interesting performance.



From *Camera Adventures in the African Wilds*
(Heinemann).

OSTRICH-FARM ON THE ATHI PLAINS.



From *Lancelot Andrewes and the Reaction* ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT
(G. Allen & Sons).

LANCELOT ANDREWES AND THE REACTION.

By DOUGLAS MACLEANE, M.A. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
(G. Allen & Sons.)

We reproduce an illustration from this important book which will be published within a few days.

BRITISH FLORAL DECORATION.

By R. F. FELTON, F.R.H.S., F.N.C.S. (Florist to Edward VII.). With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

Besides the information which this book gives as to ways and means of floral decoration, it gives -- what has been, we admit, of even greater interest to us -- a lot of valuable information about the flowers themselves. From the author, who is himself an acknowledged authority on all matters floral, we learn, for instance, of the great strides towards perfection which carnations have made within the last few years; and whereas the stem of a carnation ten or fifteen years ago was, at its very longest, but twelve inches in length, it can now be obtained at three times that length. One can easily understand the great gain to the floral decorator by this advance. We have been especially interested, too, by the author's opinions on violet-growing. Why do we not grow more violets in our own island? he asks. We have good climate for it and good soil in the south-western parts and in Ireland; and the English-grown violets, besides being more fragrant, command treble the price of the French violets. This book is marked by sound practical sense and advice upon a subject of great and ever-increasing beauty; and a valuable list of the best varieties of all flowers for cutting and decoration has been included.

THE MAKING OF A KING.

By IDA A. TAYLOR. With Illustrations. 16s. net.
(Hutchinson.)

The title of this volume suggests the moral that its reading will bring home to most of its readers. And the moral is no new or subtle one, but only the familiar thought of so many of our earlier essayists -- the instability of human glory and the price of greatness. For this goodly-sized volume covers but thirteen years of the life of Louis



From *The Making of a King*
(Hutchinson).

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XIII.

XIII., beginning with the rejoicings of his father, Henri IV., at the birth of the Dauphin in 1601, and ending with the celebration of the boy king's majority at the tender age of thirteen. Brave words were put into the mouth of the child monarch. "Messieurs," he said, "having attained my majority, I have come hither to let you know that, being of age, I intend to govern my kingdom by means of good counsel, with piety and justice." The pathos of it all is struck in the closing words of the story. "The momentous transaction concluded, he returned to the palace, very gay, but no doubt tired out by the function, which had lasted no less than four hours. Put to bed, he had his toys brought to him there, amusing himself by painting upon little wooden boxes, until, the long day over, he fell asleep to the sound of music." Within these two extremes the author has unfolded a very interesting narrative. The making of the king took place in an atmosphere full of intrigue and passion and treachery. It is a pathetic story discreetly told, and one full of human interest. There is no more noticeable feature of the publications of these days than the popularity of the historical memoir. In many instances it is equally well known that success has been achieved by an undesirable use of the sauce of scandal. Miss Taylor, however, has eschewed such means without weakening her interesting narrative.

FULL FATHOM FIVE.

By HELEN and LEWIS MELVILLE. 3s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

It is a fact that though few persons have anything but dislike to give to "selections," there is scarcely a lover of literature who does not become pleasantly absorbed in an anthology. "Full Fathom Five" is a "sea-anthology in prose and verse," and we have, of course, been engrossed by it from the moment of first turning its pages. There are old friends here, there are acquaintances of whom we are only too glad to know more, and there are strangers we are grateful to have been brought in contact with. The compilers of this pretty and handy book have shown the sea in its many moods, and have dwelt upon its fascination, its cruelty, its beauty, its tragedy, its calm, its storm. Here are "good-byes" and welcomes, word-pictures and ballads. We miss (every reviewer misses something from an



From *Two Great Rivals*
(Hutchinson & Co.)

CHARLES V. OF GERMANY.

anthology) Stevenson's sailors with their frozen fingers upon the frozen ropes; but we glowed with approbation when we saw Dr. Garnett's "Ballad of a Boat." The volume, which is well done and full of admirable variety, is dedicated, very properly, to that sea-veteran W. Clark Russell.

TWO GREAT RIVALS.

By LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. With Illustrations. 10s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Without stopping to debate as to whether the pen is mightier than the sword, we may affirm that indubitably Colonel Haggard produces good effects with both weapons. His latest book is concerned mainly with the lives of François I. of France and Charles V. of Germany, and specially with their relentless rivalry for the possession of the Germanic Empire. The story grows in intensity as the chapters unfold the bitter jealousies and ambitions of these

two men of such opposite natures, the one so light and pleasure-loving and unscrupulous, the other so coldly calculating and equally wicked. Such a story at such a period—the earlier part of the sixteenth century—could not be faithfully told without introducing to the reader a crowded circle of notable or infamous men and beautiful if unprincipled women. The stage is crowded with names which have come down to us with undying interest, characters which vary from the Chevalier Bayard, the flower of chivalry, to Caesar Borgia, for whom there is no need to search for a descriptive adjective. This volume is not designed to provide meat for babes; it is a lively account of a period which has never, perhaps, been outdone in the matters of intrigues and ambitions, schemes and rivalries.

RUSKIN AND HIS CIRCLE.

By ADA EARLAND. With Illustrations. net. (Hutchinson.)

Time enough has elapsed since the death of Ruskin to allow a biographer to sift the truth from the mass of writing connected with the life and work of this undeniably great man. The passing of the years has shown and proved many things, among others that Ruskin possessed at times an almost marvellous insight and prescience, and also that at times he could see the truth



From *Ruskin and his Circle*
(Hutchinson & Co.)

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

from so curious an angle that some of his insistent opinions were almost wild and childish. Miss Earland tells his story very fairly and sympathetically, and shows Ruskin to us in his friendships and in his daily life, shows, too, the man at his beginnings, his genius making itself felt by degrees, his development shaping his actions, his circumstances in their turn shaping him. Ruskin's marriage is dwelt upon to some extent, and his circle of notable friends—Turner, Millais, Carlyle, Coventry Patmore, and many others—is shown with a charming and clear visualisation. Both the Ruskin student and the general reader will find abundance of interesting material in this book.



From The Story of Bayard (Methuen & Co.)

SANS PEUR.

THE STORY OF BAYARD.

By AMY G. ANDREWES. With Illustrations by V. LECOMTE. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

It goes without saying that a well-told account of Pierre de Terail, Chevalier de Bayard, must, perforce, be good and exciting reading. And Miss Andrewes has, without doubt, given us a very good one, an account which is simple and direct enough to capture the interest of a boy and engross the attention of a man; and as for women and girls, we feel that they will be fascinated by this chronicle of the courteous knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. Miss Andrewes, though using her own language, has followed the old story told by that self-effacing, unknown yet so well known, nameless character in history, the "Loyal Serviteur," so loyal and devoted in his love and admiration of the brave and courteous knight. For a clear and absorbing, accurate, and vivid tale of Bayard, this small volume could not be bettered. By describing more insistently the true state of the



From Dream Days
(Nelson & Sons).

DREAMLAND.



From A Book of Stories from
the Norse (Blackie & Son).

"OUT CAME A CHICKEN AS BIG
AS AN ELEPHANT."

principles, morals, and general behaviour of the period, the author might have made a much darker background against which to show up the whiteness of Bayard's life; but the book could not have been so generally useful nor so pleasing in that case. As it is we have the courage and courtliness, the fire and spirit of the times, and Bayard himself stands clear as a living man. The centuries have failed to fade him.

A BOOK OF STORIES FROM THE NORSE.

Short Shanks and Other Tales from the Norse. 2 Vols. 9d. each. (Blackie & Son.)

These two pretty volumes of fairy-tales will prove a genuine delight to young folk, and they will also strongly interest grown-ups who have any liking for legends and folk-lore. The stories themselves have a vigour and freshness which may perchance be the effect of the climate from which they come. They have also a simplicity, a distinction and a common origin which will interest the student. We have been particularly struck by the story "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," and its

evident relationship to the old tale of Psyche and Cupid. These two attractive volumes, with their large type and coloured pictures, are in Messrs. Blackie's new series, "Stories Old and New."

THE GOLDEN AGE. DREAM DAYS.

By KENNETH GRAHAME.

IDYLLS OF THE SEA.

By FRANK BULLEN. 1s. net each. (Nelson.)

Messrs. Nelson have won most well-merited praise for their enterprise in the matter of well-chosen reprints. We reproduce illustrations from three among the most popular in their immensely popular list: the enchanting "Golden Age" and "Dream Days" of Kenneth Grahame, and the stirring "Idylls of the Sea" by Frank Bullen.



From *Short Shanks, and
Other Tales*
(Blackie & Son).

"THE OGRE CAME TEARING
ALONG IN HIS SHIP"

MORNING STAR.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by A. C. MICHAEL.
6s. (Cassell.)

The reader of this romance will not be disappointed of the thrill of novelty. It is a love-story with a happy ending, but before Morning Star and her consort ascend the throne of the Pharaohs there is a long succession of exciting episodes which introduce the reader to the mysteries of Old Egypt. Morning Star is a great queen, the spiritual daughter of the god Amen, and dowered by him with a Ka or double. This double has the power of taking corporeal form, and it is by this help that Queen Neter-Tua is able to escape from a marriage with the hateful Prince Abi, the tyrant of Memphis. Her lover, Rames, is descended from the older rulers of Egypt. In open court he slays his rival, and the Queen contrives under the guise of punishment to set him on the road to regain his patrimony. The *Deus ex machina* performs many marvels, and by his



From *Morning Star*
(Cassell & Co.)

"THEN RAMES SEEMED TO AWAKE."



From *The Lances of Lynwood*
(Blackie & Son).

"EUSTACE WAS LEFT ALONE TO
MAINTAIN THE STRUGGLE."



From *Trans-Himalaya*
(Macmillan).

THE PANCHEN RINPOCHI OR TACHI LAMA.

help the lovers triumph over all the schemes of sorcerers and magicians. Queen Tua is a heroine conceived and drawn in Mr. Haggard's famous early style, and the story shows his old mastery over scenes of battle and of mystery. The notion of the Ka puts some strain on the imagination, but Mr. Haggard shows his old skill in investing super-human characters with a genuinely human interest and attractiveness.

THE LANCES OF LYNWOOD.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. 1s.
(Blackie & Son.)

When Miss Charlotte Yonge set out to write an historical story, she undertook to do what she could triumphantly carry out. We have often thought that in this century she has not had full justice done to her for her inspired yet conscientious depicting of an earlier period. In "The Lances of Lynwood" she treats of the time of Edward III. and takes her young hero from peaceful England to the strifes

and intrigues of Spain. In this handy edition many a boy and girl will be able to enjoy a tale which will both please in itself and will lead them on to enjoy the delectable "Chronicles of Froissart."

TRANS-HIMALAYA.

By SVEN HEDIN. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

Sir Sven Hedin's record of his exploring expedition into Tibet was reviewed at some length by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun in our March Number. It is an intimate and picturesque account of difficult and often dangerous journeyings through the Forbidden Land; the explorations were carried out on scientific lines, and the results secured from them form a very valuable addition to our geographical knowledge. But the main interest of the book for the general reader lies in its admirable descriptions of the country that was traversed and the little-known people who inhabit it. The narrative has its exciting passages, and through every chapter of it breathes a zestful spirit of adventure—the spirit of a man who, keenly on the quest of knowledge, is nevertheless alive to every minor interest of the places and the life with which he comes in contact. These two substantial volumes are handsomely produced and lavishly and excellently illustrated.

PAPUAN FAIRY TALES.

By ANNIE KER. With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

From the lips of the natives themselves Miss Ker has gathered the tales which form this quaint and interesting volume. She has lived among them for years, and given them tobacco in exchange for their folk-lore. There is much of pathos, of humour, of brutality, of picturesqueness, and of romance in these traditional stories. There is repetition in them, and yet there is great variety. The

tale of the "Talking Bananas," from which we reproduce an illustration, shows the belief in the supernatural, in witchcraft, and in primitive methods of revenge; it is, in its way, a pretty story up to a certain point, and then gruesomeness and barbarity creep into it. From cover to cover the stories are readable simply as stories, but as folk-lore, as a disappearing treasure of legend and



From *Papuan Fairy Tales*
(Macmillan).

THE TALKING BANANAS.

romance, they hold a still deeper interest. The tales were told to the author as she sat among the natives, and have been repeated here without embroidery or a suppression of less agreeable but true elements of cannibalism and witchcraft

A TRANSFORMED COLONY:
SIERRA LEONE.

By T. J. ALLDRIDGE. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (Seeley.)

Mr. Aldridge was for many years a travelling commissioner in various districts of the colony of Sierra Leone, so that he is well qualified to write upon the country. It will doubtless come as a surprise to many that Sierra Leone is not now the death-trap which it is popularly supposed to be. This is entirely due to the improved sanitary and other methods which have been introduced of recent years. In the neighbourhood of the deadly Freetown, for instance, a beautiful and salubrious town has been built on Wilbertforce Hill. A railway connects it with Freetown, and the resident can get to his office in rather less than the time which an Englishman devotes to travelling between Hampstead and the City. Mr. Aldridge gives also a detailed sketch of the present condition of the colony and its wonderful progress during the last twelve years. Perhaps the author is most interesting in his descriptions of the native manners and customs, particularly as regards the secret societies which are so important a feature of the native life of the West Coast. The author has a bright and chatty manner, and his book makes easy and interesting reading. It has sixty-six well-reproduced illustrations, and altogether it should do much to increase the interest in a somewhat neglected colony.



From *Tramps in Dark Mongolia*
(Fisher Unwin).

THE LAMA ABBOT OF WENG NIU T'E HATA.

THE NAVY OF VENICE.

By ALFRED WIFE. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

With great injustice to the younger service, we English are inclined to think of our country as the only great power

that the world has ever seen whose empire has been founded primarily upon the exploits of its navy. This is a very mistaken idea. Without a navy the very existence of Venice would have been threatened. It was her navy which gave her her greatness: as her navy improved, so she rose; as her navy deteriorated, so she fell. Venice is a far better example than England of a state completely dependent upon her navy. It is curious that among all the studies of the Venetian power which have been published, comparatively little notice has been taken of her accomplished and wonderful navy. This, indeed, is the



From *A Transformed Colony*.
(Seeley & Co.)

BUNDU INITIATED.



From *Schools of Painting*
(Methuen & Co.)

S. URSULA DEPARTS
FROM COLOGNE.
(Hans Memling.)

first book which has been written in any language which devotes itself exclusively to the Venetian navy. Miss Alethea Wiel has performed her task with great thoroughness and ability, and the complete work is one of the most interesting books we have read for a long time. In its pages will be found much of the romantic attraction and colour of the ancient Venice, and we can recommend it without hesitation. The illustrations are numerous, well printed, and well selected.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

By MARY INNES. With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

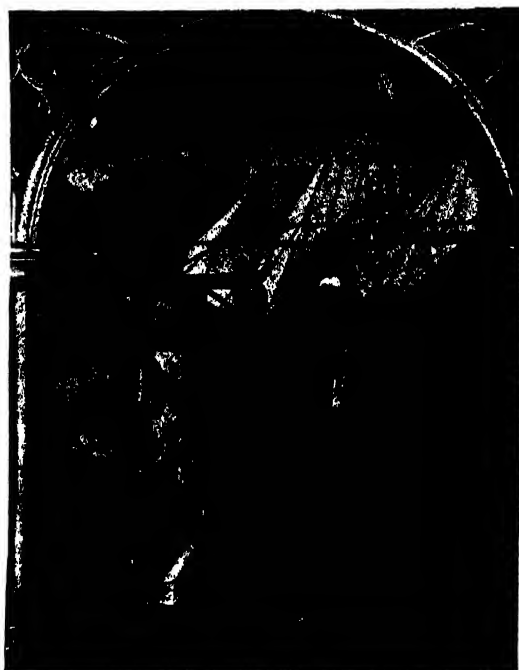
Among the forthcoming volumes this spring will be Miss Innes's volume, which aims at supplying an historical background to the art movements in various countries, so that the influence of one school upon another may be

rightly judged. Short biographies of many painters will be given, and the book as a whole will appeal to students of all ages and also to the general reader.

THE STORY OF PADUA.

By CESARE FOLIGNO. With Illustrations by GIOVANNI VIANELLO. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

We have followed the meritorious career of the "Mediæval Towns" Series with admiration for several years, and this new volume on Padua is but another success added to the list. The idea of the series was an admirable one: it supplied the workmanlike book which could find



From *Schools of Painting*
(Methuen & Co.)

THE DEATH OF S.
URSULA.
(Hans Memling.)

a welcome place between the large, long history and the actual guide-book. We can imagine no better silent companion for a tour in and round about Padua than this handy grey volume, which directs the traveller from beauty to

beauty without seeming to do so; which rouses in him an eagerness to see and know about all Padua's buildings, streets, pictures, and monuments; and yet does it merely by its own charm. And having roused that eagerness, it tells him in full and accurate fashion, with the style of the serious lover of literature, history, and art, all that made Padua what it is, how it all began, and evolved, and was shaped, and brought to the state in which it is found to-day. For utility, handiness, and pleasure the "Mediæval Towns" Series well holds its place; and this volume well sustains the good character of it. Padua will gain many a fresh lover this year, we think.



From *The Navy of Venice*
(John Murray).

DETAIL FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ACCADEMIA, VENICE,
OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.
(Carpaccio.)

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

Translated by E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, M.A., LITT.D. 3 Vols.
5s. net each. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

This is a second edition revised and enlarged of Mr. Wallis Budge's admirable translation of the chapters, hymns, and religious texts taken from papyri and other documents which were found chiefly at Thebes and, as a whole, are commonly known as the Theban Recension of the Book of the Dead; in other words, as Mr. Budge says in his preface, they are "the Recension of the great national funeral work which was copied by the scribes for themselves and for Egyptian kings and queens, princes and nobles, gentle and simple, rich and poor, from about B.C. 1600 to B.C. 900." The first volume is taken up mainly by a scholarly and profoundly interesting Introduction giving a history of the Book of the Dead, of the doctrines of the God Osiris, and of the Egyptian conception of the Resurrection, of Immortality, the Elysian Fields, etc., an account of the object and contents of the Book of the Dead, translations of several hymns to Ra and Osiris, and some fourteen chapters from various papyri. The second and third volumes contain translations of other hymns, chapters, and extracts, such as were inscribed upon the walls of tombs and sarcophagi, coffins and funeral stelae, papyri and amulets, to secure the protection and well-being of their dead in the other world. It is an altogether adequate and valuable rendering of one of the strangest, most ancient, and most beautiful books in the religious literature of the world. The twenty-two plates, including three coloured fac-similes from papyri, and the four hundred and twenty vignettes that illustrate the volumes add appreciably to their interest and value.

ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE.

By EDITH A. BROWNE. With Illustrations. (A. & C. Black.)

This new volume in the suggestive and inspiring series, "Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them," is written in a facile and personal style which makes it delightful to read and easy to understand. In the first place its author starts out to explain what is really meant by "Romanesque"—a very necessary explanation, since the term has been generally subjected to the treatment of "many men, many opinions." "Esque" is an unenviable "final," and the use of it is taken too much for granted as meaning debased imitation. The perusal of this volume will prove that a study of Romanesque Architecture means a study of some of the most interesting church buildings in Europe, and, more than that, it means a realisation of the growth and evolution of some of the most beautiful forms of building. Miss Browne has gone into her subject with the right spirit. She sees the practical side and the imaginative, of those Romanesque architects; and she discusses with capability the pros and cons of the matter. The illustrations are extremely good and helpful in making doubly clear the teaching of the chapters.



From *The Story of Padua*
(Dent & Sons)

SAINT GIUSTINA.
By Veronese

CHINA AS I SAW IT.

By A. S. ROE. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This book consists of a series of letters written by a woman during a journey through China. They are written from the various places at which the writer stayed *en route*, and describe picturesquely, vivaciously, and with a delightfully quiet humour the cities, villages, and landscapes, and the characters, manners, and customs of the people of the Celestial Empire. The great charm of the letters is their easy naturalness, the entire absence of any affectation;



From *Romanesque Architecture*
(A. & C. Black).

ROMA—CHIESA DI S. CLEMENTE.



From *China as I Saw It*
(Hutchinson).

A FIVE-ROOFED BRIDGE.

they read like the frank, gossipy outpourings of the traveller's mind on any and every incident that befell her, any and every person of interest she came into contact with, the latest thing she happened to be seeing or doing, the last place she had visited before she sat down to write. They are just the ideal letters one likes to receive from a correspondent—they are alive with interest simply because the writer of them has evidently the happy faculty of finding something interesting everywhere. We have read the book from cover to cover and been delightfully entertained, and have gathered from its breezy pages a more intimate acquaintance with Chinese life and character and a larger and more vivid appreciation of things Chinese than we have been able to get from many travel-books of a much more professedly informing type. The thirty-nine photographic illustrations are excellently reproduced.

biography and criticism, and the reproductions are an art education in themselves.

FOR KETT AND COUNTRYSIDE.

By F. C. FANSLEV. 6s. (Jarrold.)

This is a stirring story of great events in the year 1549, beginning when King Henry was dead and Lord Somerset was Protector. It is a Norfolk tale mainly, and is concerned with the rising of the peasants in defence of their rights. The teller of the story is one Martyn Holmes, who was a quiet youth, learning the printer's craft when the troubles began; but the hero, the great figure in the

MANET AND THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS.

By THEODORE DURET.
With Illustrations. 12s.
6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

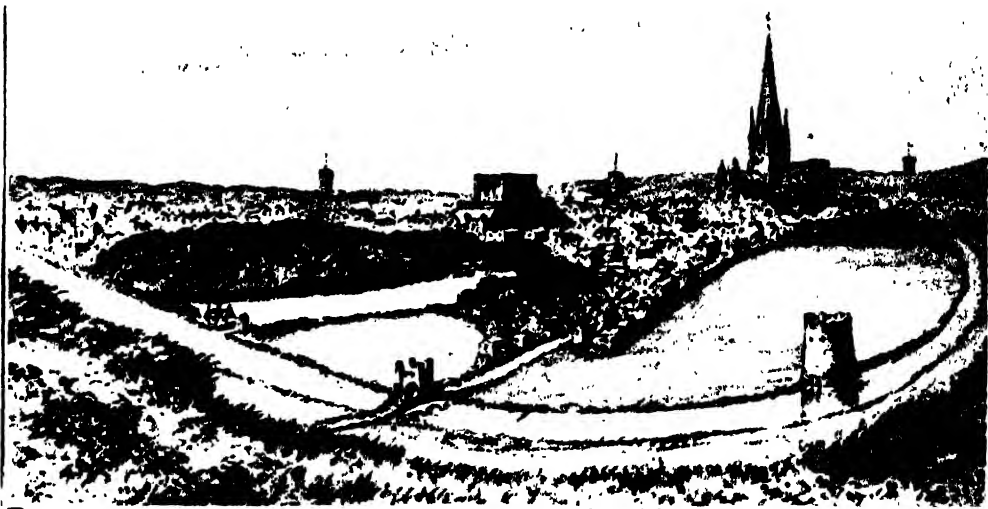
In this handsome volume M. Duret with great care and in most interesting style shows just Manet's place in Art and his place and his influence in the Impressionist school. It is good to have a book which frees Manet from the character which has so often been carelessly assigned to him—that of being freakish and abnormal. He was neither of these. He was untrammelled by convention and, in his way, revolutionary, but his was no art rebellion, for the sake of being rebellious. The volume is full of clear



From *Manet and the French Impressionists*
(Grant Richards).

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

book, is Robert Kett, of Wymondham, who threw in his lot with the people, and led them through many and great dangers, till eventually overcome in Dussin's Dale. Mr. Tansley takes the conventional style and phraseology in setting forth his history, but his material is capital, and he has succeeded in a very difficult task, that of keeping very close to facts without becoming pedantic. There are life and vigour in the book, and love and gentler sentiments also find a place in it. The author is able to see good on both sides, and this makes his work telling and life-like. To men and women of Norwich the story will be particularly appealing, for they can read their county's



From For Kett and Countryside
(Jarrold & Sons).

NORWICH, FROM KETT'S CASTLE.



From Kami-no-Michi
(Rehman).

a history from an accurate and illuminating pen.

A DOUBLE BLINDNESS.

By ALIEN. 6s.
(Digby, Long &
Co.)

The blindness of a man, and the consequent opportunity of a loving woman, make the theme of Alien's new novel. Not a new theme, perhaps, but this pleasant writer has brought to it a freshness and vividness which do away with any excuse for criticism on that ac-

count. There are two sisters in this story of the "Double Blindness"—one, Rose, whom the hero loves, and the other, Mary, who loves him. Mary's character is the deeper, the stronger, the truer. Rose it is who gets all the good things in life; and Mary it is who gets the suffering. But Alien is wise enough to let us read of compensation in this world. For to that end the plot leads logically and not by any concession to our love of a happy ending to a moving theme. It is



From Canada: The Land of Hope
(A. & C. Black).

CALGARY AND THE ROCKIES.



From *A Maid of the Silver Sea* FRONTISPIECE BY HAROLD COPPING
(Hodder & Stoughton) REPRODUCED IN COLOUR



From *The Silent Barrier* "STAMPA OPENED THE PRAYER-BOOK AT A
(Ward, Lock & Co.) MARKED PAGE AND BEGAN TO READ THE
MARRIAGE RITUAL."

tale of a splendid deception, and we are cheered by the knowledge that happiness which comes after suffering may be deeper than that which comes from following the line of least resistance. One other thing we have to thank the author for, and that is her unconventionality in her moulding of the character of Rose. The development of Rose is certainly one of the surprises of the book.

THE SILENT BARRIER.

By LOUIS TRACY. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Hero-worshippers will do well to make the acquaintance of Charles K. Spenser; they may safely build on that "K.," for not only is Charles the possessor of a virile stock of pregnant slang - a joy to the ear—but it is "up to him" to tackle the toughest "proposition" with the sangfroid and success which so aptly become a healthy young American. He is wealthy, too, in a way, thanks to certain engineering exploits, and comes on a pleasure visit to



From *A Double Blindness* "ROSE SLOWLY DESCENDED THE
(Digby, Long & Co.) OAK STAIRCASE."

London. Here, by chance, he overhears a modest young lady, as poor as she is beautiful, give words to the dream of her life—an Alpine holiday. So it comes about that Charles K. acts the part of fairy godfather and Helen Wynton is sent on a month's trip to Switzerland ostensibly by the editor of the *Fire-fly* to procure copy for his insignificant journal. Spenser is delighted with the success of his whim until he discovers that he has unwittingly been instrumental in throwing Helen into the society of Mark Bower, a millionaire roué. He follows post-haste to the Engadine, and, unknown to her, appoints himself Helen's protector. Nor is Spenser the only man with whom Bower has to reckon; Stamp, a crippled mountain-guide, has been waiting sixteen years to avenge the disgrace and suicide of his only daughter. Add to this strange Alpine

party the personality of a famous musical-comedy actress, who has also an account to settle with Bower, and some indication is afforded of the potential elements which go to make the novel. The story, indeed, develops a series of highly dramatic incidents skilfully, and often with refreshing originality. The wild splendours of the Engadine are graphically described, and Mr. Tracy throws a caustic light on the petty snobbery pervading the tourist cliques in a fashionable Swiss hotel. The scene on the glacier is an excellent piece of work.

CURLY.

By ROGER POCOCK. 18s. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

There should be a large public for this attractive re-issue of one of Mr. Roger Pocock's best books, which is



From *Curly: A Tale of the Arizona Desert*
(Gay & Hancock).

GRABBING HER HEAD, HE
HER FALLING BODY CLEAR.

now placed within the means of every book-buyer. "Curly" was originally published in the autumn of 1904, and it at once sprang into popularity. The reasons for this are not far to seek, for it is a healthy, humorous book, fresh with the air of Arizona and breathless with excitement. The author is at his best when treating of life in the "Wild West," and when, as is the case with "Curly," he adds a never-failing supply of incident (both humorous and dramatic), and a charming romance, the result leaves nothing to be desired. This is a novel which should be read by everybody, for it is one of the best of its kind ever written. We wish it every success in its new form.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Hamilton Fynes after leaving the *Lusitania* chartered a special train to London. At Euston he was found dead in his carriage. Mr. Richard Vanderpole, of the American



From *The Illustrious Prince*
(Hodder & Stoughton).

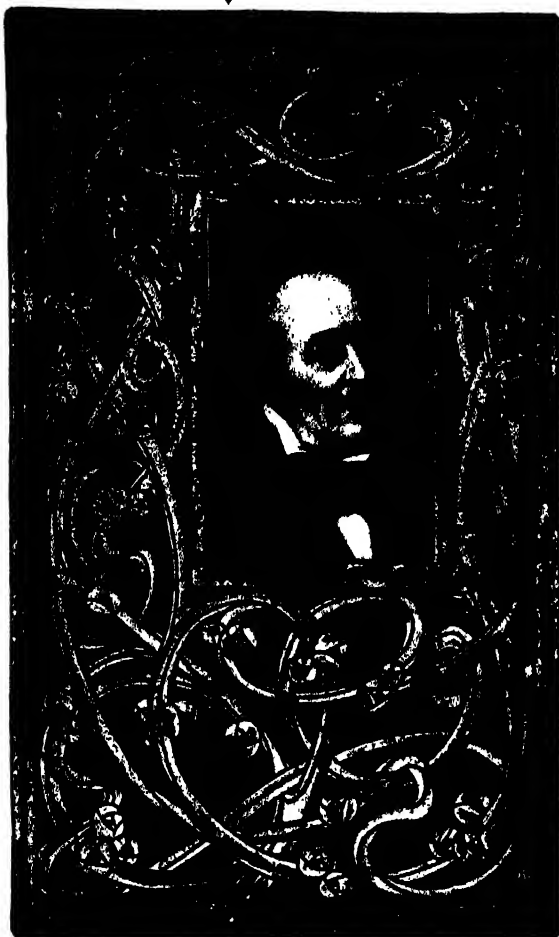
"HE WAS SURELY A FATALIST"

Embassy, is soon afterwards discovered dead in a taxi-cab. In the one case an express, in the other a cab in the thick of the London traffic, had been boarded by an assassin who left no trace behind him. Mr. Oppenheim loses no



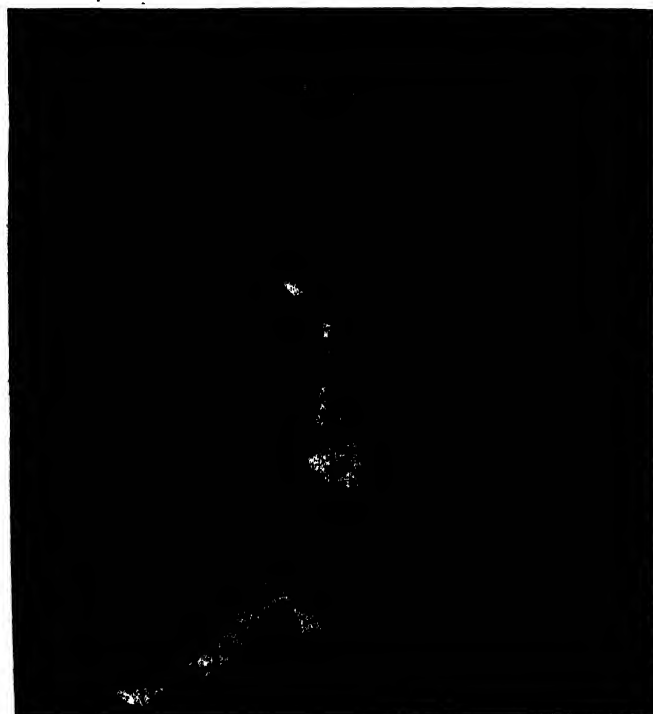
From *The Princess of the Snows*
(Ward, Lock & Co.)

"HE STRAINED THE SLIM
FORM TO HIM."



From *Imaginary Conversations* WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR
(Blackie & Son).

time in taking us right into the thickest of his mystery, and takes his own time, which is only at the end of the story, in giving us its solution. It is a story of high diplomacy he tells, and there can be no doubt about the skill with which he suggests false solutions, and whets our interest as to the true one. A great personage becomes suspect—no less than the representative of a great Eastern power who has made himself a *persona grata* in London society. A young American lady discovers the first clue, and gradually the evidence accumulates at Scotland



From Robert Dodsley ROBERT DODSLEY.
(John Lane). Photo by Emery Walker.
From the picture by William Alcock, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Yard. But it is not the illustrious prince after all who is the criminal. Mr. Oppenheim's main purpose is to tell us a captivating story, and in that he has succeeded. But there is also a moral in the reasons given by the illustrious prince for refusing an alliance with England.

THE PRINCESS OF THE SNOWS.

By G. FREDERIC TURNER. With Illustrations 8s.
(Ward, Lock.)

Although we begin this book by witnessing what is almost the death of a man for the love of a woman, it is not long before we are allowed to see the same man recovering heart, mind, and spirits in a colder, more exhilarating land than ours, in the company of a warmer and more exhilarating lady than the lady for whom he so nearly died. It would be distinctly unfair to reveal the plot of a novel which is so strong in plot, but we may say that, unreal and romantic as the transition



Cover design of *The Unspoken Word* (Hodder & Stoughton).
(Reviewed in the March BOOKMAN.)

is from London to Grimland, and from the London life to that of the land of snow and sunshine, where a skating contest may lead to political tangles capable of enmeshing a throne itself, and the winning of the contest lead to the heart of a princess, Mr. Turner makes them real, and important, and thrilling, and engrossing to us. He handles politicians and plotters, even kings and nations, as if they were everyday matters to him, and we read his easy style and believe in Grimland entirely till we close the book upon the happy ending it deserves.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

Selected, with an Introduction, by PROFESSOR J. P. MAHAFFY. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie & Son.)

The "Red Letter Library," now so well known for its delightful collection of poems and *belles lettres*, has attempted a difficult task in giving a selection from the works of Walter Savage Landor. But the difficult task has been carried out with commendable judgment and success.

Professor Mahaffy has, in our opinion, adhered to the best and most satisfactory method in giving that which he has given in a complete form. The volume "gives the actual and complete text of every conversation it includes, without alteration, omission, or comment." Thus, the reader of this handy red-leather volume is able to enjoy Landor's style, his matter, his methods, as Landor gave them; and the selection here included will probably but whet the taste for more.

ROBERT DODSLEY:

Poet, Publisher, and Playwright. By RALPH STRAUS. With Illustrations. 21s net. (John Lane.)

A most interesting biography of this eighteenth-century publisher will be issued in the near future. Mr. Ralph Straus has had a mass of new material to work from, and has new facts to bring to light. Dodsley moved in a circle of the most notable men of his period, and his "Life" will



From John Lothrop Motley and his Family
(John Lane)

MRS. THOMAS MOTLEY, MOTHER OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

be found to touch upon the affairs of state, the theatre, and the artistic and literary world.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY AND HIS FAMILY.

Edited by HIS DAUGHTER and HERBERT ST. JOHN MILDWAY. With Illustrations. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

This is among the "forthcoming" volumes, and it is one which will be found, upon its appearance, to contain material of very special interest. Many letters which twenty years ago were considered of too intimate a character and of too recent a date for inclusion are now made use of, and notabilities which include Prince Bismarck, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Tom Hughes, and others are among the correspondents. We reproduce a couple of illustrations from the volume.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Translated from the Italian by WILLIAM COLLINGE. 8s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

This fine translation of a deathless book now appears in the "Red Letter Library," and to it is added an Introduction from the pen of Mr. Arthur C. Benson. Of the book



From The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi
(Blackie & Son). ST. FRANCIS

itself we can but echo Mr. Benson's words: "The whole volume has the unsophisticated and natural beauty of its age, the freshness of the dawn, the careless art of the bird's song." By it we may learn what can be known of the Saint's life, and what has been unconsciously revealed of an early, vigorous, if harsh period. It is a book which



From The War in Wexford
(John Lane). LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.



From *The Brownies, and Other Stories* (G. Bell & Sons). THE BROWNIE.



From *The Rambles of Three Children* (Blackie & Son). "OH, I HOPE THEY WON'T DIE," SAID NELL."

must be read by every lover of literature, and it can be procured in no handier, more satisfying form for all practical purposes than this present "Red Letter" edition.

THE WAR IN WEXFORD.

By H. F. B. WHEELER and A. M. BROADLEY. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Taken as a whole we suppose that—with the sketchy exception of the last fifty years or so—the general public in this country knows about as much of the history of Ireland as it does of, say, Roumania. The average man (that conveniently obscure gentleman) might possibly give you two names in connection with the dark and mysterious past of that country, but we do not suppose that they would mean anything to him. These names are Oliver Cromwell and Vinegar Hill. Oliver Cromwell is vaguely known to have made himself unpopular in Ireland, and



From *The Golden Age* (Nelson & Sons). "WITH US IT WAS A WHOLE HOLIDAY."

everybody who knows the name knows that there was a battle of some kind at Vinegar Hill. Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley have done their best—and a remarkably good best—to let us know all about it, but more particularly about the causes which led up to it, and the effects it had. This "account of the rebellion in the south of Ireland in 1798" has been founded upon three MSS. which were recently placed in the author's hands, and which have not hitherto been used. In more senses than one, therefore, "The War in Wexford" may be said to break fresh ground, and its value is enhanced by a number of interesting portraits, reproductions of old prints, etc. It is a book which should appeal at least as much to the general public as to the student of history, and we can cordially recommend it.

THE RAMBLES OF THREE CHILDREN.

By GERALDINE MOCKLER. (Adapted.) 9d. (Blackie & Son.)

In the series of books for children which Messrs. Blackie

are issuing, this pretty volume will hold a favoured position. Two little sisters and a brother, the youngest five years old, the eldest ten, ramble through the pages in just the child-serious but ever-interested and enjoying way in which real children ramble through the country which happens to lie round about them. There are genuine ups and downs in the chapters, and a most stirring adventure at the end, with a real tiger escaped from a circus. The story has surprises, too. We ourselves quite thought that the unfledged thrushes would have died of over-feeding, or of overheating from their surreptitious bedding in the kitchen oven. But they didn't. There is a charming naturalness about the story which will bring it many admirers.

THE BROWNIES;

and Other Stories. By JULIANA HORATIA EWING. With Illustrations in Colour by ALICE B. WOODWARD. 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

The children who have been rejoicing in the succession of Mrs. Ewing's books which have been appearing in the pretty "Queen's Treasures" Series will be gladdened by this collection of stories which shows how close is the relationship between children and fairies, brownies and dwarfs. It is too late in the day to criticise Mrs. Ewing's writings. To take them up again after several years is to become again engrossed in them. If Mrs. Ewing's name



From *Through the French Provinces*
(T. Werner Laurie).

CARCASSONNE

were not upon the title-page, we should be still under the same spell. The secret is that she wrote with real individuality and in perfect style. Miss Alice Woodward's illustrations are excellent, too; she realises to the truth what a brownie's personal appearance is, and she follows the author's imagination with understanding. The "Queen's Treasures" Series is well named—at any rate every new volume it adds to its number is a veritable treasure.

THROUGH THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

By ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Peixotto has a light and engaging touch, and his little impressions of journeys in the lesser travelled portions



From *A Lad of London*
(Cassell).

BILLY USED TO CALL NEWSPAPERS



The Dame stood high on wooden clogs
and hummed a ballad.

From *The Border Country*
(Constable).



From *Changing China*
(Nisbet).

OLD CHINA: VILLAGE STREET.

of France make good reading. He takes his readers gradually from north to south. A glance at the country covered will suffice to show the great diversity of the scenes and customs which are depicted in this book. Starting at Paris, the author goes down the Seine to Rouen, and up the Oise as far as its junction with the Aisne, then for various "little journeys from Paris," and again to Fontainebleau, Provins, and Sens, through Etampes to Chartres, and thence south through the Touraine and

Limoges to Bergerac; along the Dordogne valley to Rocamadour (one of the most wonderful villages in Europe), and along the Lot valley to Cahors; also south from Rocamadour to Albi and Carcassonne, where his impressions come to an abrupt ending. Mr. Peixotto does not devote a great deal of space to his various subjects (obviously he could hardly deal with them thoroughly), and he seems to have mentioned only those places which have pleased his artistic sense. It is curious, for instance, that he should stay the night in Blois and should have absolutely nothing to say of its wonderful chateau—one of the finest and certainly the most interesting in the Touraine. Nevertheless, though slight, the text of this book is likeable and easily read. But the real reason for its publication was undoubtedly the author's splendid drawings. Mr. Peixotto is an artist of great ability, and his sketches which play a more important part than mere illustrations of the text form a most beautiful collection. They are very numerous, about eighty in all, and as a general rule they are printed in the text, though there is nothing more beautiful than the frontispiece, a view of the upper city of Carcassonne. The artist has caught the French atmosphere to a nicety, but his drawings of



From *To Abyssinia*
(Seeley & Co.)

SAMBUUR ELDERS.



From *Plant-Life: A Manual
of Botany for Schools*
(Sonnenschein).

A VEGETABLE MONSTER.

architecture are perhaps the most successful. "Through the French Provinces" more than justifies its publication; it is a really beautiful book.

A LAD OF LONDON

and *Some of his Neighbours*. By GEORGE HAW. With Illustrations by EVA ROOS. 4s. 6d. (Cassell.)

With an amazing number of variations on his one main subject Mr. Haw shows us London of the seamier side. The humour and the tragedy, the fun and the poverty, the philosophy and the despair—he gives it all to us as he himself has come across it. Any one who reads this volume will feel sure that all the sketches in it are first-hand work born of experience and observation. The "Lad of London" is a cheery beginning, humorously describing Billy, who couldn't make himself stay in one situation if he heard there was a better one somewhere else. From selling newspapers to curling ostrich feathers he flitted, after the nature of the butterfly, and we leave him working a lift, having been sobered down by marriage. The book is full of good

things, and if any one wants a few smiling moments, let him turn to the sketch entitled "Harmony and Discords," which describes the coming and going of Mrs. Hutch's piano.

IN THE BORDER COUNTRY.

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

In the guise of fiction the author of this remarkable little book has set forth a great message of hope and encouragement to the modern woman of every civilised nationality. The story—for the taste of to-day insists that there must be a story—tells of three crises in the life of a woman artist. "The first lesson"



From *Plant-Life: A Manual of Botany for Schools* (Sonnenschein). **A GIANT IN PLANT-LIFE**

shows the woman, already married, anxious not only to help her husband in his work, but herself to do like work and to leave a great reputation behind her. In the form of a sort of vision she passes through a deep spiritual experience which shows her definitely that it is her duty to "work with flesh and blood, as does God the Creator, not with paint and canvas, as does man the mimic." In "the next lesson" the same woman, burdened with household cares, is uplifted and cheered by another vision, which shows her the duty of cheerfulness and pride in her work, how there should be no pursuit of pleasure outside that work. "The last lesson" shows that there can be no idleness when the work of the family is done: then is the time to instil her spirit into others who are yet at the beginning of life. The three little allegories are written with much beauty and delicacy of phrasing, and the author is to be heartily congratulated upon a great success. The book is charmingly illustrated and decorated by Miss Clara Elsen Peck. It is not often that we care for fiction with a purpose, but we most willingly make an exception for "In the Border Country." It is a most impressive little book.

CHANGING CHINA.

By the REV. LORD WILLIAM GASCOYNE-CECIL. 10s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

Lord William Cecil, who has been assisted in the writing of his book by Lady Florence Cecil, went to China in 1909 on behalf of the China Emergency Committee in order to "sound the Chinese Government and to see whether it



From *Fighting the Slave Hunters* (Scribner's Co.)

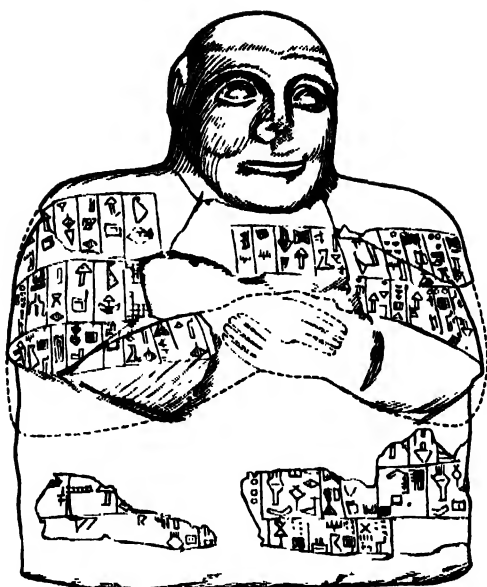
GATHERING MONEY.

would be favourable to the United Universities Scheme." The results of that journey, containing both the author's views upon the United Universities Scheme and his vivid impressions of life in the China of the present day, are published in this handsome volume. The author has an excellent descriptive ability, which, combined with an attractive style and a clear and open-minded observation, makes his book very attractive reading. The chapters upon "Chinese Civilisation" and "Railways and Rivers"



From *Changing China* (Nisbet).

NEW CHINA: STREET IN SHANGHAI.



From History of Sumer and Akkad
(Chatto & Windus).
FIGURE OF LUPAD, A HIGH OFFICIAL
OF THE CITY OF UMMU.
(In the Louvre.)

will be found of especial interest, but none of the book should be "skipped." There are numerous interesting photographs, and a railway map of China.

TO ABYSSINIA, THROUGH AN UNKNOWN LAND.

By CAPTAIN C. H. STIGAND. With Illustrations. 16s. net
(Seeley & Co.)

In these days a fine economy may be exercised in the home, if many such volumes as "To Abyssinia" are



From From the Thames to the Seine
(Chatto & Windus).
THE OLD WATCH TOWER,
CALAIS.

written, for fathers and sons will be able to find what each needs in one and the same book. Adventure after adventure, danger, risk, escape, if any boy wants more than he finds here he must be hard to please. At the same time travel information, the ways and habits of tribes, the geographical description of the country, the practical details of a splendid march through unknown tracts, all these are here for the general inquirer or the serious student. Mr. Stigand possesses undoubtedly the traits necessary for a pioneer explorer, and that he not only carried his own intentions through to a successful end, but that he induced his guides and men to perform their part also in the face of fearful odds—the killing heat, the awful drought, the long marches, and the uncertainty of life from day to day—is a fine proof of his



From A.B.C. of Collecting
Old English Pottery
(Stanley Paul).

FAMOUS SOLON PLAQUES.
From the William Hemmell sale,
Derby, March, 1909.

courage, his organisation, his influence, and his patience. The book is one which must not be omitted from the reading of any future traveller between the highlands of British East Africa and Southern Abyssinia, that wonderful tract of lonely, unknown land. We reproduce an illustration showing one of the more peaceful scenes of the journey.

FIGHTING THE SLAVE-HUNTERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

By ALFRED J. SWANN. With Illustrations. 16s. net.
(Seeley.)

Mr. Swann's experience of Central Africa stands over twenty-six years, from 1882 to 1909. During this period he was chiefly, in fact almost solely, occupied in the suppression of the slave trade. Few people have had the experience of Mr. Swann, and certainly none of those who

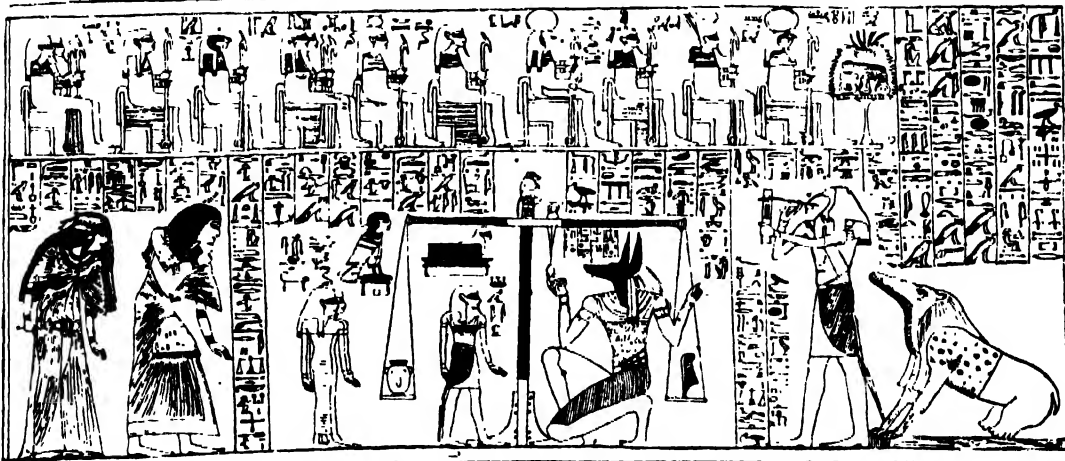
have have had so happy a literary ability. His book, which is written in an easy manner and with a keen eye for dramatic effect, is, in the stock phrase, "as interesting as a novel." Frankly, it is a great deal more interesting than most novels. Only scant justice can be done to "Fighting the Slave-Hunters" in this brief note, but we would draw the reader's attention especially to the tragic little story of the duel between two suitors for the hand of a young girl. This duel was permitted on the explicit understanding that no body or head wounds were to be inflicted, and that the victor was to be he who first drew blood from an arm or leg of his adversary. Mr. Swann himself was referee, and his description of the fight is most interesting. Unfortunately the wrong man won, and the



From A.B.C. of Collecting
Old English Pottery
(Stanley Paul).

WEDGWOOD WARE
From Mr. A. M. Broadley's Collection.

girl's real lover was defeated. The sequel was the girl's suicide that night, an act which Mr. Swann witnessed from a distance. This little story is told by Mr. Swann with a real pathos. All of his tales are happily not so tragic, but all are equally well worth telling. This is one of the most fascinating books of African reminiscences that we have read—one which is sure, we are glad to think, to have a great success.



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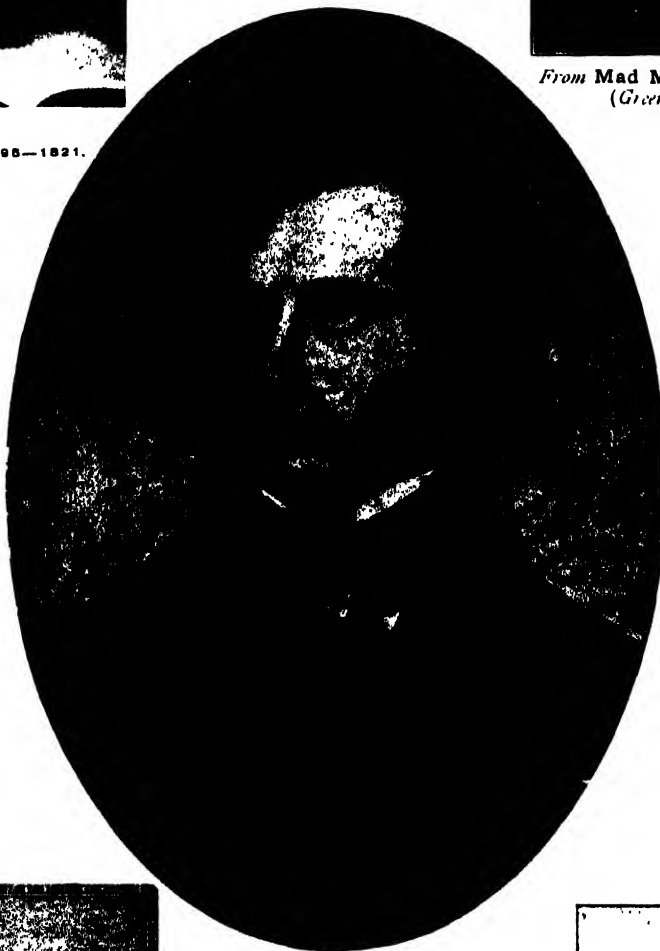
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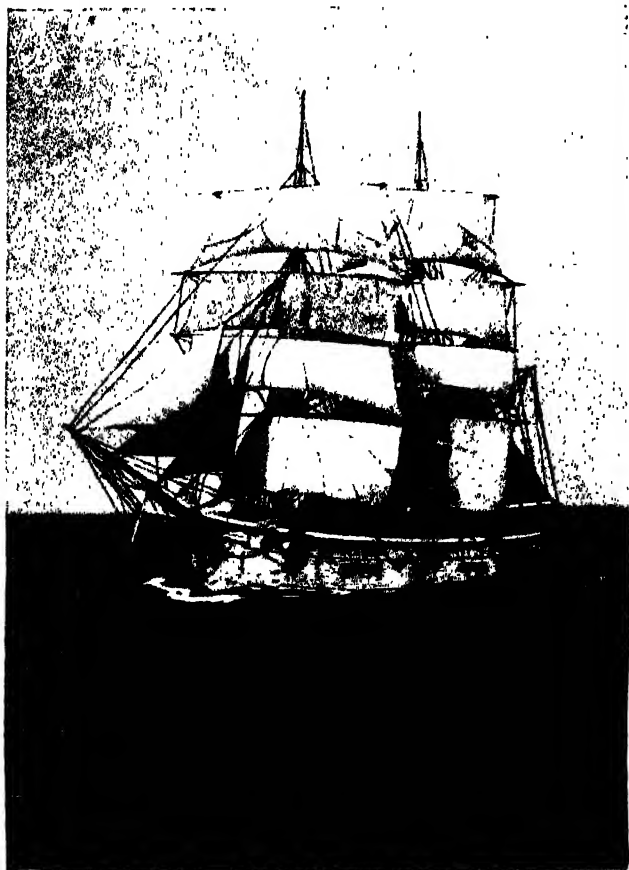
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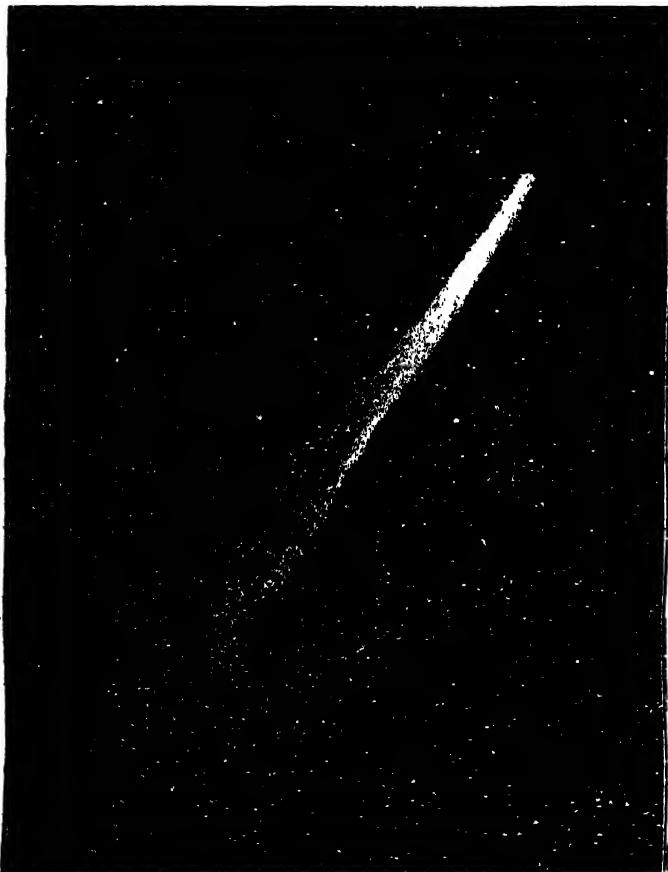
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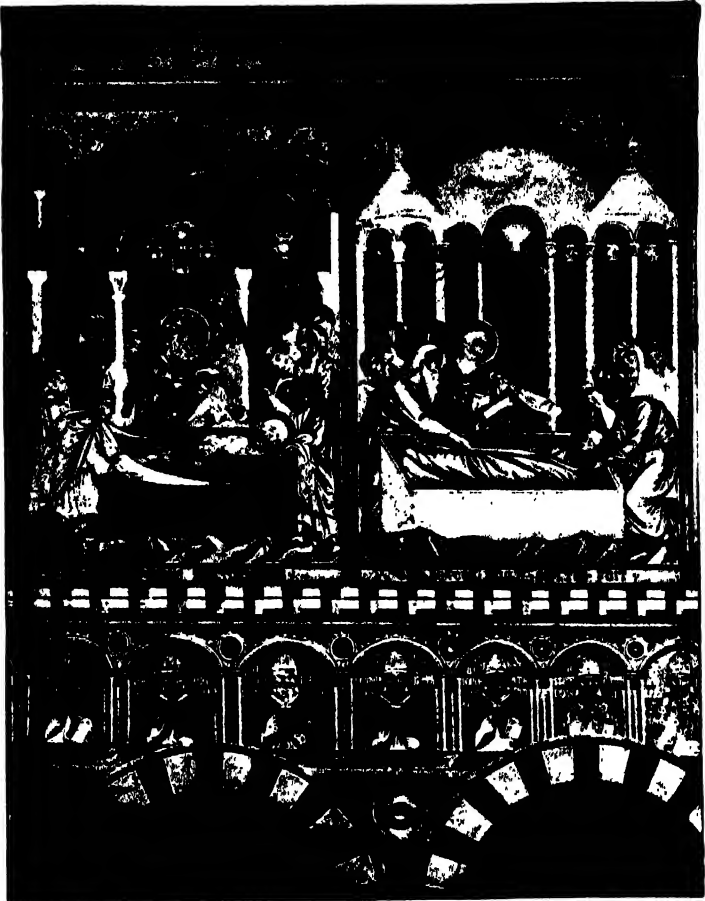
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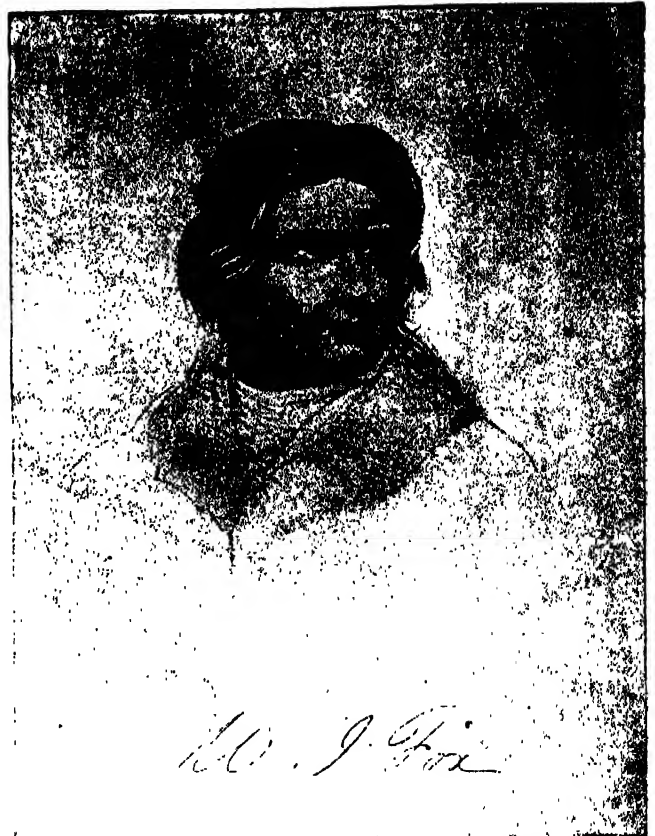
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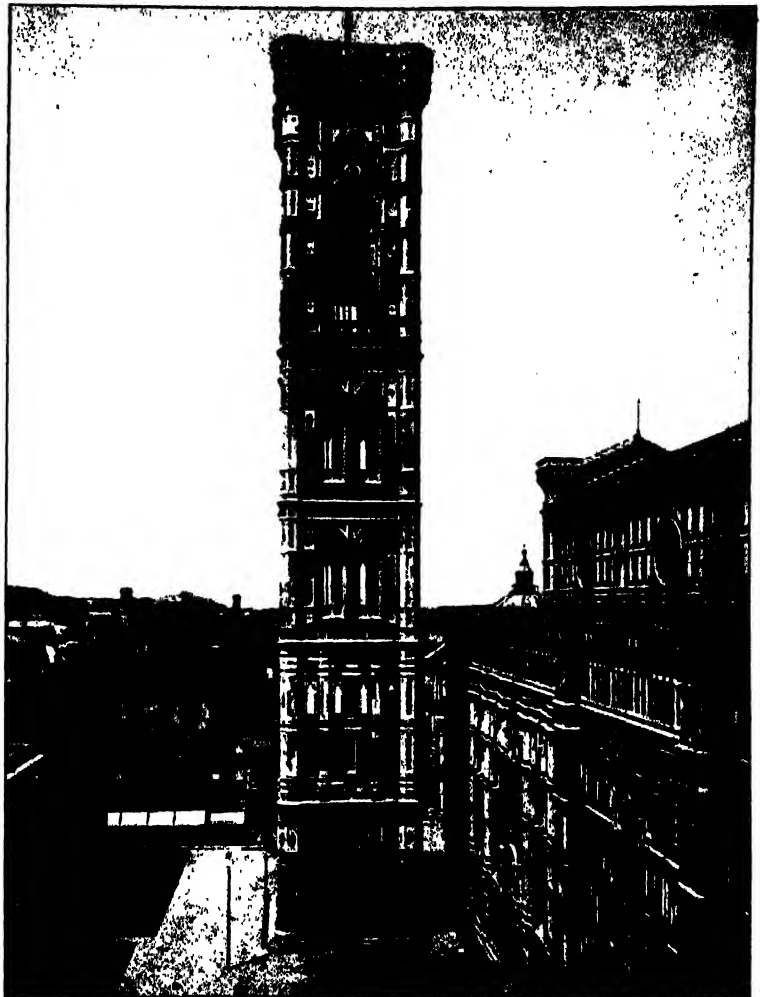
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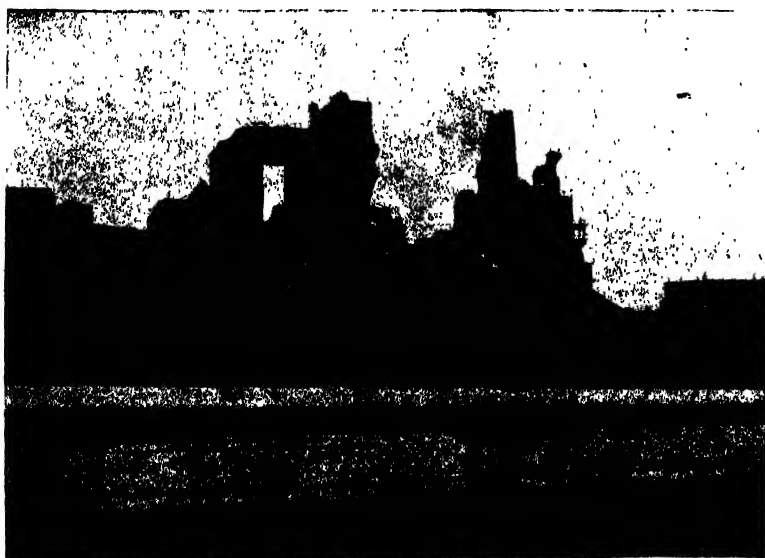
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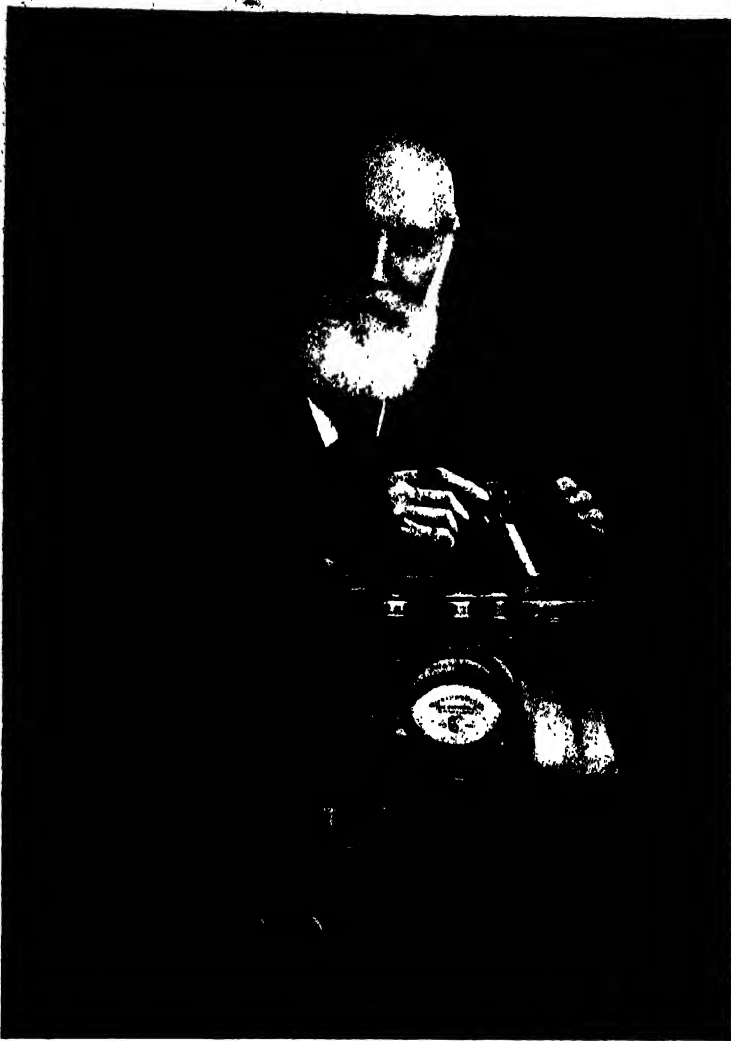
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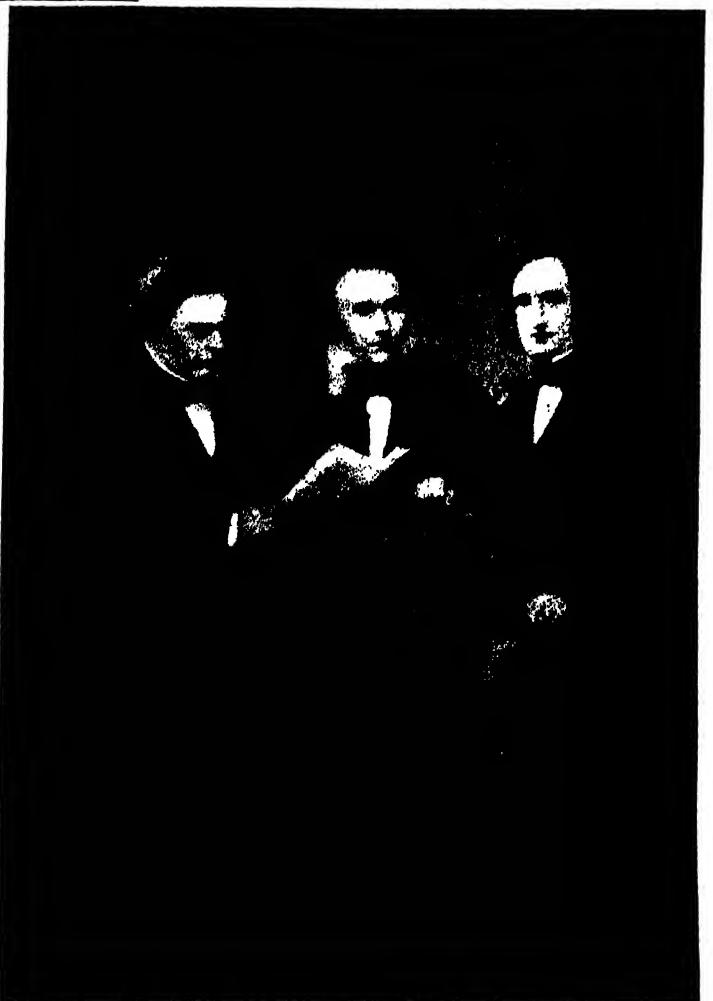
From The Life of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs
(Macmillan).
LORD KELVIN AND HIS COMPASS.
Photograph by Annan,
Glasgow, 1902.

and announced before the whole company, 'Lord of the World, you have forgotten your trousers!'" Alike for its anecdotes and its personal memories of famous or interesting people, this is every way an amusing and very attractive book.

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By SILVANUS P. THOMPSON. 2 Vols. 30s. net.
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over the mishaps which befell the author. Those who have tried amateur farming will also be vastly entertained, but they will understand how easily those mishaps occur. The book is not all mishaps, however, and there are times when the author laughs last. "The more I considered the matter," he says, "the more I became convinced that the representations of the beautifully illustrated nature-magazines, the seductive stories in Sunday paper supplements, farm and garden pamphlets, seed catalogues, etc., etc., were a trifle overdrawn." So he sets himself to show his readers the other side of the picture. He does not cure them, though, of all desire to try farming. The end seems well worth the experience, even if one has taken that experience the wrong way. But the author takes it the right way, and that is why his book is an entertainment full of humour and good laughs. Summing up at the end he says, "Now, what have I done for myself? I have to a great extent lost my irritability. I have opened a large house to my friends and guests, have had my table furnished with my own vegetables, eggs, milk, cream, and butter. I have hardened my hands, cured my digestion, and benefited every member of my family." We think the farmer has fully proved his wisdom.

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From *The Danger Mark*
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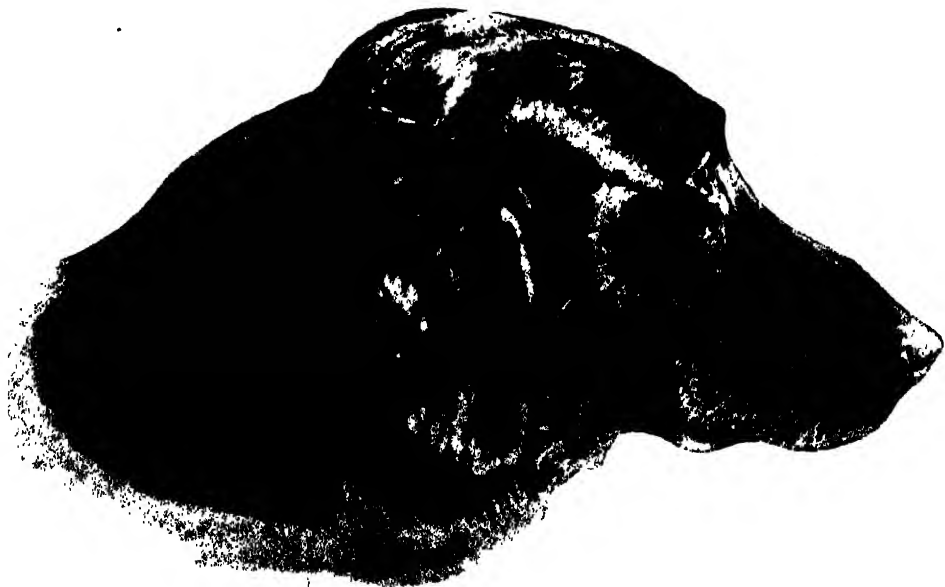
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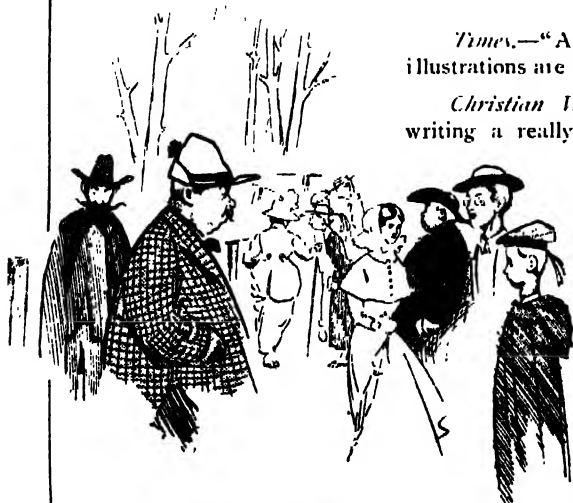
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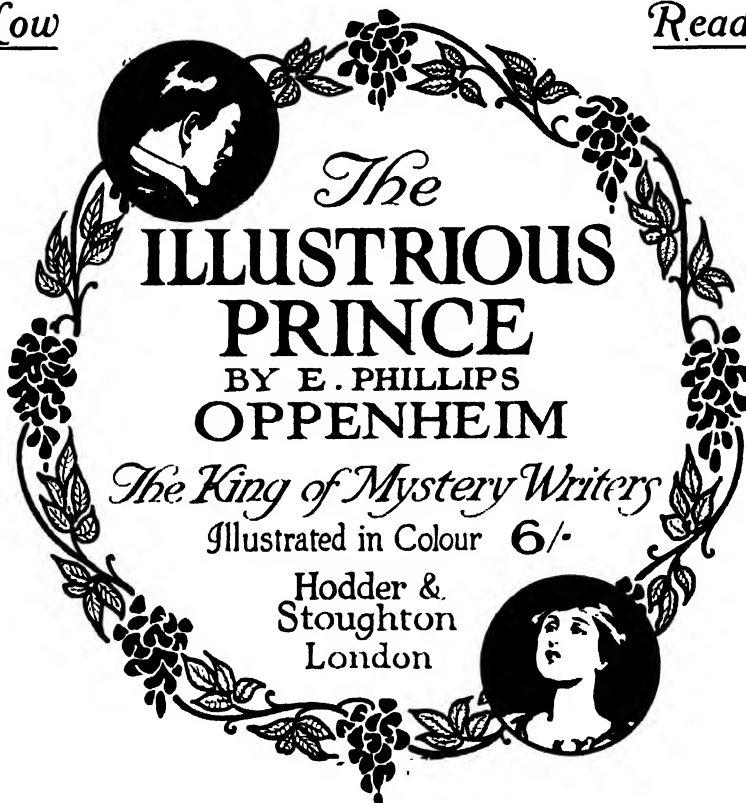
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News Notes.

The news of Mark Twain's death last month was received with deep and wide-spread regret among all English-speaking peoples. For years past he has been the most outstanding and representative literary figure in America, and ample evidence was given of the affection and esteem that was felt for him in this country during his visit to us in 1907. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of his other books, there is no doubt that in "Tom Sawyer" and in "Huckleberry Finn" he has done work that will endure. But we shall attempt no detailed estimate of him at this moment. We are publishing next month a Mark Twain number of THE BOOKMAN, and shall hope there to do justice to the personality and the writings of America's greatest humorist. Among the special articles in the June number will be one on "The Humour of Mark Twain," by Barry Pain.

The April BOOKMAN, a special Maeterlinck Number, has brought us a very charmingly appreciative note from M. Maeterlinck, of which the

following is a translation: "I thank you with all my heart for the very remarkable and complete number which you have devoted to me. It will remain one of the most precious and most artistic souvenirs of my literary life. I have personally thanked my old friend Alfred Sutro for his share in the production. Will you be good enough to pass on the expression of my gratitude to those who, following him, have spoken with so much kindness of my work; especially to Mr. Holbrook Jackson, whose study is one of the most accurate and most penetrating which have been written about me; and to Miss Jane T. Stoddart, of whom I have preserved so pleasant a memory, and who has spoken with such friendly competence of the least known part of my writings."

"The Blue Bird" continues its triumphant career at the Haymarket under Mr. Herbert Trench's direction, and there is little doubt it will only be withdrawn at last to be revived again next winter. We hear, by the way, that there is prospect of another performance being given of Mr. Herbert Trench's "Apollo and the Seaman." The work was performed at the Queen's Hall a little over two years ago, the music to Mr. Trench's poem being written by Mr. Joseph Holbrook, and the performance carried out by the New Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Thomas Beecham.



Photo by Dover Street Studios. Miss Enid Rose as "Light" in "The Blue Bird."

Among the portraits in our last number was one purporting to show Miss Enid Rose as Light in "The Blue Bird." By an unfortunate error, it seems the wrong portrait was sent to us, and we have much pleasure in publishing now an authentic portrait of Miss Enid Rose in the part she has played at every performance of "The Blue Bird" since its production at the Haymarket.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) arrives in London on the 1st, and purposes visiting Stratford on the 5th inst., to attend the first performance of her friend Miss Josephine Peabody's prize play, a poetic drama called "The Piper." Mrs. Riggs has consented to act as one of the honorary stewards at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund on May 7.

Violet Tweedale, author of many clever novels, the latest of which, "Hypocrites and Sinners," has just been published by Mr. John Long, was born and brought up in an atmosphere of books. As the eldest daughter of the late Robert Chambers, editor of *Chambers's Journal*, and head of the famous publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, she was in very early life initiated into the worlds of literature and art. At the age of sixteen she was a reader for the *Journal* and assisted her father in his literary labours. She was never educated in the literal sense of the term; as one of a large family not at

that time greatly blessed with worldly goods, with a delicate mother, and a father who made constant demands on her time, she had no leisure for much schooling. When Robert Chambers died in 1888, the monetary condition of the family had considerably improved, and he left his daughter financially independent. She moved to London in 1889 and began at once to write for the Press, giving her days to literature and her evenings to rescue work in the East End. Robert Browning, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Gladstone, and many other men of mark in literary and political circles were numbered among her friends, and her home in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, was a rendezvous for men and women who represented the advanced thought of the time. Her first novel, "And They Two," was published in 1889. In 1891 she married Clarens Tweedale, of Balquholly, Aberdeenshire, and in her husband has found an invaluable literary helpmate. In 1898 appeared "The Kingdom of Mammon," a novel that caused much discussion, and enjoys a continuing popularity. Mr. John Long, who has already published ten of her novels, is now Mrs. Violet Tweedale's sole publisher.

Messrs. Dent have published a new edition of Milton's "Comus," edited with notes and a memoir by the Lady Alix Egerton. This edition of the masque has been taken from the original manuscript at Bridgewater House, the Bridgewater MS. differ-



Photo by Maude A. Craig-Halkett, Leamington.

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Mrs. Havelock Ellis.

ing largely from the version hitherto published, and containing the text used for the performance of "Comus" at Ludlow Castle in 1634

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing a volume of essays by Mrs. Havelock Ellis on "Three Modern Seers"—the essays being an exposition of the teaching of Nietzsche, James Hinton, and Edward Carpenter. Mrs. Ellis, who has done much notable work as novelist, dramatist, journalist, and ethical lecturer, lives in Cornwall, where for eleven years she combined farming with the letting of artistically furnished cottages. She had to abandon the farming in consequence of a weak heart, but she still lets cottages to visitors, and intends some day to make a book of her strange experiences in that line. She declares that she no longer wonders that landladies become either vampires or—bankrupts. Her lodging-house keeping and farming were, she says, a reaction against much lecturing and "tall talking" on ethical lines, and brought her acquainted with the very primitive folk who figure in "My Cornish Neighbours."

Messrs. Gay & Hancock are publishing this month "South African Snapshots for English Girls," a little book written specially for "superfluous daughters" by Miss Eleanor Tyrrell.

In addition to her children's serial, "The Magic City," which is appearing serially in the *Strand*

and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan in the autumn, E. Nesbit (Mrs. Bland) is engaged upon a play for children. In this she is departing from the tradition of such plays, for hers will be more like a dramatised novel for children than like the dramatised fairy story that at present obtains. E. Nesbit's new novel, "Fear," which is to be published this month, deals with the terror felt by human beings in particular situations, and while the subject is not entirely that of ghostly fear, lovers of the supernatural in fiction will find that in this story she has not been unmindful of them. She is busy also on two other novels that are nearing completion: one a tale in the same *genre* as her "Salome and the Head," the other domestic in atmosphere and more resembling her popular story of "The Red House."

Writing on Mr. A. L. Haydon's book, "The Riders of the Plains" (Melrose), in THE BOOKMAN Spring Supplement, our reviewer hazarded a guess that Mr. Haydon was the author also of "Twenty-five years' Soldiering in South Africa," by a Colonial Officer. Mr. Haydon writes: "I would I were the anonymous author of this excellent book; unhappily I am not. I have said anonymous author, but really the secret is out, and I know that 'A Colonial Officer' is Captain Harry Vernon Woon, late of the Cape Mounted Rifles."

The *Thrush* is the only magazine in this country that is devoted particularly to poetry, and the May number contains some excellent work by writers known and unknown. Among the latter is "The Road of Life," by Ianthe B. Jerrold—a very remarkable poem, considering that the author

**Mrs. E. Nesbit Bland.**

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

is not yet in her teens. It tersely and vividly describes how the young dreamer was wakened from sleep one night and led to the summit of a hill whence she could see a long road winding away into the fardistance, and at the end of it



Mrs. Hope Huntly,

whose new novel "Kami-no-Michi, the Way of the Gods in Japan" (Kebman), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

"a Face—so full of heavenly love
My heart stopped beating—looked down from above.
It looked upon this road with smile so sweet
That soft footfalls of many weary feet
Seemed running towards it, and it seemed to say—
'Oh, come to me all ye who are astray,
For I am Death, and in my arms so blest
Ye may sink down, and after life have rest.'"

In this case heredity evidently counts for something, for Miss Ianthe Jerrold is one of Mr. Walter Jerrold's daughters, and a great-granddaughter of Douglas Jerrold.

"The Marriage Ring" is the title of a new novel by Mr. F. J. Cox which Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing this month. The title is taken from Jeremy Taylor's volume of sermons of the same name. The story is an attempt to deal honestly with certain crises arising out of the weakening of the tie of marriage owing to the slipping away of the world from religion, the points of view contrasted being the sacramental idea of the bond and the conception of marriage purely as a civil contract. As in Mr. Cox's two earlier novels, "The Stranger Within the Gate" and "The Forbidden Way," the scene of "The Marriage Ring" is laid in Gloucestershire, in which county he was born. Mr. Cox has contributed largely to *Punch* and is well known in journalistic circles; his two former novels met with considerable success at the hands both of critics and the public; he has published also a book of excellent light verse, "Songs of the Car," and one of serious verse—but this latter he counts among his youthful indiscretions and has sternly suppressed it.

Mr. Lovat Fraser, whose clever caricature of Mr. Zangwill we reproduce on this page, is the son of a well-known City solicitor. His remarkable gift for caricature has hitherto been known only to his friends, but a wider publicity in the form of an exhibition is promised him in the near future. In January last he issued privately a small rectangular

volume containing six of his drawings printed in black and coloured by hand; amongst these appeared the caricature of Mr. Zangwill, the others being of Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. Oscar Asche, Lord Roberts, and Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P. Until three years ago Mr. Fraser was a scholar at Charterhouse, and his ability is all the more striking when it is remembered that even now he is only just out of his teens, having been born in Kensington in 1890.

"Downward" is Mrs. M. C. Braby's first novel, and she confesses that she begins to fear it may be misunderstood, since some have accused her of attacking the nursing profession merely because she gives a picture of a nursing home exactly as she found it. Her picture is drawn from personal experience, and she points out that there are in her story two nurses of noble character to balance the three who are not noble. Mrs. Braby has a new novel under contemplation, and says that once an idea really takes hold upon her she can do her writing anywhere, even in the nursery with her three children, whose ages range from six months to six years. She looks forward to writing a book about children some day, if only with the object of crushing those childless people who are continually instructing her as to how she ought to bring up her own.



Mr. Israel Zangwill.

As seen by Mr. Lovat Fraser in 1910.



Mrs. Churton Braby.

Mrs. Braby was born in China, educated at an Anglican convent in England, and later in Germany, and is married to a London solicitor. She has been writing stories ever since she was a child, and had the first one published when she was seventeen. For two or three years after that nearly all her work was rejected, including two long novels which she wrote, re-wrote, typed, and re-typed untiringly. Nevertheless, she thinks editors were "nicer" in those days, for she thought nothing of calling upon them and they invariably received her with kindness and courtesy. "I remember Mr. J. Nicoll Dunn, at that date editor of *Black and White*," she says, "explaining to me with the utmost gentleness that there were no vacancies on his staff for persons aged eighteen who could do 'everything'! Mr. Clement Shorter, too, was extremely kind to me, and Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, then editing a monthly magazine, actually read a story of mine whilst I waited, and accepted it then and there." Her first considerable success came when the *Strand Magazine* paid her fifteen guineas for an article they had commissioned. Later, she made progress as a journalist and became a successful interviewer, some of her most important subjects being Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Stead, who still calls her, she says, "his best and only interviewer." Mrs. Braby's first published book, written in collaboration with an authoress who has now become famous, appeared anonymously in 1903. The first book under her own name was "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It," published by Mr. Werner Laurie two years ago, and just reissued in a popular shilling edition.

Messrs. Blackwood are publishing shortly a new historical romance, "The Pilgrim," by Mr. Arthur Lewis. The scene is laid in Rome of the eleventh century, and the conclusion of the story takes place

amid the final ruin of the city at the hands of Robert Guiscard, the Norman. Mr. Lewis is known as the author of several notable books of verse; this, we believe, is his first published essay in prose romance.

Probably no English author living knows more about the life of modern France than Miss Betham-Edwards. Readers of her "Anglo-French Reminiscences," "East of Paris," and "Home Life in France," will be glad to know that she has completed a new volume of intimate studies, called "French Men, Women and Books," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing immediately.

Having firmly established the success of their Sevenpenny Library of reprinted novels, Messrs. Nelson have embarked upon a more ambitious venture and have started a series of new two-shilling novels by popular authors. The first three, which were published last month, are "Second String," by Anthony Hope; "Fortune," by J. C. Snaith; and "The History of Mr. Polly," by H. G. Wells, and in each case these writers have given us of their very best. This excellent beginning is to be followed up during May with "Daisy's Aunt," by E. F. Benson, and the list of other volumes to be added to the series monthly until the end of the year are by such authors as H. A. Vachell, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, John Buchan, "Q," Agnes and Egerton Castle, John Masefield, and George A. Birmingham. There are prophets who say it will be impossible to

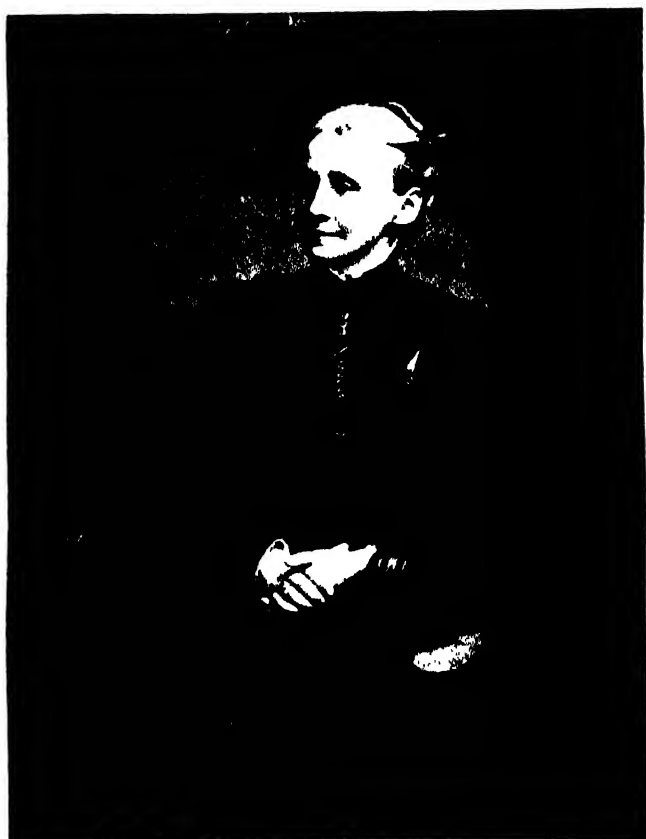


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Betham-Edwards.

include the work of new and unknown novelists in this series; that their names guaranteeing nothing, the public would not buy them in sufficient quantities to be profitable to either author or publishers; and that if the success of the two-shilling means the extinction of the six-shilling novel, as the success of the six-shilling novel meant the extinction of the old three-decker, there are going to be much harder times than ever ahead for the budding novelist. That is as may be; the older and tried novelists cannot live for ever, and it is not to be supposed that the series will perish with them; in the meantime the public are to be congratulated on the fact that Messrs. Nelson are offering them good novels by some of the best living novelists as well printed and bound as if the price of them had never been reduced.

Our plate portrait of Mr. G. K. Chesterton is from a crayon drawing by Mr. Alfred Priest, and the portrait of Mr. Chesterton on the cover is from a life-size painting by the same artist, with whose kind permission both are here reproduced. For permission to reproduce others of the portraits and illustrations in this number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Chesterton, senr., Mr. Joseph Simpson, Mr. D. J. Rider, the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Holbrook Jackson, Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Harpers, Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., Mr. George S. Elgood, R.I., Mr. J. Aumonier, R.I., Mr. E. Davies, R.I., Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., Messrs. Williams & Norgate, Mr. Werner Laurie, Mr. Lovat Fraser, Messrs. Methuen, and Messrs. Mills & Boon.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best quatrain describing favourably or otherwise any seaside holiday resort.
- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss MARY E. MEREDITH, of 342, Stewart Street, Ottawa, Canada, for the following:

A GUIDE TO MEREDITH. BY JAMES MOFFATT.

"He gave a nod, and then a wink,
And told me to get there
'Straight down the crooked Lane
And all round the Square.'"

THOMAS HOOD, *A Plain Direction*.

We also select for printing:

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE. BY M. MAETERLINCK.

"I often wish that I had clear
For life six hundred pound a year,
A handsome house to lodge my friend,
A river at my garden's end."—SWIFT.

(Ada Creber Coles, 5 Arden Street, Atherstone, Warwickshire.)

REST AND UNREST. BY EDWARD THOMAS.

"At night to his own sharp lances a prey,
He lies like a hedgehog roll'd up the wrong way
Tormenting himself with his prickles."

HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*.

(Rev. R. F. Cobbold, Beachampton Rectory, Stony Stratford.)

AN INTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP BY E. L. VOYNICH.

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love
But—why did you kick me downstairs?"

J. P. KEMBLE.

(Miss Kathleen Knox, II, Hughenden Avenue, Antrim Road, Belfast.)

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF SCULPTURE. BY G. F. HILL.

"There are statues gracing
This noble place in
All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair,
Bold Neptune, Caesar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air!"

FRANCIS MAHONY, *The Groves of Blarney*.

(Johannes C. Andersen, Box 104, P.O., Christchurch, New Zealand.)

SELF HELP. BY S. SMILES, LL.D.

"He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum."—*Nursery Rhyme*.

(Mrs. M. A. Pocock, 2, Aldin Villas, Yeovil; and Miss Alice Burt, Ayr Villa, Yeovil.)

- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best three original epigrams applicable to the works or personalities of any three living authors is awarded to Miss E. A. PEARSON, of Heath House, Fleet, Hants, for the following:

MR. BERNARD SHAW

makes Truth appear so naked the virtuous are shocked.

MR. J. M. BARRIE

charms us with his art he never so artless.

MISS MARIE CORELLI:

Her works are so popular that with some they are unpopular.

Some of the epigrams sent in are very poor indeed, but creditable attempts have been received also from Kitty Gallagher (Newport, Mon.), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Nora Sarniock (Portishead), H. W. Wagstaff (Woolwich), T. H. Ashelford (Bradford), Miss N. E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), T. Ewing (Cambridge), and Joan Harvey Hall (Aboyne, N.B.).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to EVELYN M. ABBOTT, of The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire, for the following:

ACCORDING TO MARIA. By Mrs. JOHN LANE. (John Lane.)

"According to Maria" the object of life was social advancement; scheming and heartless, consistently vulgar, she is the type of the Pushtul Person bent on entering "Society." Maria ultimately realises the latter half of her ambition ("I do hope I shall live to know the best people and keep a butler"). Her upward journey from Brixton to Baywater (*via* West Kensington) is recorded with Mrs. Lane's well-known vivacity and lightness of touch. With the chronicle of Maria's social aspirations is interwoven a pretty romance, that of her daughter, Diana. The book sparkles with humour and abounds in amusing situations.

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

THE COURT OF A SAINT. By WINIFRED F. KNOW. (Methuen.)

Drawn with critical sympathy, the fruit of much thought and research, is the figure of that royal monk who was no priest-ridden king, that visionary to whose statesmanship all Europe appealed, that humble Christian who brooked "but one king in France," Louis IX. It is a first book of which the author may well be proud, for though further pruning would have relieved the style of pining repetitions and ambiguity, all is told so well that the thirteenth century, of high ideals and low practice, becomes intelligible to the twentieth, when ideals and practice almost correspond in mediocrity.

(Miss E. O. Browne, College Green, Worcester.)

TOWER OF IVORY. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. (Murray.)

A brilliantly clever novel, with an exceptionally morbid ending. The character study of John Ordham, a young English aristocrat, is a fine piece of workmanship, and although the framework of the story is somewhat ordinary, yet the figures on the canvas are vastly interesting. One feels sorry the hero is

cast to play the threadbare theme of a faithless husband, and that, too, in an exceptionally callous fashion; the siren in this case being an operative artiste of unique dramatic powers. One wishes, on closing the book, that John Ordham had been given a nobler rôle.

(J. Tregenza, 24, Coleman Street, London, E.C.)

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT. By BARONESS ORCZY. (Hutchinson.)

There can be little doubt that this is a novel "with a purpose"; it seems to be addressed to suffragettes and women who wish to rule in state affairs. The scene is laid in the reign of Louis XV. when women had complete dominion over the French Court; we see how unscrupulous they are to gain their ends; how incapable they are of forming unbiased judgments of men; and how even the best—like Lydie—are bound to fail because their affections and sentiments sway their actions. This teaching, however, is too unobtrusive to mar an exceedingly pretty historical romance.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 12, Landenham Terrace, Weston-super-Mare.)

THE BALL AND THE CROSS. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

In the guise of a novel with a singularly original plot Mr. Chesterton confronts Atheism and Christianity in the persons of a freethinking editor and a young Scotsman—Catholic mystic and Jacobite. There is not a little humour in the suggestion that their difference should be decided, as an atton of honour, by a duel, an appeal to the method of "right is might." The series of extraordinary adventures that follows makes entertaining reading and gives full scope to Mr. Chesterton's powers of paradox, while one scene—the "museum of souls," is a masterpiece of horror.

(H. S. Elless, 12, Comeragh Road, West Kensington.)

We specially commend also the reviews of Emily Shore (Worthing), Constance N. Kerr (East Lothian), R. B. Beckett (Mitcham Park), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Lucy M. Peaton (Great Yarmouth), L. Hope (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Adalbert P. Curtis (Dudley), Mrs. V. Howell (Doncaster), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), H. W. Cornelius (Ipswich), L. Welby (Shanklin), and Jess Pescod (Aylesbury).

IV The PRIZE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss N. E. GOODBODY, of Inchmore, Clara, King's Co., Ireland.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

May 1 to June 1, 1910.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons.

ARYELL, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF, and J. D. REES, M.P. Canada India. The first two volumes of the British Empire Series. 6s. net per volume.
FAHY, MINA. St. Clement's. A Story of School Life. 6s.
HODGSON, F. C. History of Venice. 10s. net.
MACDONELL, AMIEL. Historical Plays. Magna Charta Edward III. Caxton. The Good Queen. The Crusaders. (Second Series.) Paper Covers. 6d. each net.
SCOTT, MELVILLE, B.D. The Atonement. 2s. 6d. net and 5s. net.
VAUGHAN, FATHER BERNARD. Life Lessons from Joan of Arc. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

CONWAY, SIR MARTIN. The Alps. Illustrated from Photographs by L. Edna Walter, B.Sc., A.C.G.I. 3s. 6d. net.
DOBSON, G., and F. DE HAENEN. St. Petersburg. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
DUCKWORTH, F., and E. HARRISON COMPTON. Chester. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
FLEMWELL, G. Alpine Flowers and Gardens. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
VARTLEY, REV. TELFORD, M.A., B.Sc., and WILFRID BALD, R.E. Winchester. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.

Mell & Co.

ANDOM, R.—Four Men with a Van. 6d.
GIBSON, ALFRED. London and a Girl. 6s.
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HAY, PROF. ALFRED, D.Sc., M.I.E.E.—Electrical Distributing Networks and Transmission Lines. 10s. 6d. net.
HOCKING, SILAS.—Who Shall Judge? 3s. 6d.
IRVING, HENRY.—How to Know the Trees. 3s. 6d.

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MARCHMONT, A. W.—At the Call of Honour. 6s.
PHILLIPOTS, EDEN. The Statue. 1s. net.
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Cassell's Guide to London. 6d.
Cassell's Magazine. Spring Vol. 5s.
Cooking by Gas. 1s. net.
Royal Academy Pictures. Volume. Paper covers, 3s. net; cloth, 5s. net.

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"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

WHEN the reviewer has waded for his sins through some half-dozen essays in neuroticism, skipped a couple of detective tales, and thrown down his critical pen in despair on the perusal of a story about a girl, an aeroplane, and the Emperor of Russia, he sometimes encounters a nice, healthy romance that might have been written round the people next door. If he be wise he will then put his feet on the mantelpiece, read the book all the way through, and feel very much better for it. There are plenty of people with the writing gift who can tell stories like this, but I wonder there are not more. The public like them, the publishers like them, and the next thing is that you see them in sevenpenny editions. Therefore I conclude that healthy fiction-writing pays almost as well as the other kind. All of us realise that ordinary people are much the nicest and most comfortable kind of people to know, either in the flesh or in the pages of a capable author. I exclude, of course, the horrible caricature of the commonplace person who pursues his or generally her--ill-starred course through the weary length of the new kind of realistic novel. One notices a sort of boom in stories that exploit the woes of drapers'-assistants and the tribulations of young women who serve in A.B.C. shops.

But even this kind of author cannot be true to himself, or to life. Invariably, when his young woman has been sufficiently ill-treated for the public to realise the crying evils inherent in yet another department of our social system, she marries some kind of middle-class duke. Which points merely to a pathetic recrudescence of the influence of that dear old lady novelist, Mr. Samuel Richardson.

It was in something approximating to the mental condition outlined in the preceding paragraph that I once encountered a novel by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. I forget which one it was, but remember there were some very jolly English girls in it, and some very ridiculous foreign young men, of the type that graces the drawing-rooms of a thousand Bloomsbury boarding-houses. I believe that "problems" did develop in

the course of the story, but am very sure that they adjusted themselves without any nastiness. Innocence in pigtailed might have read it, and assuredly did so, with impunity and profit. I enjoyed it very much myself. So, I think, did all its other readers. There is, by the way, a foreign element in nearly all Mrs. Sidgwick's stories. She was born in London, but her name used to be Miss Cicely Ullmann, and both her parents were German. Most of the people who came to her father's house were either Germans or Austrians, and though brought up in England, she was regularly taken on long visits to the Fatherland. She thinks, however, that it is through the German friends amongst whom she grew up in London, rather than through her remembrances of German scenes, that she knows the ways of its people so well. Many BOOKMAN readers, I am sure, know that delightful volume of hers published two years ago, "Home Life in Germany."

Mrs. Sidgwick tells me that she enjoyed the usual educational privileges through the usual agencies of governesses and day schools. No one informed her that she was a genius, nor did she betray the fact to her friends and relations. In 1883 she married Mr. Alfred Sidgwick, a Professor of Logic, and went to live in

Manchester. Mr. Sidgwick, it may be mentioned, is the author of several standard works on his own subject, among them "Fallacies," "The Distinction and Criticism of Beliefs," "The Process of Argument," and "The Use of Words in Reasoning." In 1886 they moved to Skipton-in-Craven in Yorkshire. There, as I imagine, Mrs. Sidgwick began to write books herself.

Beginners, she declares, often ask her whether or not she had the usual difficulty in getting on. She finds it hard to answer that question. Her first two books found a publisher without any delay at all, but her bad time came before then. She wrote many short stories, and encountered very little good fortune in disposing of them. The editor of *Blackwood's* was good enough to praise one. But he did not take



Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

it. "On those few encouraging words," said Mrs. Sidgwick, "I lived for some years." Her first magazine success was with an article on Franzos that came out in the *Cornhill* some time during 1883. Then, after many attempts, she became a real journalist, to the extent of contributing a weekly Chit-Chat column on poultry to *Fowls*. That brought in the regular if exiguous emolument of ten shillings.

Very naturally Mrs. Sidgwick was anxious to accomplish something that might justly be called serious. Eschewing poultry and foregoing the weekly cheque, she worked hard for two or three years on a biography of Caroline Schlegel. It was finished in 1889, forwarded to Mr. Fisher Unwin, and published forthwith. Its subject, as is well known, was among the wittiest and most charming of the band of gifted women leaders of the Romantic Movement on the Continent. She was three times married, first to an undistinguished but plodding German doctor, after his death to two famous men—Schlegel, from whom she was divorced, and Schelling. Had she never known a celebrated man, her letters, bright and sparkling as they are, would have been worth collection and publication. As it was, she was fortunate to have lived in the most brilliant epoch of the German literary revival. An intimate friend of most of the great men of her time and nation, she writes continually of events and persons that have become historic. It is in her correspondence that we see "poor Bürger dying in his garret, and Georg Forster, with the best intentions, mismanaging his own and other lives. We hear what Fichte's friends said when he was driven from Jena; we see him at Weimar drinking champagne with Caroline on the first night of 'Wallenstein.'" Hegel, too, flits through her pages, "not as the originator of a profound philosophical system, but rather as a young man agreeably attentive to ladies." Other pens have been busy enough with Goethe and Schiller, but from the many matter-of-fact allusions to their social and domestic affairs that occur in Caroline's letters, we are helped towards a realisation of them from the human side. This first book went well, as it deserved. "Yet," says Mrs. Sidgwick, "the Chit-Chat column was more profitable."

The same year saw the publication of a first novel, "Isaac Eller's Money," by Mrs. Andrew Dean. Mrs. Sidgwick took a pseudonym because, as she admits,

she feared the verdict of the press. No one could have been more surprised than herself, she is modest enough to avow, at the reception accorded to her initial efforts by the critics. Encouraged by so favourable a reception, she worked hard at one novel after another. "A Splendid Cousin," "Mrs. Finch-Brassey," "Lesser's Daughter," "The Grasshoppers," and "A Woman with a Future" appeared at yearly intervals from 1892 to 1896. From 1899 to 1907 she was busy with "Cousin Ivo," "The Inner Shrine," "Cynthia's Way," "The Thousand Eugenias," "The Beryl Stones," and "The Kinsman." In 1904 were published "Scenes of Jewish Life," and four years later "Home Life in Germany," both delightful books of their kind. Last year gave us "The Child's Book of Gardening" and "The Severins," Mrs. Sidgwick's latest and most successful novel. The story over which most time and trouble were spent was "The Beryl Stones," not, as it happens, one of its author's most successful ventures. "The Inner Shrine," "Cynthia's Way," and "The Severins" have eclipsed the rest where popular approval was concerned.

"The Thousand Eugenias" centres round the stock market, and there is a curious little anecdote connected with the writing of it. Five people went separately over the proofs. Its author was most anxious that the financial details should be correct in every particular. Here she received the careful assistance of her brother, who is himself a stock-broker, and another friend, also a member of the Exchange. Every detail was discussed minutely. Yet not one of the five who went through the manuscript with such care discovered that shortly after the end of a long confidential talk between two of the characters it was declared that they had never met. The *Times* reviewer "spotted" this point at once.

With the exception of a year spent in travel, four-fifths of Mrs. Sidgwick's life as an author has been passed in or about London, and it was only three years ago that she and her husband took possession of their present delightful home at St. Buryan, Cornwall. Mrs. Sidgwick is wise in the lore of flower-gardens and poultry-runs, as she has proved. Her admirers ought to be grateful that from such pleasant rural occupations she can still spare time and energy to write the novels whose good qualities I have discussed already.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON.

BY HENRY MURRAY.

THAT Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born in Kensington, where for a generation or two back his forbears had been honourably considered of their fellow-citizens, is one of that class of facts fitter to be dwelt upon by the author of the detailed biography which will certainly one day—may that day be long in coming—be written about him, than in this brief and modest little sketch. That he was born in the year 1874 is, for the moment, a circumstance more worthy of remark, because it impresses upon us that in this present year of grace, 1910, Mr. Chesterton is but thirty-six years old, which allows us to rejoice that for once a man of genius has attained to fame at an age when he is still young enough to enjoy it, and when he has still the best years of his life before him in which to consolidate and extend his claim upon our suffrages.

I speak of Mr. Chesterton as a man of genius. I use the phrase reluctantly, because it is one whose value has of late been severely discounted by its application to so many people who have no real right to be distinguished by it. It is a phrase of many meanings, but here for the moment it means that the person to whom I apply it is, in certain important respects, a man apart, a man who looks upon the world with his own eyes, unaided or untrammelled by anybody else's philosophical spectacles; who measures things by his own rule and compass, weighs them in his own scales, and speaks of them in his own dialect. And such a personality as that is precisely the best thing that literature can reveal to us. Whether he be a cynic like La Rochefoucauld, or a child-like babbler like William Blake, whether he be such an optimist—at any price as Browning or as black a pessimist as Schopenhauer, he is, to a catholic and discriminating reader, equally welcome. Such people win their verdict as Phryne won hers, by standing before the jury in unashamed and splendid nudity.

It is of course quite in the nature of things that this perfect candour should be stigmatised by so many people as the acme of

duplicity, that complete simplicity should be denounced as the furthest limit of affectation. It is natural for the object of such a misapprehension to be galled by it, but the people who are guilty of the mistake have their excuses. Affectation is the commonest of literary vices, perfect sincerity is rare, and if a writer's philosophy be as unusual as the openness with which he exposes it, the accusation of "posing" rises naturally to the lips of the casual reader. The two living men of letters against whom that accusation has been most frequently pointed are the subject of this article and Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and it accords well with the general fitness of things that the one should have written rather copiously about the other. In Mr. Chesterton's "Heretics" there is an article entitled "Mr. McCabe and a Divine Frivolity," in which the writer takes Mr. McCabe to task for accusing Mr. Shaw of insincerity, and in that article occurs a passage I desire to quote, because in it Mr. Chesterton, in expressing his views regarding Mr. Shaw, so perfectly expresses my views regarding himself:

"If Mr. McCabe means merely this about Mr. Shaw, that he always has some unexpected application of his doctrine to give to those who listen to him, what he says is quite true, and to say it is only to say that Mr. Shaw is an original man. But if he means that Mr. Shaw has ever

professed or preached any doctrine but one, and that his own, then what he says is not true. It is not my business to defend Mr. Shaw, as has been seen already, I disagree with him altogether. But I do not mind, on his behalf, offering in this matter a flat defiance to all his ordinary opponents, such as Mr. McCabe. I defy Mr. McCabe, or anybody else, to mention one single instance in which Mr. Shaw has, for the sake of wit or novelty, taken up any position which was not directly deducible from the body of his doctrine as elsewhere expressed. I have been, I am happy to say, a tolerably close student of Mr. Shaw's utterances, and I request Mr. McCabe, if he will not believe that I mean any thing else, to believe that I mean this challenge."



G. K. Chesterton.

From "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," by A. G. Gardiner.
(Also on Rivers.)

The challenge here italicised is one I repeat on behalf of Mr. Chesterton, and I have arrived at my belief in

his *bona fides* by the same means by which he arrived at his faith in Mr. Shaw—by diligent study of his utterances. That indeed, especially in the case of a writer like Mr. Chesterton, who has produced a remarkably large mass of matter for a writer of his years, and who has written discursively in many places on a vast variety of subjects, is the best of all conceivable tests. Just as a successful liar is invariably a reticent man who talks little, so your successful literary poseur is never a voluminous writer. Garrulity is fatal, not indeed to insincerity, but to success in insincerity. I am still searching for the utterance from Mr. Chesterton's pen which will "give him away," which will convict him of not believing in the—to me—insane and impossible creed he has made it the business of his life to expound. To me that creed long appeared as the despairing expedient of a born paradoxer *aux abois* for a sufficiently startling novelty, but to-day I have no more doubt of Mr. Chesterton's sincerity than I have of my own existence. But I have no anger or impatience against those who will refuse to share my belief, because I had myself such difficulty in arriving at it. Mr. Chesterton's philosophy is indeed as tough a proposition as is easily conceivable. That philosophy was summed up in a convenient and portable form by Mr. Chesterton himself in a single sentence

of the introduction to his little volume, "The Defendant." It runs as follows:

"The ancients were not wrong when they made Lethe the boundary of a better land, perhaps the only flaw in their system is that a man who had bathed in the river of forgetfulness would be as likely as not to climb back upon the bank of the earth and fancy himself in Elysium."

It would be easy to fill the entire

space of this article with excerpts from Mr. Chesterton's writings supporting, illustrating, and expanding this curious thesis; it is, so far as my acquaintance with his work extends, impossible to discover a passage at variance with it. The real paradox about Mr. Chesterton—or rather, one of the many real paradoxes he illustrates—is that, with a tender and overflowing affection for all sentient things, he seems almost completely ignorant of the existence of sorrow or suffering. He knows the topography of Fairyland better than I know the way from my house to Piccadilly Circus, he knows the colour of Titania's eyes and the tint of Oberon's hair, he

knows Peaseblossom's favourite "tap" of honeydew, but he apparently never so much as heard of Chicago, or Ancoats, or the Potteries, or the East End of London. And this strange ignorance or carelessness of the facts



G. K. Chesterton as a Child.
After A. Baccini



G. K. Chesterton, aged about thirteen years.



G. K. Chesterton, aged sixteen.



From a sketch by G. K. C.
By permission of Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

of everyday life marks the limit of his powers. He has amused and tickled thousands, he has made hundreds laugh consumedly, he has probably made scores angry, he has even, as I shall presently attempt to prove, made the more intelligent among his readers think on subjects they had hitherto ignored, but I cannot imagine that he has ever given one solitary individual a moist eye or a lump in the throat. Pathos and tragedy are notes, or rather entire octaves, lacking from his keyboard. His boisterous optimism will not admit that there is anything to sorrow over in this best of all possible worlds. He is the last writer to whom any man in trouble would go for consolation. He has nothing to say to the soul of man in those dark hours in which

"the sensual frame
Is wracked by pangs that conquer trust,
And Time a maniac scattering dust
And Life a fury slinging flame."

Compared with him, Browning, hitherto the king of optimists, takes on the likeness of a veritable Mrs. Gunnridge. Browning, who could tell us that "all's well with the world," could also show us Paracelsus in his madhouse cell, Pompilia on her hospital bed, Franceschini, a heap of ruined lust and maddened cowardice and abortive intellectual trickery, shrieking at the approach of the guillotine. In the glad world in which Mr. Chesterton has his being such figures are unknown. And this plump denial of one half of human experience—the bigger half, as many of the world's greatest have held—reflects fatally on his work. He

is like a painter who will have nothing but high lights on his canvas, like a musician for whom the bass clef is banished from the scale, like a chess player who will play on no board of which all the squares are not white.

It is a rather curious thing that Mr. Chesterton, who snaps at a suggestive or fruitful paradox with the avidity and certainty of a trained poodle snapping at a cracker, should have left unexploited the paradox which is one of the eternal verities—that hate may be, and often is, as holy and beneficent as love itself. Let us hear him hold forth on the efficiency of the latter passion, a favourite theme of his, which he has handled often, and always with wit and force and a large modicum of helpful truth:

"Let us suppose we are confronted with a desperate thing—say Pimlico. If we think what is really best for



The "Great" G. K. C.

From a drawing by W. Alban Jones.
By permission of Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

Pimlico, we shall find the thread of thought leads to the throne of the mystic and the arbitrary. It is not enough for a man to disapprove of Pimlico: in that case he will



From a sketch by G. K. C.
By permission of Mr. Holbrook Jackson.



As Dr. Johnson.

As Mr. Chesterton appeared in the Church Pigeant at Fulham, 1901.

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As Dr. Johnson.

As Mr. Chesterton appeared in the Church Pigeant at Fulham, 1901.

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From a charcoal drawing by Alfred Priest, shown at the Modern Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition, February, 1910.

FOUR VIEWS OF G. K. C.

merely cut his throat or move to Chelsea. Nor, certainly is it enough for a man to approve of Pimlico for then it will remain Pimlico which would be awful. The only way out of it seems to be for somebody to love Pimlico—to love it with a transcendental love and without any earthly reason. If there arose a man who loved Pimlico then Pimlico would rise into ivory tower and golden pinnacles. Pimlico would attire herself as a woman does when she is loved. For decoration is not given to hide horrible things, but to decorate things already adorable. A mother does not give her child a blue bow because he is a boy.



Mr. G. K. Chesterton's Home, "Overroads," Beaconsfield.



G. K. Chesterton.

without it. A lover does not give a girl a necktie to hide her neck. If men loved Pimlico as mother love children arbitrarily because it is *it*—Pimlico in a year or two might be finer than Florence. Some reader will say that this is a mere phantasy. I answer that this is the actual history of mankind. Thus as a fiction how cities did grow great. Go back to the darkest roots of civilisation and you will find them knotted round some sacred stone or encircling some sacred well. People first paid honour to a spot and afterwards gained glory for it. Men did not love Rome because she was great. She was great because they had loved her.

Nobody will deny that this, so far as it goes, is as true a truth as ever was penned. But, like most other

truths, it needs its complementary contradiction. It takes for granted that all things are improvable and therefore that all things have in them some modicum of lovable quality. But that is hardly so. How are we to "improve" a cobra, an anaconda or a Fruit Magistrate? To improve such creatures in the only possible meaning of the term would be to increase the measure of their power within the limits of their nature and so to make them more efficient in malice than they already are. The one way really to improve all such "pestiferous outcroppings of Nature in a tick fit" as Wendell Holmes called them is to improve them off the face of creation—to translate the love we bear to all further developments of the life force into hatred of them. If Mr. Chesterton is ever to give us the really great work of which he is capable he must extend his moral gamut. He must recognise that pain fills at least as large a space in life as joy. He must find room for Hate among his hierarchy of virtues.

I have claimed for Mr. Chesterton that he is a provoker of thought. As a matter of fact there are few writers now working to whom that epithet is more applicable,



Photo taken at Lowestoft, about 1905

G. K. Chesterton.



G. K. Chesterton.

Caricature from "Three Living Lions," by Joseph Simpson. (By courtesy of D. J. Rider, St. Martin's Court, W.C.)

few in whose pages might be found more copious material for reflection. I know no stronger or quicker bit of polemics in recent literature than the brief passage—a couple of hundred words or so—in which he knocks the sawdust out of that dreamiest of intellectual charlatans, Nietzsche. I have read whole big volumes of sociology, with universally respected names on their title-pages, which did not contain one tithe of the wisdom squeezed into the brief essay on "Patriotism" in the little volume entitled "The Defendant." Here is the gist of a lengthy passage which nothing but exigencies of space would force me to mutilate.

'It may be taken generally that a man loves his own stock and environment, and that he will find something to praise in it—but whether it is the most praiseworthy thing or no will depend upon the man's enlightenment as to the facts. If the son of Thackeray let us say were brought up in ignorance of his father's fame and genius it is not improbable that he would be proud of the fact that his father was over six feet high. It seems to me that we as a nation are precisely in the position of this hypothetical child of Thackeray's. We fall back upon gross and frivolous things for our patriotism, for a simple reason. We

are not taught in childhood our own literature and our own history. . . . An Englishman must love England for something—consequently he tends to exalt commerce or prize fighting. It would not be in the least extraordinary if a claim of eating up provinces and pulling down princes were the chief boast of a Zulu. The extraordinary thing is that it is the chief boast of a people who have Shakespeare, Newton, Burke, and Darwin to boast of. We have deliberately neglected our high heritage of high national sentiment—we have made our public schools the strongest walls against a whisper of the honour of England. What have we done, and where have we wandered we that have produced sages who could have spoken with Socrates, and poets who could walk with Dante—that we should talk as if we had never done anything more intelligent than form colonies and kick niggers? If we are judged it will not be for the merely intellectual transgression of failing to appreciate other nations, but for the supreme spiritual transgression of failing to appreciate ourselves.'

Were I an arbitrary monarch I would compel every public school master and every don of Oxford and Cambridge to get the article from which that passage is selected by heart. If it had no more important

effect it might at least serve as a lesson in English style to some amongst them.

I have purposely refrained from dwelling on Mr. Chesterton's more obvious talents. He has had many harsh and some unjust things said of him but I have never heard it denied that he is largely possessed of



G. K. Chesterton.

From a life size painting by Alfred Piles, shown at the Modern Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition, February, 1904.

with wit and humour. They are not the most enviable qualities for an Englishman who desires to be taken seriously, for there is nothing in the world the average Briton so much mistrusts as a "clever" man. The last lesson the average Briton will ever absorb is that which Mr. Chesterton, with a truly pathetic iteration,

has more than once expounded to him, that "funny" is merely the opposite of "not funny," and by no means necessarily the opposite of "grave" or "serious." To people of that order of mind, it will never be anything more than a negligible coincidence that Luther and Rabelais were born in the same year.

AN EARLY LETTER OF COLERIDGE.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

I HAVE come across a letter from Samuel Taylor Coleridge to George Dyer in a quarter which is not very familiar to English or even American readers. There is no reference to it in Haney's bibliography. It is printed in the *American Publisher's Circular* of June 15, 1863, where the original is said to be in "Mr. Dyer's collection." The hesitations, changes of phrase, caesures, and alterations of various kinds are all reproduced by the types.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE TO GEORGE DYER,
LONDON. 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,

Intending to return from day to day I postponed writing to you. I will however delay it no longer. I am anxious and perturbed beyond measure concerning my proposed ~~short~~ expedition to Scotland. I will pour out my heart before you as water. In the Autumn of last year you know we formed our American Plan, and with precipitancy that did credit to our hearts rather than heads fixed on the coming April as the time of our embarkation. The following circumstances have rendered impracticable but there are other engagements not so dissoluble. In expectation of emigrating on the Pantisocratic Plan I paid my

addresses to a young Lady whom *αἰὲν ἔσσι κακοῖσι θεῖος*.¹ Independently of the Love and Esteem which her Person and polished understanding may be supposed to have inspired into a young man I consider myself as under particular Ties of Gratitude.

Since to her in confidence of my affection she has repented the addresses of two men one of them of large Fortune and by her perseverant attachment to me disobliterated her Relations in a very uncomfortable Degree. Perpetually obliged to resist the entreaties and to endure the reproachful admonitions of her Uncle, &c., she vainly endeavours to conceal from me how heavy her heart is with anxiety, how disquieted by suspense.

To leave

To ~~leave~~ her for two or three years would, I fear, be sacrificing her health and happiness. In short, why should I write circuitously to you? So ~~understanding~~ are the requests of her Relations, that a

short Time must decide whether she marries me whom she loves with an affection to the ardour of which my Deserts bear no proportion or a man whom she strongly dislikes, in spite of his fortune and solicitous attention to her. These peculiar circumstances she had with her usual Delicacy concealed from me till my arrival at Bristol. — What am I to do with regard to the Earl of Buchan? Am I to live in the house with the Liskines? Is this a necessary accompaniment of Tutorage? Or could I take Lodgings in Edinburgh or wherever else the young Gentlemen are situated. If as I suppose these questions must be answered in



G. K. Chesterton

From a photograph by his Father.

the negative, do you not think it my Duty to decline the offer? Southey is exerting his Influence to procure a situation in London-- I am now about to write to Scott at the Telegraph Office to know if I can get a

and on Reporter's Place, and ~~who~~ this wait till I can call forth the Exertions of my Friends-- My Subscription work I shall be able to bring out by the Close of the year. I shall clear more than 100 pounds by it. Besides, Southey and I have one or two schemes of literary cooperation which we will impart to you in London.

My dear Sir! believe me, my heart beats high with gratitude to you. I know you will write to me as to a Brother!

Since I have been in Bristol I have endeavoured to disseminate Truth by three political Lectures-- I believe, I shall give a fourth (But the opposition of the Aristocrats is so furious and determined, that I begin to fear, that a Good I do is not proportionate to the Evil I occasion-- Mobs and Mayors, Blockheads and Brickbats, Placards and Pressgangs have leagued in horrible conspiracy against me-- The Democrats are as sturdy in the support of me--but their number is comparatively small) Two or three uncouth and unbrained Automata have

threatened my Life--and in the last Lecture the German infimuni were scarcely restrained from attacking the house in which the "damn'd Jacobine was jawing away."

The first Lecture I was obliged to publish, it having been confidently asserted that there was Treason in it. Written ~~but~~ at one sitting between the hours of twelve of at Night and the Breakfast Time ~~at~~ the day, on which it was delivered, believe me that no literary Vanity prompted me to the printing of it. The reasons which compelled me to publish it forbad me to correct it-- Scott will beg your acceptance of as many copies as you may choose to give away.

I am glad to see your Book advertised. I have orders for Ten-- Cottle, the Bookseller here for them--

Southey speaks of you with high esteem and nascent friendship. You will esteem and love him-- His Genius and acquirements are uncommonly great yet they bear no proportion to his moral Excellence. He is truly a man of perpendicular virtue a downright upright Republican! He is Christianizing apace I doubt not, that I shall present him to you right orthodox in the heterodoxy of Unitarianism. to Mr Friend



"In the dark entrance there appeared a flaming figure."
From "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," by G. K. Chesterton. (John Lane.)



"King Auberon descended from the omnibus with dignity."
From "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," by G. K. Chesterton. (John Lane.)

present my most grateful respects—God Almighty bless him!—

to Gilbert Wakefield mention my name as of one who remembers him respectfully—

A Pompous Dissenter here says that though he disapproves of the Socinian Rebellion ^{against the divinity of Christ} he must allow that Dr. Disney is an uncommon ~~man~~ character in these days when ^{the advocate for Liberty} and Deist are almost synonymous— "He is at once, Sir, Theophilus and Phileleutheros!"

God bless you & your

grateful S. T. COFFRIDGE.

No. 25 College Street, Bristol

George Dyer

No 45

Carey Street

Single Lincoln's Inn Fields

London.

The letter seems to me very characteristic, and of some biographical interest. There is no hint here of Mary Evans or of anything but the ardent affection of a young lover who feels that he is carrying off a prize.

Perhaps a cynical critic might surmise a feeling of gratified self-love in the poet's references to those whom his sweetheart had rejected for his sake. In the Greek quotation the reference is apparently to the poetic fragment of Aristotle about him who "piously set up an altar of holy friendship for a man *whom it is not lawful for the bad even to praise*"—see Heitz's "Fragmenta Aristotelis" (1869, p. 334) and Bergk's "Poetæ Lyrici Græci," ii. (1882, p. 337). A letter of Coleridge to J. H. Green was sold at the Anderson Auction Rooms, in New York on March 1, in which he mentions the christening of his granddaughter and his desire "to stand beside Mrs. Coleridge at this second birth of our common off-spring" in proof that the lack of oil or anti-friction powder on our conjugal carriage-wheels did not extend to our parental relations, and in fact after living in the same house with her there are few women that I have a greater respect and ratherish liking for than Mrs. C." The "ratherish liking" of 1832 sounds chilly after the ardours of 1791. It is curious to contrast the religious and political sentiments of this letter with the very different views expounded in the "Table Talk." But Coleridge is not the only great man who has argued vehemently on both sides of many questions.

THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR, In reviewing my book, Mr. Lang chides me for devoting "too much space to forcing an open door." In his opinion, "every student of history admits that the Church, in Scotland as elsewhere, had been 'grossly corrupt' long before the Reformation." To him and to every serious student of history the door may be an open one; but serious students of history are none too plentiful. The great mass of the people, even of educated people, have not the faintest idea of either the extent or the grossness of pre-Reformation clerical corruption; and Mr. Lang's few vague sentences on the matter, in his "John Knox and the Reformation," are not calculated to give them much enlightenment. When he affirms that, over and above the lists of legitimations, I give "eighty pages of the licentiousness of the clergy," he illustrates anew his chronic inaccuracy and tendency to exaggerate. The chapter devoted to clerical depravity occupies forty-three pages, not eighty. Alike from his suggestion that the causes of the corruption seem a topic better worth insisting on than the notorious facts, and from his statement that the younger and illegitimate sons of kings, nobles, and gentry were thrust into offices for which they were unfit, it might be inferred that I had said little or nothing about the causes of the corruption, and had ignored the evils associated with the conferring of benefices. While firmly believing that the

enforced celibacy of the clergy was the chief cause of their profligacy, I have devoted a whole chapter to the conferring of benefices and the evils therewith associated. Mr. Lang apparently is not inclined to blame the enforced celibacy for the woeful condition of the pre-Reformation Church, either in Scotland or elsewhere. "In our day," he says, "we do not, I suppose, hear of more scandals among the celibate clergy than among those of other denominations, whose ministers may marry at will." His eyes might perhaps be opened by the Report of the United States Secretary of War relative to the lands held for ecclesiastical or religious uses in the Philippine Islands, and from such a book as Father Cliniquy's "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" he might learn how the evils of enforced celibacy are aggravated by the confessional.

At the present day the Protestant clergy of Britain may not be any better learned than their Roman Catholic brethren on the Continent. And possibly if Mr. Lang were to take three hundred and eleven ministers at random in England or Scotland, he might not find among them a dozen whom he would describe as *insigniter docti*; but it is quite certain that he would not find the bulk of them so deplorably ignorant as were the clergy of Gloucester in 1551. Even in the country manse of Scotland there are many scholarly men, men who have never relaxed their studious habits, although their attention may not have been directed to Minoan

igion; and at no time since the Reformation has the general standard sunk low enough to come within sight of that which sufficed before that great upheaval. It is true that it was "not because they were Catholics, but because they were listlessangers-on of a wealthy ecclesiastical corporation," that "the vast majority of the churchmen were as ignorant as the ordinary Sunday-school child." But there was something radically wrong with the "wealthy ecclesiastical corporation," *alias* "the Holy Catholic Church," when she allowed so many ignorant and utterly incapable men to be enrolled in the ranks of her clergy; and, as I have shown in my book, the Popes were not blameless in the matter.

Mr. Lang's "miracles of the saints of the covenant" were not only infinitely fewer in number, but infinitely less astounding in their nature than those of the mediæval Scottish saints. The post-Reformation belief in witchcraft was derived from the pre-Reformation Church; and although the known prosecutions of the poor wretches in Scotland after the Reformation very far outnumber those before it, that may be partly due to the loss of the



"'Whiskers,' he answered sternly, 'Whiskers.'"

From "The Club of Queer Trades," by G. K. Chesterton. (Harper & Brothers.)

records. When Mr. Lang speaks of persecution he does not seem to remember that before the Reformation burning was not the only punishment inflicted upon heretics; nor that those who had been suspected of heresy, although received to penance and grace, were debarred from office. The pre-Reformation conspicuous burnings were accompanied by "a steady grinding tyranny." No reasonable man would now attempt to vindicate all the measures adopted at and after the Reformation; but Mr. Lang gives a grossly misleading one-sided view when he says "the Reformation was unchristian in its methods; that is the short and the long of it." His sweeping statement that "the dominance of preachers" was responsible in Scotland for "more than a century of unrest and war" is also untenable.

Surely it is permissible to point out that the most beautiful buildings could be acquired at too great a cost, and that in some cases unholy means were used to obtain the necessary funds, without having the statement construed as a defence of destruction. Though Melrose Abbey was burned by the English and St. Andrews Cathedral was not, there are no doubt satisfactory explanations why more of the one church survives than of the other. The stone of Melrose is certainly better; the climate is, I imagine, less trying; the foundations were probably much better, which they might easily be; and the local necessities throughout the centuries may have been very different. Spottiswoode's two accounts are inconsistent. In the one he says "all the churches were either defaced or pulled to the ground," and in the other he does not say that any were pulled down, but that all were rifled, etc. Mr. Lang does not agree with me in thinking that Spottiswoode's statement is grossly exaggerated.



"Discussing Religion with the Booking-Office Clerk."

From "The Club of Queer Trades," by G. K. Chesterton. (Harper & Brothers.)

asks: "Then what *did* become of the lead and the timber, and where *are* the churches of which Spottiswoode speaks?" That some were stripped of their lead I have otherwise proved; but in those days, as in the present, comparatively few were covered with lead. I have shown that a century after the date assigned by Spottiswoode for the defacing or pulling down of all the churches, there were still so many standing that Petrie argued that no necessary church had been thrown down at the Reformation. The subsequent disappearance of a very large percentage of those standing in Petrie's time may, as I have suggested, be accounted for by accident, by natural decay accelerated by neglect, by frequent repairs and extensive alterations, and by

the necessity of more accommodation or more convenient situations. Regarding the destruction, Mr. Lang asserts that I make the best case I can for my "clients." My only client in the matter was truth, and it was my steadfast aim to set forth the facts as impartially as possible, whether they were in favour of the Reformers or against them. It is very likely that, in dealing with such a multitude of facts and details, I may have overlooked or forgotten a few important ones on both sides of the account, but the omission of any such was certainly not wilful.

I am, etc.,

D. HAY FLEMING.

EDINBURGH, April 15, 1910.

SOME MODERN PICTURES.

OVER familiarity with the art critic has, with a great many quite reasonable persons, developed into contempt. The stock phrases he uses are as common as certain railway station advertisements, and we are all of us weary of his technical "terms," which are the recognised trade-marks of an overcrowded profession. We are bound to have a surfeit of him during the present month, and it would be unkind to add much more to the already onerous burden of "art criticism" supported patiently by the reading public. But there is one aspect of modern painting which, becoming more prominent as it does every year, needs something which does not belong so much to criticism as to straightforward honest protest—an aspect which, if constantly and persistently turned to the world's view, must in time contaminate and damage the whole spirit of Art as seriously as a blight would damage an orchard in spring. This aspect displays itself in two forms—one of subject, the other of colour. Not only do some of our modern artists, with and without "names," choose morbid or offensive subjects for treatment, but they show a depraved taste for similar morbidity in colour. The fresh, pure wholesomeness of nature seems to have deserted their palettes—and many an otherwise skilled brush appears to have been purposely dipped in stagnant mud. The worst of the whole business is that "art critics," never too ready to praise true genius or to give merit where merit is due, often take an unholy pleasure in selecting glaring faults of taste for special eulogy in the Press. The man who paints when he is manifestly unable to draw, is selected as "unique" or "subtle"—the morbid or indecent picture is singled out for its "technique" or its "nuances," and the public, always sheep-like, is thus insensibly led to accept works which are utterly guiltless of truth or feeling, as something "new," provocative and expressive of the best English art of the present day.

Taking them in the mass, the English public are singularly deficient in correct conceptions of good art. Certes, they go to the National Gallery, where some of the noblest specimens of painting in the world are to be seen, but very few of them learn anything, or do more than stare and wonder the bulk of them perhaps questioning why a special length of canvas with something painted thereon should be held so valuable and beyond all price, when one can get such a lot of mere "pictures" with a Christmas number for a shilling! The great shining names of the dead-and-gone painters mean very little to the man in the street. Education, refinement, and culture must all be brought into play before he can understand the greatness of the art he is called upon to admire or to criticise. Here comes in the necessity for teaching him properly. He must be first trained to see nature clearly before he can properly appreciate nature's true representation in the work of the painter's brush. He must know what the earth looks like in all seasons—he must perceive the varying hues and delicate tracery of trees—he must note the ever-moving gorgeous panorama of sky and sea, and all the lovely things of life before he can comprehend the genius of men who can set down these things in faultless line and colour—men who can cause the ephemeral beauty of a day to stay with us for two or three hundred years. And on the other hand a serious responsibility rests upon such "art critics" who, fully knowing they have to deal in the main with the primitive raw material of untrained brains, lead the passively negative mind astray into accepting as "art" what is entirely opposed to every idea of fitness and sense of truth. When Ruskin passionately eulogised Turner and showed the world how great a genius it possessed in that previously misunderstood man, he performed a great service to humanity; but when the art-critic of to-day goes to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, for instance, and deliberately selects



Melbourne Hall.

By George S. Elgood. R.E. R.O.I. The copyright is reserved.

of exhibition. It may here be gently pointed out once again, as it has often been pointed out before, that the nude in art is not always beautiful—on the contrary it may be distinctly offensive, as it is in the case of an “effort” in white by Charles P. Sainton, entitled “Gloire de Dijon.” One cannot help wondering why this was ever painted. The Catalogue says, “for price apply to Secretary,” but we can scarcely imagine any one being very eager to respond to this invitation. It should

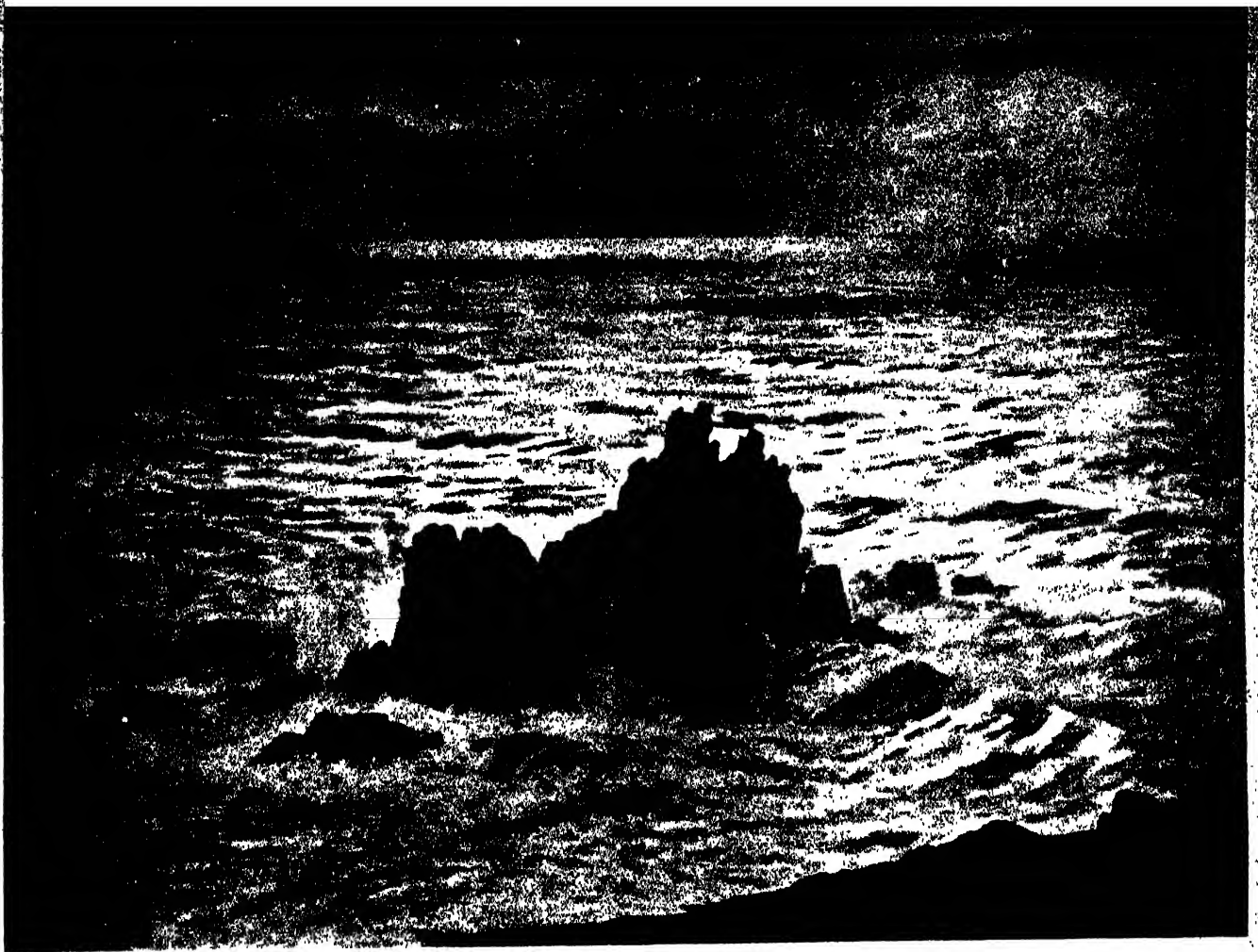
such a work as that of Mr. Norman Wilkinson, entitled “O’er the waste of waters,” for particular notice merely because it happens to occupy a large space on the wall, it does an unkindness to the public by attempting to persuade them that the sea is like nothing so much as a moveless mass of lead. One can only suppose that such an oracle of the Press has never had the chance to pass any length of time at the seaside, and that he himself is, therefore, ignorant of the appearance of that mighty element which “engulfs ships as straws and human lives as foam bells.” Never surely was there a sea like Mr. Wilkinson’s except in the days of volcanic eruption, when we may suppose his earth to have lain gasping like a new-born child between fire and water when Ocean paused, uncertain whether to become land, and land shuddered in the making lest it should melt into sea. It is indeed an impossible “waste of waters,” with impossible iron-lads upon it, like mean factory chimneys smoking on the edge of a desolate “Black Country.” Of course there may be “things” in it as some kindly artists would say “things” not without merit but as a whole the picture is deplorable. The deplorability of it is not so much in itself, as for the libel on the sea which it perpetrates. We understand that Mr. Wilkinson is particularly happy in “poster” work. In all kindness we recommend him to stick to that line.

It is of the present Exhibition, the hundred and first, of the Society of Painters in Water Colours that we desire at the immediate moment to write, in a manner which may or may not be accepted as a well-intentioned warning. The Gallery contains works which ought never to have been admitted, and which, but for some extraordinary leniency on the part of the Hanging Committee, would surely have been curtly returned to the misguided “artists” who imagined them worthy

to be mentioned that this unimpressive “Gloire” is hung near one of the few gems in the Exhibition—“The Armed Knight Rock, Land’s End” by Arthur Severn, who has been known for many years as a painter *par excellence* of the loveliest side of natural things. One easily recalls of this poetic artist what Ruskin wrote of him: “He is doing quite splendid work. I am entirely taken aback by his rapidity and technical knowledge . . . he did in half an hour this afternoon as much as I could have done in a day, and better in all essential ways.” It may be accident or mere coincidence that both the pictures exhibited by Mr. Severn this year are set in juxtaposition to inferior works, which by their “high lights” and crude treatment succeed in very much diminishing the effect of the exquisite colouring for which this famous painter is renowned. We are, of course, aware that every Hanging Committee is more than careful to do justice to each and every artist; otherwise we should be tempted to fancy that such marked injustice to the perfect composition and pure atmosphere of this beautiful “Land’s End” seascape is the result of some very culpable negligence. However, nothing—not even the objectionable “Gloire de Dijon”—nudity pressed close to the outer edge of its frame—can entirely do away with the charm of this fine picture, in which the sea is a living, moving thing, aglow with the feeling and expression of Swinburne’s lines:

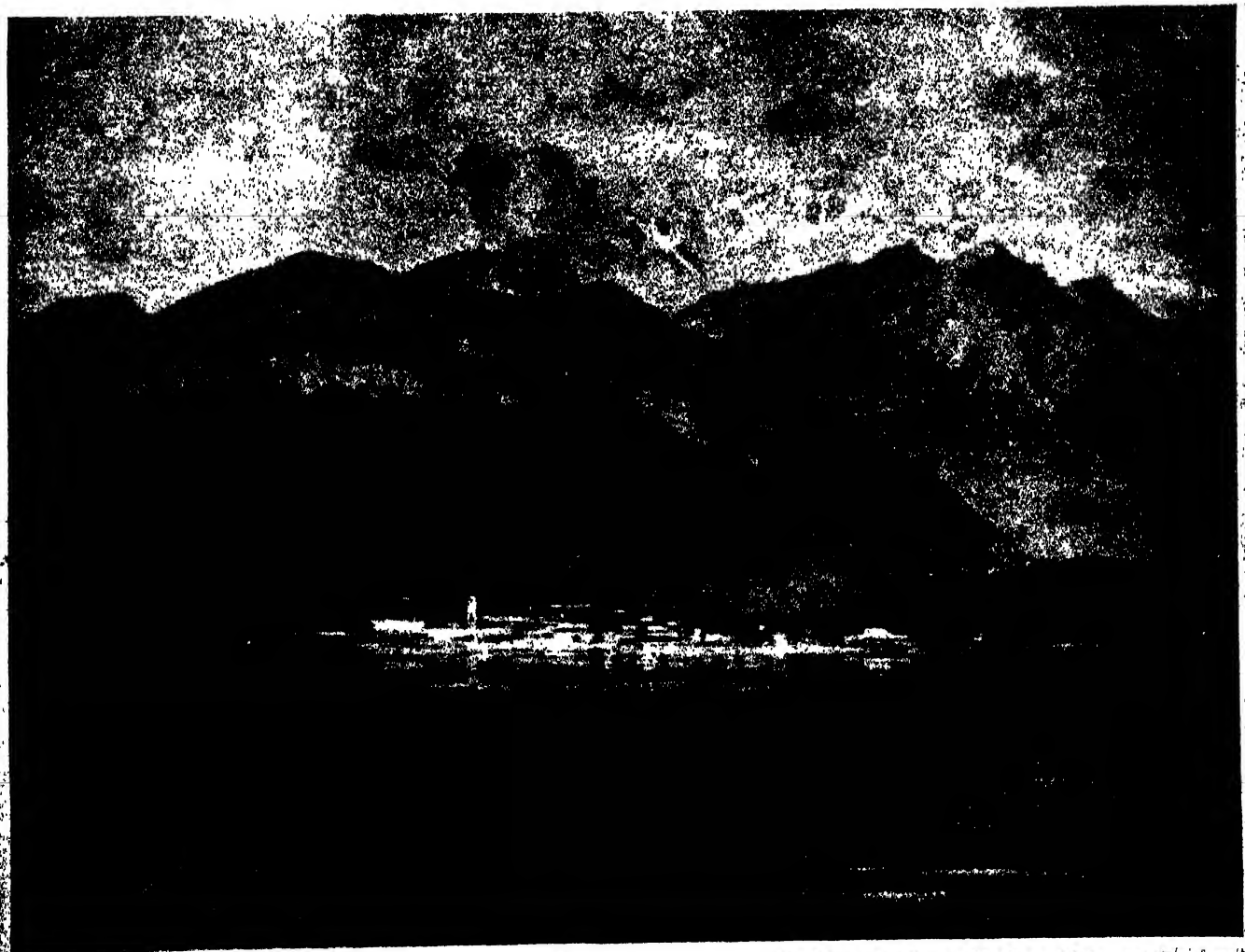
“The great sea, faultless as a flower,
Throbs, trembling under beam and breeze.”

Another lovely dream of colour by Mr. Severn is “Bellaggio” a scene that has been often, but never better, painted. This again is affronted by the close companionship of the picture of a distressing landscape



" Armed Knight " Rock, Land's End.

By Arthur Severn, R.I., R.O.I. Photo by permission of the artist.



Bellaggio, from Cadenabbia, at Sunset.

By Arthur Severn, R.I., R.O.I. Photo by permission of the artist.



Tintagel Castle.

By J. Aumonier, R.L., R.O.I. Photo by permission of the artist.

in a bright mauve garment with gold clasps—the bright mauve and glaring yellow coming against the “Bell-ggio” in such a way as to well-nigh kill the delicate purple and pale rose of the Italian sunset, and almost quash the soft glint of the ripples in the lake so faithfully depicted. One may just say, *en passant*, that these two pictures, badly surrounded and badly hung as they are, can be at once lifted out of the ruck as apart from everything else in the Exhibition. They are pictures “to live with”—bits of nature taken with what may be termed a bold and gracious tenderness out of her storehouse of treasure and given to the world purely as of the best. They are lessons in the beauty of both nature and art—lessons which students of painting will be all the better for having. No trace of the fatal “morbidity” which distinguishes what is called “impressionist” art is in these—they are true as the very sunshine and wholesome as the fresh air. With our “Modern Painters” to refer to, it would be shame to us if we were unable to perceive the intellectual beauty and true feeling of Mr. Severn’s work, which has already won deserved fame, and we may add that it would have been quite unnecessary to dwell upon the peculiar quality of poetic genius he is known to

possess, as well as his faultless technique, but for the fact that the general output in the Exhibition this year is so far below his standard of excellence that one can but “point the moral to adorn the tale.”

Much place and circumstance are given to the works of the late E. J. Gregory, R.A., once President of the Royal Institute. With the utmost consideration for the dead-and-gone artist, we cannot feel that he will ever be remembered among the Immortals. One or two of the very small figure studies are charmingly painted, but mean nothing

except a lesson in technique. We are not among those who desire that a picture should “tell a story”—in fact, that idea has always seemed to us rather productive of bad art—but “meaning” is a diamond with a thousand facets, and we cannot feel that even the smallest of these is discernible in Gregory’s work.

The present President, Sir James Linton, exhibits a picture entitled “The Improvisatore,” in which he appears to have devoted his entire attention to the details of the costumes worn by his group of figures. The painting of velvet, slashed sleeves and embroideries is doubtless clever, but scarcely the highest art, and we have seen quite as admirable costume detail as that rendered by Sir James Linton produced in



Peat Bog, Isle of Skye.

By E. Dever, R.L. Photo by permission of the artist.

the specimen plates of fancy dress sent out by trade firms who make this branch of designing part of their business. The "Improvvisatore" is supposed to be relating a story *à la Boccaccio* to some mediaevally attired persons under a tree; he himself is weightily clothed, and wears a headgear closely resembling a fool's cap, while one of his legs bent under him in a kneeling position on the grass is trousered in stripes suggestive of the modern negro minstrel on Margate sands. The listening



The Improvvisatore.

By Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., R.O.I. Photo by permission of the artist.

group are five in number, three women and two men, and what at once strikes the most casual spectator is the extraordinary similarity which exists between all five faces; one is almost exactly the counterpart of the other, barring the touch of a line or two. Surely there is some deficiency of imagination here? And we are bound to confess that we have never seen a tree growing quite like the tree in this picture, with branches so curiously merged *into* the trunk rather than springing *from* it. However, it may be all right for that particular kind of tree, which we ignorantly fail to recognise, yet the result is hardly satisfactory. Moreover, to speak frankly, the whole subject of the picture lacks interest. Sir James Linton could do better if he chose. Let us hope he will.

Story-telling painters are too numerous by far, and greatly predominate in every art exhibition, to the regret of many, particularly when the morbid or sensual note is struck, as it too often is with undesirable harshness. Something of a "story," we presume, is intended to be conveyed to the mind as well as to the eye by "The Musician" (Oswald Moser, R.I., R.O.I.), an ambitious attempt with lamentable results. Any man seated at a piano in such a foolishly affected attitude would excite the laughter of the profane and there is nothing in the face of the "musician" that suggests the slightest knowledge or conception of music. It is a singularly inept work, and we are afraid the price demanded for it (£200) is out of all proportion to its merits. The pathetic part of it is that its painter should really be able to delude himself with the flattering idea that it is worth the money. Nothing can well be sadder or more instructive.

How much more worthy of praise is the exquisite little gem, "Melbourne Hall," by George S. Elgood. It is an apparently unambitious picture, and yet

perfect of its kind in its soft colouring and harmonious treatment. The peace of the old-world garden with its high yew hedges, its picturesque stone fountain and its lovely smooth greensward, is conveyed to the mind with such consummate care and delicacy as to instantly impress us with the sense of rest and beauty. Here, as in the work of Arthur Severn, there is no "straining after effect"—it is all natural, reposeful, pure and unforced. "Tintagel Castle," by J. Ammonier, is an ambitious attempt to depict a very grand subject, and much of the picture is so well done that one regrets it is not more entirely satisfactory. The hard line of the horizon is an unfortunate blemish. The "Peat Bog, Isle of Skye," by Edward Davies, is a very excellent little picture, very true and decidedly well intentioned. All these are much better in their unforced simplicity than attempted eccentricities such as "The Green Dress," by Miss L. L. Gloag, a picture which, if it has done nothing else, has furnished subject for some little amused discussion. The subject is a very plain woman in a striped green silk dress—and without doubt the dress is remarkably well painted. But—*cui bono?* Who wishes to be confronted on the wall of any room with a picture of this kind? Miss Gloag has started out to be, as she thinks, "original"—a fatal ambition to begin with; she has even had her picture framed so that the head of her subject almost touches the inner mould of the frame, and the "green dress," arranged in wide folds and crumpled here and there like a collapsible balloon, occupies nearly all the canvas. It is against things of this kind—unnecessary and ugly things—in painting that we venture to protest. The spirit which, like some mischievous goblin, has lately entered the minds of some modern artists to persuade them that they must "out-nature naturalness" and strive after "sensation" in painting, is becoming a real

danger, and we fear many of them are running serious risks of forgetting that to attain true greatness in art they need that profound and devout humility which teaches them that to rightly conceive beautiful things in form and colour as God, the Master Artist, presents them to the receptive eye and soul, they must altogether withdraw the obtrusive Self which makes havoc of the noblest dreams. Desire for notoriety, struggle for Press approval, and worse than all, that latent conceit which back of all other feelings does sometimes so inflate the student that he takes his errors for "originality" and his faults of taste for "genius" — all these things must be sternly quashed if any improvement is to be forthcoming in the quality of most of the works exhibited

at the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. And there needs to be a more rigorous ban set against wholly effete and inadequate work, as well as the exertion of much greater care and judgment on the part of the Hanging Committee. Otherwise far stronger criticism than we have here ventured to exercise may in time be levied against a most useful, admirable, and praise-worthy Society, which should at this time, after hundred and one Exhibitions, be in a position to show only the highest and noblest work, and to give the lead to all that is of the best in that particularly beautiful, powerful, and delicate branch of art for the encouragement of which it exists, and for which by this time it should be more than widely renowned.

New Books.

STERNE.

In taking up a biographical study by Mr. Walter Sichel one is, at any rate, safe beforehand from some of the trials which too frequently await the reader of modern biographies. The book is not likely to be a mere compilation, more or less diligent, from previous writings on the subject, nor a respectable but uninspired exploring of MSS., nor (worst of all, and unfortunately now commonest of all) an album for the reception of more or less prettily processed illustrations, where the manufacturer has, unluckily, not had the courage to allow the interleaving pages to remain blank, but has filled them with utterly unimportant letterpress. "Sterne: A Study" is illustrated, and very well illustrated, but the illustrations are, as they should be, subsidiary to the text and not *vice versa*. For these various reliefs we owe the author much thanks; the sum whereof is further increased by the service he has done in printing, not in absolute, but in practical completeness, the famous, but by few people yet read, "Journal to Eliza."

And yet, before coming to details, and without direct reference to them, one must acknowledge some disappointment with the book as a whole in regard to its form and character. It has been granted escape from some common contemporary faults in this respect; but it has succumbed to another. No period — since the "general reader" came into existence, and "general literature" obediently came into existence likewise to supply his demands — has been free from the book which would have been much better as an essay, and the long essay which would have been much better as a short one; but this present time is very specially beset by these things. It may seem ungracious, but one cannot help thinking that if Mr. Sichel, instead of writing two hundred and ninety pages about Sterne (the rest of the book contains the Journal, etc.) had contented himself with the odd ninety, or perhaps less, it would have been much better. For he does not give, and does not make the slightest pretence of giving, a complete biography of "Tristram," he is constantly referring the reader to Mr. Fitzgerald, Professor Cross and others. Still less does he give, or pretend to give, a regular critical examination of the Works. There is not the slightest reason why one should insist on the giving in either case, and there is every reason for lauding his abstinence from the pretension to give. But two hundred and

ninety pages, if short for a picture, are rather long for a "study"; and, in a third or a quarter of the space, Mr. Sichel could, one thinks, have put his view much more clearly, effectively, and, in a wide sense, artistically.

For he has a view to give us, and while he has also other things (such as the knitting-in of the recently published correspondence of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Sterne's cousin), his view is, on the whole, the most important justification of the book, though to the present writer it seems a wrong one, and though Mr. Sichel himself does not succeed in making it out quite consistently. It is not of course, in all parts original, and could not be. Mr. Sichel, like others, regards Sterne as the father of the "eccentric" novel, like others, he dwells on his "Monsieur like" detail; and though he works out the theory of Sterne's "impressionism" more fully, perhaps, than any predecessor, he has been virtually anticipated by critics of Sterne before. Nor has he sought originality in the most unoriginal (and now exceedingly common and commonplace) process of waiving all discussion of his author's moral character. Indeed, Mr. Sichel will certainly scandalise our exponents of the cant of non-morality, though his own criticism of Sterne in this respect seems to us mistaken. The "idea" of the book is that those who insist on the essentially histrionic and deliberate character of Sterne's attitude in temper and style are wrong; that his impressionism was genuine and temperamental, that it practically coloured, if it did not wholly cause, his "sensitivity," his style, his conduct itself. Without elaborate quotation it would be difficult to show how Mr. Sichel makes this out, but it is certainly the motive and dominant of his book, always recurring. And it is quite interesting enough to have been, as it might have been in a shorter handling, enforced more definitely, and freed from the dilutions or overlayings of narrative, criticism, and extract.

Not that — as it seems at least to the present writer, who has been familiar with Sterne for a long time, and who had formed, as it happens, his opinion before he ever read what Mr. Sichel rather rashly calls Thackeray's "shallow estimate" — this attempt to put a new value on Tristram will do. It has been hinted that, even as put forward by Mr. Sichel himself, it is not wholly consistent. He talks, for instance, of the "essential unreality" of Sterne. One agrees with him almost completely, though with the reservation that genius is always in some way, real. But how is this consistent with his view that his author is also "perfectly sincere"?

* "Sterne: A Study." To which is added the Journal to Eliza. By Walter Sichel. 8s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

course, by the cheap juggle of contemporary epigram (from which, by the way, Mr. Sichel does not keep himself quite as uncontaminated as he might) you can get the two things into cohabitation; but not otherwise. Sincerity confers reality. Elsewhere Mr. Sichel talks of Sterne's "sickly rosiness," of his having "a human face, a human voice, but a fish's tail instead of legs." Again, one need not disagree, but how do these things themselves agree together?

The cause of the error, or rather of the insufficiency of the view—for there is an element of truth in it—seems to be that Mr. Sichel is not sufficiently attentive to the *distinctions*. He repeatedly compares Sterne to Heine; whereas to the present writer, at least, it is hardly possible to conceive two persons more different in everything, except that they were both humorists, and both rather fond of shocking people. He more than once speaks of "Smollett and Fielting" in opposition to Sterne. Now the resemblances of Fielting and Smollett are of the most superficial character; then differences are sharply drawn and profound to the bottomless. But perhaps the most remarkable indication of the fact that Mr. Sichel does not see differences with sufficient acuteness is to be found in his handling of the unsavoury subject of Sterne's unsavouriness.

It is not that he defends this; for he does not; as has been said, he will certainly be accused of prudishness by some people. But he mistakes its essence. It is, according to him, "a *blut* goblin grossness," it is not "putrid" or "prurient"; it is Boccaccio-like. There is nothing about it that "corrupts, infects, or contaminates." "Compared with Hall Stevenson, his worst page seems almost stainless." Now this (as Sterne would certainly say to himself if he read it, with his own peculiar smile) is evidently elaborated from the subject's own defence of himself in the well-known comparison to the child rolling about on the floor. But it is more vulnerable than that, inasmuch as it is worked out in detail and varied with

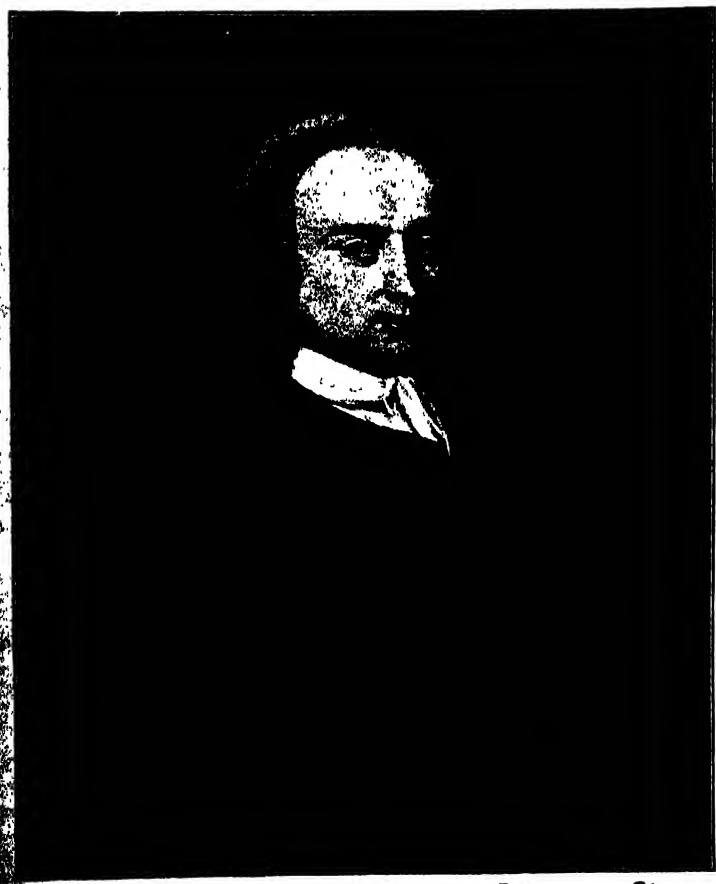


Mrs. Sterne.

From the original portrait engraving by Francis Cotes, in the possession of the Rev. G. W. Blenkins.

From "Sterne" by Walter Sichel. (Williams & Norgate.)

imagery and further comparison, in a fashion which Sterne himself was too cunning to employ. Mr. Sichel would seem not to know the difference between a laugh and a snigger; between blithe grossness and unclean suggestion. As a matter of fact we should say that Sterne is very rarely "gross"; innuendo and grossness hardly consist together. Grossness, too, if certainly not a property, is, at any rate, a corruption of virility; and Mr. Sichel admits that Sterne was never virile. Boccaccio is gross and generally amusing therewith. Hall Stevenson is gross and by no means generally amusing. Aristophanes, Rabelais, Shakespeare, are gross and great; scores of other writers have grossness with varying degrees of greatness. But Sterne, while seldom, as has been said, exactly gross, contrives, in the numerous passages which contain an element resembling grossness in subject, to be infinitely little. The comparison of "chalking up naughty words" is an old one, but it is too good for him. He chalks up half a naughty word or a naughty word with letters omitted and runs away. Nevertheless he was in other ways a very great genius; and one cannot help feeling a kindness for any one who takes up the cudgels on his side. If only Mr. Sichel could have avoided that cracked old bludgeon abusing the defendant's wife! That "my L." was an angel, even in polyanthus-time, is exceedingly improbable. That she had a temper seems certain; and that temper as certainly had grand opportunities of developing and exercising itself. The one positive fault which seems to be justly chargeable on her is a certain extravagance in the wandering years of her separation from her husband; but as that husband was extremely glad to be rid of her, there was some excuse. For the rest, the Montagu letters contain nothing really serious; John Croft's tattle is most emphatically "not evidence"; and if appeal is to be made to Eliza Draper (who is actually complimentary to her manners if not otherwise), Heaven help us all! Jesus the son of Surach said a great many wise things; but he never said any



Laurence Sterne.

From the original oil painting in the possession of Theodore Blake Wirgman, Esq.

From "Sterne," by Walter Sichel. (Williams & Norgate.)

Neither consult with a woman touching
her of whom she is jealous."

There are many other novel things in Mr. Siebel's book which one would like to discuss. He thinks that that interesting shadow Kitty de Lommontelle exercised influence up to the advent of the much less interesting "Bramine." But though the possible identity of "Dear Jenny" with "Dear de Kitty" at one time has struck most attentive readers, it is safe to carry that identity right through. The contrary could be made more probable. Nor does it seem very likely that the name "Tristram" was taken from the lover of Ysolt, that Kitty was Ysolt herself, and that Uncle Jacques Sterne was Murk! But this fancifulness adds a certain flavour to the book which by no means discredits it, and it is one which all lovers of Sterne should read, and which should send them yet once more to the queer, questionable, inimitable though often imitated "Great and Little Testaments of Tristram" as they might not ill be called. A few notes to finish with. In the description of Skelton Castle as "South Yerk here, there is an obvious misprint of South for North, and there is another in the quotation "mootus for "rotus" from the very sad dog Latin letter, which Mr. Siebel rightly puts at about 1761 instead of six years later. If the striking portrait of Mrs. Sterne given here be really the same that Hawthorne described as "haughty and unamiable" as "an awful woman" his judgment is odd. It is thoughtful and determined, no doubt, but by no means unamiable, remarkably young looking, for the supposed age, and far from unattractive.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

THE NATURAL POET.*

Mr. W. H. Davies' new poems reveal no new qualities to those who know his other books, but as they are so few that these books are still in their first editions, it may be necessary to repeat what has been said before. The title piece causes no ill. It is due to one of those moods probably common to lyric poets in particular, where the writer realises that his work is out of his control, and fears that it cannot be continued. It may be that Mr. Davies is now doing the best he will ever do. "Nature Poem" his last book of poems was finer as a whole, and in its parts than the others, and it can hardly be excelled. But "Farewell to Poesy" is equal to it, though it might be disputed which of the two contains the best single piece. His only dangers appear to be that of repeating himself, for example in using the contrast between town and country, duty and vagrancy, too often, and of writing long poems. His range has never been, and will never be, great. He does not get beyond a few simple emotions and moods of his own, in solitude, or with Nature, a woman, or a child, and life has no problems which must or can be solved by him, nor Nature any mystery which he must try to penetrate. In "Fancy," one of those long poems welcomed chiefly because they contain half a dozen or more short ones, he shows us the pleasures of his life, so long as "Fancy" his "Life's Love" is with him. So soon as she is gone, despondency comes to his heart.

And perched on it, even as a Hill, black root
Will stand upon the head of a white flower.

That is a simple, vivid image, felt by a man who would have believed in witchcraft and magic a few generations ago, but of their simplicity and vividness comes his poetry, and when they are clouded he must sing.

Sweet Poesy, why art thou dumb?
I loved thee as my captive bird,

* "Farewell to Poesy." By William H. Davies. 1s net. (Fisher.)

That sang me songs when spring was new,
And birds of freedom were not heard,
Nor dreamt thou wouldst turn false and cold
When needed most by men grown old.

Sweet Poesy, why art thou dumb?
I fear thy singing days are gone,
The poet in my soul is dying
And every charm in life is gone.
In vain birds scold and flowers do plead—
The poet dies, his heart doth bleed.

The mood is not new to him. It is the fear of losing poetry, and fancy that makes it so bitter, not the departure itself. In the next poem it reaches vaguely its expression:

And now when merry winds do blow,
And rain makes trees look fresh
An overpowering stalem holds
This mortal flesh.

Though I do love to feel the rain
And be by winds well blown
The mystery of mortal life
Doth press me down.

Freshness and simplicity are such obvious qualities in Mr. Davies that his others are in danger of being overlooked. In

Gone are the days of canvas sails!
No more great sailors tell their tales
In country taverns, butter ponds
For kisses from strange little girls.

and in the drinking song

Ye who have nothing to conceal
Come, honest boys, and drink with me.

the simplicity has an archness, doubtless quite unconscious, which is part of its charm, and is far removed from a really modern simplicity like Walt Whitman's. There is one quality usually combined with his simplicity which is superficially unlike it and might even be opposed to it by some. I do not know what to call it, but it is actually akin to simplicity, if it be not simplicity itself playing truant, and I believe that only a simple man could have written the conclusion of the "Milkmaid's Son" he has asked her to marry him, as she sits, "over her pail

She laugh'd in scorn, and teased her head
And he had milked the cream on her head
Then to my heart, but drop it off!

Only simplicity could be unaware of the barriers which common sense can see between this and itself. There are places where this faculty, or absence of control—trays so deep that is in. The simplicity it leads almost to a new myth.

It was the Rainbow gave the Earth
And I fit thee, all her lovely hue
And a her mother's name was Fear
So runs it in thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools and keep
In company with trees that weep.

I enjoy this heartily, but am not sure if it is not rather fancy still working than poetry achieved. Closely allied to this quality is a charming artificiality, probably due to a combination of nature and memory of books, as in

My Love, her, so fair
When in this angry way
That did she guess my thought
She'd quarrel every day.

This artificiality is part of Mr. Davies' simplicity. For it is of the essence of simplicity that it is without fear. The improbable, the unusual, the hackneyed, the grotesque are not known to it by their names. Hence the wide, vague, indescribable beauty of

"The Sun that sank long since
At Severn's Mouth, with that great sail of gold
That covered all the west."

Hence the huge scale of this, which is so effective :

"Since June
Has sent forth one white hair to draw the black
Into that treason which dethrones my youth."

Hence, too, the slips of grammar and syntax in his work, the formality of words and phrases and apparently bookish fancies adopted and made real as Blake adopted ornament. These are trifles. They are the very low price which he has to pay for his freedom of the world visible and invisible, and the unique beauty of his poetry.

EDWARD THOMAS.

TINSEL AND GOLD.*

Say what we will, it is the optimists among us, the men who contrive to keep young in an age that is lamentably old, to whom we lend our most cheerful attention. We seek their company in social intercourse, we turn to them for refreshment, if they are writers of fiction, after a surfeit of realism and reality. Art is largely a matter of lies, declared wise old Plato, and the child's instinct of make-believe persists in the most disillusioned adult. We love the author who can make a fairyland out of the existence that seems to most of us so drab and humdrum; we admire the brave soul that can discover romance and adventure in dull streets and beauty in the humblest home or the vulgarst calling. That is why our hearts go out to Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, here, too, we have the key to the popularity of such a novelist as Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop. This world of ours is a wonderful place in Mr. Calthrop's eyes, like the poet, the sentimentalist he is, he sees man's heroism, woman's love, children's smiles everywhere, and he pronounces it all good. The vulgar and shabby vices of latter-day society he looks past and through—they are things negative and irrelevant; what are the realities for him are men's and women's struggles after what is decent and chivalrous and kind, such he will match with the glories of sunset, the grace of a flower, the masterpieces of art.

Readers will find this view of life reflected in his latest novel, "Tinsel and Gold," which aims at showing us what largeness of heart, what strength of goodness, what generosity of love may be latent in a music-hall actress whose speech is slangy, whose taste is faulty, whose manners are so much suspected by her peer-husband that he keeps their union a secret and is sure that were she ever acknowledged as his wife, she would involve him in constant humiliation. In point of fact he is entirely mistaken, for when at last she conquers the young prig's affections and is admitted to the society of his class, to mix with which it must be allowed she has carefully trained herself, she wins her way everywhere and takes the county by storm.

Mr. Calthrop's manner of telling his story shows a marked advance on the artistry of his earlier and charming novel, "Everybody's Secret." The plot is worked out with more deftness and ease, the dialogue reveals fewer marks of the file, the main features of his characters are revealed at once with an economy of effort, and in at least two instances, those of the heroine herself and of Tom Ashley, a foolish young spendthrift who has wasted his substance on chorus-girls and stage hangers-on and takes to drink, he has drawn types—and those true types of to-day—on bold, big lines. Moreover, while retaining his own happy lightness of touch he exhibits in this tale—and that over a scene of violent altercation and murder which might have been but is not spoiled by sensationalism—a sense of drama so strong as to suggest that he may have a future before him as a playwright.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "Tinsel and Gold." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

THE PAINTER'S CRAFT.*

Whether any one of the figurative arts can be taught by precept only is a moot matter. In their case, more than any other, is a little example of much more account. The "way to do the thing" is always something beyond words beyond the written method. It was a "way" which even the cave-dweller had doubtless to learn by looking over the shoulder of his fellow, at work graving a mammoth upon bone or stone. And even the boy-genius, Giotto, drawing his sheep upon a scrap of slate, would he have advanced beyond that intuitive beginning had his discoverer but set him right by word of mouth instead of carrying him away with him to see.

In spite of these reflections, the author of this book has put himself to the task of telling how to draw and how to paint, with kindness and sincerity. And if there be in these islands any one so far removed from his fellow-men as to have to interpret the advice here given wholly by himself, even he, or she, would be given by these pages a beginning. And for all not so unfortunately placed, who by example have already learnt the elements of the art, this book is an invaluable statement of what one of the distinguished painters of the day advises. And it seems for the most part very sound advice. Mr. Solomon is not one of those who believe that the copious experimental art of the present day, done by all manner of original device, is likely to have much permanent value; being work which is often enough rich in genius, but in technique has clearly missed the mark. Indeed, his taste is plainly with the practice of the Old Masters, and especially he approves of their ancient habit of preparing their design first in monochrome, thereafter "scumbling" and "glazing" with more or less transparent colour up to that perfect and luminous completion which is so wanting to most of the "direct" painting of to-day.

* "The Practice of Oil Painting." By Solomon J. Solomon, R.A. 6s. net. (Seeley.)



Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Few of the general public possibly have ever had the least suspicion of these unlike methods. Few have any idea that to paint a picture by laying the pigment on full-hued from the first was but for the most part an innovation of the century gone by. This practice is the offspring of the modern spirit—that spirit of so-called liberty and self-expression which often are but other names for haste and recklessness. The desire to be original and vigorous, and so to impress the public with your powers, overrides all else, capturing for the hour attention which will be wondered at in the years to come.

To point out thus much is of course not to deny the brilliant merit of much of the "direct" painting done to-day; it is but to remind the world once more of the glorious work done in the past by a slower and more patient method, which gave those older works their far more perfect face. And the author of this book does not hesitate to suggest a doubt whether the depression in the picture market from which the modern picture-maker suffers is not largely due to this very want of "face" which the modern practice fosters. It is in the nature of man in the long run to like—however much he may be told he ought not—the thing which has a rich and smiling surface.

Perhaps the comparison between the "prepared" and the "direct" methods of painting is never more painfully revealed than by the attempts of students to copy by the latter style the old works wrought by the former. Which reflection accounts consolingly for the distressing shocks one has to suffer on entering one of the great galleries on a day devoted to those desperate efforts.

To add to the above valuable precepts, the author takes his reader for a promenade through the National Collection in Trafalgar Square, dissecting the charms of many of the most noted works. And a large number of photographic reproductions make this journey serviceable even to those afar from the metropolis. Especially excellent and useful is his analysis of composition as illustrated in that most superb of all examples, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian. For is not this question of composition too often the great weakness of our Northern Art? Again and again, upon the walls of our exhibitions, one sees tone, colour-harmony, and light and shade, and draughtsmanship perfected, but the convincing force of composition sadly absent. But perhaps this is the one and only thing that almost cannot be taught. It is the paradoxical quality which makes a picture self-standing and complete in its own world, yet part of a world beyond it.

This surely is a book which should be of immense service to all who, placed by circumstance afar from the schools, would yet be painters.

ARTHUR LEWIS.

HOME.*

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the effect produced by the surroundings in the midst of which each of us lives, and it is for this reason that one welcomes the appearance of any book which can help us to make those surroundings more beautiful. As it happens, the two volumes under consideration, though written upon widely different lines, are in a sense complementary to each other, for Mr. Trower is here to tell us all about his Surrey farm and garden, while Mr. Sparrow ranges over almost the whole subject of domestic architecture.

We can imagine that a certain proportion of Mr. Trower's readers will lose their tempers with him. His book has pre-eminently the defects of its qualities. It originated, we are informed, in the oft-expressed wishes of Mr. Trower's

friends that he should produce "some little memento of the garden." Unfortunately, in complying with this request Mr. Trower has lost sight of the fact that not everybody who reads his book has the advantage of his acquaintance, and consequently we are compelled to wade through a considerable amount of matter which is of no earthly interest to any one who is a mere Gentile, however entertaining it may be found by the author's personal friends. The judicious "skipper," however, ought to make light of this drawback, and he will certainly be rewarded by finding much that is at once interesting and useful. Mr. Trower is distinctly good in his descriptions of various old farming scenes, such as the Harvest Supper and Wages Night, and his simple, easy style is the one best suited to his theme. In particular we like many of the homely sayings of the old labourers which he quotes. The close observation of natural phenomena, the cast of mind which differentiates the years according to their harvests and so forth—these are things which have a never-ending charm of their own, and show that every agriculturist is a potential Hesiod. Nor is Mr. Trower sparing with his advice. In the concluding chapters of his book he gives many hints which are sure to be appreciated by all who wish to have gardens as fine as (to judge by the illustrations) his must be.

Equally practical and helpful in his different way is Mr. Sparrow. He is full of ideas and suggestions, which range from the proposition that all indoor servants should have their competency certified by the Board of Education to the scheme of establishing a Municipal Showroom of Modern Arts and Crafts in each town and of enlisting the aid of the County Councils in securing in our country towns and districts settled craft-guilds at variance with the worst tendencies of trade competition in bad or defective workmanship. Mr. Sparrow quotes the story of a gentleman who said to Thackeray, "I say, there's a place where cheap wine can be bought now," and Thackeray's reply, "Ah, indeed! Perhaps you know where sovereigns can be got for seventeen-and-sixpence?" The anecdote serves Mr. Sparrow for many a little homily. He laughs at our credulity in believing that good furniture can possibly be turned out cheap, especially from shops which rent expensive premises and spend huge sums in advertising. He impresses upon us the sound dictum that "There are faults in home decoration which are as bad as dropping the letter 'h' in head and hand: and every educated person should know what those faults are." At times he becomes keenly sarcastic, as where, describing a cheap carpet which tries to be three things: (1) a field spring-green in colour; (2) a rose-garden in a field; and (3) a bouquet tied up with ribbons, he goes on to remark:

"That's a great deal for a simple carpet to do for a few shillings a square yard; and it might do a great deal less without the smallest amount of harm to itself or to its buyers. For, indeed, why should any one wish to trample over roses and ribbons? Why not carrots and turnips, or pumpkins and vegetable marrows? If you want realism under your feet, why not choose some shape that has the reputation of being solid, such as H.M.S. *Dreadnought* or St. Paul's Cathedral? A charge of cavalry would be more animated to walk upon than ribboned roses, would it not?"

Really, it is quite depressing to find Mr. Sparrow returning to the attack so often, and to feel conscious all the time that his diatribes are only too well merited.

It would require a great deal of space to deal at all adequately with all the various questions raised in his book. We shall probably do less injustice to Mr. Sparrow by baldly stating that amongst the subjects discussed by him are "Householders and the House Plan," four chapters on Homes from Outside, "Rooms and their Decoration," and "Flats and Flats," and by leaving readers to estimate therefrom the scope of his book than by attempting to summarise the whole. By no means the least valuable feature of the book are the excellent and numerous illustrations and scale-drawings which exemplify the text.

* "Our Homestead and its Old-World Garden." By Arthur Trower. 7s. 6d. net. (Treherne.)—"Our Homes and How to Make the Best of Them." By W. Shaw Sparrow. 7s. 6d. net. (Loder & Stoughton.)

These, at any rate, are encouraging, and show clearly that if any one will only take the trouble to apply to the proper quarter there are a number of architects, decorators, furniture-makers, and other craftsmen who can do work to-day as good as any that has been done in the past. But, and here we are echoing Mr. Sparrow's warning, we shall cease to produce the men if we do not employ them.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

BLUE-STOCKINGS.*

The first blue-stocking was a man. Benjamin Stillingfleet, grandson of the famous bishop, was one of the most genial and entertaining of that fine and memorable company which used to meet at the salon of the brilliant Mrs. Montagu, in Portman Square, and his urbanity and conversational abilities became so essential to the success of her parties that when he was absent it was a common observation among the guests that "we can do nothing without the blue stockings"—blue worsted stockings being a regular feature of Mr. Stillingfleet's dress. As a consequence, Mrs. Montagu's and similar assemblies were presently nick-named Blue-stockings Clubs, and those who frequented them blue-stockings.

The name was at first a compliment; it stood for wit and learning in the broader sense; that much is certain. There are other accounts of the origin of the word besides the Stillingfleet anecdote; Miss Wheeler gives them all in this gossipy, entertaining book of hers, and you can take your choice from amongst them. But after a while you find Mrs. Thrale speaking of meeting "numberless blues" and displaying "our pedantry at our pleasure"; and soon thereafter the name began to be applied only to ladies, and only to those of a pretentious and pedantic order.

In the main, Miss Wheeler limits her survey to the blue-stockings of this early period. She has interesting chapters on that Georgian age, its manners, customs and coteries, and takes you through the glittering, crowded salons of it that have become part of our literary history.

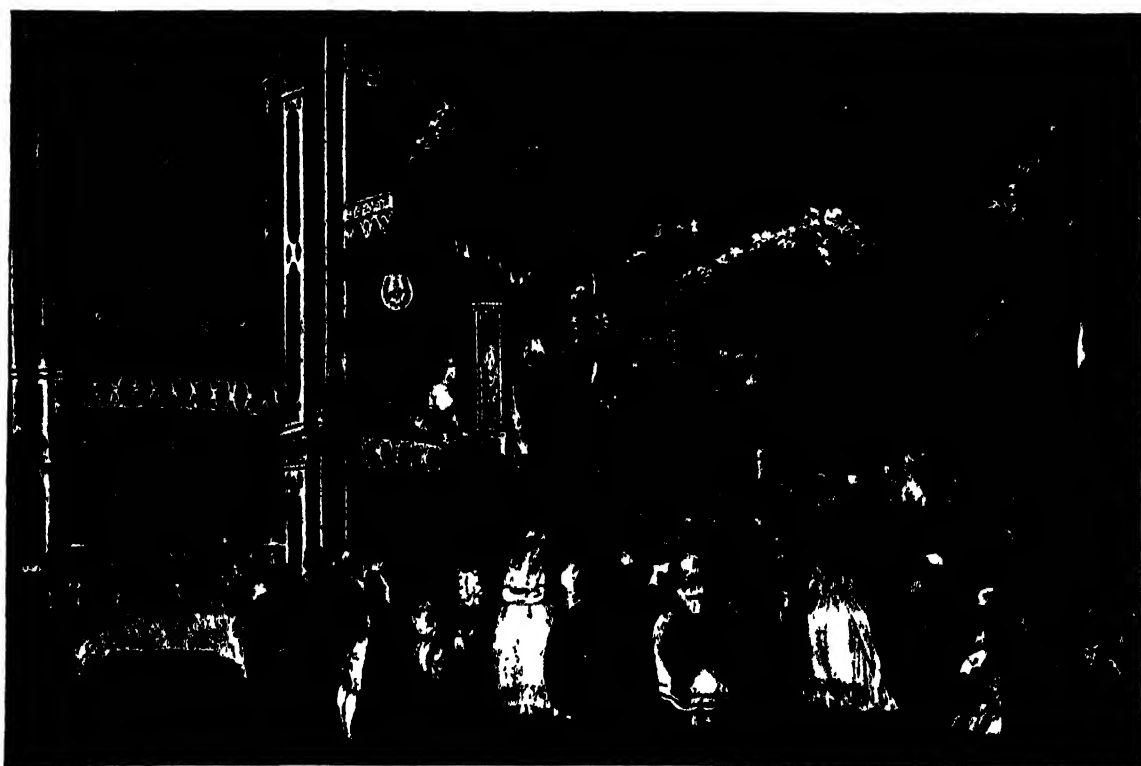
* "Famous Blue-Stockings." By Ethel Rolt Wheeler. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Special chapters are devoted to the leading figures in this pageant of eminent women, such as Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Chapone, Fanny Burney, Elizabeth Carter, and Hannah More, and if Miss Wheeler has nothing new to tell us, she has brought together a full and delightfully readable history of a period and the beginnings of a movement that did much towards the emancipation and intellectual advancement of women in general. Those women of the eighteenth century started daintily in their drawing-rooms a social revolution that the women of our own time have carried out of doors and are pursuing vigorously in the streets; and whether you sympathise with our suffragettes or no, you cannot fail to be interested in this bright and gossipy account of their blue stocking ancestry.

LORD LYTTON.*

Mr. Escott draws attention to what is frequently forgotten the autobiographical factor in the novels of Bulwer-Lytton; and he emphasises, by the chronological plan on which his book is written, the contrast to the case of other writers afforded by the fact that Bulwer-Lytton's "critical faculty kept pace in its development with the strengthening of his imagination and the wealth of his productive power." The author of "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What Will He Do With It?" "The Parisians," and "Kenelm Chillingly" had his immature moments, his faults of taste, and his follies of style, but he had no "dotages," and he died in harness. It is a pity that his critics to-day do not read the novels and take them for what they are intrinsically worth; that they remain content to hand on suspect dicta, glib though it be, and facetious as it sometimes is, yet dicta as "shallow" as anything it is the fashion so to describe in the writings of "George de Barnwell" and "Sir Edward Bulwig." As Mr. Escott reminds us, many eminent men—Thackeray, Tennyson, Reeve, and Froude among the number—had

* "Edward Bulwer, first Baron Lytton of Knebworth: A Social, Personal, and Political Monograph." By T. H. S. Escott. With a Frontispiece Portrait. 7s. 6d. net. (George Routledge & Sons.)



From a caricature by Thomas Rowlandson.

Vauxhall Gardens.

In the supper-box to the left are seated Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, and Mrs. Thrale.
From "Famous Blue-Stockings," by Ethel Rolt Wheeler. (Methuen.)

second thoughts regarding Bulwer, thoughts as creditable to their heads as to their hearts.

In the main, the works of "the author of 'Pelham'" are, comparatively speaking, back numbers. Almost alone, "The Last Days of Pompeii" (in the composition of which he was greatly indebted to the scholarly aid of Christopher Wordsworth), "Harold," and "Rienzi" remain good sellers; but there are yet many readers who find in Lytton's writings "a popular source of practical guidance and help in daily life." After his earlier efforts Bulwer-Lytton took himself seriously. His interest in English history and English literature was genuine. He felt a responsibility to the public. In the composition of more pretentious works, as in the making of pot-boilers, he was indefatigable. In the former he gave of his best. His solid attainments were far from being so inconsiderable as some "quick-lunchers" at the table of literary criticism seem to think. Few were more qualified than he to write with authority on the themes he touched upon in "The Parisians." That he had political foresight is proved in "The Last of the Tribunes." He had the grit to conquer physical infirmities and win success as a speaker. He proved himself the possessor of more than mediocre administrative ability. He showed in the case of Gallenga that he could go out of his way to do kindly actions in defence of humble merit. If his irritability had allowed him to follow his own maxims, and his mother had possessed more tact, if his wife had been less ambitious, his married life might have been more successful. All the parties to this tragedy lacked the saving grace of humour. Mr. Escott relegates the scandal to the category of "chatter about Harriet." Perhaps his references to Lady Lytton might have been written with advantage in a more judicial manner, with less emphasis on her "Irish wastefulness" and "ridiculous Irish pride"; but at all events he spares us a long recital of an old and very painful story.

In regard to Bulwer-Lytton's worth as an author, his estimate will make, we think, for a certain amount of rehabilitation. This monograph is from the hand of a practised journalist and an accomplished delineator of the life and politics of his own time. It makes an effective appeal to all who have taken a walk down (or up) the "street of adventure," and its political allusions will be followed with attention by all who know anything of the author's own political views. It is, too, the work of one who long ago mastered the essentials of a clear, incisive style, and who possesses, besides the classic touch, the rare gift of being picturesque without being either "precious" or melodramatic. Mr. Escott suggests that Tennyson did not himself send the lines about "The New Timon and the Poet" to *Punch*, but he does not solve the mystery. Probably the printers have involved him in one aggravating slip—"Smalltalk" for Smortork, in a reference to "Pickwick." But they are not responsible for the inadequate quotation of the Prologue which Lytton wrote for a performance of "Every Man in His Humour," given by Charles Dickens and his company of amateur actors for the benefit of Leigh Hunt. W. F. A.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.*

To Mr. Arnold Bennett the literary table is rather a sort of luncheon counter than a board of regular and serious courses, all to be attacked in the gravity for which "Englishman" has become a synonym throughout the world. That is, although he now and then takes a fairly substantial meal—as in "The Old Wives' Tale," "Whom God Hath Joined," etc.—he mostly roams along, taking a "snack" here and a picking there; it may be a cold chop with some piquant sauce and a glass of sherry, or a delicacy in the shape of a "brownish or coppery gold

kidney omelette" and some sparkling hock; or something still more light and digestible. Yet is that not as it should be?—when a man can fashion it so. The workman who shapes a sideboard is not debarred, by foolish public opinion, from making a fancy cabinet for bric-à-brac; and the tailor who makes you a summer waistcoat supplies you with a heavy winter overcoat. Why, then, should the literary workman who has once made you laugh be compelled to continue at his mirth-provoking business? Or should he who drew your tears at his first serious attempt be forced to remain always in his tense house of tragedy, that you may weep as often as he presents you with a piece of his work? Could anything be more silly or unjust? Have we not all our moods and tenses? And, although some moods may be fostered into working order, the best are undoubtedly those which spring from no perceivable cause.

In a way all this seems to be beside the mark; in reality it is not so. It is the best possible excuse that comes to mind at the moment for the introduction of this altogether delightful Helen—"altogether," if we allow that she is rather a type in herself or a personification than an individual, a creature of fantasy more than of actual life. At the same time she bubbles over with life; that is why she rules, domineers with a piquancy that is winning, over her great-step-uncle. The locale is once more "the five towns." There Helen (would that Mr. Bennett had given her some other name!—for how many heroines have we had with it since her, whose face "burnt the topmost towers of Ilium"?) is an under-mistress in a Board School—"a tall girl and generously formed, with a complexion between fair and dark; her age, perhaps, about twenty-five." And, well, what may not be to twenty-five, a large number of inches, a generous make, plenty of vitality, ready intelligence, presence of mind, and "the eye of an empress"? Did the gods endow the original Helen with greater favours or more subtle graces? We doubt if they did. Is there anything impossible to one who is so armed cap-à-pie to take the isolated cardiac fortress of a rather crusty old step-uncle? or even to assail the whole world of light comedy? Surely no. This, possibly, is where Mr. Bennett has made the slip in his gossamer artistry. It's like pitting a *Dreadnought* against a third-class cruiser that's an inappropriate simile, so let us say a light and perfectly efficient aeroplane against a lumbering balloon of the old type. The battle—no, skirmish for supremacy would have been so much more interesting if all the odds had not been on Helen's side. Being a young woman with spirit, having a rich if untutored great-step-uncle—who was a bit lonely in the world and not on speaking terms with her mother—and having packed the same mother off to Canada with a new husband, what was there for her to do but subjugate the heart of the great step-uncle? This she begins by occupying the same seat as he does in the park, one fine afternoon. He breaks the ice between them; so what more natural than that Helen should go home with him? Nothing at all. There, while he gets the "Hallelujah Chorus" out of a concertina, she goes clean over the ramparts and into the citadel by the means of a wonderful kidney omelette. But then, again, what is impossible to, etc.? With the exception of a few insignificant cases such as Cleopatra and Antony, was there ever a middle-aged curmudgeon who was not won by gastric influence? As a proof of the entertaining quality of the thing, Mr. Bennett spends eight chapters on that park meeting, going home to tea, cooking the omelette, and a few incidentals; yet there is not a line too many. As to the end, that too often annoying part of Mr. Bennett's essays in fiction—well, we set out with the intention not to give the story away. Enough! it is the most amusing piece of literary sleight-of-hand that we have seen these many days.

* "Helen with the High Hand: An Idyllic Diversion." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

THACKERAY.*

The great drawback that must present itself to any one who undertakes to make up a volume of extracts from the works of a great novelist is that, however well the extracts may be chosen, they lose infinitely by being wrenched from the setting in which the author placed them. Yet though such books as "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Esmond" are so much greater than any chapters or any scenes in them, it is surprising how well on the whole Thackeray comes out of the ordeal of dismemberment. What effect this volume of the "Masters of Literature" Series would have upon a reader unacquainted with Thackeray's works it is impossible to say: would the extract somewhat crudely labelled "The Fall of Becky Sharp" send him to "Vanity Fair," or "The Black-mailing of Major Pendennis" make him hunger to read "Pendennis," are questions that need not be answered. Assuredly, however, those who know and love their Thackeray will, after dipping into this collection of half-hours with the Master, take from their shelves the volumes containing the full text of the novels. It is not always the case that the best scenes come from the best books, but with Thackeray it would certainly seem to be so. In "Vanity Fair" is the great scene when Rawdon Crawley interrupts his wife's *tête-à-tête* with Lord Steyne—a passage that Thackeray himself, in a moment of expansion, said was instinct with genius; in "Esmond" is "The Flight of the Prince," that magnificent conclusion to a magnificent work. These are among the best things, if not, indeed, the best things in Thackeray. Not even the scene between Major Pendennis and his valet Morgan is on the same plane, and there is nothing in "The Newcomes" to be compared with this; while "The Virginians" and "Philip" are not on the same level of excellence as the earlier novels.

It is strange that in this volume of selections there is nothing from "Barry Lyndon": for that superb rogue's defence of gambling, for instance, most people would gladly have spared the indifferent "Fitz-Boodle's Second Profession." Indeed, it is not easy to understand how Mr. Chesterton came to choose this. If it was his wish to insert a specimen of Thackeray's early writings over the pseudonym of Fitz-Boodle, he would have been better advised to select almost any other story by that eminent personage, say "Dorothea" or "Miss Löwe." It would have been pleasant to see in this volume the exquisite scene depicting Lady Castlewood's welcome to Harry Esmond when he returned "bringing his sheaves with him"; and the finest piece of word painting in any of the works, Esmond at his mother's grave in the convent cemetery at Brussels. "On Thunder and Small-Beer," which Mr. Chesterton prints, is amusing enough, but it could well be exchanged for a passage showing Thackeray in the ironic vein.

Many will note with pleasure that Mr. Chesterton has included in this volume seven poems by Thackeray. This is as it should be, and will come as a reminder to many that Thackeray as a writer of light verse must not be ignored. "When I strike the lyre I think it's to a more original tune than that," Thackeray said in reply to Dr. John Brown's question as to whether he had written a certain poem in *Punch*: "it's not the best music, but it's my own." If Thackeray was not under rating his talent, when, on another occasion, he spoke of his poetry as small-beer, he was certainly not guilty of an error of judgment when he declared it to be the right tap.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Thackeray." Edited with Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. ("Masters of Literature" Series.) 3s. 6d. net. (George Bell & Sons.)



"Not at Home."

From "According to Maria," by Mrs. John Lane. (John Lane.)

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.*

Maria knows she is not beautiful, but is sure she is stylish; she has no sense of humour, and therefore, though she is the cause of much laughter in others, she gets on in the world, and becomes something of a figure in that society which is usually spelt with a capital S. Her husband is a successful grocer, with one large shop at Clapham and several shops dotted about in other suburbs, and she is not happy until he turns his entire business into a limited company, and is himself managing director of it; for then, as a managing director, he is no longer a tradesman, and she is able to lead him up to higher levels.

The story of her resolute climbing is developed with a keen satirical touch that is as light as it is mordant. Maria has a philosophy of fashionable life that she puts into practice with great determination. As soon as she has established herself in the West End, she cuts her old friends the Hickses, those homely Clapham drapers, and will not see them when she comes across them in Hyde Park during the Church Parade, but is nevertheless indignant when a Russian princess rudely snubs her a few minutes later. She believes in the policy of calling on her aristocratic friends on days when she knows they are not at home, and the description of how she makes a round of such visits fills one of the most sparkling and shrewdly humorous chapters in the book. For her At Homes—

"Maria always says that people must have music or they won't talk, and they must also have something to stare at, and of all things they love to stare at the Great."

Therefore, she worms her way into the right houses and angles for the Great there, and suffers humiliations

* "According to Maria." By Mrs. John Lane. 6s. (John Lane.)

and indignities, but cares nothing so long as she can get introduced to them, and is able to catch them. But she is bitterly chagrined when others come to angle for them in her drawing-room and filch them away from her. Her one aim is not to surround herself with people whose company she enjoys, but with people whom she imagines it is the proper and genteel thing to know and to grow intimate with; and when her daughter, Diana, renews acquaintance with Dicky Hicks, and talks of going skating with him Maria is in despair and says, "Just as I told you! She has no social sense; just like her father. If I'd let him he'd only ask people to the house he likes."

Maria, in a word, is a feminine snob, and this story of her rise and fall is a brilliantly witty satire on present-day society. Social conventions, the great vulgar and the small--inane pomposities, who, for no conceivable reason, swell with a sense of their importance among the upper class and look down on the lower, fussy incoherents who emerge from the lower ranks and toady and abase themselves and waste their time and their money to win the honour of being patronised by some titled nobody whose smile is very expensive, and makes you no happier, though it makes you seem so--the whole childish, ludicrous game and the players are gaily and mercilessly ridiculed, yet the character of Maria herself is so cleverly handled that you do not dislike her, you even like her enough to be sorry for her when towards the close her pride is broken down.

It is an admirable and entirely enjoyable story, vivacious, wise, witty, joyously alive, the most amusingly satirical novel we have read for a long time, and the truest

THE HERKOMERS.*

It is difficult to class this book; but then, as their Bavarian neighbours used to say, "Those Herkomers always do things differently from other people." It is not a book of mere reminiscences. No doubt many very well-known people are mentioned in its pages, but our interest is not in them, as would be the case in an ordinary retrospect. Sir Hubert painted Tennyson at Farringford; but the whole incident gets only three lines. The interest of the book lies in its subject--the Herkomers, father and son. At Landsberg in Bavaria, a striking building, the Mutterthrum, commemorates in the true Herkomer way the author's mother. From the last paragraph of the Preface we gather that this book is to do a like service for his father. The natural impulse is to make a comparison with "Margaret Ogilvy." But the part played by the son is not at all the same in the two books. Here we have a deliberate analysis of the character and development of the boy under the direct influence of the father. The author himself speaks of "the rather unusual course I have followed of putting myself under the microscope for temperamental analysis," and he admits that it is probable that he has succumbed "to the temptation of self-dissection."

We have here, in fact, an honest attempt to give an accurate and straightforward account of the development of a character. It may be said at once that the attempt must be regarded as successful. There is a frankness, a directness, and a simplicity in the whole narrative that irresistibly carry conviction. The filial motive seems to have been sufficient in itself. At any rate there is no suggestion of any other. It is true that we have occasional references to what a young man may learn from certain incidents, but there is a refreshing absence of the sort of sentence that ends "these pages will not have been penned in vain." Very probably the book was written for that best of all reasons from an artist's point of view--because he wanted to.

* "The Herkomers." Vol. I. By Sir Hubert von Herkomer. (For Private Circulation.)

The style is pleasing and unpretentious. Sometimes, indeed, there is a certain biblical directness and simplicity that is very effective; e.g. at the birth of the author his father prophesied: "This boy shall become an artist, and my best friend." Prophecies find their way into biographies usually for one of two reasons. Either the prophet foretells what he wishes, and takes means to see that it comes to pass; or out of the many prophecies that have been made the biographer from his position of advantage selects only those that have come true. At the beginning it looked as if the father's prophecy did not come under the first head, for he had very little to do with the child at the early stages, leaving him to become a devoted admirer of Uncle John. But with the dawn of the *artist* and the *friend that was to be*, the father took his proper place in the development of "a temperament that ran to extremes in all things, with abnormal ambition and abnormal energy, but handicapped by poverty, as well as by mental defect--the want of application." This at once arouses the eager attention of all interested in education. If by any means we can remove this mental defect we have mastered the thing that matters. The author believes that in his case education did accomplish this feat. The method adopted practically coincides with what is known among teachers as learning by doing. The author's temperament as described by himself is precisely that which lends itself best to this mode of treatment.

Sir Hubert gives a very honest and very natural description of the poverty of his early years, marked by a singular lack of self-consciousness. There is no appearance of deepening the colours in order to heighten the effect of later successes, no trace of the "and that little boy now stands before you" frame of mind. He is interested and he makes his readers interested in the hard times as hard times, and in the poor people as poor people. Our sympathy goes out to them as they are, not to them because of what they are to be. The six months' consideration of how to spend half a crown at Christmas takes one by the throat; and the simple budget, one *Illustrated London News*, 18., one Christmas tree, 18., nuts, 6d., half-a-crown, secures our interest without the aid of contrast with the easier budgets at Bushey.

When it comes to success, our author writes as easily and as frankly. He is no more ashamed of his success than of his hard times. He records with relish, but without undue elation, the immediate success of his "Last Muster," with the hand-clapping of the Academicians when they first saw it. Then his account of the French medal for the same painting is delightfully natural. His use of *Punch* cartoons is fair and sensible. The most crabbed critic can hardly grumble at a man reproducing a caricature of himself--even though it does include others. The impartiality with which he states the good and the bad about himself is well illustrated in the report he gives of the advice of his friend Mr. H. S. Marks, about an oil painting done in Bavaria: "Don't exhibit *that*, burn it." But then he adds: "Had I sent that first oil-colour attempt to an exhibition, I certainly should have been unable in after years to air my pet boast, that I had never been rejected nor badly hung."

The visualising, the dreaming of dream pictures, in which on the advice of his father he trained himself, bears its fruit in the peculiar power he shows of objectifying himself, and regarding himself as if he were somebody else. This aloofness is well illustrated where he gives an account of his negotiations with the intention of joining a Christy Minstrel Company, and his reflections on the sort of character that might have resulted from the interaction between his temperament and this violent environment. A similar examination accompanies the account of his experience as a draughtsman on a comic paper. It is perhaps best illustrated, however, in his description of some of his weaknesses as an artist, notably in connection with what he calls *purplitis*. Then his peculiar discipline

ship to Walker is excellently worked out. The followers of M. Tarde will find much to interest them in the influence that imitation exercised over one of a family that constitutionally objects to doing things like other people. Sir Hubert does not make it quite clear whether he realised at the time the bondage in which he worked. How clearly he realised it afterwards is admirably shown in his statement that in his unregenerate days what he did first, in planning a picture, was to find out what Walker did in similar circumstances, and then proceed to follow his example, never allowing "nature to put me out." Teachers may learn something from the fact that his deliverance came from having to do work under a very high pressure. Since he had to get his old soldiers on the canvas somehow or other, if "The Last Muster" was to be in time for the Academy, he had not time to think about how Walker would treat this point or that, and so came to himself.

There is a curious mixture in the book of the artistic temperament and sound common sense. Teetotal Bohemianism seems a contradiction in terms, but it not inaptly describes the attitude of the young artist. He was poor, and gay, and borrowed money, and even flirted ("but, let me add, quite harmlessly"), and above all hired a dress suit; yet he is separated by a whole nationality from Murger's light-hearted brotherhood.

The latter part of the volume is somewhat sad. The shadow of domestic suffering and bereavement darkens its pages, and we can but admire the reticence with which the author deals with matters that he deems it necessary to indicate in order to give a complete picture of the conditions of his development.

The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the twenty-eight admirably executed engravings, all the work of the author himself, who, after the fashion of the older masters, seems to take the whole range of art as his province. One almost regrets that "My School and My Gospel" has already been published as a separate book. It would have fitted in so well as a continuation of the professional part of "The Herkomers." But the author's professorial work will without doubt supply material that will make the second volume as attractive as the first.

JOHN ADAMS.

AN OXFORD NOVELIST.*

Mr. Coke is one of the most promising and best equipped of the younger Oxford novelists. Like Mr. de Sélincourt, a member of the same school, he has in a marked degree that amiable weakness for gently setting the world right which is known as "the Oxford manner." There is a touch of pedantry about his style, which is not without a certain charm, though he would do well to avoid such a word as "banaisic." But in spite of a suspicion of superiority, Mr. Coke has a sufficient sense of humour to be able to smile at the foibles of the type which he depicts with the sympathy born of intimate knowledge. Few of our younger novelists combine such fidelity of detail with keener psychological insight. Mr. Coke is sympathetic without being "sloppy," and a tinge of cynicism prevents his sentiment ever degenerating into mere sentimentality. A keen observer and a conscientious craftsman, too restrained to attempt anything beyond his compass, polished and witty without any mechanical epigram, Mr. Coke possesses a combination of gifts which gives his work an artistic finish rare among contemporary novelists. It has just that touch of preciosity which delights the critical, and yet it is never mannered or insincere.

Humphry Scott-Mahon is the son of an impoverished land-

* "Beauty for Ashes." By Desmond Coke. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

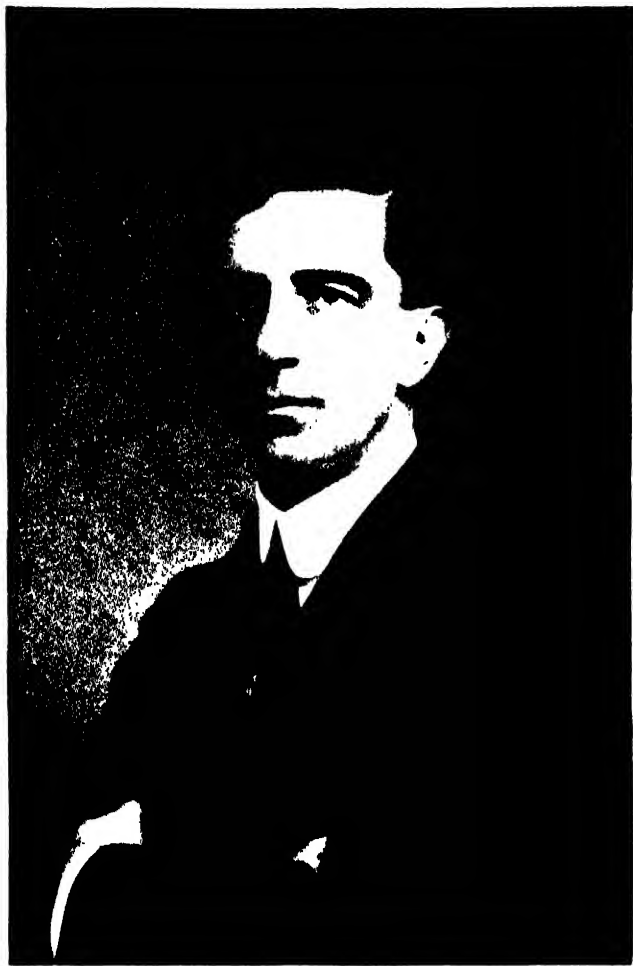


Photo by Elliott & Fry

Mr. Desmond Coke.

owner who was prepared to make any sacrifice rather than abandon Burcot, the beautiful old priory which had been the home of long generations of Scott-Mahons. Humphry after a successful career at Balliol enters the Indian Civil Service, but after a few years in India returns at his father's urgent entreaty in order to become his steward and to prepare himself in due course to take over his heritage with all its responsibilities. Unhappily for this arrangement Humphry had imbibed at Oxford the doctrine of "self-realisation." The county society bores him, and while he is sensitive to the charms of Burcot he is too practical not to see the absurdity of living in poverty at Burcot on an income which would keep him in comfort elsewhere. Besides, maintaining the family traditions does not satisfy his craving for a career. Chance suggests to him that he would find full scope for realising himself in an effort to uplift the slum-dwellers. Mr. Coke is too sincere to ignore the fact that Humphry's enthusiasm for the enlightenment of the East End blinds him to his obvious duty to his father, but while with gentle cynicism he shows how self-realisation is usually achieved at the expense of others, he does full justice to all that is attractive and lovable in Humphry's character. Humphry is a prig, but he is a good fellow in spite of it. His adventures in Archer Lane ("near the Docks") are admirably described, many of the details being obviously taken from life. The minor characters are excellent, particularly the disillusioned East End parson and Joe, the hooligan champion of Brick Street. Rosa the typist, whose father was once Mayor of Banbury, who combines genuine devotion to "the cause" with an intense admiration for Humphry, is a fine study, revealing a knowledge of feminine psychology remarkable in so young a writer. But as Mr. Coke remarks, "the man whose ambition is to stand alone should avoid at all costs women who desire to lean." Rosa cannot hold Humphry, and in the end Burcot wins and he returns to take up the heritage of the Scott-Mahons. As a study of the Oxford type nothing in contemporary literature is so true and penetrating.

Whether Mr. Coke has creative imagination remains to be seen, but that he is endowed with a rare critical and analytic faculty is beyond question. He is a realist in the best sense, and a book of such quality is not to be missed.

BOOKS AND LIFE.*

It is probably true that every man has one good novel in him; it is certainly true that every man has one good volume of essays in him, if only he knew how to write it. "We are all painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, philosophers, statesmen," as Vernon Lee says in "Althea,"* of which volume of dialogue essays Mr. Lane has just issued a welcome new edition; "for if we were not, the special painter, sculptor, musician, philosopher, etc., etc., would exist in vain, without a public which he could serve or which could obey him." But most of us are too busy in other ways to write our poems, our essays, or our stories, and are happily contented to have them written for us, by somebody else, and our favourite books are those in which we find the literature we would ourselves have written if we could.

Of course, when I say every man has a volume of essays in him I do not mean such a volume as Mr. Maurice Baring's "Dead Letters,"† for that is the fruit of imagination, and not of experience. It is a series of imaginary letters written by various persons of importance in the real life or the dream life of the past. There is some gravely amusing correspondence between Lord Bacon and his literary agent concerning the plays that, when no publisher would accept them, were revised and produced by Shakespeare; a letter from Lady Macbeth to Lady Macduff about her husband, who is suffering from nervous breakdown, and is troubled with a delusion that he murdered Duncan; a letter from Goneril complaining to her sister Regan of the eccentric and unreasonable behaviour of their father, King Lear; and, among much other such correspondence, a collection of letters from Clytemnestra to Ægisthus, from which you learn how Paris and Helen ran away together, and the siege of Troy was commenced and continued for many weary years, till Helen was at last glad to be able to write and tell Clytemnestra that Hector had been killed, and "we have thought of a very good plan for letting the Greeks into the city," and she hopes soon to be home again, so "please have some patterns for me to choose from." They are very like the sort of letters that such persons might have written to their private friends, and the little domestic touches in them, their uncompromising, natural, commonplace tone give them an air of delightfully amusing and irreverent burlesque. The humour of the book is refreshingly original, and one hopes Mr. Baring will oblige those friends who have asked him to publish some further details of Lady Macbeth's housekeeping and Lord Bacon's business affairs.

But the essays I am thinking of when I say that each of us has a volume of them in him are something of a personal, intimate, homelier kind. They seem so easy to do; there is no abstruse philosophy in them, and in the best of them no learning, except such as a thoughtful, observant man may gather by watching his fellows with a sympathetic interest, and sharing in their every-day lives; a knowledge of books may add a charm of allusiveness to what is written; but the greatest charm of it all is that it reveals vividly and faithfully the personality of the writer; for each man is interesting to himself, and may be made as interesting to others, if they can be drawn into sympathy with him.

It seems easy enough to do, but how few authors have done it in the course of how many centuries? It has been

* "Althea." By Vernon Lee. New Edition. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

† "Dead Letters." By Maurice Baring. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

done some half-dozen times, perhaps, in formal autobiographies; and the number of essayists who have done it to any purpose are almost as small a company, with Montaigne and Lamb supreme at the head of them. The short list is not often added to, but I am inclined to add to it now this new book of essays by an anonymous author—"The Lowly Estate."*

The essays are all about the author himself: the life he leads, the weather he encounters, the little unsensational things that happen to him, the people he meets, the books he reads, the progress of his garden, with an accompaniment of the thoughts that come to him as he goes about his daily tasks and his occasional pleasures. It is a quiet, restful book, thoughtful, fanciful, whimsical, full of a kindly wisdom, and atmosphered always with the gracious, very winning personality of the writer. You gather from one essay and another that he lives in the country; that he has a walk of some distance from his cottage to the railway station; that he journeys to London every day and is there engaged in some office that involves the handling of books and the reading of manuscripts; that he is not rich, but has comfort; that he has known sorrow, but is happy; that he has suffered many disappointments, but still walks with his face towards the morning, and is an invincible optimist. Whatever happens to him feeds his pen and flows out on to his paper when he writes. The sweep comes to clean the chimney of his library, and a delightfully quaint and humorous chapter is the result of that visit. A night of storm, with thunder and lightning and a run home through the rain; an afternoon spent in the house of a friend, or by a friend at his house; a walk in the country; a stroll through the poorer part of the town; the illness of one of his children; the pleasant keeping of Christmas among his family; his potterings in his garden; the discourtesy of an unsympathetic neighbour; the re-reading of favourite books—he finds inspiration in these and a score or so of similar ordinary incidents and experiences. Another hand might have taken the same material and made nothing of it; but treating it frankly and with simple sincerity, with a sense of humour and of the beauty in common things, he has built of it a pleasure-house for all who know how to enjoy the quieter music of literature.

I started to read the book, and went on reading it to the finish, not noticing how the time had gone; and I have put it aside, not among the books I have read, but among the books I am still reading, or going to read.

A. S. J. A.

SIX SINGERS.†

It is well that poets have faith in their singing. While the attention of the public has been fixed upon the general election, the question of the Budget, and the fate of the Lords, poets ask for listening ears while they sing of such distant yet ideal things as roses, stars, and dreams. Before me are the offerings of six poets represented by six dainty volumes, the contents of each pleasant to dip into and some of them possessing quite memorable lines. Lovers of poetry will welcome Mr. Arthur L. Salmon's latest appearance. This "New Book of Verse" once more emphasises the author's mastery over melodious poetry. His former volumes in this direction stand well to his credit, and this new selection should place him still higher

* "The Lowly Estate." 5s. net. (Melrose.)

† "A New Book of Verse." By Arthur L. Salmon. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)—"A Faery Flute." By Henry Simpson. 2s. 6d. net. (Thomas Burtleigh.)—"Songs of Night." By A. I. Young. 1s. 6d. net. (Moring.)—"The Triumph of Love." By Lyman Whitney Allen. 3s. 6d. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—"Verses of the Country." By M. D. Ashley Dodd. 2s. net. (Blackwell.)—"Poems." By Leonard Shoo-bridge. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

among the most accomplished of contemporary poets. As in the past, his new lyrical achievements will find greatest favour. A more mature hand is visible in their construction, and a greater mastery over expression is to be found in his delicate fancies moulded in lyric shape, a form of verse not always successful even with the greatest poets. In "City Pictures," a series of three short poems, Mr. Salmon draws some graceful verse vignettes, and his three "Autumn Hush Songs" will be turned to more than once. One of the most melodious of his poems is "A Fisher-Wife's Lullaby." It strikes the true lyric note; it is in the West Country dialect, and if of no great moment, it is very human:

"Sleep, ma dearie, sleep;
Dawntee fret now, dawntee weep now;
Shut your eyes an' go to sleep now.
Mother sits an' sings a-near 'ee,
In tha dimpsy light, ma dearie;
Sleep, ma dearie, sleep. . . .

"Sleep, ma dearie, sleep;
Sleep until tha break o' day now,
While I sit beside an' pray now
Pray that He who guides tha weather
Keep you safe, my two together;
Sleep, ma dearie, sleep."

Our author has allowed himself greater scope for his fertile imagination in the last and longest poem, "The Court of Revision," a fantasy, skilfully planned and gracefully expressed.

There is at the present time a band of London poets known as the Poets' Club, and if I mistake not, Mr. Henry Simpson is one of its members. His volume, "A Faëry Flute," is an accomplished little output. He is certainly at his best in his shorter poems, and one would have welcomed more of them in place of the longer ones, which are not altogether successful. These latter are a trifle old-fashioned in expression, and some of the lines are a little ludicrous—in "A Chant of Morning," for instance:

"Across the world a breathing stirs and creeps,
The springs are loosened in their frozen deeps,
High mountains melt, and in a turgid flow
Plunge down the glens their toppled fronts of snow."

Mr. Simpson's poem on "Aberdeen" is a notable tribute of praise to "the granite city" worthy of a place beside Alexander Smith's "Glasgow" and "Edinburgh" and other famous poems of cities. Anthologists in search of material for a book of fairy poetry should certainly remember Mr. Simpson's charming little poem, "The Faëry Flute":

"Where the tarn shines white in the evening moon,
Come, little friend, with your hand in mine,
Now that the cries of day are mute,
And list with me to the faëry flute."

"Puck is abroad, and his faëry band
Dance in a ring where the moonflowers glow,
Hark how the goblin laughter peals
As Pan's soft pipe from the sedges steals."

"Pipe, little minstrel, at your will,
Faëry folks are the friends of man,
Dead is the heart as a broken lute
That cannot sigh to the faëry flute."

The author of "Songs of Night" takes the most intimate things of Nature and weaves around them quaint fancies giving them legends anew. "The Snowdrop," "The Bee," and "The Sea" are the titles of some of these snatches of song marked by a fluent expression.

There is evidently a public still to be found for long poems, and Dr. Lyman Whitney Allen's new volume is one of them. The title scarcely fulfils the nature of the book's contents: it is not poetry of an amorous kind, but is rather a hymn to Nature. There is an "Apostrophe to Light," and other stanzas are headed "O Wondrous Chlorophyll!" and "The Call of the Chloroplast." I wonder how many

ordinary readers could without a moment's consideration say what a chloroplast is? To be exact, chlorophyll is the green colouring matter of plants. But long words and obscure technical terms do not always make fine poetry.

M. D. Ashley Dodd's "Verses of the Country" consists of a sheaf of wistful little songs expressed in the simplest language. This companionable volume asks to be taken in the hands at a tired hour. It breathes the fragrance and peace of the countryside.

A new poet to be added to the Bodley Head list of singers is Mr. Leonard Shoobridge. He offers a well-packed volume. The author has adopted a curious and sometimes irritating plan in leaving half of his poems without a title, so that it is occasionally difficult to know where one poem ends and the next begins. There is, however, a genuine musical quality about Mr. Shoobridge's verses, and his fancy roams wide and far. The majority of them have Nature for their setting interlaced with amorous lines and various rhymes ranging from "Vishnu" to "A Roman Peasant." Perhaps of these six singers Mr. Shoobridge's volume contains the larger quantity of poetic thought, and in quality will be found the most musical.

ALFRED HYATT.

HERRICK.*

It is no dispraise of Dr. Moorman's sumptuous volume to say that, a few years ago, its type and margins would have been reduced, its occasional padding omitted, and its scope adapted to the scale of a school edition of the "Hesperides." The hundred and fifty pages of the "Life," which are by no means free from redundancies, would have been curtailed to an excellent biographical introduction, and the two hundred pages of "The Works" (Part II) would have furnished ample material for the critical introduction and the notes. As a library volume at twelve-and-sixpence, produced in Mr. Lane's best style, there is just a suspicion of inflation—a mere suggestion of the thought that the multiplication of universities adds to our collection of books in a sense not intended by Carlyle.

This reflection—let us have done with it at once—is confirmed by a certain diffuseness in Dr. Moorman's style. He has more words than facts to clothe them with. The "festive board" and "festive cheer" of the Apollo chamber recur as often in Part I. as "the Veronese lyrist," as a synonym for Catullus, in Part II., and, as examples of the danger of this loose, journalistic writing, we would cite "exceedingly hard" (for extremely hard) on p. 265, and "the princely gifts bestowed by the King" (for the more than kingly gifts) on p. 77. These are but slight indications: the absence of a bibliography, the entire neglect of the difficulties of Herrick's text, and a general note of popular appeal, tend further to deprive the volume, at least at its present price, of a portion of the permanent character with which it should be endowed by the author's academic position.

There are considerable gaps in Herrick's life. "The twelve years which elapse between Herrick's graduation at Cambridge in 1617, and his induction as vicar of Dean Prior in 1620, form one of the most obscure periods in his long life" (p. 55). He lived at Dean Prior eighteen years, "but it is not easy to determine how far he appreciated his Devonshire home, and how far it seemed to him a place of bitter exile" (p. 97). He was reinstated in 1662, but "of Herrick's life under the Commonwealth and Protectorate we know absolutely nothing. We may surmise that it was spent chiefly in London in the society

* "Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study." By F. W. Moorman, B.A., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English Literature in the University of Leeds. With 9 full-page illustrations, including a Frontispiece in Photogravure. 12s. 6d. net (John Lane.)

of his relations, friends, and other 'outed' clergymen" (p. 145). Thus, though certain dates are fixed in the biography of the poet his graduation in 1617, his induction in 1629, his ejection in 1647, his return in 1662, and his death in 1674, the records of the fifty-seven years are singularly sparse and uneventful. We do not know why Herrick became a clergyman, and on as personal a matter as the death of his mother we are told: "Of the poet's relations with her we know nothing, and speculation on such a matter is particularly undesirable" (p. 86). These blanks are a little depressing in a volume of a hundred thousand words, and Dr. Moorman is really to be congratulated on the sustained interest of his narrative. For his new material does not amount to much. The family papers at Beaumanor have yielded a few new letters, chiefly illustrating the poet's relations with his guardian and uncle, Sir William Herrick. This worthy goldsmith is well known to have kept a tight fist over young Robin's estate. Probably he distrusted his nephew's powers to earn a living for himself; for Herrick, like Boccaccio before him, gave up his sound commercial prospects for law, fashion, and fame. There is also a new Cambridge letter, likewise petitioning Sir William Herrick, from the collection of Canon Egerton Leigh; and Dr. Moorman has thoroughly consulted State papers and other sources, as well as the works of his predecessors, Mr. Gosse, Dr. Grosart, and Mr. A. W. Pollard. Swinburne's introduction to Mr. Pollard's edition is also laid under contribution, and justice is done to Henry Morley, an industrious middle-Victorian scholar whose reputation once stood higher than it stands to-day, for his acute perception of Herrick's employment of his poems "as foils and settings to one another," thus disturbing the chronological arrangement.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of Dr. Moorman's book is Chapter I. of Part II., which bears traces of having been written as an independent essay. It is entitled "The Lyric of the English Renaissance," and it takes shape as an illuminating study of England as a nest of singing-birds, in relation to classical models and to Italianate influences. There is sometimes more special pleading in Dr. Moorman's argument than quite befits an assistant professor of English literature. Thus, in demonstrating "the rapid decline of the sonnet after the turn of the century," Dr. Moorman writes that "sonnets, and even sonnet-sequences, were written in the seventeenth century, but with the exception of those of Drummond of Hawthornden, who lived in a country which the flood tide of the Renaissance reached very late, and those of Milton, which are a thing apart, they were the productions of obscure poets, content to keep to the backwaters of literary life" (p. 200). The name Milton towards the close of this sentence has a somewhat astounding effect. Why are his sonnets "a thing apart" from the alleged norm attained by "obscure poets"? Why should the greatest be the exception, and the least the rule from which it departs? There is too much theory here to fit the facts. But, on the whole, this chapter summarises the most uneventful period of English poetry with taste, sympathy, and judgment, and it forms a suitable background against which to display in the succeeding chapter the unique genius and versatility of "The Lyrical Poems of the 'Hesperides.'" The non-lyrical poems, in which category the epigram is extended beyond the little sheaf of obscene verses published in Mr. Pollard's Appendix, occupy another chapter, and a final chapter is devoted to "Noble Numbers."

If we may venture on a general criticism of Dr. Moorman's exhaustive study, we would urge that he loses effect by excluding historical considerations. Such considerations would mainly be negative, for Herrick, it is true, took no part in the history which was made during his lifetime. But the characterisation of the poet is incomplete without reference to the part he did *not* take. Milton was seventeen

years his junior, and died in the same year as Herrick. Milton, too, was a Cambridge poet, and his Horton period (1632-8) corresponded to what was probably the period of Herrick's greatest literary activity. Now, it is tempting, however inaccurate, to associate the Horton poet's contempt for dalliance with Amaryllis and Neera, and his stern rebuke to pleasure-seeking clergymen, with the example of the egotist at Dean Prior, polishing his verses to his mistresses. It would be inaccurate, as we have said, for there is no evidence that Milton and Herrick ever met, but a more imaginative writer than Dr. Moorman would have shown us how Herrick was a type of the tendencies which Milton resisted in those grim years of preparation for "Paradise Lost." Herrick is not a worse lyricist because Milton was a great Latin secretary and a greater epic poet. There was room for both in the same age, and it was a great age which could contain them both, without beheading Milton at the Restoration or running Herrick during the Protectorate. But the view of Herrick which is content to delineate the man without the setting of his tunes must always be partial and defective. It was Herrick's own view of himself, and Dr. Moorman, it may be urged, indulges him a little too kindly. We read of Lord Mayors' shows and of royal processions, of masques, and plays, and mayings, but, as far as this volume is concerned, except for the ejection from Dean Prior, which in some respects was not unwelcome to Herrick, we are presented with the poet's portrait within the frame of his own construction. It is, accordingly, more flattering than it should be, for the vision which Herrick excluded from the walled garden in which he tended his flowers was the vision without which the people perish. He chose deliberately the selfish life, and Dr. Moorman's charitable view that his mistresses were mostly unreal, and that his claim to chastity is valid, hardly enhances our respect for this trifter in serious times. Dr. Moorman's task has been well discharged, but our admiration of Herrick's poetry, which, after all, was his life, grows deeper as we move further from the great tide on which he drifted so indifferently.

LAURIE MAGNUS.

Novel Notes.

BETTY CAREW. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

During his first talk with Betty, Edgar Lindsay remarks: "Of course you've only just come, so you haven't heard about us yet. We're always called 'Those Lindsays' here. Wouldn't it be dreadful if you should be called 'Those Carews'?" "We shall be," said Betty, with conviction. "I foresee it. And we haven't even the saving grace of an estimable papa." If the paternal Carew is not precisely estimable, he is something better, he is delightfully irresponsible, cantankerous, unreasonable and given to hasty, hot language, but withal he is very diverting and entirely likeable. Betty inherits a large share of his carelessness, his forgetfulness, his irresponsibility, but her peculiarities are less extravagant, and instead of being any real drawback are really half her charm. There is a wild and unconventional household, with nothing to keep it in something approaching order except the practical qualities of her elder sister Miriam. Of course, Betty with her bronze hair and her pretty waywardnesses has more than one lover—she has three of them—and one she greatly dislikes, and for a little she seems to hesitate between the other two, though, had she known her own heart, there was never any actual uncertainty. The love story of Dolly Lindsay, which comes so near to a tragic ending,



Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, 1910.

Photo by C. Umduk, 37, Buckingham Palace Road.

threads in and out through the light and shadow of her own happy romance. The whole story wins and holds your interest irresistibly less by reason of its plot than because its characters are so thoroughly living and human. They are drawn easily and naturally, and the narrative is unfolded with a quiet humour, a tenderness and a lightness of touch that make it one of the pleasantest and most entertaining novels we have read for a long time.

OUT OF THE NIGHT. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A night of impenetrable blackness, the rain descending in torrents, and a cold biting wind sweeping the countryside. Stumbling along in the darkness, lost, drenched, exhausted, Vernon Wilnot comes suddenly on a long, low house. At her knock there is "a minute of utter silence: a minute in which that house, and the March storm, and the wild night, seemed to hold their breath." Then there is a sound of voices, and doors being pushed back, and the door is opened. It is not till long afterwards that Vernon discovers that her knock saved a man from marring his life. Mrs. Reynolds gives us some vivid pictures of "county life"; the character of Miss Tarlton being drawn with a skilful, and pitiless, pen. Miss Tarlton, whose life is "fenced about with ceremony" and etiquette, "was used as a book of reference by those who came into the neighbourhood, worthy of being received into the circle of the elect." The manner in which she revels in scandals and small-talk is, unfortunately, typical of a certain class. So select is she in her choice of acquaintances that she is very concerned when she finds that some people whom she deems infinitely below her in the social scale have been invited to a dinner-party that she is honouring with her presence. "You know the Trents, of Barrow End?" her hostess asks her. "Miss Tarlton looked as though her friend had said, 'You like pigwash, don't you?' 'I have heard of them,' she said, between set lips." The plot is cleverly constructed, and the characters—especially

the hero and heroine—are admirably drawn throughout. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds is to be greatly congratulated on this, the latest and perhaps the ablest of her books.

DOWNWARD. By Maud Churton Braby. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

"Downward" contains a preface—ostensibly upon literary censorship—by Mr. Edward Garnett, which is no eulogium of the novel which it introduces. Mr. Garnett's criticism, in fact, seems to us rather unduly severe. Mercilessly he points out the extreme conventionality of the plot, and the very obvious inferiority of the first half of the book as compared with the second. He hints that the author has laid the paint a little thickly on her picture to serve her own purpose, and in this we cordially agree with him. He thinks that "Downward" will appeal only for its earnestness and its "true womanliness." We admit that these are the strongest points of the book's appeal, but we flatly deny Mr. Garnett's hint that it possesses little originality of style or artistic handling. It does, and it must; else it would have been unreadable, unspeakably distressing, and unutterably dull. It is none of these things. We found it, instead, an exceptionally difficult book to stop reading, and we were sorry when we had finished it. "Downward" is unusually frank and outspoken, but it is never for a moment indecate. It addresses itself almost exclusively to men, and it will certainly give them much to think about. So convincing is the author's sincerity that it is the sort of book which might very possibly have an effect upon men's behaviour. We sincerely hope that it will.

THE HUMAN COBWEB: A Romance of Old Peking. By B. L. Putnam Weale. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The somewhat misleading sub-title of Mr. Putnam Weale's novel is derived from the fact that it deals chiefly with the Peking of the months immediately succeeding the cession of Port Arthur to the Russian Government. The first fifty pages or so, where the hero is shown in London society, uncertain as to which of two women it is with whom he is in love, have their *longueurs*, but after they have been read or, as we advise, skipped we believe that no reader will wish to put the book down. Peter Kerr is an engineer who has organised a great railway scheme by which he hopes to bring the whole of China under British influence. With an important financier at the back of him, he goes to Peking to see what concessions he can obtain. Here the novel becomes interesting, and soon enthralling. Probably it is the character of Lorenzo which occasions this change. This remarkable Italian concession hunter is pictured with great force and conviction, and he seems to us undoubtedly to be the chief triumph of an unusually able novel. It is abundantly clear that Mr. Putnam Weale knows the Peking of his period from the inside, and his account of the intrigues and schemings of the various concession-hunters is of a most fascinating kind. Plot is of minor importance in such a novel, but we may mention that Kerr fails in his mission—evidently the author has made up his mind to stick to present-day facts—but that he devotes himself to "picking up all the wreckage he can" with much success. Also, he marries the right girl. "The Human Cobweb" is, we believe, Mr. Putnam Weale's first long novel, but whether or not this is the case, he is to be heartily congratulated upon an excellent piece of work which betrays no trace of the 'prentice hand.

LIVE MEN'S SHOES. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Methuen.)

Undoubtedly Mr. Richard Marsh is one of the most reliable of the numerous writers of sensational fiction. He seems always to be in a good temper, he writes with much swing and go, and he is up to all the tricks of his

trade. "Live Men's Shoes" is a particularly good example of his manner. Most sensational writers will open their tale with, say, a murder on page 1—and will follow it up with twenty pages or so of dull explanation. Not so Mr. Marsh. He is conventional in so far that he begins with an excitement; but there is no subsequent taling off. He lets the reader know exactly what he wants to know about the principal characters, but no time is wasted upon them. The author prefers to keep going. From the beginning of the book, which describes the earthquake at Messina, through the mysteries of the Monks, the house which had belonged to his uncle, right up to the very complete happy ending, Percival Talbot (or, rather, the man who pretends to be Percival Talbot) carries the reader's attention with him. We venture to believe that nobody can help being diverted by Mr. Marsh's latest novel, which at least shows no falling off from the standard which that author has set himself.



The City of Scent and Romance (Cologne).

From "Jolly in Germany," by A. E. Copping. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

EVE IN EARNEST. By John Barnett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

A satirical vein, quietly tolerant, often witty, never bitter, runs through the pages of "Eve in Earnest," providing a pertinent reminder of the frailty of human nature—a reminder which the impulsive reader, anxious to apportion without delay his likes and dislikes, will do well to keep in view. For the people he will meet have—Eve herself not excepted—the very human attribute of imperfection: they must not be judged on a short acquaintance. Eve Cornell is the daughter of a large-hearted, thoroughly unpractical author, who braves poverty and contempt in his efforts to complete a great work on the statesmen of England. At the house of her aunt, Lady Scaleby—a delightful character study, by the way—Eve meets a self-satisfied young M.P., Gregory Arbutnot, the idol of his mother, whose worship he accepts as no more than his due. He has qualities, however, strong, masculine qualities, which appeal to Eve, and she consents to marry him. Her true motive for this step is disclosed in a decidedly clever chapter wherein Mr. Cornell is rudely awakened to the fact that his daughter is sacrificing herself in order to rescue him from the squalid discomforts of his daily life, Eve having stipulated with Gregory that her father should live with them. The marriage takes place, and Mr. Cornell's disregard for the conventions and ceremonies of polite society soon produces friction in the household. Life under the critical eye of Gregory's mother becomes unbearable for the untidy little author, who flies to London where he ultimately completes his book and achieves fame. A flirtation of her husband's with another woman is sufficient to justify Eve in following her father to London. In the battle of pride that ensues, Eve discovers her love for her husband, and Gregory realises that the bar to their happiness has been his insistent refusal to recognise his wife as a helpmate, or indeed as other than a mere pleasurable and beautiful acquisition. The bar removed, Eve returns, and a happier household is initiated. The minor characters are skilfully drawn; among them is the haunting figure of Mr. Horace Wilkins, a toady of Cornell's. Here is a picture of him: "He gulped once more at his glass with an unpleasing noise. His eyes were large and wet. To Mark, watching him intently with his nerves and senses strained to fierce tautness, it was as though this rather common old man, this shabby, drunken, degraded piece of Fleet Street wreckage, stood for the romance of all the great and tragic failures in the world's

history." The story of Wilkins's death is a masterpiece of pathos.

JOLLY IN GERMANY. By Arthur E. Copping. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Everybody who has read "Gotty and the Guv'ner" and nobody who read it is likely to have forgotten it will feel that it is an ample recommendation of "Jolly in Germany" to say that it is written by the same author. Mr. Jolly with his nephew and a whole Cook's tourist party sets out to see something of Germany, and Mr. Copping's record of that very eventful journey, both by reason of the things that happen and the manner of their relation, makes one of the most amusing of holiday books, for it is written throughout in the right high-spirited, irresponsible holiday mood. Wherever Mr. Jolly goes, laughter goes with him, sometimes the laughter of his companions, always the laughter of his readers. A good deal of the fun of the book arises from the idiosyncrasies of those companions of his, and from the sayings and doings of the miscellaneous people they meet by the way. There are fussy and fidgety persons in the party, but there are young men in it too, and more than one pretty girl, consequently among all the merriment you have a glimmer of romance, so that you finish in the last chapter "on Cupid's trail." The humour of the whole thing is irresistible and Mr. Will Owen's eighty or more delightfully characteristic sketches of the characters of the story and the scenes amidst which they disported themselves add immensely to the breezy jollity of it all.

OUTLAND. By Gordon Stairs. 6s. (John Murray.)

The conditions and the after-math of dreams and of most dream-literature are so often disagreeable that it is a pleasure to come across a book like "Outland," that is pure fantasy, and yet is so complete and refreshing in its illusion that although much of it, as of most dreams, must be taken for granted, its naturalness is never questioned. For let it be said at once that Outland is a dream-country, no more real than Maeterlinck's Land of Memory, or Samuel Butler's Erewhon. It might be anywhere, though from internal evidence we judge it to lie in this case in America. It is peopled with the Outliers, a brown-skinned, soft-speaking folk, who wear mocassins and wander through the redwoods leaving no traces behind them, and so completely at one with the earth and trees that they can obliterate themselves at will. Equally

vague and shadowy is the story itself, which tells of what is done in Outland as seen by two House Folk, Mona, a girl, the narrator, and Herman, a sociological professor. But if it lacks substance, it by no means lacks incident. There are kidnappings and reprisals, a buried treasure, and simple love-makings and superstitions; there is some wonderfully vivid word-painting, and there are some delightful characters—Ravenutzi, the singer of haunting songs; Trastevera, the chieftain's wife; and old Noche, who is just such another as John Splendid. Here in fact are all, and more than all, the elements of a good adventure story, and there is superadded that mystical note which is the touchstone of true romance. The whole book reads like a dream, dimly remembered and dimly set down in writing. As a veiled criticism of the life led by the House Folk (that is to say, ordinary people who dwell in towns) it may have a purpose. But that does not detract from its undoubted charm.

QUAKER ROBINS. By Wiltred L. Randell. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Randell has struck out a fresh line for himself with much success. He does not plunge the reader into bewildering mazes of "society" intrigue, as is the way with the majority of novel-writers nowadays, and his book is none the worse for that. Quaker Robins is an engine-driver in the service of the Great Southern Joint Railway Company, and his associates belong strictly to his own peculiar class. Mr. Randell has an intimate knowledge of the railway-man, evidently from personal acquaintance. His book reeks of the locomotive engine, and tells many a good tale of the devotion and courage of those neglected servants of the public—engine-drivers. "Quaker Robins" becomes less satisfactory when the author sees fit to introduce the conventional love-interest. In this case the love-story is so particularly straightforward that it was hardly worth the telling. It is none the worse for being straightforward; indeed, it is probably more lifelike—railway guesswork does not extend beneath the surface—but it lacks point. It is a pity that, when an author to all intents and purposes has discovered an entirely fresh subject, it should be spoiled for the sake of an imaginary public who insist upon their "romance." Nevertheless, "Quaker Robins" is as engaging a book as we have read for some little time. It is well written, breezy, interesting, and, above all, it is new. We want some more books like it.

LIGHT-FINGERED GENTRY. By Luciano Zuccoli. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

If the eleven sketches which comprise this volume are to be taken as indicative of their author's work as a whole, Signor Luciano Zuccoli must be a writer of very considerable talent. He has been fortunate in his translator, Miss Winifred Heaton's English version being of much merit, and he is fortunate also in having found a publisher willing to undertake the risk of producing a volume of short stories by a writer unknown in this country. These tales are just about as different from the English convention as they well could be. In this country it seems that magazine-readers are the only people who take any interest in the short story—and the magazine-reader wants something happy and romantic, and doesn't much mind whether it is like life or not. Signor Zuccoli's tales, on the other hand, are nothing more or less than transcripts from the life. He catches a mood and translates it to paper, as in "A Literary Morning," or with a grimly effective irony he allows his tale to work itself out, as in the story which gives to the book its title. One and all of the sketches are worth reading, and all are of a curiously equal merit. Here, in fact, is a collection which ought to interest the English public and which we hope they will appreciate.

THE GODDESS GIRL. By Dorothea Deakin. 6s. (Cassell.)

The main quarrel we have with Miss Deakin is over her title. Phillida Gale may have been as pretty and dainty as the picture on the cover represents her, but the heroine of the book is the delightful Sally, one of the most delicious and amusing young women whom it has been the reviewer's fortune to come across for many a month. The story is a fantasy of misunderstandings. Miss Gale flirts with a young gamekeeper, Harry, whom she supposes to be the owner of the property masquerading in humble attire, on discovering her mistake, she flings him over, but eventually discovers she is really in love with him. Sally becomes engaged to Giles, the gardener, and discovers that he is the wealthy son of a local magnate. The story twines together the love-episodes of the two girls, and Miss Deakin has bathed it in an atmosphere of delicate humour, especially when Sally's attempts at housekeeping, love making, and parish-improvement are concerned. The grateful reviewer wants for the time being to have the Ancient Mariner's power of "stopping one of three," and persuading one out of every three who may read this journal to secure some hours of amusement and pleasure over the pages of "The Goddess Girl."

IN THE WAKE OF THE GREEN BANNER. By Eugene Paul Metour. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The opening scene of this North African novel is apt to give the reader an erroneous impression of Gisele de Diolie, one of the two heroines of the story. Gisele's relations with her young cousin, George Leyton, are not those of a lover or of a free-and-easy companion. Her heart is given eventually to a brave and skilful Corsican in the French army—Captain d'Onano, who rescues her, after privation and danger, from the Moslem army and the tribes of the interior. The other girl in the book is a wild and passionate Circassian, Djelima, who alternately tangles and disentangles the threads of the plot. The book is full of fighting and adventure. Mr. Metour has contrived to drench his pages with the colours of the North African interior, the French troops, and especially the Foreign Legion, are drawn by one who has been behind the scenes, and even the natives, like Sid-Malik and Si Hamza, do not seem lay figures. The author has used the conflict of civilisations to excellent purpose, both in the women and in the men who crowd his canvas. Once or twice the story lingers, but as a whole it will give the jaded novel-reader some fresh sensations, and there are at least four moments of thrilling excitement in store for any one who hurries over the first two or three chapters.

UNDER THE THATCH. By Allen Raine. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Under the Thatch," by the late Allen Raine, deals, as one would expect, with Welsh life. The plot is ingenious and the characters are drawn with great care and skill. Mrs. Owen falls from a ladder in her garden and injures her back. She lingers for a while, and is sometimes in terrible pain. On one occasion, when the pain is more severe than usual, she calls her daughter Barbara, and begs her not to keep her alive in such agony. "Have pity, and let me go," she cries. Barbara, who is passionately devoted to her mother, is seized with intense compassion. She knows that it is impossible for her mother ever to get better again, and that she will, sooner or later, die in one of these paroxysms, so she answers in a firm voice, as a sense of giant strength fills her heart, "Yes, darling, I *will* let you go," and, seizing the phial of liquid left by the doctor, pours out an overdose, and gives it to her mother. She knows that even a half-teaspoonful of the mixture will be fatal, yet she is fully convinced, at the time and afterwards, that she has done the best, the kindest, and the right thing. What happens to Barbara, and what becomes of the person who finds out what she has done, keep the reader irresistibly interested to the end of the book.

SCARLET KISS. By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James. 6s. (Laurie.)

Mrs. Wentworth-James is a smart and effective writer, and her latest novel is in no way inferior to those which have preceded it, even though it marks no great advance upon them. The author has something of a weakness for naughty titles, as witness "The Wild Widow," "Red Love," and "Pink Purity," but this hardly extends beyond the title. "Scarlet Kiss" has for heroine Delia Strevven, "a degenerate woman who drifted," editor of a low-class paper named *Home Comfort*. She is a spinster, nearing thirty, and, as the author says, "to be a woman is bad enough, to be a woman of nearly thirty is worse, and to be an unmarried woman of nearly thirty is worst of all." Accordingly Miss Strevven is an exceptionally dangerous person for a bachelor to meet, and, indeed, before she has reached the fatal age she has ensnared Dr. Laffan into marriage. However, this hardly satisfies her, for she has little sympathy with her husband, and by no means settles down to a quiet, uneventful married life. There are some dramatic situations towards the end of the book, which is written throughout with an energetic sparkle, and we can recommend it to those of our readers who are looking for something with which to while away an hour's boredom.

MARGARET HOLROYD. By Annie S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is hard to decide whether "Margaret Holroyd" is a long story divided into episodes, or a series of connected short stories. The first chapter introduces us to Margaret Holroyd, a wealthy, cultured woman, who has lived for many years on her estate, looking after her tenants and the affairs of her own little world; she is a thoughtful woman, very just, and greatly respected in the West Riding; not keenly interested in politics, but taking an intelligent, though slight, interest in passing events of the day. Then a great wrong looms on her horizon, and is, on the day the story opens, pressed home. She is struck by the injustice of the fact that three of her men-servants go into town to record their votes at a by-election, exercising a privilege which is denied to her. She drives into the town while the election is going on, and comes across a woman speaking, to a crowd of villagers, in favour of the Woman's Cause. Although "all the traditions and tenets of Miss Holroyd's well-ordered life" are "antagonistic to the new creed," she is suddenly awakened to the justice of it, and realises with shame that she has "lived too long in ignorance of the condition under which so many thousands of her sisters lived: that she had never used the gifts so richly bestowed upon her for other than selfish ends, that all her charity, her vaunted kindness of heart, were puny things not worthy of the name. She awakened as in a flash to a sense of her responsibility. In a word, she was pledged to the Woman's Cause." The third chapter switches right away from Margaret Holroyd and we meet three other characters whose lives are altered by the Woman's Cause. This chapter is just like a short



Mrs. G. de S. Wentworth-James.

story, and the three people concerned in it do not appear in the book again. The author has allowed a half-hearted note to creep into the latter part of the tale, and although her readers may regret this, it is useless to deny that it is but natural for some of the workers to weary and drop out of the movement, and some of them to think it is not yet time for women to gain their rights. So sensibly and earnestly is the book written, and with such a compelling narrative power, that it cannot but interest all thinking men and women.

THE LANTERN OF LUCK. By Robert Aitken. 6s. (Murray.)

Casado, the rascally president of Nicazuela in South America, has one redeeming feature: he is the father of a charming daughter, Doña Carmen. The American millionaires, who attempt to carry off Casado's treasure in order to cover their own speculations, are as corrupt as their victim, but one of them, Eustace Gildersleeve, is the guardian of Miss Eileen Saxilby, whose lover is financially crippled in the opening chapter of the novel. How Ingersoll and his friend Tommy pursue Gildersleeve, who has earned off Eileen, how the tangle of villainy is cleared up, and how the lovers are sorted out—is this not all written in Mr Aitken's entertaining pages? The successful result is largely due to a third heroine, Saleh Harez, the quick-witted ward of Captain Dove, the said captain being singularly mislaid with a name. Mr. Aitken has done better work in the short story than in the long novel. Still, the book is thoroughly readable, and it is so well provided with villains who are at cross-purposes that the reader has never a moment to feel jaded.

The Bookman's Table.

SONGS OF THE ARMY OF THE NIGHT. By Francis Adams. 1s. net. (Fifield.)

The smooth and polite qualities of literature are not the concern of Francis Adams. He undoubtedly had the power of exact and forceful expression, as those who are familiar with his remarkable autobiographical novel, "A Child of the Age," and his far-seeing "Essays in Modernity" know. His "Songs of the Army of the Night" burn with a tragic wrath and hate which turn his baldest lines into flames and swords; yet, running through the hottest songs, there is a note of infinite pity, especially in the face of death, which at times rings them up to a pitch of genuine lyric beauty, as in the little memory-song "Elsie":

"Take a flower you grew
While life's bright sun shone,
Does the greedy spendthrift earth
Heed a flower is gone?"

But mere beauty is very far from his aim. He burns with the passion of human love, and the sufferings of the lowly ones of our civilisation fill him with fierce anger. This little volume ranks with those historic humanitarian verse-cycles, the "Corn Law Rhymes" and "Songs of the Governing Classes", and if Adams lacks the religious fervour of Elliott and the sardonic humour and satiric sense of Brough, he has, in place of these, a tragic quality which they never reached. He realises the inner fatality of every phase of social suffering. Civilisation for him is a gloomy nightmare. Yet he is not without religion. Underlying the bitterest expression of his revolt against modern social conditions there is a note of hope and faith. He denounces the mock-religion of the oppressor of humanity. The finest poem in the volume, "The Mass of Christ," is steeped in something very like mystical fervour; yet here and there it harks back to that stinging criticism of life which makes one wince in such poems as "The New Locksley Hall" and "Holy Russia." Few English poems of revolt have quite the same fire as "In Trafalgar Square," and

there is a unique realistic pathos about "One among so many." This edition of the "Songs of the Army of the Night" may be looked upon as definitive; it is edited by Mr. Henry S. Salt, the friend of Adams, who did a similar service for the now scarce edition of 1891, and readers of Adams will be glad to know that he has followed out the poet's original intention by including in its destined place the admirable but little known "Mass of Christ."

THE COURT OF WILLIAM III. By E. and M. S. Grew. 15s. net. (Mills & Boon.)

William III. is not, perhaps, the most inspiring of monarchs. On the surface, he seems merely a weakly and taciturn Dutchman, fully possessed, certainly, of the solid virtues of his nation, but entirely lacking in inspiration and fire. "He lacked the art of popularity," say the authors of this interesting study, and "he remained to the last mistrusted and misunderstood." It is not, indeed, surprising that William's personality made no popular appeal. He seems to have been cursed with a faculty for inflicting petty annoyances upon his subjects. For instance, on his arrival at St. James's "it happened to be a very rainy day, and yet great numbers came to see him. But after they had stood long in the wet, he disappointed them, for he who neither loved shows nor shoutings went through the Park, and even this trifle helped to set people's spirits on the fret." Later he found that his health would not permit him to live at Whitehall, and his removal to Hampton Court not only affronted the citizens of London, but imposed a heavy expense upon them in order to make that palace suitable for a royal residence. Queen Mary, too, though naturally of a sober and religious disposition made a bad ship when she first appeared in Whitehall, "laughing and jolly as at a wedding, so as to seem quite transported." Seeing that her husband had just driven her father from the country by force of arms, it was thought that she should have been grave, and should have shown a sense of the solemnity of the occasion. As a matter of fact, she was acting a part in accordance with the wish of her husband. Yet it is a truism to say that, in reality, William III. was one of the best and wisest kings that England has ever had. It was owing to his genius that this country was at last able, after a lapse of nearly a hundred years, once more to take that position in European affairs which was her due. It was, chiefly, owing to William that the country was able to shake off the semi-anarchy of the later years of the Stuarts, and it was in his reign that religious tolerance was completely assured. "The Court of William III." will make a wide appeal, not only for the excellent character-sketches, to which it is mainly devoted, of the prominent politicians of the day, among whom may be mentioned Halifax the Trimmer, Wharton, Somers, Sunderland, and Shrewsbury, but for the instructive bird's-eye view which it supplies of one of the most interesting periods of English politics. The authors have done their work thoroughly and well, and present fresh material in the shape of letters from the Duke of Portland's collection which display the remarkable intimacy which for a time existed between Bentinck, first Earl of Portland, and William III.

ON FADS. By Lady Grove. (Chapman & Hall.) 5s. net.

Lady Grove evidently thinks that the time has come to talk of many things and, though she lacks something of the wayward fancy of the walrus, her range of subjects



William III.

From the engraving of Wissing's Portrait in the British Museum.
Fr. "The Court of William III," by E. and M. S. Grew. (Mills & Boon.)

is pretty wide. She calls her book "On Fads," which seems an inadequate title for the vade mecum she has produced. For, indeed, she has taken the conduct of life as her special subject and has already no small reputation as a philosopher. It is true that she is not of the subversive school. She does not create new values. She rarely says, even, what has not been said many times before. Sometimes one may spy a platitude among her pronouncements. But many a platitude is compact both of wisdom and verity. We have too many subtleties in these days, and it is refreshing to find a writer who is not ashamed of being obvious. It is (be it whispered) far pleasanter to read what one can understand than what one cannot. Utterances from the depths are often but the reverberations of stones against the walls of a bottomless pit. Lady Grove keeps to the surface of life, which is, after all, an extremely important side of it. Occasionally she makes little excursions into the subsoil, where her readers may follow her without the dangers and with all the delight of participation in more serious mining adventures. For she writes mainly, one imagines, for those who are not in the habit of grubbing even in the subsoil, people who find the surface good enough, but who (Lady Grove thinks) would be none the worse for a little mild exercise in the art of thinking. So she discourses in her pleasant way of ethics, of literature, and of social life. Religion, education, humour, plays, sex, hostesses, the "right thing," women's clubs, are, at random, a few of her themes. The burning question of women's suffrage, her interest in which is so well known, is touched on more than once, and if she does not wander into the wilderness of speculation, she defines just those things about which most people do not take the trouble to think, and runs many a tilt at antiquated but still prevalent prejudices.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

A volume full of thought and warning is that by William Frederick Osborne, M.A., *The Faith of a Layman* (3s. 6d.). He calls his chapters "Studies in the Recoil from a Professionalised Religion," and taking Professor Rauschenbusch's book as what might be called his text, the author writes very plain words about the Church and its ways to day. He points out deadening influences and deplorable anomalies. The book is an expression of personal opinion set forth in modern and popular style.

Margaret the Peacemaker, by Walter Wood (8s.), is a novel which reveals a good deal of lively knowledge of the workings of a cloth mill. The first chapter finds the heroine, Margaret Wilks, freshly bereaved by the death of her father; she is brave and impulsive, and to keep her mother and herself from want she decides to go to work as a mill-hand in the building where her father had worked as a valued clerk. The gruff mill-owner admires her pluck, and he and the girl become drawn together in many ways. Socialism plays an important part throughout the book, to be shown all fallacious in the long run. There is a fair share of love to soften the labour in the story.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Mr. Harry Graham professes to have written the very volume needed by sufferers from insomnia, and he has called it *The Holster Book* (8s.) that there may be no mistake about it. "Every chapter has been chosen solely as an aid to slumber." It would, of course be rude to contradict a gentleman, but for the benefit of all who do not suffer from insomnia we may state that the book is just the one to keep one awake, it wakefulness is desirable. It provides an unbroken sequence of titbits. It treats of persons, places, and things. It tells of everything, so to speak, and of nothing, with equal fertility. There is only one person for whom this volume would not prove a pleasant tonic, and that is the extremely "superior" person. But for the reader who is not too "superior," the one who is able to enjoy a pantomime when it is in season, who does not wish at the moment to read of the latest discoveries in science, philosophy, or politics, and who has a spare hour either from sleep or toil, this is the book.

MESSRS. MOWBRAY & CO.

Messrs. Mowbray's publications have always the merit of being useful or timely, or both. Among their latest issues is a small volume which will prove a most acceptable help to Sunday-school teachers and all who have the care of children. This is *Outlines of Lessons for the use of Sunday School Teachers* (6d. net). The lessons are upon the history of Christ's life on earth, by the late Rev. A. G. Stallard, who wrote them for his own Sunday school teachers. The history, which concludes with the final rejection of Christ by the Jews, is dealt with lucidly and in a manner full of interest and suggestion. Another volume, *The Hours of Prayer* (3s. 6d. net), is "in the main an English rendering of the day hours from the famous Salisbury or Sarum diocesan breviary. . . . The principle has been followed of adapting this material to present-day devotional needs by means of selection, free translation, enrichment from other liturgical sources, and some simplifying and abbreviation." It is a beautiful compilation; its hymns, prayers, psalms, and entirely devotional thought making it an admirable companion-book. The type is excellent and the calendar and several tables are useful and informative.

Canon Holmes has issued an attractive booklet dealing with the history of *The Chalice* (6d. net and 1s. net). He tells of many individual chalices and includes eight illustrations of the beautiful and famous cups.

A new volume of "The English Churchman's Library" is entitled *Holy Marriage* (1s. net), by Canon Newbolt. It is, in substance, four lectures delivered to men during Lent, 1909. The chapters contain a wise blending of the ideal and the practical and form a helpful addition to the series.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

A booklet full of facts and warnings, good sense, and advice has been issued by the above Society. It is called simply enough *Wilful Waste*, by Robert J. Parr (6d. net), and the waste spoken of is that of child life. Within the last thirty years an astonishing amount of good work has been done in Britain towards abolishing and ameliorating suffering for children; Acts of Parliament and public opinion have worked wonders. But even now infant mortality, suffering, and degeneracy are subjects which appal by their frequency. Cruelty has to a great extent been checked, that is to say, active cruelty; but the cruelty to the nation and the individual which lies in the increase of diseased and feeble minded children is enormous. Mr. Parr writes of the evil in its many forms, and of the nation's responsibility in the matter. There has always been much to be said for the opinion which many of us have held, that to teach children in the schools cleanliness, honesty, and good manners would be far better and more important than to teach them ancient history and the violin, for instance, and this booklet confirms the opinion. The lessons of cleanliness, honesty, and good

manners have as their result self-restraint and self-respect, and Mr. Parr shows us the urgent need for these things as well as many others, and he calls upon the nation to see to the matter.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN & SONS.

One of the most fascinating folio books which has come our way lately is *The Espérance Morris Book*, by Mary Neal (5s.). It is a "Manual of Morris Dances, Folk-Songs, and Singing Games." It gives the history of many dances and instructions how to dance them; of singing games the same. It gives words and music of many an old song and game, and interesting chapters, some charmingly discursive, and some entirely practical. Photographs are included of children and adults at their dance and play, of old Berkshire dancers who came and taught the children. The volume is a medley of delight, most interesting in itself, and an inspirer of much gaiety.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

You cannot live over thirty years among public libraries without gaining some amusing experience, as well as knowledge of human nature. Mr. David Cuthbertson in his new volume, *Thirty-three Years' Adventures in Bookland* (4s. 6d. net), proves that he has gained a good deal of both. His book, however, is not entirely made up of library reminiscences. His chapters are delightful gossip of his years in "bookland" which include years of studentship too. Anecdotes and wise hints brighten his pages and make them useful, and his volume is a very attractive one for a bookman's odd hours.

W. BIDD & CO.

To the beauties of Japanese writing we have become well accustomed, but from the Chinese we usually expect more of hard wisdom than of poetry. Mr. Clifford Bax, for our pleasure and enlightenment, has, however, paraphrased *Twenty Chinese Poems* (2s. 6d. net), and lovers of Eastern beauty of thought and of scene should not pass them by. They are the poetry of men who lived three hundred years ago "in and around the strange old city of Canton," and their beauty and tenderness, their colour and freshness of phrase are noticeable. We should like to quote many a line to prove the charm of this volume but the poems are too delicately blended to bear division. Mr. Bax tells in an Introduction of the guide Tsutsumi Inoïwe, who translated these old poems to him. Four illustrations in colour by Mr. A. Bower Porter are included.

New Books of the Month.

FROM MARCH 10 TO APRIL 10.

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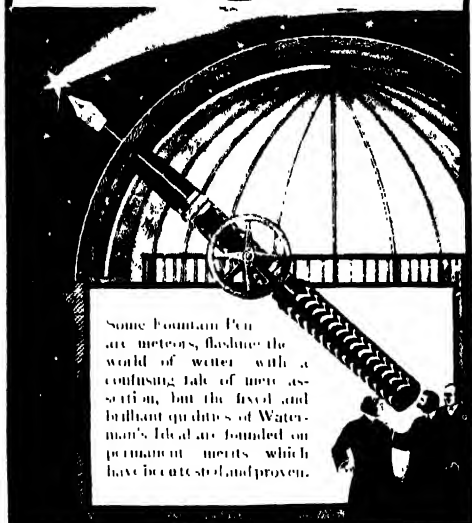
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News Notes.

The next number of THE BOOKMAN will be a Kate Douglas Wiggin Number, and will contain a special article on this popular novelist by Ashley Gibson. Other important articles in the July number will be "The Fine Art of Letters Humane," by Dr. William Barry; "J. S. Mill," by Henry Murray; and "The Spacious Days of Great Victoria," by Thomas Secombe.

The death of King Edward VII. made every other event of last month seem more or less unimportant. His short reign added many brilliant chapters to British history, that are not the less brilliant because they register greater progress in the arts of peace than in the arts of war; and if the chapter devoted to Edwardian literature is not so obviously significant, there are potentialities, significances, the quickening of a new and larger and more human spirit to be found in that record by anybody who can read between the lines. But so

far as actual accomplishment in literature is concerned, it must be admitted that the nine years of Edward's reign look poor and meagre by comparison with the seven years of William IV. or the first nine years of Victoria. To say nothing of older and equally or more famous writers who were then at the height of their fame—Robert Browning, Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat, Dickens, and Carlyle published their earliest work under William's rule, and Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning their first books of moment; whilst the first nine years of Victoria, with Dickens, Carlyle, Wordsworth, Tennyson among the greatest of living writers, saw the appearance of the first books of Thackeray, Kingsley, Macaulay, Lever, Gladstone, Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, John Stuart Mill, Kinglake, Froude, Freeman, and Ruskin.

Nearly all the most popular and the most important authors of the late reign were also among the most important and the most popular of the latter years of Victoria. One could make a very long and a notable list of these, but of poets, novelists, miscellaneous writers who have had their rise in Edward's time—how many are there? There is Chesterton; his first book dates a little farther back, but he has done all his best work in the last nine years; there are John Galsworthy and

Donald Marshall, Alfred Noyes, W. H. Davies, Herbert Trench; one might supplement these with a few other names, yet with none of greater distinction or of higher promise; but the greatest poet and the greatest novelist that the Edwardian era produced are beyond question Thomas Hardy and William de Morgan, neither of whom really entered upon his career as poet or as novelist until he had reached an age at which most poets and most novelists have finished their work. We have touched on that later development of Mr. Hardy elsewhere in this issue, and are dealing very fully with the work of Mr. de Morgan in the August Number of *THE BOOKMAN*.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Messrs. Newnes are each issuing a Life of King Edward VII. in fortnightly parts, and from the Amalgamated Press comes the first part of "King Edward VII.: His Life and Times," an historical work which deals with the personality and the period covered by the King's life, and was commenced last year with his Majesty's consent. It is edited by Sir Richard Holmes, who wrote the official Life of Queen Victoria and has been for thirty-six years librarian at Windsor Castle. A new Life of Edward VII. was published last week by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and Messrs.



Photo by Bullingham.

Baroness Orczy.

Nelson have added an admirable monograph on the late King to their Sevenpenny series. Yet another new Life, by several authors, is announced by Messrs. Skeffington; and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published "The Golden Book of Edward VII.," which is largely made up of passages from the late King's speeches.

The sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Westminster Abbey on the Sunday following the death of King Edward has been published in pamphlet form by Mr. John Murray.

The Baroness Orczy's popular romance, "The Elusive Pimpernel," is meeting with a continuous demand such as falls to the lot of very few novels nowadays. Messrs. Hutchinson have gone to press with a new edition which completes the total of 200,000 copies.

Hypnotism has been exhaustively written about in America and on the Continent, but in England it has been among the more or less neglected sciences, and it is many years since any qualified practitioner has given us the results of his original researches. Dr. Bernard Hollander has, however, now completed an entirely new work in this direction, written on popular lines and entitled "Hypnotism and Suggestion in Daily Life, Education, and Medical Practice," and Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are publishing the book immediately.



Miss Louise Mack.

Whose new novel, "In a White Palace," will be published by Messrs. Alston Rivers this month.

"The Young Idea" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Frank A. Swinnerton which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing in the autumn. In his second book, as in his first, "The Merry Heart," Mr. Swinnerton deals with clerk-life, and gives a serious study of the domestic and economic difficulties with which the lives of City clerks are beset.

The Life of Chatterton upon which Mr. John H. Ingram is known to have been engaged for a long time past will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. An entirely new biography of the Bristol poet is promised, largely based upon original documents. Amongst the new matter will be some unknown poems, including the suppressed "Exhibition." A main object of the biography is understood to be the refutation of old falsehoods, as well as the furnishing of new facts. The work is to be profusely illustrated with portraits, views, and *facsimile* reproductions of Chattertonian documents.

Though "Bess of Hardwick," which Messrs. Hutchinson have just published, is the first memoir Mrs. Maud Stepney Rawson has written, it is her tenth book, all the others being novels, and she is now finishing the eleventh, another novel, which Messrs. Methuen will issue during the summer. This latter is the story of a girl who goes out into the world with only her 'cello between her and want, and who eventually makes a big hit in musical circles on the Continent and in England. Mrs. Rawson lives in the country, and believes in keeping normal hours and working systematically; she is



Mrs. Stepney Rawson.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

at her desk every day from ten o'clock till lunch time, and again for some hours in the afternoon, but never works after eight at night. She is already planning another memoir, also of the Elizabethan period, and yet another novel of modern life.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has made a collection of his essays that Mr. Grant Richards will publish this autumn. He is at present engaged on the history of a contemporary phase of art and ideas, and hopes to have the book finished by the end of the year. Mr. Jackson, who is still only in the middle thirties, has been writing ever since his school-days, his first article getting into print when he was sixteen; and he considers that he owes most of his education to his truant rambles in the fields and round the docks and wharves of Liverpool, where he was born. His earliest regular journalistic engagement was on the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*. Coming to London, he became joint editor of the *New Age*, but finding the editorial drudgery too irksome resigned his position within a year, and has since been a regular contributor to several magazines and newspapers, including *Black and White*, the *Morning Leader*, the *Daily News*, the *Idler*, etc. He is specially interested in the revival of Folk Art, and in modern Art and Sociology, and has published some half-dozen books; his monograph on Bernard Shaw was lately re-issued in a popular shilling edition by Mr. Grant Richards, and his anthology of children's poems, "Everchild," had a great success, and has just gone into a second and enlarged edition.

We live at such a rate nowadays that more than one expert has declared lately that the *vogue*

the popular monthly magazine is on the wane, and that readers are getting too impatient to wait longer than a week between the publication days of their periodicals. But it is never safe to put too much faith in the expert. A new quarterly, the *Town-Planning Review*, made its first appearance last month, and we hear that preparations are afoot for the starting of a new and ambitious quarterly devoted to literature, art, and the drama in the autumn. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that even in America, where the rate of living is supposed to be faster than our own, the more leisurely manner of publication is still in favour, and we have just received the second number of *Everyland*, a quarterly magazine for younger readers that is said to have scored a remarkable success.

Another new periodical that is to make its appearance in the autumn is *Bart Kennedy's Paper*. It will be a penny weekly on popular lines, with the strong personality of its founder and editor to give it a distinctive note.

Mr. Henry Leach, whose "Letters of a Modern Golfer" has just been published by Messrs. Mills & Boon, is probably writing more about golf, at present, than any other journalist. He has published several books on the subject, and for some years has written a regular weekly article about it for the *Standard*, *Evening News*, *Observer*, and is now doing the same in the *Sketch*, and in two or three American



Photo by Frank J. Hull

Mr. Eric Clement Scott.

magazines, and, in addition, writes frequently on the great game in the *Field*, *Outlook*, and elsewhere.

Miss Cynthia Stockley's successful novel, "Poppy: The Story of a South African Girl," published last year by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, is now in its ninth edition, and a shilling edition of her story, "Virginia of the Rhodesians," is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Journalism has always been an excellent training-ground for the novelist, and Mr. Eric Clement Scott, whose first book, "The Fall of a Saint," Messrs. Greening are just publishing, has gone through his full share of exercise in that as well as in other fields. He is the son of the well-known author and dramatic critic who was for so long associated with the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Scott's earliest ambition was to get into one of the Services, but after studying for the Royal Navy, for Woolwich, and for Sandhurst, he got through last on the list of successful candidates for the "line," and then, instead of going to the Royal Military College, went on the stage, acted in London and the provinces, proceeded to America, and served for three years under Augustin Daly in New York. In America he caught the war fever, returned to England in the autumn of 1890, saw fourteen months' active service in South Africa with the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry, and came back home, at last, with a medal with three clasps, forty pounds deferred pay, and a book on the humours of the campaign which nobody would publish. Not having energy and perseverance enough to



Miss Cynthia Stockley.

trouble about selling his stories when he had written them, Mr. Scott says: "I had presently no choice between going into regular journalism or the work-house, and I chose the former, my principal connections being with the now defunct *Sun* and the *Bystander*, in which for some years I wrote the dramatic criticisms."

The death of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, the great Norwegian poet and novelist, removes one more of the few latter-day men of letters whose fame is not limited by the boundary lines of their native countries, but spreads over all Europe. The son of a village pastor, Bjørnson was born at Kvikne, in the Dovre Fjeld, Norway,

in 1832. He began his literary career in 1856 with his historical play "Between the Battles," and for the succeeding fifteen years devoted himself mainly to the writing of historical drama and those wonderful peasant idylls that made his name a household word throughout Norway; in the 'seventies he turned from the romance of history and rural life and, both on the stage and in his books, began to handle the social, religious, and political problems of the time with a breadth of vision and realistic power that place him easily among the masters of modern realistic literature. He wrote the Norwegian National Anthem, and as poet and orator played a leading part in the recent political movements that led to the separation of Norway from Sweden, and the assertion of its independence and individuality as a nation. Perhaps the greatest of Bjørnson's dramas is "The New System," and

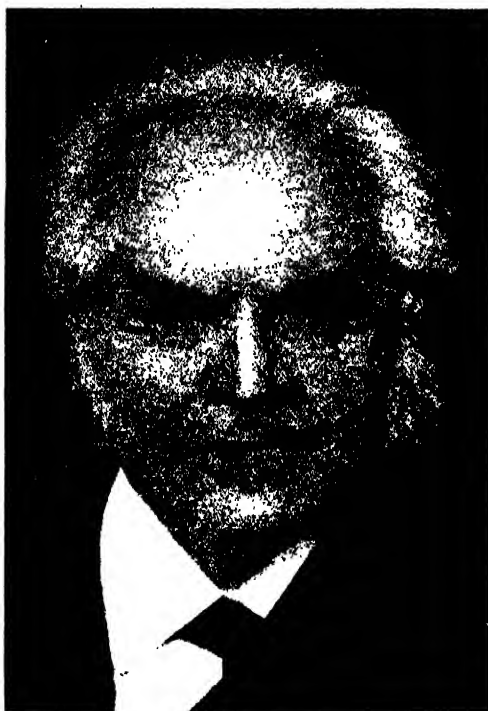


Photo by Wilse, Christiania.

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson.

of his novels, "The Paths of God" and "In God's Way." By these and by "Mary" and "The Heritage of the Kurts" he is best known in this country, where translations of his novels and tales are published by Mr. Heinemann in thirteen volumes, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Professor George Brandes sends us the following interesting personal opinion of Bjørnson: "The Norwegian nation as it is to-day could not be imagined without him. He has formed it, has created the newer Norwegian national consciousness, inasmuch as he has given to high and low books that they could understand, and that

were also literary masterpieces, and inasmuch as he thus scattered among them ideas that were new to the masses and intelligible to them. His education was certainly fragmentary, so that not seldom he made mistakes in his verdicts upon actual conditions, but, without being deep or particularly acute, his understanding was sound and straight, and therefore was useful, and often led aright. That he had his limits like other men would not have mattered if he had but known it. Unfortunately he did not. But from his youth to the last year of his life he was emphatically a man of genius, possessing the supreme gifts of genius abundantly. His giant figure was the embodiment of the Greek word meaning good and beautiful in one. To Norway he was the flag, the purely Norwegian flag; to Europe and America he was the greatest interpreter that has ever risen of the Norwegian nationality."

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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THE READER.

THE HUMOUR OF MARK TWAIN.

BY BARRY PAIN.

THE *Saturday Review*, in the issue which appeared just after Mark Twain's death, declared that he was less than a humorist. The *Spectator* of the same date found that he was much more than a humorist. It may be that the difference between these two authorities lies less in their critical estimate of Mark Twain than in their idea and definition of a humorist. The *Spectator* in that case considers the humorist merely as a fun-maker, and wishes to point out that Mark Twain had a serious side. He had. All fun-makers have, and some of them have very little else. The *Saturday Review*, if I interpret correctly, would call the fun-maker a humorist only if his work possessed a certain artistic quality. Now Mark Twain's artistic endowment was very slight, but he was a successful fun-maker.

He was often very funny, and he knew every trick of the trade. Turn the pages of his travel-books, and note how often he makes fun of himself. At Delhi, for instance, two monkeys got into his room. He writes, "When I woke, one of them was before the glass brushing his hair, and the other one had my note book, and was reading a page of humorous notes and crying. I did not mind the one with the hair brush, but the conduct of the other one hurt me; it hurts me yet." He knows very well that it is much easier to make the reader laugh at you than to make him laugh with you. He knows the amusing juggle with sequence and consequence. For example, he gives the programme of the tourist ship in which he travelled innocently abroad. He paid a deposit as an intending passenger. He adds, "Shortly, a supplementary programme was issued which set forth that the Plymouth Collection of Hymns would be used on board the ship. I then paid the balance of my passage money." He knows the joys of pure nonsense. He was told, he says, that "the only difference between a dingo and a dodo was that neither of them barked, otherwise they were just the same." Indeed, he is always addicted to the zoological joke. He says of

the omnithoroughness that it "is manifestly a kind of Christian, for it keeps the sabbath when there is anybody around, and when there isn't, doesn't." He understands the humour of the imaginative he, and can do wonders with the perfect blackguard. One cannot forbear to quote in this connection what Huckleberry Finn has to say as to his father's views on chicken-stealing. "Pap always said, take a chicken when you get a chance, because if you don't want him yourself you can easy find somebody that does, and a good deed ain't never forgot. I never see pap when he didn't want the chicken himself, but that is what he used to say, anyway." Occasionally Mark Twain hits the happy phrase, one gets a very good idea of his solemn Mohammedan servant of whom he says "where he was, it seemed always to be Sunday." More frequently he succeeds in producing what will please most the greatest number, and many scenes and passages from his books have become household words. It is partly for this reason that they are not quoted here.

The vicar's daughter is rather likely to say that she simply adores Mark Twain's German thing and his "Heathen Chinee." The mistake is commoner than it ought to be. In their serious work Mark Twain and Bret Harte are at different poles. Mark Twain was practical and materialistic, Bret Harte was

romantic. Mark Twain sometimes softened into sentimentality on certain subjects. Bret Harte was sometimes a poet. Mark Twain's humorous writing at its best does bear some resemblance to Bret Harte's, but Bret Harte made far fewer artistic blunders. It may be added as a sort of natural corollary, and also as some confirmation of the view advanced, that Mark Twain when he died left far more money behind him than Bret Harte did. In dealing with the artistic defect of Mark Twain's humour, one must always remember the date at which he wrote. For instance, in his "Innocents Abroad" he gives us the fun of sea-sickness and some rather ponderous satire on bad



Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

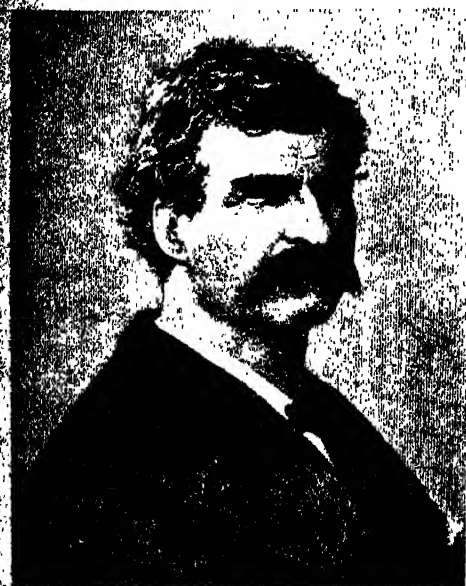
Mark Twain in 1907.



Mark Twain, aged 27.

From a photograph taken soon after his experience as a soldier of the South.

music. But it is not fair to mention this unless one also mentions that the book was written and published in the 'sixties. Nothing "dates" quite so much as humour. The good joke has a bad destiny. It is repeated until one becomes weary; and then it is imitated until one becomes frantic. Besides, the change of things often destroys its application. When Lewis Morris confided to a waiting public that he wrote most of the "Epic of Hades" on the underground railway, it was said that this accounted for the "Epic of Hades," and incidentally for the atmosphere of the line. It was good enough at the time, but the line has now been electrified, and its atmosphere is no

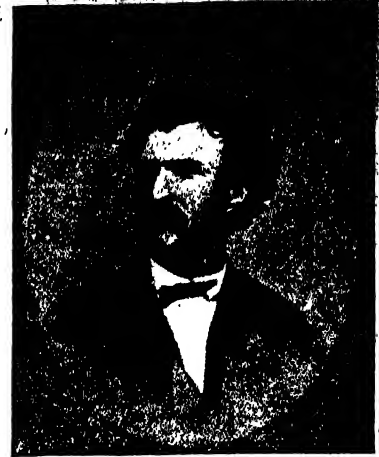


Mark Twain, circa 1875.

From a photograph taken about the time of the publication of "Tom Sawyer."

target has been removed we do not notice it.

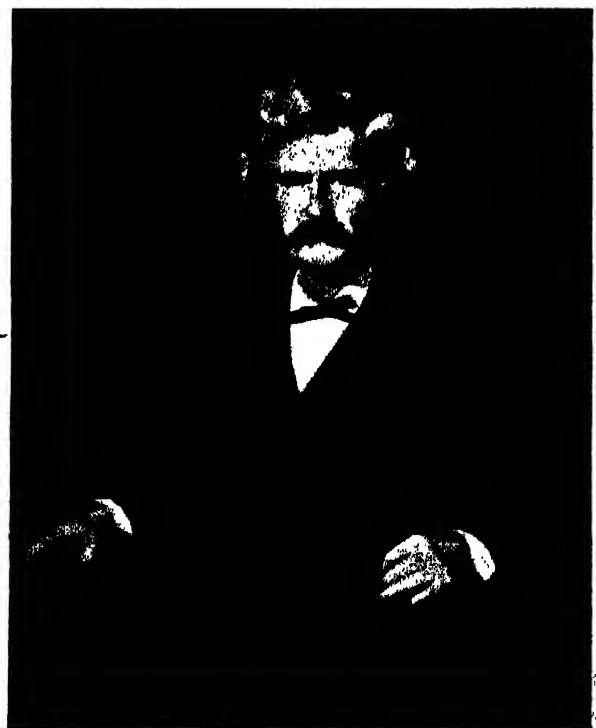
If we make this allowance, it may then be said that when Mark Twain's humour fails, it is because his taste fails. It was his misfortune to hate all that was old and established. He loathed kings and aristocracies. He loathed mediævalism. The most beautiful of all



Mark Twain, 1868.

From a photograph taken on his return from the trip to Europe on the Quaker City.

legends was not sacred to him. He loathed anything which he believed to be a superstition. He belabours with the pester's bauble the peasant at his prayers. I do not allude only to that dismal failure, his "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." Many instances of this dullness of perception may be found in his travel books. He has a tendency to cake-walk in the cathedral. As long as it is another man's cathedral, he thinks it does not matter, and thus misses the principal reason why it does matter. The most preposterous suggestion ever made by a literary paper was the suggestion that a memorial to Mark Twain should be erected in Westminster Abbey. One might as well erect a statue to the honour of Guy Fawkes in the House of Commons. His mistakes of this kind might easily lead one into a wrong estimate of the man himself. He wrote



Mark Twain, 1891.

From the painting by Charles Noel Flagg.

longer a sure cure for certain pulmonary complaints and an annoyance to the general public. And other jokes have perished. This should be remembered in our estimate. The marksman may be shooting admirably, but as the



The Wood-Yard Man.

From "Life on the Mississippi," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)



A Rise in Bear Meat.

From "Mark Twain's Library of Humour," (Chatto.)



"Yes, I'll save you."

From "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)



The Pilgrims' Vision.

Frontispiece to "The Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MARK TWAIN'S BOOKS.

reverently, but he was not capable of reverence. He hated chivalry, but his own views on women were eminently chivalrous. He seems to disregard the feelings of others, but he was really a kindly man. He was, for instance, a violent opponent of vivisection, and even his complete ignorance of the subject, demonstrated in one of his short stories, did not arrest his enthusiasm.

Bret Harte once told me that all humour consisted in either under-statement or over-statement. This would seem to bring humour within the reach of all of us, and is perhaps a little too good to be true. It is true of course that a sense of proportion is an essential part of the equipment of the humorist. Mark Twain could use understatement with great effect, as in his comment on the premature obituary notice. But he employed humorous exaggeration till it became wearisome. It soon becomes wearisome, perhaps because unpractised writers have made it too common. I do not know why the amateur speculator is always a bull and never a bear, but I am told that this is so. I do not know why the amateur humorist relies solely on exaggeration. "It is, but didn't ought to be." The most difficult achievement for the humorist is to get the effect of real life; if he can get that, all his fun becomes funnier.



Mark Twain's House at Hartford.

From a photograph that was approved by Mr. Clemens.

It is a good and well-known rule that the author of a story may keep at any distance from real life, but that he must keep the same distance throughout the story. This rule Mark Twain persistently disregards, and his humour suffers from it. Note for instance in "Huckleberry Finn" how he steps down from the plane of real life to the plane of sheer farce. It is like a change of key without modulation. It jars, it irritates. And the irritated man does not smile. Undoubtedly rules are only made in order that genius may break them, but the result must judge of the genius.

It always seems to me to be more difficult to criticise than to produce, although I know that this is not the accepted view. Mark Twain's thoroughly independent judgment condemns one noted classic, and I am afraid that in this case I am wholly in agreement with him. This is what he says about "The Vicar of Wakenfield":

"A singular book. Not a smile line in it, and not a character that invites respect, a book which is one long waste paper discharge of goody goody pieties and dreary moralities; a book which is full of pathos which revolts, and humour which grieves the heart. There are few things in literature that are more pitious, more pathetic, than the celebrated 'humorous' incident of Moses and the pebbles."

The opinion may be heterodox, but at least it avoids the sin of novelty. In 1868 William Windham wrote about the same work:

"A most absurd book, with hardly anything to carry it through but the name of the author."



The Irish Brigade.

From "Roughing It," by Mark Twain (Chatto)

or to reconcile the reader to it but the catastrophe giving such full measure of happiness to the good, and such proper punishment to the wicked and worthless. Tiresome disputations, uninteresting digressions, false opinions, improbable incidents, nothing perfectly right, even where it cannot be said to be violently wrong; the very humour being little more than a good attempt and never being quite successful."

After all, humour is a light matter, gossamer-winged, and it is easy to bring it to earth. The critic catches it and runs it through the stamp mill, and then examines the product. "A shocking bad butterfly," he says. We can only agree with him. But butterflies, in the words of the notice, are not constructed to carry heavy weights.

MARK TWAIN, THE MAN AND THE JESTER.

BY WALTER JERROLD

IT was in the best sense of the much-used word that Mark Twain was a jester. There are stolid serious folk who regard a man who makes jokes, who puns, who sees the light side of things, as a person incapable at once of depth of thought or feeling, and perhaps nothing will persuade them that they are almost wholly wrong. Show me a humorist and I will show you one who is, perhaps far more than the average, a man of deep feeling. The truth has been pointed out again and again, but the anti-humorists have a defect in their mental vision which makes them incapable of recognising it. Motley is indeed, the only wear for the man who feels as well as thinks. Your humorist laughs, sometimes that he may not cry, and seeks to move the risibility of others that they may be kept from tears. If we take four prominent nineteenth-century humorists—Charles Lamb, Thomas Hood, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain—we shall find them all men who were essentially serious-minded. It is impossible to follow closely the full story of the life of any one of these, and the rule holds good of other humorists, too, without recognising this, yet the world goes on talking of the great humorists as though they were "funny men"—men of mere flippancy, wanting in all appreciation of life's serious side. The grave folk who see nothing in Thomas Hood but

a verbiage, in Mark Twain nothing but a master of drollery and exaggeration, are the people who are fond of snubbing those who venture to speak playfully with what they regard as the unanswerable solemnity of "still waters run deep." Those same waters are far more beautiful and sanative when sparkling under sunshine than when darkling under cloud. It is the Mark Twains—"may their tribe increase"—who illuminate the still waters of life, and those who affect to look down upon the "funny man" would do well to ponder the fact. Those who prefer to employ established phrases rather than recognise sufficiently obvious facts are fond of quoting Dr. Samuel Johnson as saying that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. Had Johnson possessed the priceless gift of humour, he might have won immortality for himself instead of having to accept it at the hands of James Boswell.

The story of Mark Twain's life is a further reiteration, if such were needed, of the alliterative but inept Johnsonian dictum, for the name of the American humorist will always be linked with that illuminating episode in his career which has its fine parallel in the history of literature in the life-story of Sir Walter Scott.

Every schoolboy in the United States of America is,



Mark Twain

Portrait by George Hutchinson
By permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus



A General Good Time.

From "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

it is said, a potential President, as every soldier in Napoleon's army carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, and certainly if we look at the bead roll of America's famous men, we see how true the saying is, at any rate in its broader sense. That the career is open to talent in the great democracy of the West will be shown very plainly when the United States produces its parallel to our "Dictionary of National Biography", that a man who begins life in a log cabin may come to control a great State's destiny from the White House has been seen; but there are other Presidents than that of the States—a Whittier, a Whitman, a Mark Twain may win his way to front rank position from the humblest beginnings. The thing may, of course, be done in the Old World, but it seems rather the rule than the exception in the New.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, to give him his legal names, was born on November 30, 1835, so that he was in his seventy-fifth year at the time of his death. He was born of parents in humble circumstances at Florida in the State of Missouri ("the village contained a hundred people and I increased the population by one per cent."). His father died when Mark Twain, to give him the name by which he will live, was a boy of twelve, and the little chap had at once to go out into the world as a wage-earner. He had but a weak and sickly childhood, his life being saved "several times" by the local doctor, and Mark Twain's re-

corded that asking his mother about it in his old age, he said:

"I suppose that all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I would not live?"

"After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—'No, afraid you would.'"

If the story was not "embroidered," it suggests that the author must have inherited his dominant quality from his mother, but in another reminiscence he says that his mother was asked:

"Do you ever believe anything that boy says?"

"She replied, 'He is the well-sprung of truth, but you can't bring up the whole well with one bucket; I know his average, therefore he never deceives me—I discount him 30 per cent. for embroidery, and what is left is pure and priceless truth.'"

The taste for "embroidering" of the boy was to make the fortune of the man, was to add to American literature one of the most remarkable characteristics of the national humour. But between the beginnings



Frontispiece to "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

of boyhood and the establishing of the writer were to lie many and varied experiences, all of which were to have their part in shaping the humorist, in sharpening his observation and storing his memory with incidents and characters. First apprenticed to a printer, he worked at that trade for a few years, but at the age of seventeen got as near as opportunity offered to indulging in his boyish desire for a pirate's career, by learning pilotage on a Mississippi steamer. How he "learnt the river" was duly recorded in "Life on the Mississippi," and how this experience gave him the pen-name, now known all the world over, will probably be familiar to most readers, but it may be repeated once again for the benefit of the rest. As the steamer passed up or down the river, regular soundings were taken to avoid the shallows, and the frequent repetition of the sounder's call "By the mark one (tathom), by the mark twain" suggested the quaint name which, having become famous, seems to be almost inevitably fitting. When the Civil War broke out, the work of the pilot was no longer needed, and as a young man of twenty-five Samuel Clemens went first to Nevada, where, after a turn in the mines, he took to writing for the local papers and to using the pseudonym of "Mark Twain." Thence he passed to San Francisco, where he fell in with Bret Harte and joined with him in running the *Californian*. As Mr. W. D. Howells put it, "These ingenious young men, with the fatuity of gifted people, had established a literary newspaper in San Francisco, and they brilliantly co-operated to its early extinction." Bret Harte described Mark Twain as he appeared on their first meeting:

"His head was striking. He had the curly hair, the aquiline nose, and even the aquiline eye—an eye so acute



"He drew his thumb along the edge."

From "Prince and Pauper," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

like that even a second lid would not have surprised me— of an unusual and dominant nature. His eyebrows were very thick and bushy. His dress was careless, and his general manner one of supreme indifference to surroundings and circumstances. He spoke in a slow, rather satirical drawl, which was in itself irresistible. He went on to tell one of those extravagant stories, and half unconsciously dropped into the lazy tone and manner of the original narrator. I asked him to tell it again to a friend who came in, and then asked him to write it out for the *Californian*. He did so, and when published it was an emphatic success."

The story was that of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." In the year 1867 that quaint yarn was published with a number of others as Mark Twain's first book, and in that same year a Frisco journal made it possible for him to join a party of tourists bound for the Mediterranean. Two years later the letters which he had sent home to his paper were published in volume form as "The Innocents Abroad," and met with such instant success on both sides of the Atlantic that within three years it is said 125,000



The Wedding Procession.

From "Tom Sawyer Abroad," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

...were sold. Thenceforward the name of Mark Twain was recognised as that of one of the first of American humorists. At the same time that he was making his reputation as author, he was also starting lecturing, a business which was to stand him in good stead in a later time of trial.

The year after the publication of "The Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain married, and it is pleasant to know that the voyage which directly led to the writing of the first of his entertaining and most unconventional travel books led also indirectly to his happy marriage. In the state-room of one of his fellow-voyagers named Langdon Mark Twain saw the portrait of Langdon's sister, which so fascinated him that on returning home



Mark Twain, 1898.

From the painting by Spindon.

he sought the lady's acquaintance, and less than three years after the trip to Europe he married Miss Olivia L. Langdon. A year after marriage he went to live at Hartford, Connecticut, which remained his home for many years. In 1872, he published "Roughing It," which had considerable success, and in 1876 came "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," a book full of humorous entertainment, and one that with its companions has been well described as having real historical value. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn were at once recognised as additions to the gallery of the immortals of fiction, the characters that have become as real to readers as people who have lived, that are recognised by all. The Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn series of books would alone have sufficed to give their author a lasting



"M-a-r-k Twain!"

reputation among the masters of fiction; his short stories and sketches would alone have given him standing as a quaint humorist, while besides these we have among others his travel books and his quasi-historical



"A Coward in my Family!"

From "Pudd'nhead Wilson," by Mark Twain. (Chapin.)

books, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" and "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc." The last-mentioned books are not comparable with those in which the humorist dealt with the life which he had known, the people he had met. (In prefacing the first of the Tom Sawyer books, he mentioned that Huckleberry Finn was drawn from life, while Tom himself was a kind of composite portrait of three boys, and most of the adventures recorded really occurred, some to the author and some to his schoolmates.) Perhaps "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" published just a quarter of a century ago—is the best of this series of books, both for its character delineation and the fine freedom of the narrative, which according to the author's threatening preface is without motive, moral, or plot.

Many are the anecdotes told illustrative of Mark Twain's ready appreciation of the humorous in a situation, but it is not unfitting that the story which will always be linked with his name is one that really illustrates the innate seriousness of the man. Having invested his money in a publishing business, the firm with which



"It was sing dance-carouse every night."

From "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," by Mark Twain.
(Chatto.)

he was connected failed, and Mark Twain, then over sixty years of age, set out on a lecturing tour, not that he might start making a fresh fortune for himself, but for the purpose of making money to pay off the creditors of his firm in full; as he put it, "honour is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents in the dollar." It was a brave resolve, successfully carried out, and in it we get some indication of the character of the man.

Of the peculiar quality of Mark Twain's humour, I am not called upon to speak, but it may be pointed out that much of the charm of his writing lies in the way in which it illustrates the dictum that the style is the man. Any one who heard him talk, if it was only in the making of an after-dinner speech, could then realise how closely his pen sentences followed the way of his spoken ones. (Which is by no means the invariable rule with writers.) Indeed, if his stories are read aloud in a somewhat drawing, deliberative manner, their effectiveness is heightened. It is as though the sentences were punctuated by cigar-whiffs, and that not only when he was being entertaining, anecdotal, reminiscential, but when he indulged in stern criticism, for as he put it, he could be dreadfully rough on a person when the mood took him. How rough those readers interested in the recent "library censorship" discussion may see by turning to the closing chapter of "A Tramp Abroad," where Mark Twain poured fine scorn on those who would deny to literature the freedom allowed to the painter's art.

In Mark Twain we have, perhaps, the most individual expression of the American genius in literature; to quote a critic of some years ago, "in his turn of art, his literary methods and aims, he is as distinctly national as the Fourth of July," and in that fact lies the



Pharo-Moses.

From "A Tramp Abroad," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

certainty of his immortality of fame. Much of the life of which he wrote in his most characteristic books has changed or is changing, but as long as men remember that once they were boys, the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn will be read, and

they will also have a lasting value, for—as Huckleberry Finn is recorded as having written of the man who invented him—"there are things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth." The words might stand as the great humorist's epitaph.

MARK TWAIN.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS BY JEROME K. JEROME, E. V. LUCAS, WALTER EMANUEL, J. J. BELI, LEONARD HENSLÖWE, ARNOLD BENNETT, OWEN SEAMAN, W. PETT RIDGE, AND F. ANSTEE GUTHRIE.

JEROME'S FIRST MEETING WITH HIM.

VERY few knew that Mark Twain was living in London. Our little girls met at a gymnasium, and revealed to one another the secret of their parentage. So that I wrote to him, and he and his daughter—his wife, always a sufferer, was too ill to accompany him—came and dined with us in a little house that looked out upon Hyde Park. It was our first meeting. I had anticipated, to confess the truth, feeling slightly in awe of him, and was, in consequence, somewhat shocked at the attitude of Hail fellow-well-met that my little girl, after staring at him for a good half-minute, assumed towards him for the rest of the evening. We sat talking, looking out upon the silent park, till pretty late; and it struck me as curious, turning back into the house after having seen him and his daughter into their cab, that neither of us had made a single joke nor told a funny story. I met him, perhaps, some half a dozen times after that, but we were never alone again. In public he always carried a little wearily, so it seemed to me the burden of the professional humorist, and at such times I thought wistfully of the man of deep feeling and broad sympathies—of the grave, earnest, shrewdly whimsical thinker I should like to have met and talked with again.

JEROME K. JEROME

E. V. LUCAS AND TWAIN AT A "PUNCH DINNER."

To me "Huckleberry Finn" is Mark Twain's best book—and, indeed, one of the best books by any one—and next to that I

put "Tom Sawyer," and then a volume that exists only in fancy made up of passages from all the others, down to the "Tramp Abroad" and "Life on the Mississippi," in which those early works, "Roughing It," "The Innocents at Home," and the "Jumping Frog" collection, are very strongly represented. But "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" stand just as they were written, every word counts. In the next edition of "Huckleberry Finn," however, I hope that the long and wonderful extract from it that is now to be read in small type only in Chapter III of "Life on the Mississippi" will be set in its true place.

I met Mark Twain only once. It was on his last visit to London, when he was present at the special *Punch* dinner given in his honour. Under any conditions, there could not have been a more appreciative or interesting guest, but as it happened, a pretty little incident at the very outset of the evening touched a chord of tenderness that enabled those of us who were present to realise a complete Mark Twain than perhaps many of his fellow convalesced on such occasions were in the habit of doing. Immediately upon entering the dining-room, before we had time to sit down, three knocks sounded on an inner door, and there emerged little Miss Agnew bearing in her hands Bernard Partidge's cartoon of a week or so before, representing a welcome to Mark Twain, and thus she offered to him in a few simple words. Whether it was the cumulative effect of the kindness of every one with whom he had



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mark Twain in his robes as D.C.L. of Oxford.



To a Master of his Art.

Mr. PUNCH to Mark Twain: "So, I honour myself by drinking your health. Long live to you and happiness and perpetual youth!"

Reproduced from *Punch* of June 18, 1905, by special permission of the proprietor.

come in contact since landing, or whether he was overcome by the fresh candour of this child and the dramatic unexpectedness of the gift, I do not know, but Mark Twain was visibly touched, almost melted, and I was conscious throughout the evening that the scene was very near his thoughts. He referred to it more than once in his informal speech, which swung between recollections of London in the 'seventies, the wildest chaff of his old friend Sir Henry Lucy, and passages that were almost too emotional.

In meeting him at last face to face, I was surprised by his size. I had always thought of him as long and gaunt; but he was quite a small man, and his lines were soft. I was surprised also by the almost tremulous gentleness of his expression, but that I imagine was a late acquisition: it had come with age and bereavement. His voice a little disappointed me. One had heard so much of the famous drawl; but, possibly through careful cultivation of a similar mechanism by humorists of our own, I was not carried away by it. But everything that he said was good, and his choice of words seemed to me extremely felicitous.

Not long afterwards I had occasion to write to him

about something, and recalled the evening to his mind. In reply, he asked me to go and stay with him at Stormfield, but as his letter began "My dear Lucy," I did not go.

E. V. LUCAS.

WALTER EMANUEL'S OPINION OF MARK TWAIN'S HUMOUR.

I have always been a man of Mark. He was a hero of my youth, and is still a hero to me—and of how many of one's early literary idols can one say this? Mark Twain is at the back of most of the best humour of to-day. The only thing he failed to teach other writers was how to excel him in his own line. There are some originals who show others how, and are then eclipsed, but it was never so with Mark Twain. The best of his work, in spite of fashions in humour, will assuredly live—as will also the example of his brave, straight life.

WALTER EMANUEL.

J. J. BELL AND A TWAIN JOKE.

I have no personal recollections of the great humorist. I never had the honour of meeting him, and once only I had a glimpse of him in his "white suit," in Albemarle Street, London, during his last visit to this country. Until then I had never realised that a true humorist could be handsome. But Mark Twain was always bigger than his books. His books did not make *him* what he was. There must be countless people who

know him, and will remember him, simply from things he said. When the *Comander Lusitania*—or was it the *Mauretania*?—reached New York on her maiden voyage, he was shown over the wonderful vessel, and at the end he remarked: "Well, I guess I must tell Noah about this"—or words to that effect. No one but Mark Twain could have put it that way, and the remark seemed to me worth a volume of an ordinary comic paper. And now I can imagine Noah deeply interested in the man who made the only really good



The Learned Doctors

From "The Gilded Age," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

joke out of hundreds in connection with the Ark. Mark Twain did much to break the dullness of a drab enough world for millions of people; I cannot conceive of his quick, kindly humour being lost in a brighter place.

Some wonder whether he'll be "read"
For long. . . Methinks 'tis sweeter
To wonder what his spirit said
To tickle grave St. Peter.

J. J. BELL.

LEONARD HENSLOWE ON INTERVIEWING MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain was always kind to the interviewer, and showed tact even in putting him off. When I visited New York a little time back on an interviewing commission for a London newspaper, I called on him, amongst others, only to find that he was ill in bed; and the next day I received the following charming note from him:

TUXEDO PARK
NEW YORK

Tuesday.

Dear Mr. Henslowe:

*I am shut up with
illness; but even if I were
well I would not be inter-
viewed by any but an
enemy, & I am sure I do
not take you for that*

*Sincerely Yours
S. L. Clemens*

Mr. Clemens did not, however, keep to the strict letter of his note, and I subsequently had the privilege of an interview which I shall always remember, inasmuch as Mark Twain did more of the interrogating than I did.

I interviewed him also whilst he was over here on his last visit to England in 1907, and found him most urbanely and delightfully whimsical and obliging. Whilst he was autographing a photograph of himself for me I suggested that he should make a charge for that sort of labour in the interests of some deserving charity. "Yes," murmured Mr. Clemens, "charge a dollar a time and devote the proceeds to the founding of a Home for Mistaken Journalists!"

LEONARD HENSLOWE.

ARNOLD BENNETT CONSIDERS TWAIN WAS A DIVINE AMATEUR.

I never saw Mark Twain. Personally I am convinced that his best work is to be found in the first half of "Life on the Mississippi." The second half is not on the same plane. Episodically, both "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" are magnificent, but as complete works of art they are of quite inferior quality. Mark Twain was always a divine amateur, and he never would or never could appreciate the fact (to which nearly all Anglo-Saxon writers are half or totally blind), that the most important thing in any work of art is its construction. He had no notion of construction, and very little power of self-criticism. He was great in the subordinate business of decoration, as distinguished from construction; but he would mingle together the very best and the very worst decorations. The praise poured out on his novels seems to me exceedingly exaggerated. I like his travel-sketches; by their direct, disdainful naivete they remind me of Stendhal's. I should be disposed to argue that he has left stuff which will live for a long time among us Anglo-Saxons, but not that he was complete enough to capture Europe.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

OWEN SEAMAN'S WELCOME TO MARK TWAIN IN 1907

TO MARK TWAIN.

GUEST OF THE PILGRIMS CLUB, JUNE 25.

(Reprinted from "Punch" by special permission of the Proprietors.)

Pilot of many Pilgrims since the shout
"Mark Twain!" that serves you for a deathless
sign -
On Mississippi's waterway rang out
Over the plummet's line
Still where the countless ripples laugh above
The blue of halcyon seas, long may you keep
Your course unbroken, buoyed upon a love
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

O. S.

MR. PETT RIDGE ON THE CHARM OF MARK TWAIN.

I do not know whether a brief note of my first meeting with Mark Twain is of any use to you in the attempt to describe his charm of manner and geniality. A well-intentioned but rather tussy man took me up to him and made the introduction. "This," he said, "is Mr. Pett Ridge." Mark Twain shook hands. "Well known," continued the tussy man, with a fine air of diplomacy, "as the Mark Twain of London!" And left me to extricate myself as best I could from the situation. "He didn't mean that," I said. "What he intended to say was that you were the Pett Ridge of America!" The dear old man took me comfortably by the arm. "Ah," he remarked, "now I can see we shall get along well together." Thanks entirely to him and to his good humour, I believe we did.

W. PETT RIDGE.

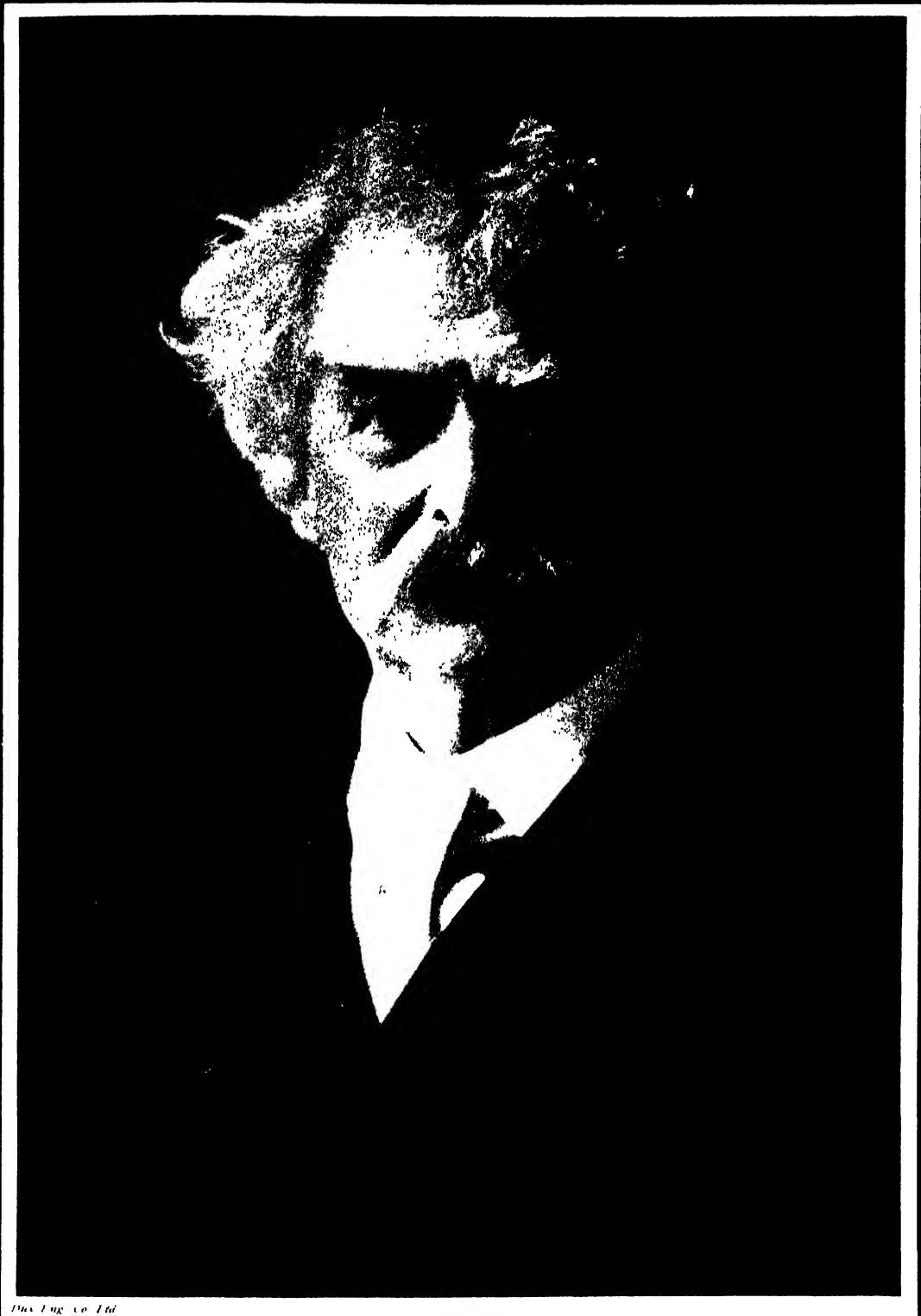


Photo Eng. Co. Ltd.

F. ANSTEY IN PRAISE OF MARK TWAIN.

From the time when, as a boy, I first made the acquaintance of "The Jumping Frog" and "The Innocents Abroad," I have always been among the most enthusiastic admirers of Mark Twain's inimitable humour.

Every time I re-read "Huckleberry Finn"—which I do periodically—I am more impressed, not only by the delightful fun and spirit of it, but by its wonderful picturesqueness and vividness. I find it very hard to believe that so great a book will ever be forgotten—at least, until the English language has become extinct,

which is immortality enough for any author. As any personal recollections of Mark Twain, I can furnish none of any importance or interest, as, although I had the privilege of meeting him once on each of his two last visits to London, I had no opportunities for more than a very short conversation with him on either occasion.

But I remember an evening party several years ago—exactly how many I forget—when he recited a negro ghost story in dialect with a power that made it extraordinarily "creepy."

ANSTEY GUTHRIE

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1910.

Answers to these competitions reach on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered to the competitor who can name the authors of the following quotations (all from well-known British poets) or to the one who gives the largest number of such names.

- (1) "Limits we did not set
Condition all we do"
- (2) "A holy thought
Which is a prayer before one knows of it"
- (3) "To move on angels' wings were sweet,
But who would therefore scorn his feet"
- (4) "The golden gress
Is morning star to the full round of truth"
- (5) "Stretch forth your open hands, and while ye live
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give"
- (6) "Famlier than worms are lovers slain
The wounded heart ne'er turn to wound again."
- (7) "Pitch thy behaviour low thy projects high"
- (8) "To know ourselves deceived is half our cure"
- (9) "Food and sleep, which two upheave,
Like mighty pillars, this frail life of man."
- (10) "He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

- (11) "Sport that wrinkled Care deinde,
And Laughter hold him both his sides."
- (12) "The jiving Duke's praise I utter
And gave him heart, and gave him time"



Martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans.

From "Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss JESS PESCOD, of Canton Villa, Aylesbury, for the following:

EVE IN EARNEST. BY JOHN BARNETT.

"I'm sure I've done my best, manula,
To make a proper match,
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch."

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, *Ilva don't the mek, propo!*

We also select for printing:

THE SEARCH PARTY. BY G. A. BIRMINGHAM.

"The friars are kneeling
And hunting and feeling,
The carpet, the walls,
And the floors and the ceiling."

BAKHAM, *The Jacksons of Rhen*

(Edgar Caton, 46, Ainslie Street, Barrow-in-Furness.)



Frontispiece to "The American Claimant," by Mark Twain. (Chatto.)

CHANGING CHINA. BY LORD WILLIAM OF ROSSELY.

"Break, break, break."

TENNYSON.

(Nina E. Almond, Indiana University Library, Bloomington, Indiana, U.S.A.)

OUT OF THE NIGHT. BY MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

"A cat miaows
Upon the tiles
In twenty thous
And different styles."

E. V. LUCAS, *Another Book of Verses for Children.*

(Thomas J. Kerins, 220, Thistle Street, Glasgow.)

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

"We won't go home till morning."

(R. Whattam, Malvern House, Spring Bank, Bradford.)

"AFTER DEATH WHAT?" BY LAMERDO CESARE.

"They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell."

HOOD, *Faithless Sally Brown.*

(Mary C. Jobson, Western House, Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham.)

THE IDEAL SCHOOLMASTER. BY SIR GEORGE

DOUGLAS BART.

"Ye've such a way wid ye, father avick, . . .
Helpin' onasy ones,
Coaxin' the crazy ones,
Lattin' the lazy ones on wid a stick."

MAHONY'S *Father O'Flynn.*

(Johannes C. Anderson, Box 101, P.O., Christchurch, New Zealand.)

TANGLED RELATIONS. BY COLONEL CHERIE LARKING.

"It puzzled all our kith and kin
It reached an awful pitch,
For one of us was born a twin,
Yet not a soul knew which

"In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistake went on,
And when I died the neighbour came
And buried brother John!"

(Miss W. M. Bayne Meldrum, Bahamungo, St. Andrews, Fife, N. B.)

ACCORDING TO MARIA. BY MRS. JOHN LANE.

"For people who stand on legs of gold
Are sure to stand well with society."

T. HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

(C. H. Collett, 144, Ella Street, Hull.)

II. The PRIZE for the best quatrain describing favourably or unfavourably any seaside holiday resort is divided. and Two NEW NOVELS are sent to M. F. LUSTY, of Willerforce House, Heathcote Road, Epsom, and Two to G. MUNRO SMITH, of 18, Apsley Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

SHANKLIN.

I sing a song of Shanklin, a spot of pure delight
Which rests in southern warmth within the far-famed Isle of Wight:
I sing of flower-clad cliffs, of sandy beach and sun-flecked sea,
Of shady heights within the Chine--Oh! there that I could be.

(M. F. Lusty.)

ON WESTON-SUPER-MARE

Two miles of mud, monotonous, flat;
A strong sea-breeze that blows off your hat;
Children with spades on the stretch of sand;
A town at the back with gardens and band.

(G. Munro Smith.)

Some of the verses sent are not at all descriptive, and some are not quatrains, but good examples have been also received from Harold Lister (Leeds), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Rev. Robert Brewin (Appleby), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), Miss G. M. Vickridge (Worthing), H. W. Cornelius (Ipswich), John W. Lethaby (Tunbridge Wells), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Mabel Webb (King's Lynn), Marion Twill (Hampstead), George Greenwood (Clapham, S.W.), Dorothea Trotter (Aberystwyth), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), and S. Doody (Boscombe).

III. -The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to FRANCIS DRYDEN, of 73, Queen's Road, Wimbledon, S.W., for the following:

THE GREATEST WISH IN THE WORLD
By E. TEMPLE THURSTON (Chapman & Hall)

Were "charm" definable, or might be this book Mr. Thurston has nothing to say, but he says it delightfully. Peggy is a shadow; Stephen Gade is just a pair of eyes; and Father O'Leary, well he is the candle of the shadow-show. There never was such a priest. He is rather the incarnation of all Irish. Mr. Thurston, whom we congratulate on the elimination of the unpleasant, is of all novelists the most dismissive from ladies to infants, from watch-guards to watches at sea everything goes into this Irish stew of sentimentality. Still a most pleasant book.

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

RUSKIN AND HIS CIRCLE. By ADA EARLAND.
(Hutchinson)

It is not often that a woman undertakes to write a biography and criticism of a man whose studies include Ethics, mineralogy, and technical art. Yet Miss Earland has succeeded admirably in her task. Her biography of Ruskin is the most comprehensive that has yet been written and her criticisms of his character, his work and his teaching are clear, sound, and unbiased. The character sketches of those great men and women who constituted his "circle" are both pleasing and able. Miss Earland possesses a discriminating genius; she tells us just what we most wish to know about them all.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

CALICO JACK. By HORACE W. C. NEWELL. (Mills & Boon)

A trenchant, bitter attack upon contemporary music hall life. The author has obviously studied his subject at first hand. Most of his types are cleverly drawn, particularly the self-satisfied, bumptious sketch-artist "Calico Jack," and the good-hearted, impulsive "serio-comic" Laughing Lily, whose devotion and ultimate self-sacrifice pave the way for the somewhat conventional happy ending. When he leaves music hall land, however, the writer is less happy. It is impossible to take quite seriously the love affairs of so vacillating a creature as "Peter," or to accept "Sally" as a true picture of a well-bred English girl.

(Herbert Miers, 2a, Eversley Road, Charlton, Kent.)

CANADIAN BORN. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
(Smith, Elder.)

If Mrs. Ward's intention was to return thanks to Canada for affording her a pleasant holiday, she can certainly be con-

gratulated on her success. The book is a most interesting and original study of the possibilities of a land which, though still in its infancy, has shown what its maturity will be capable of. The chief charm of the book is its original setting, for the love-story of the young Canadian railway official and the aristocratic English girl, travelling in great luxury with her invalid brother, can lay claim to little distinction.

(Miss E. Reiss, Ennerdale, Lapwing Lane, Didsbury, Manchester.)

THE WILD HEART. By M. E. FRANCIS. (Smith, Elder.)

"The Wild Heart" marks an advance on Mrs. Francis' shorter stories and gives scope for more sustained power. The story follows the fortunes of a simple and charming heroine, who becomes involved in the tragedy which forms their lurid background. The Wild Heart of the title, whom she marries, has in a poaching fray been guilty of manslaughter. The Medea-like personality of the widow who haunts him to his doom suggests the relentlessness of Greek tragedy, but the sympathetic humor displayed by the author in the delineation of rustic life relieves the sadness of an otherwise charming story.

(Elizabeth Houston, St. Margarets, St. Andrews, Scotland.)

THE MAKING OF A KING. By I. A. TAYLOR. (Hutchinson.)

Stories of ignoble favorites; the devoted Sully; two Queens, and sixty his trying and sorely tried wives; of such was the count reflecting the character of the able, charming, unprincipled Henry IV. A. divers were the elements of the royal nursery, where "the King" was Louis XIII., quaint, unborn lovable, a little autocrat yet subject to the hardness of indifferent governors, and treated alternately as naughty boy and as Majesty. We take leave of him in bed, playing with toys at the close of the day on which he came of age, and we wonder that he made no mark in history.

(Miss E. O. Broune, College Green, Worcester.)

THE EMPEROR OF THE AIR. By GEORGE GLENDON.
(Methuen.)

Although a book which cannot compare with the scientific novel of Jules Verne, "The Emperor of the Air" thrills us from the first. Mr. Glendon's descriptions are vivid and his enthusiasm for engines is infectious. The plot, however, is somewhat weak. The conclusion is obviously an ingenious solution to an otherwise insoluble difficulty. The author, moreover, whilst appalling the reader with every horror, lacks the ability to paint a finished portrait. Hans Kreutzer, the principal character, is both a whole-sle murder and a cheerful philosopher. In short, Mr. Glendon has a considerable knowledge of machinery, but knows little of men.

(C. V. Hancock, King's School, Worcester.)

We specially commend also the reviews of J. Hope (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Cicely Leadley Brown (Heswall), M. Wincett Roberts (Bideford), H. W. Cornelius (Ipswich), Joan Harvey Hall (Aberdeen), Gladys Smyth (Hampstead), Mary C. Johnson (Middletown-one-Row), Lincoln Tregenza (London, E.C.), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Miss H. Callwell (Havant), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), J. Swinson (Guildford), Constance Kerr (Kirkcaldy), Grace Wood (Bishop's Stortford), John W. Lethaby (Tunbridge Wells), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Charles Stuart (Aberdeen), J. Tregenza (Wallington), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Stirling (Glentworth), Dorothy Ranger Gull (Appledore), and Joseph Hanton (Arbroath).

IV. -The PRIZE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss A. ROBINSON, 17, Cavendish Grove, The Avenue, Southampton.

THOMAS HARDY.

An Appreciation, on the occasion of his Seventieth Birthday.

ON the 2nd of this month the last of the great Victorian novelists reaches his seventieth birthday, and we join the whole world of writers and readers who will to-morrow be offering him their homage and felicitations, in wishing him many more years of pleasant days among the Wessex scenes and people he knows so well and has so wonderfully portrayed. "I would give my hand to write like Hardy," said Robert Louis Stevenson, and none but one of the greatest could move so fine a brother of the craft to such whole-hearted eulogy.

But there is no need to talk of Mr. Hardy's place in English literature; it has long been secure. He did not arrive by any sudden boom; his fame, like most long-enduring things, has been a slow and quiet growth. Many of his contemporaries who were far ahead of him in point of popularity have passed away, and we have already left off reading them, or are reading very little of them; but every year sees his genius more widely recognised and adds new lustre to his name.

Mr. Hardy's first book, "Desperate Remedies," was published when he was turned thirty, and certainly

gave no promise of his future greatness, but a year later more than the promise of it appeared in "Under the Greenwood Tree." When "Far from the Madding Crowd" was running anonymously in the *Cornhill* in 1874, some of the leading critical journals decided from internal evidence that it was the work of George Eliot; which only goes to

show how fallible a practised critic can be, for reading that novel now one finds no trace of the author of "Adam Bede" in it, beyond the fact that it also deals with rural life and character.

It is enough if we do little more at this time than set down some of the names of that splendid procession of masterpieces that followed after "Far from the Madding Crowd" such as "The Return of the Native," "The Trumpet-Major," "The Woodlanders," "A Group of Noble Dames," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Life's Little Ironies," "Jude the Obscure."

Ending his work as a novelist fifteen years ago with "Jude the Obscure,"

Mr. Hardy started on a new career by publishing his "Wessex Poems" in 1898, and in the year of the late King's accession his "Poems of the Past and the Present." Since then he has begun and completed his stupendous and finely imaginative chronicle-drama, "The Dynasts," and has added "Time's Laughing-stocks" to the collection of his poetical works. A number of these poems were written in his younger days, but the best and most characteristic of them, like the whole chronicle-drama, are the fruit of his later time. With their grim realism, their paganism, their pessimism, their stoical courage, their lack of faith, their unrest and despairs, their cynical humour, their underlying humanity and their occasional wistful, half-articulate hopes, these poems of Mr. Hardy

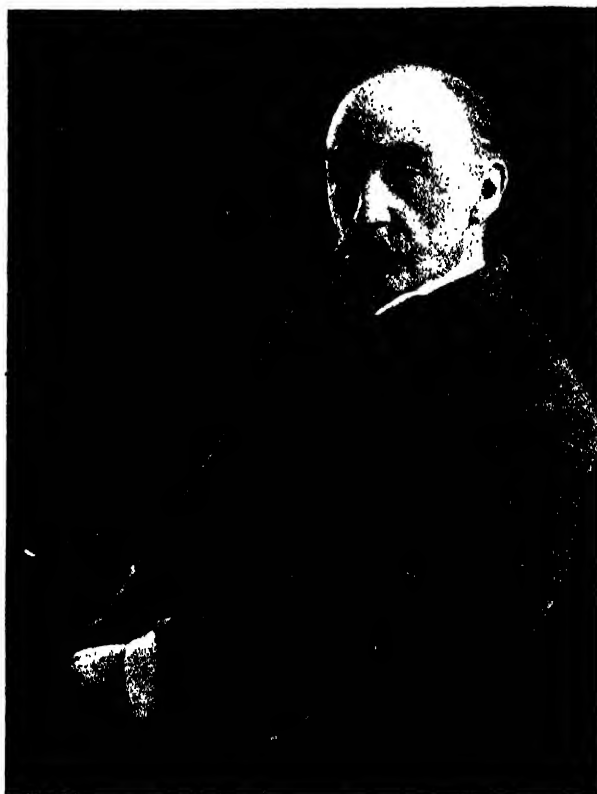


Photo by Clive Holland.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.



Photo by Clive Holland.

The House in which Mr. Thomas Hardy was Born.

It lies at the edge of the Egdon Heath of his novels, at Lower Bockhampton, Dorchester.

indubitably reflect certain spiritual and intellectual developments, certain moral and social phases of our own generation as vividly and as faithfully as the poems of Tennyson mirrored the thought and the life of his.

We have parted company with many beautiful old ideals and are slowly and painfully fashioning new ones. The power of mid-Victorian sentiment in art did an indispensable service when it made us weep for Poor Jo and Betty Higden, the more practical humanitarianism of the present day passes Acts of Parliament to feed and educate and properly protect the one, and ends the tears of the other with an Old Age Pension. Romance paves the way to realism and realism opens tears avenues to romance. We are no longer contented to sit down and say easily that whatever happens is for the best, we are no longer contented to dream of shattering things into bits and remoulding them nearer to our heart's desire, but have awakened and are doing it. And since the first step in that direction must needs be a frank and fearless facing of the hardest facts instead of dodging them, the studying of our weaknesses instead of hiding or denying them, a knowing of the grey realities of life as well as the romance of it, we feel that for the deeper spirit of humanity, the stronger passion for the truth at all costs that is making



Photo by Clive Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy on the Lawn of their home at Max Gate.

Mrs. Hardy is in the foreground in a light skirt, with her profile turned to the camera. Mr. Hardy faces it.

its regenerating influence felt in our lives and in our literature, we are in no small measure indebted to the courageous pioneering of the great Victorian novelist who is also the one great poet of the Edwardian era.

"The matter of thy praise
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise
A bank against it, nothing but the round
Large clasp of Nature such a wit can bound.
Monarch in letters! 'mongst the Titles shown
Of others' honours, thus enjoy thy own!"

New Books.

THE NOVEL IN RUSSIA.*

It is a coincidence, not perhaps wholly unworthy of note, that Mr. Maurice Baring's new and stimulating book on "Landmarks in Russian Literature" should have been given to the world almost simultaneously with the news of the death of the first great populariser of the Russian novel. Gogol, it is true, had been known, at any rate by name, since Merimée wrote about him and praised his "Inspector," and Turgenev was known in the French versions as a resident in Paris and the friend of Flaubert. Mrs. Garnett's finished translations came a good deal later. "Crime and Punishment" and "Anna Karénina" were known in the mid-eighties in the Vizetelly editions, and few who read them then can forget the thrill of wonderment which they occasioned. But it was not until Melchior de Vogüé published his "Le Roman Russe" in 1888 that the relative values and collective force of the Russian novel were adequately appreciated. Putting aside the arts of Japan, it may be doubted whether any discovery since Flaubert has more profoundly modified

the ideals and stimulated the imagination of the Western World.

Born on the eve of the revolution of 1848, De Vogüé served in the war of 1870 as a volunteer and then, on the appointment of Thiers, as secretary of the French embassies respectively at Cairo, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg. He converted the Russian mind to that of a wild sea-bird, which haunted and fascinated him with its mystery, its range and its profound melancholy. His book on the Russian novel created a vivid impression. Few books of literary criticism have ever attained to such a brilliant and far-reaching success. The doctrine of expiation, the religion of human suffering, the theories of passive endurance and of sentimental anarchy as expounded by the great Russian masters were now interpreted as they had never been interpreted before. The book secured for De Vogüé his election as a member of the French Academy, and it led to what came to appear to its author an exaggerated vogue for Russian fiction. He was never a blind worshipper of the new idols, and the twin gods of his own high altar in letters continued to be, not Tolstoi and Dostoevsky, but Cervantes and Shakespeare. Essentially a stylist, a poet in prose, his secret ambition was

* "Landmarks in Russian Literature." By Maurice Baring. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

interpret the novels of others, but to produce novels of his own; and as a master of the vignette steeped in sentimental colour, Sterne has had few apter pupils than the author of "Jean d'Agrève."

In his two later novels he went farther and with a less faltering step. In "Les Morts qui Parlent" he gave expression to the idea—summed up in a sense by Bismarck, who when asked upon whom he was making war now that Napoleon III. was dead, replied, "Upon Louis XIV."—that among those of us who do not think for ourselves (the vast majority) the dead continue to outvoice the living and utter from our lips the rancours of Land and Prynne, the appetites of Jack Cade, the bitterness of blanketeers or of Jacobins, the stern wrath of Camisards or of Cameronians. Our general ideas are rooted far back in the past, and most of them represent the passions of our ancestors tranquillised for the most part into ruminations or reflections, but flaring up now and again with something of the fury of the old fire—a grand thesis upon which M. de Vogüé wove an historical and philosophical romance not unworthy to be ranked with "John Inglesant." As in that work, the French author, too, drew somewhat too much upon his capital and tinted the book of those spontaneous bursts which reveal the careless wealth of genius. At the very least, and going no farther than his title, he enriched the world with a new phrase, and with a rhythm in titles which M. René Buzin has made a passport to supreme success. It would be a good motto for a Universal Biography—or a good answer to the little boy in "The Blue Bird."

His third romance, "Le Maître de la Mer," is generally considered his masterpiece. It is the portrait of one of those strange transatlantic emperors of industry of whom we hear so much and know so little, and in some ways it is made to incarnate the future struggling with the innumerable filaments of the past for the monopoly of the present. But its greatness consists in the success with which, not unlike Tolstoi's "War and Peace" or Steinthal's "Rouge et Noir," it seems to concentrate an æthos, or to sum up a whole epoch of human existence. We all owe so much to De Vogüé for first focussing the Russian novelist, that it is hoped these stumbling words of appreciation of one of the most sympathetic yet critical and accomplished of modern writers will not be taken amiss. But for his pioneer efforts the list of works with which Mr. Maurice Baring prefaces his seven studies on Russian Drama and Prose Fiction would have been probably a very meagre one.

Like his pre-cessor, Mr. Baring endeavours to interpret Russian Literature for us through the medium of Russian life. His qualifications in this respect are undoubted, and his expression is gracious and sympathetic, stimulating, and absolutely independent. Mr. Baring's main thesis seems to be, so far as we can interpret it, that the people of Russia have a greater aptitude than the people of Western Europe for an appreciation of the essential teachings of Christianity. The virtues of poverty, of sorrow and suffering are to them no mere service of the lips; they actually believe in them. They bear personal witness to Heine's saying that where a great spirit is, there is Go'gotha, and their best spirits genuinely try to fulfil that most familiar, but most difficult precept of Christianity—to love others better than oneself. Goodness to them is almost inseparable from poverty, and they fully realise that the lessons which are to benefit humanity at large must be learnt in suffering. The great stronghold of their kingdom is Christian compassion—and Mr. Baring believes it to be impregnable. It may appear a little singular to find a representative of the house of Baring expounding the parable of Lazarus with so much eloquence; but there can be no doubt of his sincerity, and the conclusion drawn is just what we should expect. The most enthusiastic praise in the book is

reserved not for Turgenev, not for Tolstoi, but for Dostoevsky. The writer, perhaps a little unduly, over-emphasises our national unfamiliarity with this last-named master. "Poor Folk," "Buried Alive," "Crime and Punishment" at least are well known in English versions. Practically all of the novels can be obtained in French. A blush mantles my cheek when I admit that a good many years ago now I was asked, and accepted the invitation, to write an article on Dostoevsky for a well-known encyclopædia. After reading Mr. Baring, I turned with considerable trepidation to the article and was relieved to find it no worse. Thanks no doubt to De Vogüé, I had pitched my estimate what must have seemed at the time unconscionably high. For all future encyclopædists this path is made plain. Mr. Baring has not only revealed to us the martyrdom of the man's story—"in the whole history of the world's literature there is no literary man's life which was so arduous and so hard"—but he has given us a truly memorable summary of each one of his masterpieces from "Poor Folk" to "The Brothers Karamazov." The novel which Mr. Baring deems the most characteristic was wholly unknown to me. The hero is a simple fool, "The Idiot," who transforms every one about him, like Prince Huan, by the sheer magic of kindness and truth. Nothing could be much more attractive than the writer's delineation of this typically Russian hero. Into his character, he tells us, Dostoevsky has put all the sweetness of his nature, all his sympathy with the unfortunate, all his pity for the sick, all his understanding and love of children. Whenever children appear in his pages they "breathe a kind of freshness and fragrance like that of lilies of the valley . . . the smile of children lights up the dark pages of his books, like spring flowers growing at the edge of a dark abyss." This is perfectly true. Dostoevsky has faults of temper and of taste. His prime faults are pity and forbearance. He knew what wretches feel by experience, and the knowledge of their crooked misery inspired him with just that one precious thing—profound pity. If the soul of goodness in things evil ever made a man happy, that man was Dostoevsky. We have curious sidelights on his temper and hatred of Turgenev, his catholicity of literary taste, his pride of letters, and in the prices (generally humble) that he got for his books. Toil, envy, extreme want, the scaffold, epilepsy and Siberia assailed this man, yet did not succeed in rendering him unhappy.

It would require another article to discuss Mr. Baring's estimates of Tolstoi and Turgenev, not to speak of Gogol and Tchekov (he barely mentions Gorky). He admits to the full the almost titanic power of Tolstoi and his resistless genius. Yet he lets us perceive that he is not wholly unaffected by the quasi-paradoxical position into which the Titan has drifted. There is a glimmering at any rate that he is not unaware of the ineffectuality from the preceptual point of view of throwing away wealth merely that your nearest relatives may pick it up and bank it for you, of toiling at handicraft or plough without just that spirit of necessity which alone makes work salutary, or of preaching non-resistance in the heart of a country which is by common consent virtually impregnable.

These two great writers (Dostoevsky and Tolstoi) shine with a steady light, supplementing each other, sharing between them the undisputed dominion of modern Russian literature. Where then does Turgenev come in? According to Mr. Baring hardly at all, not at any rate in the same heaven with Tolstoi and Dostoevsky. Beside their steady light his illumination is but a twinkle. Mr. Baring assures us that this is not his own individual critical ukase, but is practically the universal decision of Holy Russia, and if it is good enough for the orthodox Russian it ought to be good enough for us. Let us freely admit that we cannot fathom this unexplained desire to weigh Turgenev in the scales against the other two masters. As a literary

that, after giving due weight to all that Mr. Baring can tell us, we must say that the vividness and charm of Turgenev seem to us, as they have always seemed, unapproachable, and with all due deference we submit that the Russian judgment may be as fallible as that of the Germans in regard to Heine or that of the Americans in regard to Whitman or Poe. The benefits conferred by this Codlin and Short system of exclusiveness upon our own criticism have not been sufficient to make us clamour for its exportation. Our enjoyment of Turgenev can hardly be impaired one whit by the reflection that the Russians themselves regard him as less exclusively national than Gogol or than Dostoevsky.

Unwittingly it seems to me that Mr. Baring is less than fair to Turgenev, and deliberately less than fair to Zola. If Zola, like Dostoevsky, states what is bad, what is worst, what is most revolting in human life, I do not see why the Frenchman should be credited with "filthy" and "bestial" motives, the Russian with no motives that are not noble and humane. The words jar in the case of a man who did a brave act, one of the bravest recorded in history since Luther spoke at Worms. It is more charitable surely in the case of a novelist who is described by one of the first of modern historians as "après Balzac le plus grand de tous," and to whom a friendly nation has decreed the greatest posthumous honour it is in their power to bestow, to assume that he, too, might have been actuated by that finer spirit of humanity to which even the worst among us (as Dostoevsky lived to prove) is not wholly a stranger.

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One of the weaknesses of the human mind is its liability to fixity of idea. This, of course, in some cases may be a cause of strength; it may be, and often is, the very essence of that blind determination which on more than one occasion has carried humanity into new realms of power and consciousness. At the same time it is as well that we should occasionally overhaul our stock of fixed ideas, otherwise how are we to know whether they have not grown obsolete? Or whether, indeed, they have not always been based on untruth? Such revaluations of ideas are one of the characteristics of our age. Modern intelligence is a chemist throwing tradition, authority, belief, and fancy into the melting-pot, and waiting patiently, like Hier Fox and the Tin Baby, to see "what the news is going to be."

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NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed
for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

News Notes.

We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Gaskell's daughter, Miss M. E. Gaskell, for the interest she has taken in the preparation of this number of THE BOOKMAN, and for her kindness in permitting us to reproduce certain of the portraits and photographs included among our illustrations.

The reproduction of the bust of Mrs. Gaskell on our cover is from a photograph by Mr. Warwick Brookes, of Manchester.

Messrs. George Bell & Son are including " Sylvia's Lovers " in their attractive Queen's Treasures Series, with colour illustrations by Miss Wheelhouse, and an introduction by Mr. Thomas Secombe, who has already prefaced " Cousin Phillis " in a uniform issue. The introduction, together with a brief Life of Mrs. Gaskell, will contain an appreciation of this, her most ambitious effort in fiction, and a first attempt to identify all the local scenes and allusions in connection with Monkshaven, the name she gave to Whitby.

Mr. Murray is publishing during the autumn the first volume of the Life of Lord Beaconsfield, based on his private papers, that Mr. W. F. Monypenny has been engaged upon for some years past. This volume covers the period from Disraeli's birth to his entry into Parliament in 1837.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new novel, " The Case of Richard Meynell," which will be published by Messrs. Smith Elder after it has run its course serially.

It is some time since we had a new book from Mr. Joseph Conrad, but Mr. Conrad is not a hasty worker, and has never made a settled practice of giving us two books a year, or even one. He has been engaged for a year or so past on a new story that is now nearing completion, and will make its appearance presently under the title of " Razumov."

Mr. David W. Bone, whose novel, " The Brassbounder," we review elsewhere, is a brother of Mr. Muirhead Bone, the well-known etcher. He is chief officer on the Anchor Line S.S. *Massilia*, which recently left Liverpool for Bombay, and he is now at work on a new book of the sea, to be called " The Queer Fella."

Messrs. Cassell are publishing another book on Napoleon by Mr. Clement Shorter. This is " Napoleon in his own Defence," and gives Napoleon's



Mr. A. F. Wedgwood.

Whose brilliant first novel, "The Shadow of a Titan" (Duckworth), was reviewed by Mr. Perceval Gibbon in the July BOOKMAN.

Mr. Shorter prints the letters and the reply that Theodore Hook wrote to them, and contributes full editorial notes to the volume, and an essay on "Napoleon as a Man of Letters."

Madame Albanesi has written a dramatic version of her successful story "Sister Anne," and the play will be produced in London during the autumn. Her new novel, "The Glad Heart," is to be published this month.

Miss S. G. Tallentyre, whose new book, "Early Victorian," we review on another page, began her literary career with a book of sketches called "The Money-Spinner," which she wrote in collaboration with Henry Seton Merri- man, with whose liter- ary career she had many associations, and on whose advice, and as she had always been interested in French liter- ature, she wrote the two

view of his captivity at St. Helena and his own estimate of his career, these revela- tions being contained in the letters he wrote to Lady Clavering, which were published an- onymously at the time, and are now ac- knowledged to be the work of Napoleon.

articles that appeared collectively under the title of "The Women of the Salons." It was im- possible to make these studies of the eighteenth century without being constantly brought across the name of Voltaire—the great dominating in- fluence of that age—and the fact that there was no complete Life of him published in England (John Morley's masterly study being rather in the nature of an elaborate essay) led Miss Tallentyre to write one. Her book on "The Friends of Voltaire" was a natural corollary to the Life, and the warm reception that was given to her biography of the greatest Frenchman of the age preceding the Revolution induced Miss Tallentyre to write the Life of the greatest Frenchman of the Revolution—Mirabeau.

In her "Early Victorian" Miss Tallentyre has returned to the art of fiction, but this time her series of character studies is so ingeniously con- trived that, in effect, it constitutes a long novel. She was drawn to the period her title indicates by the happy facts that she had many, and still has some, very old relatives who are able to recall clearly and intelligently their own lives and the general manner of living in the early days of the reign of Queen Victoria, that she is rich in private letters relating to that period, and that her father still has vivid personal recollections of meeting at his father's house at Amen Corner, St. Paul's, Sidney Smith, Minor Canon Barham, better known as Thomas Ingoldsby of the famous "Legends,"



Photo by Ernest H. Milla.

Madame Albanesi.

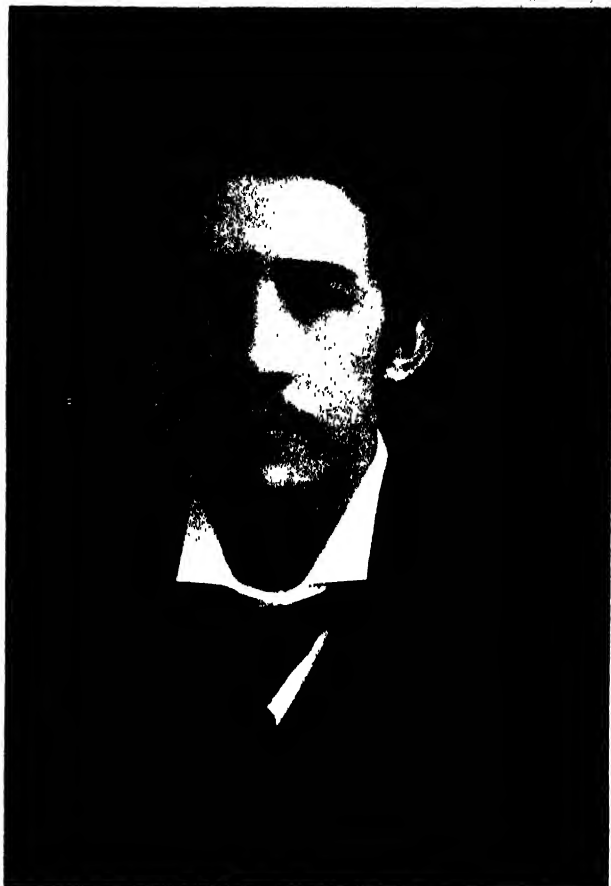
and the fifth Earl of Oxford, who was not only the friend of Byron and the father of the "Ianthe" to whom "Childe Harold" was dedicated, but a very typical noble of his day. It is therefore not strange that Miss Tallentyre is inclined to continue her studies of the Early Victorian period—a period which has, she holds, been far too harshly dismissed as one of smug respectability and dulness in art and literature, so that its quiet charms of simplicity and dutifulness, its scent of herbs and lavender, its peaceful aloofness from the rush and tumult and fierce competition of modern life are too little known and appreciated. These old-time qualities make much of the charm of "Early Victorian," and readers of that delightful volume will be glad there is more than a possibility that its author will give them others in the same vein.

Miss Rose Boldrewood, the daughter of Rolf Boldrewood, the well-known Australian novelist, has written a novel entitled "The Complications of Collaroi," which Messrs. John Ouseley will publish early in the autumn. Those who have read the story in MS. do not hesitate to say that the mantle of the author of "Robbery Under Arms" has fallen on his daughter.

"Platitudes in the Making: Advices and Precepts for Gentlefolk" is the title of a little book of original maxims on Life, Art, and Morals by Mr.



Photo by the Bower Studio, Durham.
Miss Rose Boldrewood.



Mr. James A. Mackereth.

Whose new poems, "A Son of Cain" (Longmans), are reviewed on p. 258.

Holbrook Jackson that Mr. D. J. Rider is publishing in England and Mr. Mitchell Kennesley in New York.

Mr. D. J. Rider, by the way, is now publishing the *Forum* in this country. The July and August numbers of this review began a new series, and number among their contributors Granville Barker, Frank Harris, H. G. Wells, Dr. Saleeby, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, Bliss Carman, Gale Young Rice, Allen Upward, and other well-known authors.

Mr. John H. Ingram is preparing a greatly revised and enlarged "Life of Poe," the result of over a quarter of a century's careful accumulation of new material derived from letters, MSS., etc., and is bringing all fresh and trustworthy information concerning the poet into his pages. Mr. Ingram has long been our leading authority on Edgar Allan Poe, and this new and amplified edition of his monumental biography will be looked forward to with keen interest.

Information of special importance in connection with the text of Poe's poems comes to us from the eminent American critic and author, Mr. J. H. Whitty. Mr. Brimley Johnson, in his recent Oxford edition of Poe's poems, and Messrs. Stedman & Woodberry, the American editors of them, adhere for their "authorised text" to what they

regard as the latest published edition revised by Poe. But neither these nor any other of his editors seem to have seen what is really Poe's last revision of his poems. As a fact, Poe finally revised his poems at Richmond, Virginia, shortly before his death, and Mr. Whitty has had these revisions in his possession for a number of years. Strange as it may appear at this date, some of the revised poems, including "the only correct copy" of "The Raven," and "Lenore," were actually published by Poe, and his numerous editors have overlooked the fact. An English writer recently stated that no file of the *Flag of Our Union*, to which Poe contributed, was now in existence. A file has been found and much light thrown on the poems published in that journal. Eight new poems have been collected, some in manuscript, in addition to a number of texts from manuscripts and heretofore unknown printed sources. Mr. Whitty says that the variant readings of "The Raven" have so far been given incorrectly, and no mention has been made of Poe's separate London text. It is also singular that none of the editions furnish all

the corrections made in Poe's hand in the copy of his 1845 edition bequeathed by J. L. Graham to the Century Association of New York. To meet the need for a final and definite text, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are publishing in America this autumn "The Complete Poems of E. A. Poe," edited by Mr. J. H. Whitty, with the fullest notes ever attempted, and English and foreign editions of the work are being arranged for. Prefixed to the volume is a Memoir, grounded upon new information and material of the first importance, and telling for the first time the full story of Poe's 1827 voyage to London. Mr. Whitty has devoted thirty years to the completion of this task, and in due course we shall have something further to say on the extent and value of his discoveries.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Messrs. Duckworth, Messrs. Ouseley, Mr. D. J. Rider, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Stanley Paul, Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Mills & Boon, Messrs. Macmillan, and Messrs. Smith, Elder.

TO KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

On receiving the English "Bookman" for July, 1910.

GROWN somewhat weary, in these latter days,
Of books and men, somewhat unapt to praise
I turn with unabated zest again
To the unt fading pictures of your pen—
Through Gothic archways wander out and in,
Eaves-dropping after Jack and Katharine,
Follow with fervour through the Kingdoms Three
The pleasant footsteps of Penelope,
Or, making one of dear Rebecca's train,
Grow almost native to the State of Maine.

July 8, 1910.

And could I, turning from the printed page,
Behold Rebecca's graces on the stage,
How should I joy to see before my eyes
And hear a child, so young, and yet so wise,
Assured that she will prove an old saw wrong,
And that, though young and wise, she will live long.

Long may she live, and long may you, to know
How many are the grateful hearts that owe
To you a deeper debt of thankfulness
Than my poor pen is able to express.

H. J.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL.

1810—1865.

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE prevalent habit of centenaries imposes a severe enough tax upon readers. For writers who have to cram up their celebrated authors in the encyclopædia and then make a hurried excursion through their works the practice is little short of penitential. We are not always in the mood for "classics." Here, at any rate, Mrs. Gaskell is an exception. Her novels are perennially fresh. They do not fatigue, or sear, or narcotise. We return to them with an unflagging and constant delight. Her books engender a feeling of gratitude towards the writer along with a strong sentimental regret—regret that a life so happy, so sympathetic, so well balanced, and in short so beautiful, could not have been prolonged, that her vivid mind and pen should not have irradiated our particular generation. Could you imagine England personified as a sentient and intelligent being, on the death of Elizabeth Gaskell, as on the death of Charles Lamb or Walter Scott, you would expect her to draw a long sigh as one feeling sensibly poorer for a loss that could never be repaired.

You may think this to be a deliberate exaggeration. But it certainly is not. So far as artistic perfection is attainable in such a formless and chaotic thing as the modern novel, it is my deliberate belief that Mrs. Gaskell has no absolute rival in the measure of complete success which she was enabled to achieve. Take the great masters of the eighteenth century, for instance: they have the massive qualities but also the characteristic foibles of primitive strength and originality. Jane Austen, nearly faultless in form as she appears to many, is yet unequal and strangely defective on the sympathetic and emotional side. No one had a nobler conception of the novel than George Eliot, or did more to further a reasonable limitation of its artistic scope, but her brow was if possible a little too lofty, her earnestness too tractarian, her robe too prophetic. Trollope enabled the novel to perform a great service in realising

the prose of life, but he is if anything a trifle too prosaic. Charlotte Brontë by making a specialty of masterful love fertilised the whole of our fiction anew. The three giants of English fiction as I conceive them—perhaps I should make them four and include George Meredith—are altogether *hors concours*. Scott, with his incomparable genius, in which he combined unrivalled humour and power of historic divination with a passionate and impressive antiquarianism, vitalised the remote past as no one has ever done before or since with the solitary exception of Shakespeare. Dickens and Thackeray, two giants of personality, simply incarnated themselves in their books, which are novels almost by accident and take on that shape, as Marlowe's genius materialised as drama or as Addison's appeared in essay form, just because it happened to be the predominant literary mould on the market when their powers blossomed into maturity. But if you ask for the normal type of English novel in the highest degree of perfection to which it ever attained, I should certainly be inclined to say—take "Mary Barton," "North and South," " Sylvia's Lovers," and "Wives and Daughters." Not one of them altogether or entirely attains to

the perfection of which Mrs. Gaskell was capable. But they fully and adequately reveal her power and likewise her intention of subordinating herself in some degree to a form of the potentialities and limitations of which alike, it seems to me, she had an intuition surpassing the utmost efforts of any of her greater contemporaries.

The very form in which Dickens and Thackeray issued their books indicates their profound indifference to any claims which the novel as an artistic genre might be supposed to have exercised upon their imaginations. The ease and rapidity with which Scott minted the coinage of his brain into a hundred slender volumes or more for public consumption gave him an almost laughable



Mrs. Gaskell.

From the original drawing by George Richmond, in the possession of Miss M. E. Gaskell.

"One of the greatest distinctions of Mrs. Gaskell is in the kindness of her humour; she is, strange to say, the only woman novelist who is entirely kindly, benevolently humorous."—From Clement Shorter's Introduction to "Cranford," World's Classics Edition. (Frowde.)



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The House on the Heath at Knutsford.

Where Mrs. Gaskell lived as a child with her aunt, Mrs. Lumb.

sense of superiority to the ideal artistic requirements of a form which the public appetite and his own convenience seemed so happily to regulate. All of these, you observe, were professional writers. Whatever they wrote was instantly in demand. Their budgets expanded faster even than their revenues, and the kind of literary work which they had to perform was that which promised the most immediate and substantial pecuniary reward. The illicit side of life—more particularly in regard to the vagaries of the amorous passions—was tabu to them, simply because encroachment upon such themes meant reduced circulation. Eschewing the physiological laboratory and the dissecting room, it has been the aim of our fiction to be optimistic, ethical, medicinal—some would say happy-go-lucky, but at all events happy. Like the conception of eternal happiness or of moral providence in the sphere of religion, the idea at least is a noble one. The English tradition in this matter ever since the time of Scott has been that as the novel is addressed primarily to people well under forty the normal and optimistic side of the affections should alone be presented and anything verging upon the scabrous studiously avoided. The loss thus sustained (for which, however, it is right to note that the converse theory adopted in France amply atones) is con-

siderable. But the gain perhaps more than compensates. The English assumption is in the main correct. Such nutrition as the novel can afford is reaped mainly by the young. For such the second-hand wisdom of unselected experience is often the worst of poisons. To those on the other hand who have gained experience by living the novel is less a mirror of life than a *divertissement—pour passer le temps*. Their loss in consequence is comparatively unimportant. Dickens and Thackeray carried this doctrine of prohibition (in spite of occasional vaunts about depicting "a man") almost to absurd lengths. It was

about the only limitation in regard to the novel that they did recognise. Reticence on any other subject was their particular abhorrence. Violent humour, overacted sensibility, sham tears, moral homilies, extravagant digressions were the stock-in-trade of these colossal trick artists and virtuosi in every kind of sentimental enthusiasm and spasmodic emotion. They prided themselves less as novelists than as entertainers and monologists specially privileged to disport themselves every week or month in emotional fleshings upon a public platform. For plot, situations, scenery—nay, even characters and one might almost say theses—they lived a perfectly hand-to-mouth existence. They were the undoubted possessors of creative genius: that atoned for all!

**Home of Mrs. Gaskell's Mother at Sandbridge.**

The original of Mr. Holbrook's house in "Cranford."



**William Gaskell,
Husband of the Novelist.**

From a photograph by Mr. Rupert Potter. This is considered by the family the best portrait ever taken of Mr. Gaskell.

(By permission of Miss M. E. Gaskell.)

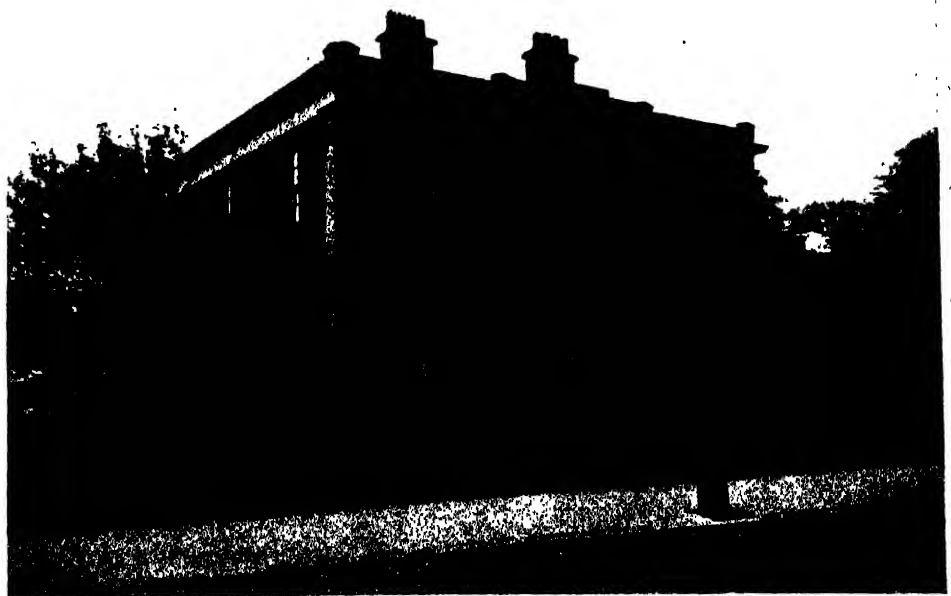
How different was the case of Mrs. Gaskell. She lacked both the qualities and the experience of her prodigious rivals. She had not in the same Brobdingnagian measure the artistic temperament. Her bump of egoism was but meagrely developed. She was not even in the ordinary sense self-centred. She saw things in the light of common day. Of the limelight of personality she was most sparing. She never put her high-lights on with a knife. Her very colours were only subsidiary elements in her craft; for, like Chardin, she painted with feeling. That was her strong point. Her own experiences were mainly reflective -- neither original nor extraordinary.

Like Jane Austen, she had several connections with the Royal Navy. Hence her steady ambition to write a maritime novel, which she realised in "Sylvia's Lovers," in some respects her most ambitious performance. Her birthplace was Chelsea, rich in associations with English

fiction, with More and Swift, George Eliot and the Kingsleys. She was born on September 29, 1810, and her maiden name was Stevenson. Her father, William Stevenson, "a man remarkable for the stores of knowledge which he possessed and for the simplicity and modesty by which his rare attainments were concealed," must have furnished her with hints alike for the emigrant parson in "North and South" and for Minister Holman in "Cousin Phillis." Her mother, Eliza Holland, of Sandlebridge, died soon after her little girl was born and the child was taken away to the care of an aunt, her mother's sister, who was living at Knutsford with an only child, a cripple. The aunt was poor and had to practise some of the elegant economies immortalised in "Cranford." Her uncle, Dr. Peter Holland, lived in the same little town, and she has prolonged his existence as Mr. Harrison in "Cranford" and Mr. Gibson in "Wives and Daughters." Observation was clearly from an early date a chief solace of the little Elizabeth, amid much silence and it may be unhappiness. Middlemarch was being observed to good purpose about the same time, but Cranford now has the larger constituency.

At fifteen Elizabeth was sent to school at Stratford-on-Avon. At seventeen her sailor-brother John, who had been a regular visitor at Knutsford, disappeared mysteriously. This was the episode of the *Aga Jenkyns* in "Cranford." At nineteen her father died and she left her step-mother without reluctance (remember the second Mrs. Gibson) to reside with relatives in the North of England.

Three years elapsed, and by the autumn of 1832 we find the beautiful Miss Stevenson framed for life as the wife of the Rev. William Gaskell, minister of the dignified Cross Street Unitarian Chapel in Manchester.



84, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.

Mrs. Gaskell's Manchester home.
(By permission of Miss M. E. Gaskell.)



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

**The House of
Mrs. Gaskell's Uncle,
Dr. Peter Holland,
at Knutsford.**

*The Doctor's house," described in
"Wives and Daughters."*

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

**The School at Knutsford
described in
"Wives and Daughters."**

*It stands just outside the gates of
Tatton Park, on a byway that leads to
Watling Street.*



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

**The "Highwayman's
House" (Knutsford),
which appears in "Wives
and Daughters" and other
of Mrs. Gaskell's stories.**





Charlotte Brontë.

From the original by George Richmond, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Full of life, radiant, joyous, sympathetic, happy in her choice and in her home, whether as housewife, minister's lady, mistress, mother, or hostess, she attained an easy perfection. Then a terrible sorrow befell her, and we know how she began to write to divert her mind from brooding upon the loss of her only son. The Howitts seem to have been the literary sponsors of her first notable performance, which was written at Manchester and Silverdale in 1847 and was published by Chapman & Hall as "Mary Barton: A Tale of Manchester Life" in 1848—the *annus mirabilis*, the year among other things of the complete failure of the People's Charter. The movement failed, owing largely to the lack of sympathy among the (since 1832) predominant middle class, now being driven in full cry to the mark of Individualism by the *laissez-faire* economists. "Mary Barton," following "Sybil" and just preceding "Alton Locke," stuck in their gullets, for it preached another gospel altogether. It was indeed, though Mrs. Gaskell must have been all unconscious of it, a herald of collectivism. Theoretically it amounted to little more than a variation on Radical Bamford's pitiful lament, "God help the poor!" but it irritated the rich mill-owners and the professors of the dismal science who could find no place for the poor in their philosophy save under the euphemisms of Labour and Supply. In the history of Ideas "Mary Barton" will always occupy a noble place as the starting-point and rallying cry of a new generation, following that of the slave-emancipators, of Humanitarians.

But it is more than that. It is a starting-point in the history of the novel, and as a work of art I cannot think that Mrs. Gaskell with all her experience ever entirely succeeded in surpassing it. It was written under a strong pressure of emotion. It is impregnated by profound human sympathy tender and true. An unpretentious appeal by a new writer to the hearts of the multitude, it struck home equally as a revelation and as a plea for the down-trodden. And it achieved this result largely by a subordination both of purpose and of personality to a virtually new conception of the novel as a harmonious work of art. Manchester was observed, one might almost say perceived for the first time, by a newcomer who was yet thoroughly acclimatised and knew her subject. The characters, originally drawn from life, were carefully subdued to the requirements of the story. The plot had slowly engraved itself upon the same plate in the writer's mind. Light and shadow are skilfully arranged, thought and emotion alternate, nothing is exaggerated, no side is taken, no sermon preached, no personality obtruded. Mrs. Gaskell was content to sink herself and to remain absorbed, her idiosyncrasy temporarily suspended in her work. She

17

Gleam like light i'm done, and shining - -
 "There were eight or ten more lines which I forget. She
 "believed that she had not made them, that she had
 "heard a voice repeat them. It is possible that she had
 "read them, and occasionally recalled them. Every one
 "not in the volume of poems which she edited published.
 "She repeated a work of Isaiah which she had had inspired
 "them, and which I have forgotten. Whether the lines were
 "recalled or invented the tale proved such habits of de-
 "votion, momentous solitude of thought as would have
 "shaken a weaker mind."

Page 154, line 89. After the words "of every other part" the
 following
 "Mary" says. "Carpenter's poem 'New Canaan' was known to them
 "all, and very all at times appreciated, or at least appre-
 "ciated it. Charlotte told me once that Brancwell had
 "come to, and though his depression was the result of his
 "faults, it was not in these respect different from her's.
 "Both were not mental but physical illnesses. She was with
 "more of this, and would not know that she was so ill as
 "he. Feeling that these all the same, and was not recovered
 "by becoming the cause. - she had a larger toleration
 "than a person would have, who had been questioned, and
 "the manner of her approaching religion had always kept
 "offering comfort, but finally confirming a duty. Once more I
 "thought that some one had asked her what religion I was

Reduced facsimile of a page of the manuscript of "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," in the handwriting of Mrs. Gaskell.

(By permission of Miss M. E. Gaskell.)



Charles Dickens in 1858.

The sketches that make up "Cranford" appeared in *Household Words* under Dickens's editorship in 1851-2-3, and Dickens is said to have suggested to Mrs. Gaskell the writing of "North and South."

wrote a limpid style unhampered by any affectation or bizarrerie. Her dialogue is natural and spontaneous, her local colour fresh and unstudied. Her sympathies are deep, womanly, thoughtful, thoroughly normal. The result is a limitation, an economy, and a balance. The world is startled and surprised at being so taken by a simple thing. But it is no small thing to have written for the first time, almost in terms as universal as those employed by Scott or Dickens, a normal, healthy, ethical English novel.

The capitalists and wealthy mill-owners cried out before they were hurt. The offence imagined in "Mary Barton" was really committed in the next novel but two, written some seven years later and entitled "North and South." It is said to have been suggested by Dickens, for whom in the interval she had exerted herself to some purpose in the production of "Cranford." At any rate it was the natural outcome of the comments, many of them grossly unfair, made by masters in the cotton trade. Two of them in particular, intimate with the Plymouth Grove circle, held the hard unsocial doctrine that there must never be any double relation between masters and men ("hands"). It must be purely a business bond. When she wrote it she had just been brought into touch with two young Manchester employers—each the only son of a great cotton lord. These took "Mary Barton" on the right side and were doing all that they could to establish more human relations with their workpeople, and one

of these may very possibly have suggested the strong (rather Brontëan) character of Thornton. The first part of this book—the farewell to the New Forest and the first impressions of Manchester—reach the high-water mark of the writer's terse pathos and varied literary power. Here as elsewhere interference from outside proved disastrous to the unruffled art which seems so secure until the venue is changed early in the second volume and the illusion is partly shattered.

The crop of worries that followed in the wake of her one ingenuous essay in the sphere of truthful biography, "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," seem to have given Mrs. Gaskell a temporary distaste for literary effort. Her interests were the reverse of concentrated. She wrote for pin-money rather than in support of a baronial establishment. At any rate, it was not until the 'sixties were in full swing that we arrive at what was without a doubt her most strenuous essay in prose-fiction. A visit to the then secluded resort of Ramsey in the Isle of Man and the long (for'sle) yarns of a brave sailor, who took her and her eldest daughter on rowing expeditions along the coast, caused her mind to revert to the long-cherished project of a story of the sea. At Whitby the next summer she made numerous friends among the older generation. From these she obtained the fragments of faithful drama which supply the framework of "Sylvia's Lovers." She read all she could find about the Whale Fishery and the Press Gang. In the puzzling history of the "press" she spared no pains to be accurate, made express visits to Sir Charles Napier and General Perronet Thompson, an old Yorkshire baronet who was full of traditions of coastal adventure. The result was a masterpiece of restoration and of character delineation which but for a slight flaw in the fourth act would be not only her greatest, but also her finest and most finished performance.

For my part I give this honour to her last and un-



W. M. Thackeray.

From E. Goodwyn Lewis's crayon drawing now in the possession of the Kensington Library.

"Wives and Daughters," Mrs. Gaskell's last novel, began its appearance in the *Cornhill* under Thackeray's editorship in 1863.



Gibraltar Tower House, Carnforth.

In the Tower Mrs. Gaskell wrote a great deal, and it is especially associated with "Ruth." The top room of the Tower was the one used by Mrs. Gaskell.

finished story of "Wives and Daughters," which ran in the *Cornhill*, under Thackeray's consulship, from 1863 to 1865, and contains her two subtlest divinations of womankind in the kindred yet smudged portraits of Clare and Cynthia. To be emotional or what used to be called "exciting" is no longer her deliberate purpose as in "Lady Ludlow" or to some extent in "Mary Barton." The atmosphere is less bracing—there is more of Hampshire and Jane Austen in the breeze. The silly stepmother reminds us again and again of Mrs. Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice." Here, as nearly always, the authoress owes her triumph to her natural gift of winning. She won over even the prudes, and it is on record that the two blatant young men who sat in the next pew at chapel and solemnly ordered "Ruth" to be burned on account of its impropriety eventually came to see their own *grossièreté*.

The three fairy gifts of the English novelist—knowledge of human nature, a good story, and a good style

—were all Mrs. Gaskell's from the outset. The gods dowered her with admirable plots for her novels, and her descriptive powers were such that she could conjure up a tea-party given by one Lancashire operative to another with all the light and shade and glow of simple life and health and appetite of a real Dutch master. For universal pathos, as profound in its own setting as that of Flaubert's "Un Cœur Simple," take the story of Old Alice (in "Mary Barton") dreaming from youth to age, like poor Susan, of the lost mountain home of her remote girlhood and her mother (now a forlorn memory) looking "after me down the lane as long as I were in sight with her hand shading her eyes." And ending, like thousands before and since, in a Manchester cellar!

Another quality was her bright glance and power of absorbing the humorous side of the North Country character especially its candour. You remember Martha's response to the injunction of Miss Matty to serve the ladies first: "But a like the lads best." "Cranford," in fact, is a mosaic of such things. It lacks the form of her best novel work. But there is more of Mrs. Gaskell in it. It is more spontaneous. And that is one reason why our public who ignore form have made it the favourite. Fragments even here are clearly suggestive of appreciative reading, notably of Dickens, Thackeray, Maria Edgeworth, and Jane Austen. In the author of "Cranford," however, the Austen qualities are softened and sweetened by that benign idea which breathes more or less over the whole of nineteenth-century fiction. And, in the place of the hard enamel of the miniaturist, we have something of the liquid hues and warm, tender depths of a water-colour by De Wint or by Bonington. The milieu of the moss-grown country town, with its ample back gardens and moist brick walls, the delicacy of atmosphere, the paleness of the medium, and the unstudied symmetry of structure suited the time and



The Lawn, Holybourne, Alton.

The house in which Mrs. Gaskell died on November 12, 1865.

faculty of the writer well-nigh to perfection. No book lends itself better to illustration and no book has been better illustrated.* "Cranford" surpasses Wendell Holmes; but I cannot regard it as quite the equal of "Mary Barton" or the first two volumes of "Sylvia's Lovers," and "Cranford" is surpassed even on its own lines within the limits of Mrs. Gaskell's two latest literary performances.

The last novel, "Wives and Daughters," following the idyllic tale of "Cousin Phillis," was written for the most part in holiday time, at Pontresina and Dieppe, during 1864 and 1865. Internal evidence fixes the scene within sight of the Malvern Hills and the time as falling within the 'twenties and 'thirties of the nineteenth century. Her imagination was tenacious of the pre-railroad era. She had seen how good communications corrupt live manners. There may be a few recollections of Stratford and the Midlands, but it is quite clear that, in the main, The Towers is the Tatton, Hollingford the Knutsford, and Hamley the Sandlebridge of Mrs. Gaskell's youth. The garden-party at the commencement is an exact replica of the garden-parties which Lady Egerton used to give to the ladies of the town who helped as teachers in the Sunday-school; † and so, had we the requisite clues, we could probably go right through the book finding roots of reminiscence. The distinctive literary touch with which chapters four and five are concluded demonstrate the increasing influence of Thackeray upon the writer. But the two most remarkable things about "Wives and Daughters" are, first, that it surpasses on the whole anything that its author had done before, and secondly, that its merit is progressive. The last chapters are the best. Unlike "Edwin Drood" and "Denis Duval," the completion of

* I refer, I need hardly say, to the exquisite vignettes of Hugh Thomson.

† "Cranford Souvenirs." By the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Toller-mache. (Rivingtons. 1900.)



Photo by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

Mrs. Gaskell.

From the bust by Dunbar. The original is the property of Miss M. E. Gaskell, and was photographed for reproduction with her kind permission. The replica in the Manchester University was executed in Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's studio.

the story makes no undue strain upon the automatic imagination of the reader. In a word, Roger returns and marries Molly. How well Mrs. Gaskell would have carried out the rapprochement only the most ardent of Mrs. Gaskell's admirers can imperfectly imagine. I believe that the scene would have been her *chef-d'œuvre*. My curiosity is mainly excited about Aimée; and about the parting shots of the Miss Brownings and Mrs. Goodenough, who form to my mind the ripest fruit that ever grew on a Cranford wall. The portraits of Cynthia and her mother afforded us in the text are complete and perfect in every particular. Dr. Gibson, we know, took a partner, and when he died, we can easily imagine, "cut up" remarkably well.

Take it for all in all, putting aside the Waverley Novels I do not think there is a single work of fiction in English which has afforded me so much pleasure (still, I feel sure, to be repeated) as Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters." Before it appeared in book-form early in 1866 its creator was dead. In November, 1865, Mrs. Gaskell went down to Holybourne, near Alton (the scene or thereabouts of her earlier novel of "North and South"), to superintend the installation of a country house—a sacrifice to her growing desire for rural retirement. It was a Sunday afternoon. The clergyman had remarked after service how well Mrs. Gaskell was looking. The family were enjoying their afternoon tea to the accompaniment of an early-winter fire and Mrs. Gaskell was cheerily discussing some future plan or other, when quite suddenly in the midst of a sentence she fell forward—dead! The day was November 12, 1865. She was just fifty-five years of age and at the very height and fulness of her powers. The calendar makes it easy to remember, this month, that she was born in September, 1810. Such commemoration may mean very little. But I would willingly stake my credit as a literary meteorologist on the prediction that the mercury of her fame will have risen considerably by 2010.



Photos by C. S. Sargisson

The old Market Place, Knutsford.

Part of old Knutsford, as Mrs. Gaskell knew it in the "Cranford" days.

MRS. GASKELL'S EARLY SURROUNDINGS, AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON HER WRITINGS.

BY CONRAD S. SARGISSON

IN Chapter IX of "Mary Barton" the journey of a "babby" is narrated in some such manner Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, when but one month old, came to Knutsford. Here the most impressionable period of her life was passed, mainly in the "modest house with an old-fashioned garden on the Heath", and now in a quiet little graveyard (but little removed from the public way) Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell sleeps, almost in the very spot in which she herself had Ruth—"in the south corner, beneath the great wych-elm." It is a very simple grey stone cross which marks the grave of Mrs. Gaskell. The inscription reads:

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL,
Born September 20, 1810,
Died November 12, 1865,

and beneath is the equally brief memorial of William Gaskell, her husband. When the spot was visited the

other day a bunch of flowers lay upon the grave. It was a modest offering of just such ordinary blossoms as those which Mrs. Gaskell loved and more than once described but possessing a fragrance beyond that of the flowers themselves. On a cheap envelope tied to the stems was written, in ill-formed handwriting, a misspelt note, indicating that the simple offering was from two sisters, in "grateful memory." Mrs. Gaskell herself could have done justice to the incident—if it had been another's grave. It indicates the estimation in which she was held by plain folk who presumably knew her—at least through her books.

One can never get rid of a feeling that the personality of Mrs. Gaskell herself more plainly appears in the tales in which her early home is most evidently depicted. Her confession, "I have alternated between Drumble and Cranford all my life," tells more than it explicitly says. Though her other stories are graphic and powerful,

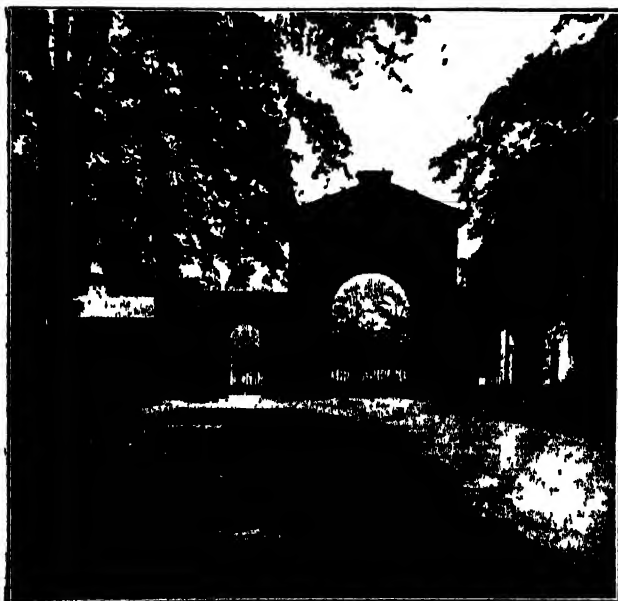


Photo by H. Walker.

The entrance to Tatton Park, described in "Wives and Daughters" as "The Towers."

"The little straggling town faded away into country on one side, close to the entrance-lodge of a great park where lived my Lord and Lady Cumnor."
—*Wives and Daughters*.



Photo by H. Walker

The Sedan Chair, still preserved at Knutsford.

"If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was so fine, or the air so refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive."—*Cranford*.

she was never quite so much at home in Drumble and elsewhere as in Cranford. With the toils and troubles of the manufacturing classes she had intense sympathy—as one or two of her strongest books clearly show; but she loved to dwell on the simple, yet in some senses subtle, folk whom she knew in childhood. If only the "Amazons" of Knutsford had known at the time the keen observation which was being brought to bear upon them by the pretty, shy child in their midst, and that one day she would put them, with all their idiosyncrasies thick upon them, into a book, the deplorable and never-to-be-sufficiently-censured indelicacy would have seemed more than "not quite"—even to gentle Miss Matty herself.

One could fervently wish to know more of Mrs. Gaskell's youth than has been given to the public. Perhaps, however, a consideration of the few known facts, in their very paucity, conduces to a more diligent—and not altogether wildly imaginative—reading between the lines of her Knutsford books (by which is meant those which have Knutsford as their locale, or into which the place is introduced). Generally, the older one grows the more one's kindest memories linger on the early scenes of life. It is significant in this connection that Mrs. Gaskell's Knutsford stories were not her earliest, and that her last-written, and alas! never finished, book was based on recollections and later observations of that place. Not that it was with her as it is, unfortunately, with many in whose case the harder experiences of after life cause them to view their earlier days under a glamour of supposed recollection—which is half illusory imagination. In point of fact Miss Stevenson was not as happy as Mrs. Gaskell was. The greatest kindness on the part of relatives and friends can never fill the heart-requirements of a motherless girl, especially such an active-minded and imaginative girl as the subject of this paper. It is a truism that the sorrows of childhood are painfully real—to the child; and it is without surprise that one learns of departures from the house and of hours of solitary misery in the sand-pits and among the whin-bushes of the Heath. Mrs. Gaskell's marriage was remarkably happy, and her domestic life exceedingly so. The scene that fatal Sunday on which she died—in the Hampshire house which she had purchased as a surprise gift to her husband (keeping the "secret"

with the mischievous glee of a child), Death suddenly bringing to her a better Sabbath while she was conversing with her three daughters, is touchingly significant. For the associations of her stories there was no need to turn back to a happier past. Yet her affections plainly clung to the little town where she had spent her girlhood.

While degrees of susceptibility to environment vary, every writer imbibes more or less the influences of early surroundings: though often they lie partially dormant for a while. With Mrs. Gaskell the early leaven did not work at once. On her removal to Manchester ("Drumble," she calls it—and a very capital onomatopoeic word it is!) she was brought into touch with city-dwellers' toils and cares. She threw herself at once

into her husband's work in connection with the Cross Street Chapel and in various philanthropic directions, and was touched and pained by what she saw: and her first important work bore the deep impress of her observations. But what personal pathos in the genesis of her first great book! She had lost a son, and, on her husband's recommendation, "to turn her thoughts" she wrote the book, in 1844. It does not say much for the acumen of certain publishers' "readers" that the MS. was returned to her more than once, or that the eventual publisher should have retained it before acceptance so long that, as its authoress said, she "forgot all about it." "Mary Barton" was an immediate hit—"its success was electrical," one said; and attracted to its writer the appreciative attention

of many leading literary men, among the rest Carlyle, Thackeray, and Dickens. The latter—"Mr. Boz," as Miss Jenkyns calls him in "Cranford"—was so much impressed that he threw open *Household Words* for anything and everything that the writer of "Mary Barton" cared to contribute—even relaxing in her case his persistent and severe "editing" of contributions. But it is of the Knutsford stories only that this paper treats specifically.

It will be observed that the writer speaks quite confidently concerning Knutsford. As far as the sort of society and life sketched, in "Cranford" for instance, go, almost any small English town in the early Victorian period might fit the description. On the appearance of any popular book claimants to locale and "characters" are never lacking; and the tendency to jealousy which



Photo by C. S. Sargi

The shop in Prince's Street, Knutsford, said to be the original of the shop of Miss Matty in "Cranford."

"It looked into the principal street of Cranford. . . . A very small 'Matilda Jenkyns, licensed to sell tea,' was hidden under the lintel of the new door. . . . Her sales of tea during the first few days had surpassed my most sanguine expectations."—*Cranford*.

**"Leading Questions."**From "*Cranford*," by Mrs. Gaskell. (Macmillan.)

is usually manifested in such circumstances caused other places to question the claim of Knutsford to, at any rate, exclusive identification with "*Cranford*" and with the central stage of "*Ruth*," and certain other of Mrs. Gaskell's tales. To one who knows his Knutsford, however, and who also knows the tales—and who has even a moderate aptitude for "reading between lines" there is no room for doubt.

Many influences went to the formation and establishment of Mrs. Gaskell as a writer. Her parentage, on her father's side, was semi-literary, and her husband was a scholarly and literary man of exceptional calibre. Literature was so far in her blood, and met with every encouragement. It is interesting, and constitutes a valuable study, to note the outcroppings of heredity, and the influence of incidents of family history, as well as those of her own early years, in Mrs. Gaskell's books. She had salt in her veins—being of "Viking" descent, as she used smilingly to say. There had been sad family happenings connected with the sea (hence the introduction of "poor Peter," etc.); the early loss of her mother; her experiences as a child in the home of relatives—her cousin being crippled. Her knowledge of a country doctor's position and duties, gathered from her observations of her uncle, Dr. Holland—the Dr. Gibson in "*Wives and Daughters*," and (in his best traits) the Dr. Morgan in "*Mr. Harrison's Confessions*," and the prototype of her other "good doctors"; her impressions of the—mainly Amazonian—society of the town: all these things, and many more, have to be taken into account in a study of Mrs. Gaskell's youth. But who could make a cold-blooded "study" of such a woman—or even of such a writer merely? In the more rational, as well as in the more tenderly womanly, of the "Amazons" of "*Cranford*" one feels that there is a great deal of Mrs. Gaskell herself. As reliable testimony declares—and as, indeed, the bust and bas-relief on the "memorial" (representing their subject at two periods)

clearly show—Miss Stevenson was much more than pretty, and so was naturally fitted to sketch those like herself in this respect (a point, by the way, of more significance, and even importance, than some may recognise); possessed of keen powers of observation—as abundantly proved by her sketches, and a very well-developed but kindly sense of humour; having much practical ability; and, to tread on sacred ground somewhat timidly, herself having suffered a mother's greatest sorrow by bereavement, full of knowledgeable sympathy; respecting grief—and even more highly revering the unselfish regard for others which often helps a woman to hide it. But why say more? The reader of the books may be quite sure that they contain a vast deal of Mrs. Gaskell's own views, sentiments, and very nature. Hence one walks the quaintly narrow streets of Knutsford, and looks upon its many corners and nooks—which are yet as Mary Smith knew them, feeling a little overawed by the still intensely "respectable" appearance of the imposing old red-brick residences, in a kind of "personal conducted" way—treading respectfully behind one who knew and loved her Cranford well. Two and two do not *always* make four—except mathematically; but in this case, putting together two and two of things of equal value and importance, an undoubted *four* of identity is the plainly resultant total. So that in Knutsford one feels certain—and very much at home.

Nothing has really yet been said about the place itself—this quaint little Cheshire town which had such educative influence on Mrs. Gaskell: surely almost the least disappointing of English literary shrines. There is no need to do more than mentally remove a few modern obtrusive buildings to see Cranford as it was in the days when ladies went to parties in the "aired" "sedan-chair." Knutsford has had a long and sometimes eventful history. Its visitors have been varied, and some of them noted—from King Canute (if the more commonly believed-in derivation, "Canute's-ford," be accepted) to "Jerusalem Whaley," the Irish sporting "buck" who lies in the churchyard, and who died at the "George," before it became "Royal"—as in "*Cranford*."

Many of the past happenings at Knutsford would

**"Perplexed about the exact path."**From "*Cranford*," by Mrs. Gaskell. (Macmillan.)



Photo by C. S. Surgeson.

The Unitarian Chapel, Knutsford, attended by Mrs. Gaskell, and described in "Ruth."

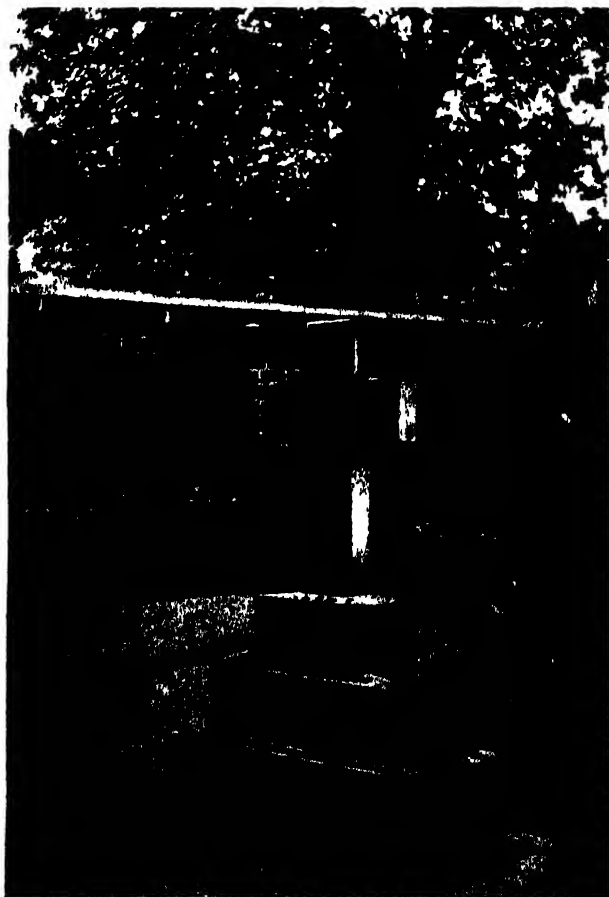
Mrs. Gaskell and her husband are buried in the burial-ground behind the chapel

appeal to and aid in fostering the romantic in the future writer. For example, the Heath on which the windows of her aunt's house looked had been the scene of a great encampment in 1651, when, in the words of one who wrote his despatch from the spot, the Parliamentary army of "9,000 Horse and dragoons, and between three and four thousand foot," under General Lambert, were "drawing up at Knutsford moore to wait for them." Curious old customs, too, such as "sanding" at weddings, survived, and still survive. The neighbourhood was full of interest, which she would feel to the full.

In the seventeenth century Knutsford was described as "the principal market town in this hundred—a fine market and pleasantly situated." It was then considered a "town extraordinarily well traded," but its factories are gone, and it is scarcely a commercial centre now—otherwise the world at large would never have known that lesser (and more select) world of "Cranford"; for everybody knows where "trade" stood among the "Amazons." The Hon. Mrs. Jamieson and the rest—especially the soul-above-everything-sordid Mr. Mulliner—would turn in their graves at the idea of the restoration of that seventeenth-century state of things.

It speaks well for the inhabitants of this part of the country that old writers said more of them than of their location; and it is the people of the district who are of principal interest in connection with Mrs. Gaskell's books; though she is not oblivious to the charms of the country and its agricultural productiveness—witness, among other instances, the visit to Mr. Holbrook's farm. Knutsford has not altered much since "Cranford" days, and then had not, in many laudable respects, known much change for some eight hundred years—though in some matters the people had much advanced a long while earlier, having, according to the chronicler, for one thing "builded chimneys." But in their main

characteristics, as people, they had rather mellowed than altered, for surely Cranfordians as sketched by Mrs. Gaskell were, in their more lovable characteristics, the true descendants of the Cheshire folk described by shrewd old Lucian the Monk in the eleventh century: "They are found to differ from the rest of the English, partly better, partly equally. In feasting they are friendly, at meat cheerfull, in entertainment liberall, soone angry, and soone pacified, lousish in words, impatient of servitude, mercifull to the afflicted, compassionate to the poore, kinde to their kindred, spary of labour, void of dissimulation, not greedy in eating, and far from dangerous practices." All which is verified by Mrs. Gaskell, in the "unsolicited testimonial," so to speak, afforded by "Cranford"—unless the more censorious reader regard the transparent little subterfuges of the poor ladies as indicating that they were not altogether "void of dissimulation." At any rate the Amazons were "free from dangerous practices"—



The Grave of Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell in the Unitarian burial ground, Knutsford.



Photos by C. S. Sargison

The Mrs. Gaskell Memorial Tower, Knutsford.

Side of the Memorial Tower, showing the Bust of Mrs. Gaskell.

Side of the Memorial Tower, showing the Bas-Relief of Mrs. Gaskell.

except, unwittingly, the young and pretty Amazonettes, if the term be permissible

It will be observed that the references above have been mostly to "Cranford" but the reader must be reminded that among the Knutsford stories are "Wives and Daughters," "Ruth" (that sad and touching tale), "Mr. Harrison's Confessions," "Cousin Phillis," etc. "But Cranford" stands out most prominently in the present view. It is a Knutsford tale pure and simple and undoubtedly represents with a little dressing, perhaps Knutsford female society as Mrs. Gaskell, in the person of Mary Smith, knew it. There may have been dull, uninteresting people in the town if so they did not stray into the pages of this altogether delightful book. Surely an author may have liberty to pick and choose a little, and readers of "Cranford" will not complain of the selection made. Concerning Miss Matty, in very truth all readers will endorse the sentiment of her chronicler: "We all love Miss Matty, and I somehow think we are all of us better when she is near us." There is little direct moralising in the Knutsford books, and one does not suspect that they were exactly written "with a purpose"—except a sub-conscious one (part of the authoress's own pure and kindly nature), but their "lessons" are powerful, nevertheless.

Of the Knutsford books, all manifesting fruits of the influences and observations of place and people, "Wives and Daughters," as being the maturest of Mrs. Gaskell's writings, is, in some senses, one of the most masterly. She did not live to complete it. What of it was written constituted her last word to the reading public—and that last word was, by the locale of the story, spoken from Knutsford. Of "Cousin Phillis" it has been declared that it is "beyond dispute the most perfect of all Mrs. Gaskell's works, and has scarcely been surpassed for combination of the sunniest humour with the tenderest pathos." "Mr. Harrison's Confessions" narrates the experiences, trials (some of them comical enough), and triumphs of a young assistant to the old-

established doctor, Knutsford again being the scene. In the various books the little town appears as Cranford, Hollingford, Fecleston, Duncombe. Of course the stories were not actually written on the spot—perhaps a little distance gave a clearer view.

"Cranford" is the "lightest" of the stories, and by far the most "amusing"—the humour is irresistible. But how gentle is the poking of fun at the foibles of the good ladies! The foil not only wears the button, but carries balm thereon—it heals as it touches. One smiles at these good women often with a tear in the eye, and always with warmth at the heart—loving them the more for laughing at them. Miss Matty is as absurd now and then as most of them, though absurd is almost too hush a word. What could be more smile provoking than her perturbation over the news of the engagement of Lady Glenmire and Dr. Hoggins, "Two people that we know going to be married. It's coming very near!" or her always lying awake "as a duty" after drinking green tea. And how amusing touching too—her little wail at Mr. Holgate's "I only hope it is not improper—so many pleasant things are!" Could little weaknesses or piquant views possibly be touched with a gentler hand? Miss Pole now and then not undeservedly comes in for rather more severe treatment. "My father was a man," said she, "and I know the sex very well," is one of the mildest pokes. The book is brim-full of fun—from the description of the unfortunate cow which was "looked upon as a daughter," through that of the cat that swallowed Mrs. Forrester's lace collar, to Mr. Peter's grave recital of how he shot "a cherubim" in India—which Mrs. Jameson rightly regarded as bordering on "sacrilege." The cherubim, by the way, is about the only creature mentioned in the book that was not a bona-fide native or inhabitant of the town. Miss Jenkyns's idea of Dr. Johnson as "a writer of light and agreeable fiction" is delicious. So gentle is the humour which the authoress allows to play upon persons, for a passing moment showing up their



Photo by C. S. Surgiason.

The Angel Hotel, Knutsford.

"I was anxious, I confess, to ascertain in what manner Captain Brown, with his limited establishment, could receive so distinguished a guest, and I discovered that his lordship retired to rest and, let us hope, to refreshing slumbers, at the Angel Hotel."—*Cranford*.

foibles, that one cannot always avoid feeling that immediately afterwards, on thinking of their other qualities, Mary Smith mentally withdrew the playful remark, as in one case which she cites: "I could only feel very penitent, and greet Miss Jessie with double respect when I met her next." The sketches from life in "*Cranford*" have been well termed "inimitable pictures," and of the book it has been said by Lord Houghton that it is "the purest piece of humoristic description which has been added to British literature since Charles Lamb." The praise is just, and the comparison apt.

Humour is not lacking in the other Knutsford tales. The "sticklers for propriety" in "*Mr. Harrison's Confessions*" are as amusing as those in "*Cranford*" (evidently the same prototypes served for both), and the entanglements and supposed "engagements" of Mr. Harrison are among the most entertaining things that ever came from Mrs. Gaskell's flowing pen. In "*Wives and Daughters*," too, the aristocrats "talking on stilts," and the other characters—the Doctor's pupils and the rest—acting funnily now and then, each after his or her kind, are sufficiently amusing. "Cousin Phillis," as before remarked, is full of humour. The present purpose in laying stress on this aspect of the Knutsford tales is to call attention to the observation devoted to her surroundings in her early days by their writer, and the very great influence of those surroundings upon her writings.

Not that her observation was one-sided or partial.

The pathos in the books, showing a full understanding of the tragedies in everyday life, is touching in the extreme. It is never forced or overdone—the tears fall naturally and inevitably, and are never hopelessly bitter. The brave way in which her women-characters bear misfortune and grief is one of the most striking and helpful things in Mrs. Gaskell's books—"she smiled at me through her tears, and she would fain have had me see over the smile not the tears," she said of Miss Matty in her ruin. Assuredly this says much concerning the writer: for such descriptions—natural descriptions of taken-for-granted qualities—of character could only spring from actual possession of such a character. The recesses of a writer's own heart contain even more material for "sketches" than environment ever can afford—though *this* contributes to *that*. This leads up to a remark on which, one trusts, it is not necessary to lay stress as a statement, and even less necessary to illustrate by quotations, viz. that "*Cranford*" itself is not merely or mainly comedy. It touches the heart as few books do, and he who can read it through dry-eyed is to be pitied. Its admixture is perfect. The other day the present writer watched a girl of twenty or so as she read "*Cranford*" for the first time. Her face was a study—she was too much absorbed to be cognisant of being observed. She cried while she smiled, and smiles broke through her tears—first one preponderated a little, then the other. She read aright—and will be a Cranfordite for life.

The advent of the unconscious infant that day in 1810 made little stir in Knutsford, but the wholesome writings of the wise and good woman into whom she grew will attract thousands to the little town this year of centenary celebration. In the graveyard of the chapel so graphically and lovingly described in "*Ruth*"—one of the oldest dissenters' chapels in England, and scarcely at all changed since Matthew Henry's voice was heard from its pulpit (she who said "luckily the congregation had been too poor to rebuild it" would be glad to know that practically it is still unaltered)—many a tribute will be paid to the genius and character of one who made Cranford dear to the whole world. Let there be recognition too of what the place and people of her girlhood's residence did in calling out the gifted girl's observation and thought. The book "*Cranford*" is no creation—it is a record; touched here and there with light and well-restrained imagination. It might be argued that any place would have served as suggestive environment to one who had such aptitude for seizing on both the outward aspects and the real inwardness of her surroundings and neighbours; but that should not in the slightest degree detract from the interest properly felt in what, as a matter of fact, *were* Mrs. Gaskell's early surroundings, and ought not to lessen grateful recognition of what, equally as a matter of fact, was their influence on her writings.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

- I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best four or six lines of original verse expressing the sentiments (humorous or otherwise) of a holiday-maker returning to work.
- III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.
- IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.
- II.—A large number of Anagrams have been sent in for this Competition, but not many that are good. Some of our competitors have sent acrostics (Miss Lilian Baker's acrostic on William De Morgan is very good), but these are not what we asked for. The Prize for the best anagram on any living author has been divided, and we are awarding TWO NEW NOVELS to the REV. F. HERN, Rowlands Castle, Hants, and TWO NEW NOVELS to E. F. B. MACALISTER, of Torrisdale, Cambridge, for the following:
- WILLIAM DE MORGAN—No dim age will mar.
(Rev. F. Hern.)
- GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON—The Thinker betters logic.
(E. F. B. MacAlister.)
- The best of the other anagrams sent in are those received from A. Compton Ellis (Kew Gardens, S.W.), K. Capper (Saffron Waldon), Miss M. Harris (Farnborough), F. Flint (Burnley), Mary G. Patterson (Upper Norwood), Miss B. E. Sturgeon (Ilkley), B. Copland (Hampstead, N.W.), Mary E. Clifford (Sidcup), Chas.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to ERIC GRANT, of 701, High Road, Tottenham, N., for the following:

THE AWAKENING OF ZOJAS. BY MIRIAM MICHELSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"... All the fleas in Jewry,
Jumped up and bit like fury."
THACKERAY, *The White Squall*.

We also select for printing:

HOW TO KEEP FIT AN UNCONVENTIONAL
MANUAL. BY A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D., M.R.C.S.
(Rider.)

"In every weather, every day,
Dry, muddy, wet, or gritty,
He took to dancing all the way
From Brompton to the City."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads*.

(T. E. Casson, Vale View, Pennington,
nr. Ulverston.)

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. BY WILLIAM
DE MORGAN. (Heinemann.)

"So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!"
THOMAS HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray*.

(Miss W. Bayne Meldrum, Balmungo, Fife, N.B.)

PROMENADES OF AN IMPRESSIONIST. BY JAMES
HUNEKER. (Werner Laurie.)

"Then, downward from the steep hill's edge,
They tracked the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone wall."
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington
Road, Brighton.)



Drawn by George du Maurier. "Milly, Milly, my little Milly."
From "Lizzie Leigh, and Other Stories," by Mrs. Gaskell. (Smith, Elder.)

Webb (King's Lynn), Derrick Webb (King's Lynn), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), Mrs. Rooke (Oxford), T. H. B. Tate (Huddersfield), E. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Mabel Webb (King's Lynn), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), D. O. Shepherd (Upper Clapton), J. Gemmell-Knight, Junr. (Liverpool), A. Colling (London, N.), and George Greenwood (Clapham, S.W.).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss CONSTANCE BELLHOUSE, of Langrigg, King's Norton, nr. Birmingham, for the following :

EARLY VICTORIAN. By S. G. TALLENTYRE.
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

The title of this novel is felicitous, for the story is filled with Early Victorian atmosphere. White muslin, sentiment and an elopement are found within its covers, and there is even a specimen of that extinct creature, the old maid. Such ingredients, with humour, pathos, and sympathy, make an interesting story. The pathos is restrained, however, for the author has a clear artistic vision. The death of the old order and the birth of the new are typified in the old and the young doctors. The book will be enjoyed by lovers of honest work and careful characterisation.

Among the best of the other reviews received are :

THE NEGRO IN THE NEW WORLD. By SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON. (Methuen.)

Here is a careful record of the observations of a man who, having already studied negroes at first hand in their native habitat, has now followed them to the lands to which they have been transported. The accounts of their transportation to the several areas, and their development through slavery to present-day freedom, often afford painful reading, particularly to the Anglo-Saxon, but they grip. Facts are offered rather than discussion, and the author is reasonably optimistic for the future, even in the States. The book is enriched by some four hundred photographs, some maps, and a capital index.

(T. G. Tibbey, B.A., 37, Cassland Road, N.E.)

THE DOP DOCTOR. By RICHARD DEHAN.
(Heinemann)

"The scent is laid in South Africa. The charm, the expanse, the loneliness of the veldt are magnificently portrayed in the opening chapters, the finest of all with their great tragedy, and the pathos of the little orphaned girl bearing so pitifully the whole burden of her parents' sin. Then comes the siege of Gueldersdorp and with it the redemption of the Dop or drunkard Doctor, who rises to heroic heights through the faith and trust put in him by the General, a character of great beauty. Two charming little people are the Cockney clerk and his lady-love.

(Anne Higgins, 10, Stanley Road, Hoylake, Cheshire.)

A ROYAL CAVALIER: THE ROMANCE OF RUPERT PRINCE PALATINE. By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

This well-balanced study of one of the most adventurous and chequered careers in history is rightly termed a "romance" by the author. If less scholarly than a previous memoir, it is more detailed, the chief new material relating to Rupert's alleged marriage with Francesca Bard. The book contains admirable portraits of the Prince, besides reproductions of his artistic work. As the contents of his library indicate, he was not only a man of action and genius, but of wide cultivation. This account of a many-sided character is interesting throughout. A preface, citing authorities, would enhance its value.

(Evelyn N. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorks.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Rev. J. E. Swallow (Newcastle-upon-Tyne), J. E. Greenleaves (Hale, Cheshire), Christabel Dalton (Ramsgate), Miss E. Rippin (Hull), Harold Weston (Russell Square, W.C.), Miss J. Huish (Derby), Mrs. Rooke (Oxford), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Wilfred G. Partington (Birmingham), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Gertrude A. Prinn (Shrewsbury), Constance Kerr (Dirleton), Isabelle Swinson (Guildford), Enid Morse (Glenshee, N.B.), and Francis Dryden (Wimbledon).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to C. L. ALEXANDER, Bilton, Harrogate.

BALZAC.

By PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THAT of making books about Balzac there should be no end, is itself matter for no surprise. The enormous bulk, the unique quality, and the wide (though not quite proportionately wide) range of the work, with the curious and perhaps never to be certainly grasped character of the man, provide endless opportunities for those who prefer to work independently, and as somebody in a mid-nineteenth century play used to say, "like to create for themselves." On the other hand, the existing multitude and multiplicity of books on the subject makes it perfectly easy for another class of writers to abstract and compile and "re-cook the cabbage."

Without any impoliteness of intention, one may be a little uncertain in which of these two classes to include Mr. Lawton.* The book is dedicated to M. Rodin, "whose statue of Balzac, with its fine synthetic portraiture, first tempted the author to write this book." Putting aside the blessed word "synthetic," it may seem odd that any one should have been first tempted to write about such a writer as Balzac by a portrait. Taking "synthetic" not in its more precious and recondite meanings (or meaninglessnesses), but in the ordinary sense, it would suggest that Mr. Lawton

intends an analysis to correspond with M. Rodin's synthesis, though the word then becomes somewhat superfluous as an addition to "portrait."

However this may be, it is avowedly of the man Balzac rather than of his work that Mr. Lawton writes, and perhaps this is as well; for the fragments of criticism which he does give, scattered about the book, as well as a rather nebulous summary at the end, are partly borrowed and not very illuminative. The great fault (to take an instance of his more individual criticism) of the action of *Les Chouans* is not so much that it is "melodramatic" as that it is rather a chain of episodes than an "action" at all. To characterise the remarkable *Répertoire* of MM. Cerfbeer and Christophe as of "doubtful utility" shows a very imperfect conception of the *Comédie* as a whole. There is perhaps no single instance in which what has been—contemptuously and ungratefully, but in too many cases not unjustly—called the "hodman" kind of literary work has been more signally justified. And Mr. Lawton's final remarks show an equally insufficient comprehension—or at least an odd omission to give indication—of the peculiar character of Balzac's creative or mimetic faculty. Its singular "other-worldliness," its unreal reality, its presentation, as it were, of the inhabitants of what has been called a *Balsacium Sidus*—

* "Balzac." By Frederick Lawton, M.A. 15s. net. (Grant Richards, Ltd.)

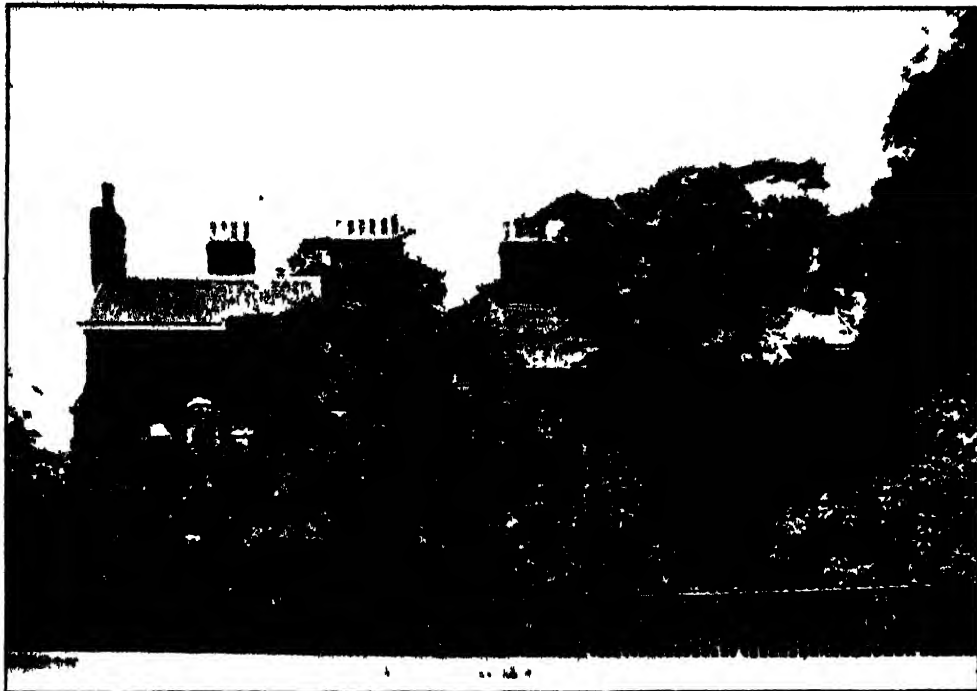


Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

House at Knutsford identified as the house of the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson in "Cranford."

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The Assembly Rooms of the Royal George Hotel, Knutsford,

in which Signor Brunoni, the magician, performed under the patronage of the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson.

"I chanced to go into the George (my Betty has a second cousin there, and I thought Betty would like to hear how she was) and, not seeing any one about, I strolled up the staircase, and found myself in the passage leading to the Assembly Room (you and I remember the Assembly Room, I am sure, Miss Matty' and the *manuets de la cour*!)."—Miss Pole in *Cranford*.

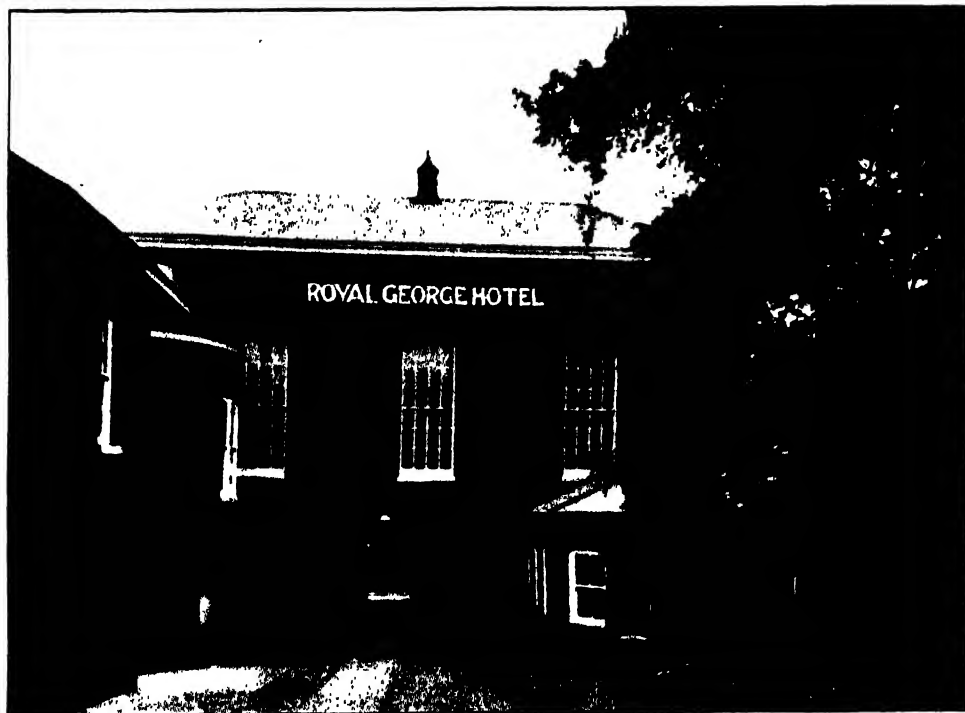


Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The Old Rectory, Knutsford.

The Rectory is the house on the extreme left.

"The Rectory was a very old house, steps up into a room, steps down into a room, all through."—*Cranford*.

possible and coherent, but almost as different from the actual Earth as Mars or Neptune could be—finds no recognition from Mr. Lawton, at least none recognisable in its turn by the present reviewer. Jules Janin was not a very great critic; but except where he let his ignorance and his imagination run in a curricule and carry him away, he was a shrewd and sensible one. He may not have known the full bearing of his words when he spoke—in a passage quoted by Mr. Lawton—of Balzac's "peculiar world which he alone can interpret." But if he did not, he uttered the truth, and nearly the whole truth, without knowing it.

However, Mr. Lawton has expressly put the man before the work, and we need say no more of his literary criticism, except to make favourable comment on his notices of the dramatic part, which are fuller than usual. As biography merely, his book may interest not a few readers for the very reason that he has laid strong stress on the anecdotic side. Some students of Balzac have felt obliged to take the statements of the publisher Werdet with so many grains of salt, that on the whole they have preferred not to take them at all, or very seldom. Mr. Lawton (not, it is true, without some warning) draws upon them freely. He seems to have neglected none of the chief authorities from Madame Surville to M. de Lovenjoul. The result is a book which should interest those who do not know the facts already; and which has, even for those who do know them, the attraction of a large selection of illustrations—some of them from not generally known portraits, caricatures, and pictures or engravings of scenes.

How far Mr. Lawton's presentation of his hero is complete, accurate, or just would be a long question to debate, and could only end in an expression of opinion after all. It is, however, evident that the publication of the Letters to Madame Hanska has not produced on him as favourable an effect in regard to Balzac himself as it has had on some people. Of course, if you lay individual stress on some of his expressions to and about his mother, his sister, and almost everybody—if you view his conduct to others with the austere eyes of a purely moral judge—you may, and almost must, decide that M. de Balzac was a bad sort of person. If you take him on the less obtrusive "angles of the moral oxygen," you may perhaps be a little more merciful. Mr. Lawton himself does to some extent see that Balzac was a sort of giant-baby; but he does not seem fully to allow, either in regard to the life or in regard to the literature, for the way in which "Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher" on the one hand, and the way in which the toddling of the baby interferes with the spread of those wings on the other. He has also perhaps put some unnecessary formal obstacles in the path of readers who might not necessarily be offended by his general scheme and conception. He has adopted—in accordance with a principle now almost universal in America and (with the general drop of education) becoming too frequent in England—a system of almost

universal translation of titles and the like. This sometimes leads only to oddities like *The House of the Tennis-playing Cat*, which, though ugly, do not very much matter. "A *Shady Affair*" for "*Une Ténébreuse Affaire*" imports a shade which Balzac did not at all intend. But when "*Lettres à l'Étrangère*" become "*Letters to the Stranger*" things become more serious. In the first place the uninstructed reader loses the fact that "Étrangère" is rather "foreigner" than "stranger"; in the second he loses the much more important fact of the foreigner's sex. He can supply it, of course, from other information in the text; but the translation remains a mis-translation. Not that Mr. Lawton is ignorant of French—it is in regard to English that he comes short. Large portions of his book read as if they had been written in French itself and clumsily rendered into our tongue. "King 'Sun'" is a very awkward translation of "*le Roi Soleil*": English analogy requires "the Sun-King." When we read that somebody, in regard to Balzac's father, "*relates that he united in himself the Roman, the Gaul, and the Goth,*" we are not so much inclined to smile at the genuinely French exaggeration as to grumble at the misuse of "relate." "It surprises at first sight to read" has dropped an "us" or a "one" somewhere. "Who gives the poet her heart and person, *yet he sharing* the second with the rich Carminot," records an ugly transaction in almost uglier words. A house is an odd sort of "pall" ("the abode which the other had prepared with such lavish attention and expenditure to serve him only as a *pall*"). "It seemed, after all, he would return to Paris *under his shield*" is a puzzling sentence. One has heard of "manful under shield" and of "returning with the shield or upon it," but the new combination is singular. "Crick" is a place near Rugby, and difficult to work in between Vierzschovnia and Dresden: but the exercise of robust intelligence suggests that with a small *c*, though it usually signifies an unpleasant affection of the neck, it may mean "screw-jack" or something of that sort, and so represent the original French word *cric*. It might be wiser, in a book which contains a large selection of Balzac's undoubted indulgence in catachresis, mixed metaphor, and clumsy phrase of various kinds, to abstain from sentences like the following: "Here it is that his romanticist origins reappear rankly like weeds, giving us factitious melodrama that accords ill with his sober harvest of actuality." Without wishing to "split cummin" one may rather wonder to find Greuze and Fragonard mentioned as characteristic painters of the First Empire, may desire something altered in "Madame d'Arnim's '*Bellina*,'" and may think that "a poet friend of his named Méry" argues rather insufficient general acquaintance with the French literature of the mid-nineteenth century. But these things are of no great importance. And to be brought into acquaintance with Balzac—as not a few readers will no doubt be brought by Mr. Lawton's book—is a matter of very great importance indeed.

New Books.

"THE MARVELLOUS BOY." *

To re-tell yet once again, and with great wealth of detail, the oft-told story of Chatterton's life is a task which might well seem to betoken some temerity in the undertaker. But Mr. Ingram's volume is amply justified by the fresh light which it throws upon one of the most remarkable characters in literary history. Chatterton, as Mr. Ingram points out, has been singularly unfortunate in his biographers. Even those who, like the late Prof. Wilson, wrote of him sympathetically, carelessly accepted untrustworthy statements, took little trouble to sift their materials, and continually leapt from unsound premisses to incorrect conclusions. Mr. Ingram's aim has been to brush away the accumulated errors of his predecessors, to separate fact from downright falsehood and mere conjecture, and, by keeping close to the available documents, to produce a plain, ungarbled account of Chatterton's career. His book is marked by industry and painstaking effort to get at the truth; and though we must be permitted in passing to regret that in method and style it falls considerably short of the standard of ideal biography, its matter is of the utmost value. It will now undoubtedly be regarded as the authoritative work on the subject.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Ingram's researches do not touch the main facts of Chatterton's life,

* "The True Chatterton: A New Study from Original Documents." By John H. Ingram. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)



The alleged portrait of Chatterton.

From an engraving after N. C. Branwhite.

From "The True Chatterton," by John H. Ingram. (Fisher Unwin.)

the broad outlines of which indeed remain so little modified under his hands that some preliminary acquaintance with the particular points of controversy is required to enable one to estimate the real significance of his record. Many details of his book will therefore have greater interest for the special student than for the general reader. Certain matters, however, stand out, the importance of which even the general reader will be quick to appreciate. There is, for example, the new interpretation which Mr. Ingram gives us of Chatterton's relations with William Barrett, the Bristol surgeon and antiquary, who figures so largely in the narrative of the lad's first attempts at the fabrication of mediæval manuscripts. It has been taken for granted by one writer after another that Barrett was Chatterton's dupe, that like the rest of the readers of *John Farley's Journal* he was hoaxed by the Rowleian account of the opening of the old Bristol Bridge, and that he used in his history the materials furnished by the scrivener's apprentice with full belief in their authenticity. Mr. Ingram boldly challenges this traditional view, and I think with success. His contention is that Barrett was not the dupe of Chatterton, but in large measure his accomplice. It is, indeed, too much to say that he absolutely proves this view since all our information on the matter comes from Barrett, proof is out of the question; but he makes out a very strong presumptive case for it. He notes the facts, the bearings of which have hitherto been overlooked, that Barrett connived with his young friend in the concoction of the famous "De Berghem" pedigree to the extent of translating the Latin epitaphs and old French mottoes which Chatterton incorporated in it, and that he tampered with the spelling of the Rowley "transcripts" in order to give them a more archaic appearance. The inferences which Mr. Ingram draws from these facts to the discredit of Barrett will hardly fail to carry conviction. He also shows that Barrett must at least have suspected the nature of the Rowley materials which Chatterton provided at his request, and that it was only self-interest which impelled him to hold his peace. The currently accepted version of Barrett's influence on the boy's character and life has thus to be completely revised in the light of Mr. Ingram's inquiry. In his pages Barrett appears, not as a well-meaning, credulous friend of a clever boy who repaid his kindness with deception, but as an unscrupulous man of the world who exploited that boy for his own purposes and in various ways exercised a profoundly evil influence on his mind.

Of even greater general interest is Mr. Ingram's treatment of the still difficult question of Chatterton's relations with Horace Walpole. Here, it is true, he has no new materials to adduce, nor has he any fresh suggestions to make concerning the meaning of the facts with which every student of Chatterton is familiar. But his very full and straightforward narrative serves to bring all these facts into clear relief. He handles Walpole very severely, but not a whit too severely, save that (and this is a mere detail) he makes too much of the trickery employed in the publication of "The Castle of Otranto"; and in passing judgment upon him he is on the whole perfectly just:

"To blame Walpole for not assisting the youth to put the Rowley romance before the public is," he

well says, "absurd; but for the man's cowardly, mean, untruthful attack upon Chatterton's reputation, after the lad's death, all fair-minded persons must hold him in contempt. To blame him for not helping, or even for not encouraging the young poet in seeking a literary career is uncalled for. What renders his conduct fairly loathsome is the cruel, the heartless way in which, to palliate his own behaviour towards him, he did all he could after the lad's death to misrepresent his actions, defame his character, and belittle the value of his works."

Prof. Wilson's account of this tangled case is far more favourable to Walpole, and it should, therefore, be reconsidered by the reader of the present book. But 'no defence will, I think, avail to turn the edge of Mr. Ingram's criticism.

It is to be regretted that while Mr. Ingram's volume has such substantial value as a record of biographical facts, it should contribute so little of importance to the purely literary side of its subject. It contains some hitherto unpublished matter from Chatterton's pen, including one long poem, "The Exhibition," which is now for the first time printed almost in full—not quite in full, because Mr. Ingram has deemed it wise to omit a few lines here and there which, in Prof. Wilson's phrase, show "that the precocious boy was only too conversant with forbidden things." This poem is mainly interesting as an illustration of the lad's extraordinary worldly sagacity (a thing in its way as astonishing as his poetic genius) and of the readiness and skill with which he caught the manner and style of eighteenth-century satire. Otherwise I do not see that it does much to increase our appreciation of the work which Chatterton produced in his own name; and in my personal judgment the importance of that work (the "African" poems always excepted) is much over-rated. In his own literary comments and interpretations, Mr. Ingram contents himself for the most part with the re-statement of what are now the commonplaces of the critics. In what he says about the literary aspect of the Rowley romance, for example, he simply follows Prof. Skeat. He could not of course have chosen a safer guide, for Prof. Skeat's well-known essay contains an exhaustive analysis of Chatterton's procedure in the creation of the Rowley poems and their pseudo-antique dialect. Yet there are points at which even this essay may be supplemented. I take as an instance the question of the ten-line stanza, rhyming *a b a b b c b c d d*, which is the most important of the various forms used in the Rowley poems. Prof. Skeat incorrectly supposes that this is a direct modification of the Spenserian stanza, and declares that its invention showed Chatterton's originality. Mr. Ingram repeats this, adds on his own account that "the invention of a new metre is a rare feat," and, like Prof. Skeat, falls into the mistake of asserting that Chatterton employs this stanza in both the poems on "The Battle of Hastings." Now there is really nothing very remarkable about the invention of this stanza. A ten-line modification of the Spenserian stanza, rhyming *a b a b c d c d e e*, had been introduced by Prior, and had been employed by more than one writer after him. This is the stanza which Chatterton adopts in the first version of "The Battle of Hastings," and only a very slight change in the rhyme-scheme was needed to produce the peculiar form which he struck out in his second version. This is indeed a very small matter, but it is one concerning which it is just as well to be correct; and it is a pity that Mr. Ingram did not take the opportunity of setting it right.

On the great problem of the psychology of the Rowley forgeries Mr. Ingram leaves us pretty much where we were. He dwells on the very practical considerations which must have weighed with Chatterton when, wildly ambitious of literary fame, he resolved to achieve by strategy what he knew he could not hope to gain by direct assault. To ignore this phase of the matter is idle, and Mr. Ingram therefore does well to insist upon it. But the fact remains that the Rowley myth had taken shape in Chatterton's mind before he conceived the idea of turning

it to practical use. In his account of the genesis of this myth Mr. Ingram evidently draws largely upon Mr. Watts-Dunton's theory of "artistic identification." There is a great deal in Mr. Watts-Dunton's brilliant essay which seems to me over-wrought and fantastic. Yet he probably touches the heart of the mystery when he interprets Chatterton's dramatic mediaevalism as, in origin, the day-dreams of a boy of romantic temper and abnormally powerful imagination. This is a question on which, however, much remains to be said.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

FROM THE HALF-DECK.*

Nearly all books of the sea are written when the author has "swallowed the anchor," and left watch-and-watch and the vicissitudes of seafaring behind him. It is largely for this reason that Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" holds its classic eminence among the chronicles of voyages; it is a diary, posted up from day to day in the fore-castle while the life of ship-board was present and vital to the writer. The author of "The Brassbounder" has written, I believe, in his chief officer's berth on board an Anchor Liner; and he has produced a book of unusual quality, both in respect of its substance and its manner. Not only does he furnish a fine picture of life aboard the Glasgow barque, *Florence*, now rotting in dock till her time shall be ripe to go alongside the knacker's wharf, but he writes with a distinguished lucidity, a humanity like the atmosphere of a "happy ship," when "the crowd" has shaken down in its place and there is peace fore and aft.

A brassbounder is an apprentice on a merchant vessel, the boy who in due course, when his time is served and his examinations passed, will become second mate, mate and master. His quarters are in the half-deck, usually the after deck-house, and if he has not as brisk a tradition as his Navy equivalent, the midshipman, it is not that he lacks the quality so much as the chronicler who shall do for him what Marryat did for the "sucking Nelsons" of his day. But in his own world he has not failed to make his mark. Mr. Bone shows us his old captain talking over the rail to the master of the *Toreador*, berthed at the same wharf in San Francisco. He had trouble enough, he said, "to get the young sodgers to learn to splice a rope, cross a royal yard, and steer the ship decently, let alone the trouble of keeping them out of the store-room," and that he'd "nae doot but they'd learn navigation in guid time."

The voyage of the *Florence* was from the Clyde to San Francisco, and thence home to Falmouth for orders, and finally to Sligo to discharge cargo. She had such a crew as one may find any day in a hundred fo'c'sles of sailing-ships, with perhaps a stronger leaven of Scotchmen than is common. Mr. Bone makes one know them as one comes to know ship-mates; he paints them in deftly in their habit as they lived, from the first-voyager, Munro, to the fine figure of the Old Man—the finer that he is bare of heroics. Then there is the old seaman, Martin, the "hard case," at once crafty and childishly simple, who keeps a diary and a ledger by notches in a stick.

"He was an old man, none knew how old. The kindly clerks in the shipping office had copied from one discharge note to the other when 'signing him on,' and he stood at fifty-eight on our articles; at sixty, he would never have got a 'sight' (a chance of employment). He talked of old ships long since vanished from the face of the waters; if he had served on these he must have been over seventy years. Sometimes, but only to favoured shipmates, he would tell of his service aboard a Yankee cruiser when Fort Sumter fell, but he took greater pride in having been bo'sun of the famous *Sovereign of the Seas*.

"'Three hundred an' seventy miles,' he would say; 'that was 'er day's travellin'. That's what I calls sailin' a ship.

* "The Brassbounder." By David W. Bone. 6s. (Duckworth & Co.)

None o' yer damn "clew an' clew down," but give 'er th' ruddy canvas an'—let 'er go, boys!"

Mr. Bone makes most of the captain. He has a really memorable episode when the *Florence* with a muddle-headed coast pilot on board weathers the Stags when the Old Man "backs his ship" against a worthless pilot. It is a fine dash to seaward with the lee rail tripping under and the canvas booming with the swell rolling her down to leeward and the moonlit rocks and tall surf close under her bow. It was a time of dread suspense minutes crowded into heart-beats, aft at the weather rail of the poop the sturdy homely figure of the captain Old Jock stood to see his ship through it. She did it, she weathered the Stags. "And high above the tumult of the waters and the loud glad cries of us the hoarse choking voice of the man who had backed his ship. 'Done it ye bitch!' a now trembling hand at his old grey head. 'Done it! Weathered—by God!'

It is the book of a man who not only knows the sea but feels it and loves it with the tempered and discriminating love of a sailor. It is a thing which waited to be done and is here done admirably with a moderation and sympathetic insight which promise much for the books which are yet to be written in the chief officer's berth of the *Anchor Line Massilia*. It is good news that such a book is now under way.

PERCIVAL GIBBON

THREE MODERN SEERS.*

Mrs. Havelock Ellis's three seers are James Hinton, Nietzsche and Mr. Edward Carpenter. Her attitude is that of admiring but intelligent showman and she writes particularly for those unfamiliar with these three. The papers were originally delivered as lectures and they are carelessly written so that sometimes her words are so general and vague as to mean very little as in

"Love," Hinton viewed it—that is, a love of the body and the spirit—is the highest thing we know of yet. We are so absorbed in sifting moralities and crudities in this matter that the mysticism is ignored.

The fault so obvious in the second sentence is the chief one in the book. Otherwise it is a very good book of the kind we are apt to praise as stimulating. Certainly it is full of sincere and astonishing thoughts on subjects that are unimportant to nobody who reads. Hinton for example was a man of genius with the temperament of genius if anything over developed. He has been bespattered with terms like "polygamist" because he had a high sense of things and almost no sense of any conventional and third hand opinion of things. "We are in the spiritual and eternal world," he wrote, "there is no other in which we can be for there is no other." And he meant exactly what he said only not being an artist he said it in an abstract and lifeless manner. He could not write but he had a gift of speech of fearless and incontinent speech and evidently he ought to have been Boswellised. He was one of those brilliant and nervous modern men who are sick of customs and laws and dream of a human beauty of life as "natural" as that of the animals and yet needing no retrogression to attain. He desired "a splendid combination of the liberty and unself-consciousness of the animal with the educated conscience and consciousness of the man or the over-man", so speaks Mrs. Ellis. "The law is have no law" says Hinton himself. He hated ascetic and sensualist equally and he was not afraid of pleasure, but first it must be preceded by love and so become joy. His ideal state would be that of a man who could so live that he would be able

* "Three Modern Seers." By Mrs. Havelock Ellis 3s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)



Frederick Nietzsche.

From "Three Modern Seers" by Mrs. Havelock Ellis
(Stanley Paul & Co.)

to obey his impulses. He might have said what Mr. Carpenter has said:

For (over and over again) there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it—and there is no good thing that is not evil if it hath mastery over a man.

And there is no passion or power or pleasure or pain, or created thing whatsoever which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of or ashamed at.

The ascetics and the self-indulgent divide things into good and evil—as it were to throw away the evil.

But things cannot be divided into good and evil but all are good so soon as they are brought into subjection.

Mrs. Ellis will probably make some admirers for Mr. Carpenter for she quotes some admirable things from him. I have a feeling that he is a second hand seer for he says much that is in the air and he says it without the force of an original. He has the tenderness of the greatest of prophets but not his economy or his freshness or his stark and innocent simplicity. Yet Mr. Carpenter's case may be found in Maurice Bucke's book on Cosmic Consciousness, as one who has had the ecstasy and the revelation.

All these three men have had a revelation. They are not above argument but beyond it. They have seen and know. There are phrases in all of them especially in Nietzsche which the reader perceives to have the power of stimulating—but whom?

We see them all so excellently far
We see not feel how beautiful they are!"

They cannot stimulate any one who has not had the vision himself. They can only be interesting to others who have a purely intellectual curiosity. Any one who has not intellectual curiosity or has not somehow or another had the vision might read Hinton until his beard grew down to his feet and he would be none the wiser, in fact he would be less wise, for a man reading in this manner is deaf and blind to everything that might concern and might rouse him. Most men in this condition have heard the leading thoughts of Hinton and Nietzsche and Carpenter before, and when they see them again they can only ask, How is a man who cannot put food into his mouth without wondering what effect it is going to have, how is such a man to attain to the unconsciousness of an animal? Yet they go on buying these great men's books and marking them reverently. By-and-by they come to the subject of the mystery of pain, and they read and believe that man develops through pain,

that pain is an instrument of human progress. Perhaps one such man will rise up and shake the dust of his own house off his feet and go about through the world looking for something and find at any rate pain, and perhaps pity for the undeserving poor. And all the rest who read that same book will merely have had their ears tickled, except the book-makers, who will take out some beautiful extracts and get money for them, more money than the author. It is a strange spectacle, and one which Mrs. Ellis's book offers in its most picturesque form, because she herself is a reader who appears to have had half a revelation in addition to a lively, trained human intelligence.

EDWARD THOMAS.

RECENT POETRY.*

A conviction of the presence of poetry is, in the last resort, the only evidence that can be offered of its existence. Like a disembodied spirit it will not consent to reveal itself until the observer is all but actively *en rapport*. But, again like a disembodied spirit, it may be hovering near and the sense hopefully bent on its discovery be too dim, too sophisticated to detect its influence. That is a possibility every critic is compelled to defy.

In Mr. Mackereth's poems the reader becomes aware, if not of poetry purely and completely visible, at least of a charged atmosphere. He finds himself straying on the borderland, hopeful that at any moment poetry may reveal itself.

"Through mullioned window open to the night
The violin hath wailed along the snow,
And tingled in the nerves of frosty woods. . . ."

Some particularly fascinating thing, we feel, might well have followed after such an opening as this something, however, that does not actually follow in the poem from which these lines are taken. On almost every page of this volume fall such hints. Mr. Mackereth's world is certainly not that of every-day. His "Lion" is as unusual a conception as Blake's "Tiger," but for very different reasons. It is an astounding mingling of grandeur and commonplace; a beast that in one line has the blaze of a tropical sun on its flanks, and in another the dust of a rarely visited museum.

"His little mass, rhythmic as a wave,
Sank rigid, to a passion wrought;
He seemed some splendid sin, a brave
Embodiment of treacherous thought
In threatening guise there. . . .
No doubt had I, nor any fear:
I stepped the gorgeous creature near
And plucked his wig. . . ."

And so it is with all Mr. Mackereth's verse. It proves him to be the possessor of a quick eye for beauty, of imagination and sensitiveness. It repeatedly echoes great work, yet still remains undeniably his own. And all the time he is the helpless sport of such a banality as that "wig." He cannot resist his remarkably fluent vocabulary. His thought bobs like a cork on a torrent of words. And for the most part his poems come to an end, like an April shower, not because the cloud of enthusiasm and delight is emptied of its content, but because it has blown over. His fantasy obeys no laws, has no organic limitations. His volume reveals none the less energy, originality, and abundance. Let him but acquire the power to master them, refuse to give rein, and he might well fulfil the hope he so frequently awakens here, and almost as frequently disappoints.

Mr. Dunning's play is in everything the antithesis of all

this. From beginning to end it is in harmony and keeping. The verse is quiet and full and controlled. Its beauty is equally diffused, and no sudden jar or clash rouses the reader from the dream drawn about him. But it is a dream that grows monotonous. The play is too insipid. It is tyrannised over by its style. It has not, after so much care, regained its freshness. Its characters are the feeble hallucinatory sport of, rather than rebels against, circumstance. Calamity is their native air. They wait on fate, and fate is extremely uninventive in their despatch. Apart from these defects in his work considered as drama, there is real vision in Mr. Dunning's verse, diligent art, and a strain of beauty not less delightful for being slightly suggestive of "Celticism," and therefore not peculiarly his own.

"I will have done with questionings of fate
And for the need of pardon from one dead,
I will walk now the purple meadows dim
Lit with unearthly fire and sunless flame
Where feet fall soundless under songless trees
And horses of the dark king pause and graze. . . ."

This passage strikes no definitely new note in poetry; but its visionary beauty springs direct from the writer's mind.

Mr. Manning's "Poems" is a collection containing a few that have already appeared in the *English Review* and elsewhere. The volume does not, we think, as a whole prove the possession of quite so vivid and rich a gift for verse as was evident in the author's "Scenes and Portraits" for prose. Irony, wit, an unusually wide erudition—all conspicuous features in Mr. Manning's imaginative prose studies—would be of course rather dangerous encumbrances in poetry. One or two of these poems certainly recall the imaginative splendour, ease, and vigour of "The King of Uruk," but for the most part they are graceful, lightly poised lyrics which (and in particular those in the series entitled "Les heures isolées") in their rhythm and metrical form follow French rather than English models. The best of these float so airily and seem so immaterial that even the beauty they call up is apt to be lost in delight of their delicacy and finish. And it may be in part the craft of many of these poems, as for example, that of the extremely delf and ingenious "April Dance Song," that gives them sometimes an air of their having been written more for the manner's sake than for what they have to express. Whether or no, the following sonnet, like also "La Toussaint" and "Kore" and one or two other poems, carries with it a depth and fulness of feeling not always so unmistakably present in the rest of the volume.

DEATH AND NATURE.

"When my poor bones are hearsed in quiet clay,
And final sleep hath sealed my wondering eyes,
The moon as now will sail through tranquil skies;
The soft wind in the meadow-grasses play;
And sacred Eve, with half-closed eyelids, dream;
And Dawn, with rosy fingers, draw the veils
Of silver from her shining face; and gales
Sing loudly; and the rain from eaves shoots stream
With bubbling music. Seek my soul in these;
I am a part of them; and they will keep
Perchance the music which I wrought with tears.
When the moon shines above the silent trees
Your eyes shall see me; and when soft as sleep
Come murmurs of the rain, ah, bend your ears!"

Mr. Watson's verse in "Sable and Purple" is no less rotund, deliberate, and oracular than his admirers are accustomed to expect his verse to be. Mr. Watson has so sedulously cultivated this stateliness of style that it is now a second nature; and that is generally an even more arbitrary thing than nature itself. It almost inevitably follows that an impressive pomp of words will occasionally conceal a not particularly impressive thought. We are invariably in presence of the prophet's mantle, but have at times to look a little more closely to make sure of the prophet himself. And on these occasions the reader feels rather like a peccable child invited into the company of the

* "A Son of Cain." By James A. Mackereth. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"Hyllus, a Drama." By Ralph Cheever Dunning. 5s. net. (John Lane.)—"Poems." By Frederic Manning. 3s. 6d. net. (Murray.)—"Sable and Purple." By William Watson. 2s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

unmistakably and formidably adult. It would be impossible to dissent from most of Mr. Watson's sentiments without imperilling some essential ingredient in the make-up of a reasonable and reputable being—one's sobriety of mind, or reverence, or racial propriety. Not to be able to dissent, however, is a short cut to heresy. And it need not be merely a defect in the reader's mind if he is tempted to pine sometimes in Mr. Watson's poetry for a trace of the erratic, the paradoxical, a hint of wild realism, or of an imagination not absolutely under control. It is an inhuman thing to be satisfied with anything good unless it hints at something beyond itself and something better. But very few indeed are the poets who have been as admirably and zealously faithful to their ideal of style and of what poetry should strive to accomplish as Mr. Watson.

"For I did grieve to think how these rough coasts,
That all too often have let in the foe,
Should be so apt at keeping out the friend,
Him that hath gifts for us, right worthy word
And highborn thought; or skill to raise aloft
Minsters that usher into heaven the mind;
Or music, of such sort that while it peals
In a man's breast, no baseness there can live.
And greatly hath it pleased me to have seen
My people hotter in the love of song,
And of that sweetest craft of song-making. . . ."

Only the last of the poems in this very slender volume is a little contentious and fretful. It rather partially and unconvincingly expresses convictions unquestionably sincere.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

"ON THE DEEP ROLLING TIDE."

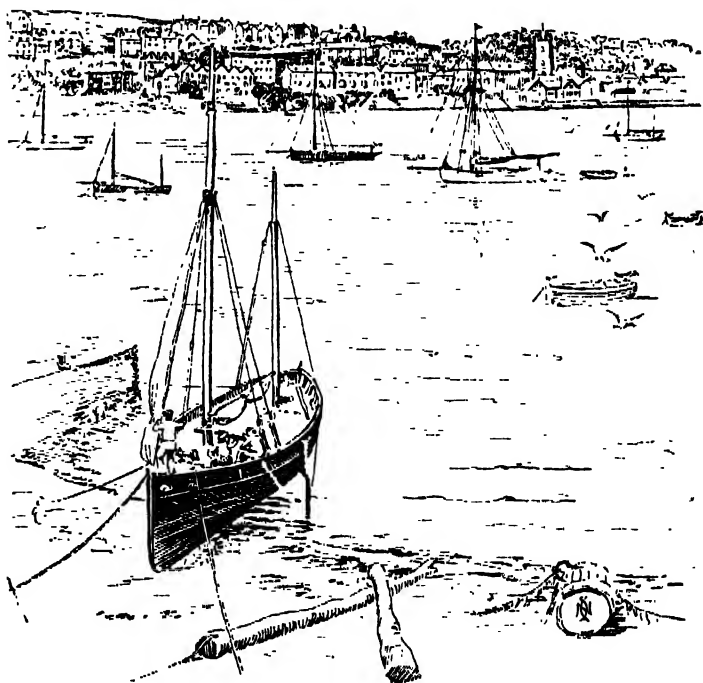
Putting aside all temptations to write of how the sea draws most men to her, sooner or later; how we are, or are not, a nation of sea-lovers even where we are not seafarers, and other preambles of a stiff and serious kind, let us say that here we have a four-decker. And on the top we naturally have the promenade deck, where cheery words and smiles and fine clothes are heard and seen in light weather, and where the place is like a watery desert, with an occasional wayfarer, when heavy seas are running, and there is a nor'easterly or nor'westerly bite in the whistling breeze. Well, it is somewhat in this sense that Mr. Keble Chatterton's log * of the saucy *Vivette* appeals to us. For, sprightly though she could be, she could also bear more punishing than the average packet of her kind—her wise skipper saw to that; easily as he spins his *Odyssey*, as all such yarns should be spun, with an ever-open eye and a touch of sympathy for beauties and points of interest afloat and ashore, it is plain to see that in her run from Burnham to Falmouth and back to the Solent she had to get through some bad weather.

In fact, Mr. Chatterton says, in his preparations for the expedition—and it is here in particular that his fellow amateurs will be best advised in following the course he has set—"She must be comely in appearance, with plenty of freeboard, and a nice comfortable little cabin below. Primarily she was to be a good bad-weather craft, with the best possible speed that could be obtained when the other conditions had been fulfilled." She also had to be of a rig and size so that two men could easily handle her. To this end Mr. Chatterton selected a sloop, and "the value of carrying a considerable amount of internal ballast, instead of having it all on the keel, was proved over and over again down Channel. . . . Although *Vivette* was surprisingly fast, she had a full-bodied design that materially assisted her stability. . . . Only twenty-five feet over all

and twenty-one feet on the water line, she measures an extreme beam of seven and a half feet. . . . Her draught of four feet three inches enables her to get a good grip on the water, yet to enter many snug little creeks which would be impossible to deeper draught vessels." Her stern and sternpost were of English oak, timbers and keel of American elm (of which the Yankee "skyscrapers" were mostly built prior to the War of Secession, when those clippers were seen in every important harbour in the world), and she was planked with yellow pine. She carried two tons of outside and one of inside ballast, was a four-tonner according to Thames measurement, but as roomy below as many seven-tonners are. She had cutaway bows, which certainly give a grace of appearance to any craft. As for her after part, Mr. Chatterton shows his seamanship in this one observation: "To have had the long overhanging counter that one sees on so many of the pretty toys of the Solent would have been utterly out of place both in a following sea (giving it an opportunity of lifting the stern up and depressing the bows) and in occasions when, pitching fore and aft in the trough of the Channel, the stern comes down with an alarming crash on the wave." This does not give away all Mr. Chatterton's fine points of seamanship, nor half of them; they are just enough to show all who would adventuring go in the same way that the best thing they can do at the outset is to get this book and learn from it far more than we have space to quote. They will also find that the log makes very pleasant reading on the whole, with nothing in it to claim particular literary distinction nor any straining after effect of any sort. As for the numerous illustrations, which were made by the "mate" of the *Vivette*, they are a separate delight such as one gets in very few books in these days of the ubiquitous camera. We cannot praise them too much.

This book * represents our second or working deck; and a fine one, indeed, it is, as some of our readers will probably know. It is a reprint, and so far as we can see a condensation—although no hint is given of either—of Admiral Kennedy's three-decker memories. A detailed review would therefore be out of place; but we may assure all those to whom the book is unknown, and who love

* "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor! Fifty Years in the Royal Navy." By Admiral Sir William Kennedy, R.C.B. 2s. net. (Nash.)



Fowey Harbour, from the Polruan side.

From "Down Channel in the *Vivette*," by E. Keble Chatterton. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

* "Down Channel in the *Vivette*." By E. Keble Chatterton. With a Frontispiece in Colour and 50 Illustrations by Norman S. Carr. 10s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

the lively, saltily presented doings of a notable seaman, that they could not spend two shillings to better advantage than in the purchase of this volume. It is particularly worthy of remembrance by all who are in the habit of giving books to boys at Christmas time.

Here * we are on a sort of mess deck, in the second dog-watch and fine weather, where jokes, "tell" yarns of the merry sort, and general good fellowship dominate all else. And how could it be otherwise when the ingenious skipper Spink is at the forefront of it all? One so easily recollects "Cap'n Spink of Gloster, where all the best men come from"—the man "whose nature was against him," who, in spite of his inherent geniality, could not carry a mate or second mate whom he could "lick," for the simple reason that where other masters grumbled he fought and officers left. We remember his gay domgs in Mr. Roberts's 1908 book; and here he is again, fresh, welcome, irresistible and improbable as ever. But what does the improbability matter when everything goes so buoyantly on the rippling waters of broad humour?—Nothing. So it is that we laugh and laugh again at the way in which Cap'n Spink gets his chief mate out of the toils of a Philadelphia husband-hunter, and falls into them himself; also at the manner of his getting out again, and at his "ingenuity" when running *contrabandista* in the Far East. But, possibly, the best yarn in the strand is "The Tale of Billy-be-Damned." Yet this is matter of personal liking, where everything is pretty even, and the whole book is a merry antidote to a wet afternoon.

Then we come to the bottom deck † of all. What, verse? Well, yes. All literature began in a rude sort of chanted verse; so let the simile stand. To this Mr. Masfield gives us an Introduction, which is really of more count than the 32 pp. of verse that follow it. After telling the reader the derivation of the word "buccaneer," to which the average reader will pay no heed, and how those nautical free-booters came into existence, he writes truly:

"They were in the main a hardy, ignorant, drunken company of knaves, of whom the world is long since happily rid. For the last hundred years they have exercised the English poetical imagination. This is not because the poets have counted them worthy of honour; but because much nineteenth-century poetry is the cry of rebels, who find (or found) in the buccaneer, what no buccaneer had the wit to find in himself, a symbol of protest against convention. Some poets have found in him a symbol of that desire for escape which is one of the marked mental traits of the modern sedentary city dweller. His position in poetry is unimportant. A ruffian without intelligence is no fit subject for so divine an art. [This is a truism which Mr. Visiak should take to heart.] But to young writers, vivid external images are always strongly attractive, if not compelling. It is only in maturity, after the trying of many roads, that he can be judged, and subject consciously selected."

To much of this one must say, earnestly, "Amen." But we venture to think that Mr. Masfield stretches the point when he states that the English poetical imagination has been exercised on buccaneers during the past hundred years. What poets have been so occupied? With the exception of Byron's "Corsair," and a few other efforts of the same sort but of no account, we cannot at the moment call to mind anything that a nineteenth-century poet did in this way. Nor did Byron make his buccaneer at all like the real ones of West Indian seas; with all his invectiveness and his rebellion against convention he was too much of an artist, of a fully equipped poet, to commit so crude an error.

As to Mr. Visiak's "ballads"—few, indeed, of which are ballads—there is but little fault to find with the versification. His small presentments of the pirates are more terse than story like, more poetical—without any touch of true poetry—than facts warrant. In other words Mr. Visiak can write

* "Sea Dogs: A Set of Sea Comedies." By Morley Roberts. 2s. net. (Nash.)

† "Buccaneer Ballads." By E. H. Visiak. With an Introduction by John Masfield and a Frontispiece by Violet Helm. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

passable verse; but he has no spark of Apollo's fire nor any acquaintance with Neptune.

J. E. PATTERSON.

THE HITTITES.*

Until quite recently, as erudition goes, our knowledge of the history of the early races that inhabited the civilised world was not only extraordinarily limited, but entirely out of focus. From the date of the decadence of the Greeks until the last generation, the study of pre-Greek civilisations was practically unknown. Herodotus, the only early historian of real note if we except Diodorus, was looked on as a fraud for centuries, and even the great Plato, when he descended from the heights of sonorous philosophy to the realms of historical fact, was treated as a gentle romanticist.

These thoughts arise out of a perusal of Professor Garstang's excellent work on the Hittites. Over four hundred carefully written pages contain all that is yet known of this elusive nation, who played a very leading part in international politics, as a buffer state, when Assyria was in her zenith and Egypt still a power to be reckoned with. It was the Hittites who overthrew the Amorite dynasty of Babylonia to which the Amraphel of Genesis belonged; for centuries they checked the pretentious militarism of the Assyrians, and caused the fall of the Egyptian Empire in Asia. They were largely the instructors of the early Greek people, who were indebted to them for much of their religion and their mythology. They controlled the mines of Asia Minor, which supplied the ancient world with silver, copper, lead, and perhaps with tin. For a time, indeed, they were the chief power in Western Asia. Their empire extended to the Aegean Sea, on one side, with their frontier threatening Egypt on the other; the proud Babylonians were their vassals and Pharaoh was glad to unite himself to such a powerful people by a matrimonial alliance with the daughter of the Hittite monarch.

Yet these people, notwithstanding their proud history, have till now been another of the forgotten nations, in company with other illustrious peoples who lived in the region of the Mediterranean. Until fifty years ago, except for a stray allusion here and there in the Old Testament, the Hittites were utterly unknown, like the Sumerians and the Phœnicians, and this fact emphasises the very limited geographical and historical knowledge we can glean from Greek and Roman sources—especially the latter.

The decipherment of Assyrian and Egyptian monuments first brought to light that the people called Hittites—their actual and more correct name is Kheta—had a kingdom in Northern Syria, and that they had been formidable enemies, not merely, as was originally supposed from Bible allusions, a small and insignificant tribe. Then certain inscriptions came to light at Hamath which Dr. Wright suggested might be of Hittite origin. After this Dr. Sayce, surely the most industrious as well as perhaps our most distinguished authority on early Mediterranean races, discovered similar inscriptions at Carchemish and various other places. These represented a peculiar type, neither Semitic nor Arvan—a people with a peculiar predilection for turned-up toes, as noted in all monuments appertaining to the Hittites, whether in Western Asia or Egypt. In type the Kheta belongs evidently to the Mongol. The chin is beardless, the cheek-bones are high and the eyes oblique. There is a thin dark cynical moustache, and in the Egyptian sculptures a pigtail is usually shown. The race was a hardy one, for these people lived for the most part in the precipitous mountain ranges of the Taurus, and amid the snows, whence it is believed originated the shoes with turned-up toes—snow-shoes, in fact!

The cuneiform tablets of Tell-el-Amarna in Upper Egypt

* "The Land of the Hittites." By John Garstang, D.Sc., B.Litt., M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)



Yuzgat : Dervish and Vagabonds.

From "The Hittites," by John Garstang. (Constable.)

confirmed the growing belief that the Hittites were a power. These tablets tell us that at the close of the Eighteenth Dynasty the Hittites moving southwards in what was later termed Palestine were over-running the Egyptian province of Syria. Again, to look to erudite Babylon, the astrological records of the age of Khammurabi contain many references to the Hittite kings.

But these few records had all been obtained from foreign sources. Syria, and Asia Minor generally, was as yet virgin soil to the archaeologist. About three and a half years ago, however, excavations were begun at Boghas Kem, the old Hittite capital, placed in the centre of the Syrian Peninsula, by a German expedition under Professor Winckler.

The result was quite up to expectations. Tablets and their fragments could be counted by the thousand, and though most of them were written in the peculiar and as yet undeciphered Hittite tongue, there were others in Assyrian, which at the period of the Nineteenth Dynasty in Egypt was the diplomatic language of the Mediterranean nations. Excavations are still taking place, and in another year or two probably many gaps will be filled up, and we shall know more of the Hittite than even Professor Garstang is able to tell us. As far as things go, however, the book contains an exhaustive account of the land of the Hittites, their rise and then ultimate fall at the hands of overwhelming hordes of barbarians who, in huge streams, devastated Southern Europe and Asia Minor. These hordes, including Scythians and Cimmerians, came by way of the Caucasus, and established such a reign of terror that the Hittite king, Midas, in desperation committed suicide.

The Hittites evidently filled a very important niche in the history of mankind, and a scholarly work was badly needed, for no student can any longer ignore their existence. They formed the link between east and west, the growing state of Greece and the culture and refinements of Babylonia. As is stated by Dr. Sayce in an introductory note, Professor Garstang's book is likely to remain "the standard authority on the subject for a long while to come." Its references are many and excellent; it is well written, and is packed with photographs and maps. An appendix, among other things, contains a Hittite bibliography, of very great use to every student interested in following up the subject of the great Hittite power which, though long forgotten, lorded it over the proud peoples of Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt.

C. B.

BACK TO THE LAND.*

With that good habit of modest statement which characterises him as a writer, Sir Horace Plunkett calls his book the notes of an Irish observer. As well might Mr. Rowntree, with his good habit of terminological exactitude, have described his exhaustive treatise as the impressions of an English investigator. In truth both writers, each in his own way, have put into their books the considered results of years of study, experience, and labour. But the way of Sir Horace being general and in the present case literary, he has embodied his notes (his *thoughts* is a happier phrase) on the problems of rural life in a series of brilliant essays; and the way of Mr. Rowntree being specific almost to minuteness, he has marshalled the results of his investigations in a sober volume that for detailed completeness, for accurate and informed statement, is remarkable. If there is a superfluous word, or a careless word, in "The Rural Life Problem," it must be one of the few that escaped the proof-reader, and if there be anything appertaining to the agricultural life of Belgium not included in the text of "Land and Labour Lessons," then it surely must be somewhere in the notes, or lurking among the statistical tables, or maybe in one of the maps, or in one of those fascinating records of family life, or in the appendices. So thorough and satisfying a book as Mr. Rowntree's one seldom finds in these hurried days. It is the outcome of years of the patientest labour. Its presentation of the life—the surface life—of a people is finished to the last stroke. Yet when one has read and studied it through, mastered its statistics, assimilated its piles of information, worked out its problems, taken in its lessons, one goes back to Sir Horace's pages, not so much for refreshment as to widen one's horizon, to escape as it were from the trees to the wood, to have those same problems and lessons restated in terms not so much of investigation as of literature. For Sir Horace's book is literature. It has style, form, humour, and a splendid clarity of argument and thought. And often—though not too often—it lifts its subject to a level of moral consideration but seldom attained by writers on topics of the higher materialism.

What Sir Horace sets out to consider is the way in which the city, in the United States as in other English-speaking countries, has been developed at the expense of the country. He finds that our civilisation, through causes which he traces, has become so one-sided, that is town-sided, as to be dangerous to national well-being—nay, to national existence! Wherever he goes, he finds the same condition of affairs—towns flourishing, trades prospering, citizens multiplying; and, beyond the towns, fields wasting, villages emptying, farms derelict, the whole rural life of English-speaking communities in a woeful state of neglect, discontent, backwardness. Yes, even in America of the almighty dollar; even in England the mistress of the world! And this state of things, he tells us, in measured words, must cease if our boasted Western civilisation is to continue. At all costs we must conserve national resources; must conserve primarily that greatest of all resources, the soil, and that finest of its treasures, the countryman. And because the countryman by nature and inheritance is inclined to be lethargic and individualistic and inaccessible to ideas, and because the citizen by training and circumstance is keen and vigorous, is moreover at the modern heart of things and face to face with his destiny, it is to us of the cities that Sir Horace makes appeal on behalf of our great neglected rural life. He warns us of approaching doom. He instructs us in our manifest duty. To us here

* "The Rural Life Problem of the United States." By Sir Horace Plunkett. (The Macmillan Company.)—"Land and Labour Lessons from Belgium." By B. Seebohm Rowntree. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

in London as to our brothers in New York and Chicago he writes. We must awake and do seriously. "Those horny-handed sons of week-day toil in Wall Street," whom Sir Horace has seen on Sundays, weather permitting, inspecting their Jersey cows and aristocratic fowls, must be persuaded to extend their interest in rural things beyond the limits of Long Island—and the Kentish hills, shall we add? Those Farmers' Clubs of New York and elsewhere must learn to fulfil their national functions to better purpose than by dining at Delmonico's and the Carlton. All of us, Americans and Britons alike, need, as Sir Horace reminds us in his rich, humorous way, to extol agriculture in less Virgilian style than is our wont, and to end the delusion that we are helping on the "back to the land" movement by joining in a rush countrywards from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning. We have to take the farmer and his life in hand, discover what is wrong and righten it quickly: to instruct the farmer in the great principles of the Rooseveltian creed—"better farming, better business, better living"; to make his life wiser, saner, usefuller, brighter: above all, to lead him in the way of salvation according to Plunkett, which runs through Combination, Co-operation and a Rural Institute.

Of course so big a question as this of the Rural Life cannot be more than stated in a small book. Sir Horace states it brilliantly and one thinks conclusively: yet, having read the investigatory studies of Belgian life made with such infinite pains and thoroughness by Mr. Rowntree and his staff, one somehow feels not quite sure that the way of the rural millennium lies so surely through combination, good business, cheap credit, and all the other agencies, as Sir Horace believes. Quite certainly, as Mr. Rowntree proves, the Belgians have, in agricultural progress, achieved wonders. Many of the problems over which Englishmen, and Americans too, are striving desperately—problems of small holdings, cheap transit, easy credit, education in agriculture, afforestation, and many others—the Belgians either have solved or are solving well. They have turned their country into a garden. Their system of intensive agriculture is perhaps the best in the world. Fifty-six per cent. of their population live in rural communes and a large proportion of the remainder have practical interest in the country. Nearly nine-tenths of their holdings are of less than twenty-five acres, and these small farms are managed either by owners or tenants, without hired labour. Where Great Britain has twenty-eight agriculturists to the square mile, Belgium has ninety-five. And where Great Britain is almost in extremity because of the denudation of its country districts by the towns, Belgium, through its system of small holdings and its system of cheap transit, keeps its fields populous—and this not with peasants only, but with workmen who travel daily from their holdings and gardens to work in the towns.

And yet, when all is said, is not the general lesson for English-speaking communities to be drawn from Mr. Rowntree's book one of warning, as well as urging? For in Belgium agricultural triumph has been won at no little national and individual cost. Most of those small holders are inadequately clothed and fed, and often badly housed. They work terribly hard, women and children as well as men, for very long hours, and generally for very little reward. Generally speaking, the cost of living in Belgium is low and rents in the towns are moderate; but the national standard of comfort is lower than in England, wages are much lower, whilst the price and rent of land are twice as high as in England. Add to all this the facts that ten per cent. of the Belgians never go to school and that twenty per cent. over the age of eight are illiterate; that more than a sixth of the income of the working classes goes in drink; that the rate of infant mortality is nearly the worst in Europe; that sixty-six of every thousand receive some form of public relief, and it may be judged that Belgium, no less than England and America, has rural life problems still to be faced and solved.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

MR. GRIBBLE'S WAY.*

There are many ways of being interested in literature. Some biographers collect their author's toothpicks or old boots: some follow his prowess on the cricket field or in the swimming bath; a very few push things so far as to look into his books. Mr. Gribble concerns himself with his love affairs. He has written "George Sand and her Lovers," a two-shilling reprint of which has just been published by Mr. Nash, "Madame de Staël and her Lovers," "Rousseau and the Women he Loved," "Chateaubriand and his Court of Women," and now "The Passions of the French Romantics." Mr. Gribble is an old hand. It is almost surprising that he is not a little bored with love. Perhaps he would have been, if he had chosen another period in which to find his lovers. If he had had to paint a Watteau picture again and again, and describe in five books the rise, decline, and fall of half a hundred little tales of blended gallantry and wantonness in an Arcadian setting, the fifth or sixth of his volumes would have been as faded as some of those courtly, amorous shepherdesses, unable to hide on an enamelled cheek the wrinkles of an altogether un-Arcadian disillusion. There is disillusion in Mr. Gribble's books, but it is their good fortune rather than their fault. They have not "dimmed the brightness of his eye," nor done anything but offer him the means of exercising his very delightful talent as a gossip. Old maiden ladies grow young again in talking of the follies of their friends; and Mr. Gribble, who brought a ripely disillusioned mind and a humorous and unsentimental tongue to his task of pleasant scandal, preserves his lightness and his spirit, and writes in such a manner that paragraph after paragraph leaves us smiling in a fashion that is itself a sufficient proof of the distinction between his books and the garishly disreputable "Lives" that are among the mainstays of the libraries.

He writes with spirit because he is himself interested. These chronicles of the "pays du tendre" are a holiday game for him, and his readers lie back in their chairs and laugh as merrily as he. There have been seasons in the Chronicles of the Tender Country that have been dull, when some provincial-minded ruler has levelled the hills, and filled the valleys and made a flat uninteresting plain of a once mountainous and surprising district. Then there has risen a new dynasty: the hills have been flung again into the sky, and lovers have been able once more to climb among the stars, or to leave the sunshine of the plain to seek the solitude of dusky valleys. I am myself becoming too much like St. Preux as I think about it. Mr. Gribble's period in the history of love is one of these. He begins with Rousseau, and Jean-Jacques led a revolt in the Tender Country with the success of Garibaldi in Sicily. Rousseau drove the little painted Cupids from the throne and set up another dynasty. Memories of the old gallantry coloured the new episodes of sentiment, and the Tender Country for a hundred years was as full of surprises as a nation after revolution, as France after '89. Mr. Gribble walks up and down in it, noting many things, and there are too many things to be noted ever to allow a listless grip on his pen. He observes the practice and precept of Rousseau, the grand manner of Chateaubriand, the eccentric liberties of the subjects of a rule as lax as it was unaccustomed. In the men and women of the Romantics, he does not find a single race, like the Hairy Ainu, or the Tibetans, or the Pigmies, but an extraordinary collection of widely different species, or even freaks, that, in the St. Martin's summer of the Tender Country's history, have been able to flower in untrammelled perfection. It was almost a zoological garden. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Musset, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Dumas, and Prosper Mérimée; these are the heroes of Mr. Gribble's tales, and there is little in common between them except the interest of the conflict or collaboration

* "The Passions of the French Romantics." By Francis Gribble. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

between their experiences in the Tender Country, where Mr. Gribble meets them, and their work. Long familiarity has made him able to write of them as if they were his own creations rather than famous authors. In his books they are more like the characters of novels than the writers of them. It is not that they are unreal, but the contrary. Mr. Gribble manages to give the haphazard, incredible arrangements of life something of the ordered inevitability of art. Perhaps that too is partly due to the age. The Romantics, as Mr. Gribble says, "put love, so to say, on the programme, took it seriously as an experience or a pageant, and regarded it as an integral part of the liberal education of a man or woman of letters." That is to say that they lived good stories, and (though not always, for they sometimes used them themselves) left these excellent tales for Mr. Gribble to write. If he had made books about the writers of another age, it would have been fair to ask him what had become of their heads in the flaming or smoky adventures of their hearts. But with the Romantics it is different. Head and heart flamed or fumed together, and Mr. Gribble's account of the conflagrations, quenchings, arsons, and incendiaries, delightful in itself, is by no means valueless as a commentary on the resulting literature.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

GALAHAD JONES.*

The author of this book is a brilliant recruit to the little band, fit though few, who represent Australia in the field of imaginative literature. It is, judging by the negative testimony of the title-page, Mr. Adams's first attempt at a protracted fiction, and if it is indeed so, it may be accepted as the welcome earnest of even better things to come.

Galahad Jones is, to outward view, an intensely prosaic person whose days are spent in the most prosaic drudgery of that most prosaic of all occupations, clerking in a bank. He passes, and all his life has passed, the major part of his waking hours, in the dismally monotonous occupation of counting and collating the used-up bank-notes which find their way back into the establishment from which they were originally issued. He is forty-nine when we make his acquaintance, and the nearest approach to adventure his life has yet held has been the losing of one of those notes, and the penalty cruelly imposed upon him by his chiefs of replacing its face value. He is short in stature and sesquipedalian in figure, and is inclining to baldness and redness of nose. He lives in a little brick-and-mortar rabbit-hutch in an antipodean replica of Shepherd's Bush or Tooting, and has a growing family and a fat and elderly wife. He is a sort of elderly Australian translation of John Chivery in "Little Dorrit." Physically and socially, like his cockney analogue, he is fitter to provoke pity or a mild contempt than any more flattering sentiment. But—also like John Chivery—he is chock full of astounding possibilities—"poetic, expansive, great of soul." But whereas John Chivery is aware of the discrepancies between his outward semblance and his interior glories, Galahad has accepted the world's harsh verdict with complete concurrence, and never dreams of rebelling against it. Even when, early in the book, he has approved himself as a hero and the best of good and tender-hearted fellows, he has no distinct apprehension of himself in those characters, and the final fall of the curtain leaves him as simple and unassuming as ever.

Romance dawns on Galahad suddenly. He is wandering, in an unanticipated hour of sunlit freedom, through a prosperous residential quarter of Sydney, when a letter falls at his feet, dropped from a balcony. It is a despairing cry for help from an imprisoned girl, pining for a glimpse

of her lover. There is no cruelty in the case: the girl's confinement is the act of a deeply affectionate father who has been solemnly warned that his child's one chance of continued life is for her to be kept in perfect quiet of mind and body. But in the heart of the red-nosed and obese little bank clerk the imprisoned chivalry of nine-and-forty years flames up hotly and he constitutes himself the champion of the love-loin girl. The boy she loves has ceased to care for her and has found another sweetheart but Galahad hales him to her side and prompts him and primes him with loverlike eloquence as Cyrano de Bergerac supplemented the shortcomings of Christian de Neuvillette. He keeps *la c* as the schoolboys say over their stolen interviews and on one occasion assaults and sorely damages the girl's father who as he finds out immediately after, is the manager of the bank in which he works. He arouses the vehement suspicions of his wife, he catches influenza, he sadly depreciates an already shabby and exiguous wardrobe by climbing walls, he loses his situation, all with the sole heroic purpose of bringing into a dying girl's life the one gleam of happiness she is capable of knowing.

The story ends on a note of tragedy, but it is not tragedy of the sort that hurts or jars, and it is reconciled and softened by a certain indescribable quality of gentle humour—humour of what Carlyle called the "celestial" type, which is indeed the distinguishing note of this charming book. The threads of the story—a much more complex one than could be satisfactorily indicated in the brief space at my disposal—are knitted together with admirable neatness. Mr. Adams has obviously a strong dramatic faculty, and I should not be surprised to read his name upon the



"It was an extremely angry Em that confronted her prodigal husband."

From "Galahad Jones," by Arthur H. Adams. (John Lane.)

* "Galahad Jones." By Arthur H. Adams. 6s. (John Lane.)

bill of a successful comedy. His verbal style is light, bright, and telling. He has only to continue as he has begun to be sure of a distinguished place among contemporary novelists.

HENRY MURRAY.

ELIZABETH THE LESS.*

Elizabeth Hardwick was well worth a biography. The wonder is that she has not had one long ere now. But she has not lost by waiting. Mrs. Stepney Rawson's first effort in history is a very successful one. Known hitherto solely as a novelist, Mrs. Rawson has even here been unable to refrain from twice indulging in imaginary conversation. But though she herself may, as she declares, have "needed consolation at times for certain hard and bitter facts of the history," she certainly had no cause to offer any such consolation to her readers. For it is interesting as any fiction, this true tale of her telling.

The daughter of a Derbyshire squire, Elizabeth Hardwick's name will always be associated with the midland county, but her fame went far beyond its borders. Four times a wife, and a widow for seventeen years at the end, she saw and shared in the making of much history in the course of her long life. Not so much a born intriguer as a strong woman determined to get her own way, she found herself more than once at cross-purposes with that other strong woman, her namesake, who had the advantage of being seated on the throne of England. Three months of her life were passed in the Tower. That was when she conspired with the Countess of Lennox to marry her daughter, Elizabeth Cavendish, to Lady Lennox's son, the Scots queen's brother-in-law. But the ultimate consequences of this match were far more serious than the immediate. Fruit of the hasty wedding at Rufford was Arabella Stuart.

It was, indeed, Bess of Hardwick's lot to be more or less intimately concerned in the affairs of three hapless and highborn ladies who were the victims of Gloriana's terrible displeasure. She was the confidante of Lady Catherine Grey, though her implication in the Hertford marriage was not deep enough to earn more than a reprimand. As Countess of Shrewsbury she was long the "hostess" of Mary Queen of Scots, and it was thus that she became something more than an interesting private person. For many things happened in the years that Mary was under Shrewsbury's care, and Lady Shrewsbury's temper had something to do with their happening. The burden of responsibility, moreover, had a serious effect on that temper, and Mary's sojourn at Chatsworth and Sheffield was in part the cause of the great quarrel between earl and countess, which even the Queen's intervention could not put right. Lastly, as the girl's grandmother, Bess was a prominent actor in Arabella's pathetic tragi-comedy.

But all these things were the accidents of her life. Its essential motive was her ardent and constant love of property, her great ambition to give her children a goodly heritage. Her success was as great as her ambition, and the Duke of Devonshire owes more gratitude to Bess of Hardwick than to any other of his ancestors. The Hardwick of her fathers came to her partly by purchase, partly by inheritance. To this were added the estates of her shortlived, boyish first husband, Robert Barlow. Then she married Sir William Cavendish, who as one of Thomas Cromwell's myrmidons had acquired various monastic lands, which his patriotic wife persuaded him to exchange for Chatsworth and other Derbyshire manors. To him alone did she bear children to inherit her possessions, to which were added all those of her third husband, Sir William St. Loe, as well as all that she could get from

her last and most memorable mate, George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Her building exploits are famous: Chatsworth, Hardwick, Oldcotes, Bolsover, all rose beneath her hand. "Building Bess" she was aptly called.

Of this worthy subject of England's Elizabeth, Mrs. Stepney Rawson has well told the story. Her book contains a few blemishes, worth pointing out if only that they may be altered in the second edition which it so certainly deserves. Mrs. Rawson has made excellent use of Lodge, Labanoff, and the interesting letters in Hunter's "Hallamshire." She does not, however, seem to have come across the mass of documents in the Lansdowne MSS. which throw much light on the great Cavendish-Talbot quarrel. She follows the "Dictionary of National Biography" in ignoring Sir William Cavendish's important work as a commissioner in Ireland. She censures Leicester for being absent from Amy Robsart's funeral, regardless of the fact that he was in confinement at the time. Surely it serves no purpose, unless of accentuation, to give the more scandalous passages of Mary's "Scandal Letter" in the original French, and to translate the rest. Other imperfections are obviously slips. Shrewsbury died in November, 1590, not in January, 1591, which was the month of his burial. Lady Shrewsbury's letter to Burghley (whom Mrs. Rawson sometimes calls Burleigh) of complaint against her husband was written a year and two months, not "only two months" after the reconciliation in the Queen's presence. Gernon, not Germon, was the name of the reputed ancestor of the Cavendishes, but this descent is not to be accepted without comment. It is hardly correct to talk of "the pompous Bishop Kennet of those days." White Kennet flourished not under Queen Elizabeth, but under Queen Anne. The portrait of James VI as a boy is wrongly labelled "James V." But these things do not essentially detract from a book which is not written for the learned and do not spoil the vivid portrait Mrs. Rawson has drawn of a vital personality.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

SHORT STORIES AT THEIR BEST.*

We are told that "the stories, studies, and impressions which make up this volume bear dates ranging from 1890 to 1910." In other words, we have here specimens of Mr. Galsworthy's work which practically cover the whole period of his literary career; and it is a happy augury for the future that, on the whole, these sketches show their author to be steadily advancing in sureness of touch and in all the other qualities which raise a man to the front rank.

One of the principal charms of Mr. Galsworthy's writing consists in what he leaves unwritten. With a number of the best French authors, and above all with Turgenev, he has learned that there is nothing so fatal as *le tout dire*. To his having grasped this secret is, perhaps, mainly due Mr. Galsworthy's success as a writer of the short story and the character-study. And what makes this gift the more remarkable is that, at the same time, he has an almost Hesiodic power of observation. He finds time to stop and tell you that a man's nose "was the nose of a thinker, broad and of noticeable shape." Of a hapless cripple and his wife he notes that "there passed between his whitish eyes and the grey eyes of his wife one of those looks which people who have long lived together give each other. It had no obvious gleam of affection, but just the matter-of-fact mutual faith of two creatures who from year's end to year's end can never be out of arm's length of one another." Or again:

"In the gold moonlight the shadows of the lime-tree leaves lay, blacker than any velvet, piled one on the other at the foot of the little green. It was very warm. A cuckoo called on till

* "Bess of Hardwick." By Mrs. Stepney Rawson. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

* "A Motley." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

nearly midnight. A great number of little moths were out; and the two broad meadows which fell away from the hamlet down to the stream were clothed in a glamorous haze of their own moonlit buttercups. Where that marvellous moonlight spread out across the moor it was all pale witchery; only the three pine-trees had strength to resist the wan gold of their fair visitor, and brooded over the scene like the ghosts of three great gallows."

One is the more pleased to come across such a passage as this that Mr. Galsworthy does not often dwell upon the beauties of Nature.

As was to be expected of his grim genius, many of Mr. Galsworthy's subjects are essentially tragic. One of his bitterest and, at the same time, his most successful sketches is "A Fisher of Men," which deals with a clergyman whose parish was a Cornish fishing village. The breadth of the wretched rector's sympathy with the animal creation is a most effective contrast to his utter lack of understanding of his fellow-men, and there is a touch of Parson Thwackum in the words "he knew that he had preached no narrow doctrines cursed with the bigotry which he recognised in the Romish or Nonconformist faiths." Painfully bitter, too, are "The Prisoner" with its picture of the criminal serving a life-sentence, and "The Workers" with its description of the grey misery of a sweated London seamstress. More tragic still in some ways are "The Neighbours" and "A Miller of Dee"; but in each of these variations upon the same theme there is a vein of the heroic, perverted it may be, which lifts them up and gives them a quality of stern nobility. Our shuddering admiration goes out to the two husbands who murder their wives rather than allow them to commit the infidelity which is foreshadowed.

It is good, however, to find that there is comedy here as well as tragedy. "The Japanese Quince," which is the means of making two stolid, unemotional City men come momentarily out of their shells, is a delightful piece of work. So, too, is "A Portrait" with its grave yet humorous representation of a typical old English gentleman. "The 'Codger,'" again, is full of breezy cheerfulness, and "A Reversion to Type," though it ends tragically, has, perhaps, more of the broadly comic in it than any of the others.

One cannot more than mention by name such other sketches as "The Pack," "Courage," and "Once More" but a word of special praise should be given to "The Lime Tree" for its delicate treatment of a mystic fantasy in which a single false word would be fatal. In some ways this is the most ambitious theme of all those here handled and the one least characteristic of its author. It is certain that this collection of pieces will be hailed as proving Mr. Galsworthy's mastery in yet another, and that the most difficult, field of prose composition.

M. H. H. MACARINEY

HILAIRE BELLOC'S ESSAYS.*

It used to be mentioned admiringly, as proof of the fine fertility of his invention, that Swift could write an essay even on a broomstick. We no longer consider that much of an achievement. Our latter-day essayists seem to have developed a talent for writing on tenuous themes until the slightest the subject is the more attractively and amply they seem able to write about it. Mr. Belloc has written upon very much smaller matters than broomsticks in his time, and he has never failed to write upon them so charmingly that we forgot the triviality of his topic in the happy art with which he decorates and embroiders it. Whether he writes on everything, nothing, or anything, we are more than contented to go on reading him.

The essays in his new volume, "On Anything," are many and varied; some are on matters of weight, several on casual and trivial things, and the indolent airiness of

* "On Anything." By Hilaire Belloc. 5s. net. (Constable.)



Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P.

From a caricature by Mr. Ernest Marriott.

(By permission of the artist and of the editor of "Laughter Grim and Gay.")

his manner often makes them seem trivial even when they are not so. And Mr. Belloc does not put his ripest fruit on top of the basket. The opening essay here is merely the graceful record of an incident that you do not in the least believe ever happened, and it is only saved from inconsequence by the hinted comment on life in general that is inherent in it, like the human breath in a bubble. In "On Clay" he carries his indolent airiness so far that you can almost hear him yawning at the end of certain of the sentences, as if it really bored him a little to be so entertaining. "You may think I have exhausted the matter of clay," he says at the end of his first three hundred words, "but you are wrong", and at the end of another two hundred, "for remember that all this does but touch upon the edge and fringe of the greatness of clay", and yet again by the time he has written a further two hundred, "Do you think that with this we have come to the end of what clay has done?" It is the manner of the speaker who has not quite made up his mind what to say next. "On No Book" is almost the limit in flimsiness; but there is shrewdness and a fine subtlety of thought in the paper "On Irony," and much that is true and suggestive in that "On the Simplicity of Words." "On People in Books" is a rich and promising theme, but Mr. Belloc plays with it and does not get much out of it. "On a Poet," a dissertation on certain of Swinburne's characteristics, is wholly admirable; so, too, are the essays on Milton, on Hans Christian Andersen, and, in their different ways, "On the Traveller" and "On History in Travel." There are two or three delightfully satirical sketches, such as "The Honest Man and the Devil" and "The Candour of Maturity," and another handful of short miscellaneous articles on those everyday concerns in which everybody is interested, and when all deductions are made on the score of slightness and superficiality of treatment, you have a body of good work remaining which has a charm

of style that is beyond mere cleverness, and an easy readability that makes this one of the best of books to put in your pocket when you are going on a holiday.

CECIL RHODES.*

Acclaimed by friends as a great statesman, a builder of empire, a second Napoleon, by enemies denounced as an impudent "poseur" and unscrupulous speculator, it is probably correct to say that to the great mass of people Cecil John Rhodes, was, and seems likely to remain, an enigma. These interesting personal reminiscences from the pen of an old Cape friend, Sir T. E. Fuller, illuminate in some degree the complex character and mesmeric personality of the man who, thirty years ago, at a time when the Cape press referred to him as "the young member for Barkly West," anticipated with the eyes of a practical visionary the proclamation of a United South Africa—now an accomplished fact.

Practical, indeed, was this dreamer of dreams, whether it was a matter of winning over Barney Barnato and his diamond fields by an offer of a seat in the Cape Parliament; or of obtaining concessions from the Matabele chief, Lobengula, by gifts of opera hats and champagne; or of safeguarding "the great trek" into the heart of Africa. Though he lacked the physical courage of Dr. Jameson, Rhodes could, when the success of his schemes was at stake, face the greatest danger with a cool determination bred of hope, rather than of despair. As an instance of this may be cited the daring method by which he terminated the second Matabele war, thereby securing the tottering foothold of his settlers in Rhodesia. Declining an escort, Rhodes, unarmed and accompanied only by three friends, went forth to meet the Matabele warriors, and with the tact of a tried negotiator arranged a lasting peace. Despite the conspicuous valour he displayed throughout this campaign, which, it will be remembered, he had joined as a political outcast, convicted of complicity in the Raid, we are told that Rhodes afterwards confessed himself "in a funk all the time," but he was "more afraid to be thought afraid."

His fingers burnt in the Raid, Rhodes is absolved by the author from any share in the inception of the South African war, though the incompatibility of Kruger's ideas of "expansion" with his own were long foreseen by Rhodes. The value of Sir Thomas Fuller's monograph lies, perhaps, chiefly in its insistence, based on emphatic personal testimony, on the lofty ideals which animated his friend in his great work of "northern expansion," ideals none the worse for a touch of romance in them, as when, referring to the route below the Victoria Falls of his proposed Cape-to-Cairo railway, he wrote: "I should like to have the spray of the water over the carriages."

Regarding the munificence of the Rhodes bequests, the author makes public instances of his friend's generosity in his lifetime which, had they been generally known, would have gone far to mitigate the surprise of a critical world. Interesting, too, and not without significance, is the information that Rhodes professed to have read every life of Napoleon, and that his library largely consisted of assiduously collected "authorities" on which Gibbon had based his "Decline and Fall." This is the man who felt the call of Africa, "with its vast territories given over to savage life, with its waste of nature, and its contempt of human life." "It is inevitable fate," he once said to the author, "that all this should be changed; and I should like to be the agent of fate."

As an "agent of fate," large-hearted, wide-visioned, above all with a supreme confidence in the English-speaking race as the great civilising power of the world, thus is

Rhodes presented, with all sincerity, by his gifted friend. One may, with equal sincerity, inquire whether Rhodes would have figured as an "agent of fate" in an Africa barren of gold and diamond fields.

CELT AND SAXON.

Meredith's posthumous novel is unlike "Denis Duval" and "Edwin Drood" and "Weir of Hermiston" in more ways than one. It is not a work interrupted by the author's death, and it is almost impossible to imagine the shape and size of its design from the torso. What was to become of the volatile Captain Con, after he dared to get elected, without his wife's knowledge or consent, for an Irish constituency? What complications were to creep out of the tender relations between Miss Jane Mattock and the two brothers? And what rôle was Rockney to play? Was he to be more than a chorus, voicing the author's criticisms of Great Britain? If Meredith had thought out the plot or plots of his story before he laid aside this fragment, he has not written enough to give any reliable indication of its course. We can perhaps foresee Parliament. "An Irishman there is a barrow trolling a load of grievances," "A serious fellow talking nonsense with lively illustrations is just the man for House of Commons clown." We can predict that Philip would be called up to champion Adriante, as Beauchamp and Redworth had to intervene on behalf of Renée and Mrs. Warwick, and the scope for the Comic Spirit is clearly marked out in at least five of the characters. But Meredith has unfortunately and inexplicably

"Left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarite,
And who had Canace to wife."

He has not even told the half of his story. Nineteen chapters form barely the third of a novel on the scale of "Beauchamp's Career" or "Harry Richmond," and in this case the chapters are not quite successive. They represent preliminary efforts to get the characters into position, while it is the painter who is doing most of the talking about the picture.

As the title suggests, the novel is a romantic study in racial temperaments. Adriante Adister, the daughter of a squire in North Wales, who had refused to marry Philip O'Donnell, her Irish Roman Catholic lover, from a sense of duty to her father, had suddenly married a foreign prince and joined her husband in the Greek church. Adriante is a true Meredithian heroine, a beauty with brains. But she never appears on the scene: the reader is only permitted to hear of her beauty and charm. Mr. Adister, on the other hand, is sketched by the hand that drew Everard Romfrey, or rather Squire Beltham. Both have the same stiff insular prejudices, sterling honesty, a narrow, keen mind, an irritable impatience of novelty, and a hatred of all that is foreign or unconventional. If Prince Nikolas had ever ventured to call at Earlsfont, Mr. Adister would have treated his rascally son-in-law as pungently as Squire Beltham treated Roy Richmond. Mr. Colesworth and Mr. Mattock were evidently meant to play up to the Squire, with Rockney half-way between them and the three O'Donnells, just as Jane Mattock was to stand between the conflicting types represented by Captain Con's wife and Adriante, with Caroline and Kathleen as understudies. The characters, however, hardly get into movement. Too little happens to throw light upon the outcome of their clashing, or even upon the precise points at which the Celts and Saxons would cross one another's orbit. The steam laundry business, which Meredith describes with curious fulness, has an important conclusion. It seems to foreshadow a soft interest between Patrick O'Donnell and Miss Mattock, but the last chapter,

* "Cecil Rhodes. A Monograph and a Reminiscence." 6s. net. (Longmans.)

* "Celt and Saxon." By George Meredith. 6s. (Constable.)

which is full of intricate analysis, follows this up with a plainer hint that the lady and Captain Philip were destined to draw together. How and for how long? Like Cecilia Halkett and Beauchamp? Like Jane Hechester and Harry Richmond?

It is useless to criticise a fragment like this on the score of its plot. The main value of "Celt and Saxon" lies in the author's study of national character, especially in the flashing, half-satirical chapter "Of the Great Mr. Bull," which is Meredith at his very best, for style and penetration:

"Think a little upon the ideas of impatriotic Celts regarding him. . . . They are unjust, but many of them speak with a sense of the loot on their necks. . . . They transmit the sentiment of the loathing of Bull, as assuredly they would be incapable of doing, even with the will, were a splendid fire-eyed motherly Britannia the figure sitting in the minds of men for our image—a palpitating figure, alive to change, penetrable to thought, and not a stolid concrete of our traditional old yeoman characteristic."

And again

"Ideal of his country Bull has none—he hates the word, it smells of heresy, opposition to his image. It is an exercise of imagination to accept an ideal, and his digestive organs reject it, after the manner of the most beautiful likeness of him conjurable to the mind—that flowering stomach, the sea-anemone, which opens to anything and speedily casts out what it cannot consume."

The study is not one-sided. The order of names in the title may have been due, like Hamerton's "French and English," to euphony. Meredith's aim is not to satirise or caricature the Saxon, or to laud the Celt at his expense, but to show that an idea or an ideal of the country is necessary in order to unite Celt and Saxon, and that the materialistic, insular conception of patriotism, symbolised by "John Bull," is an antiquated notion which is positively mischievous, since it misrepresents England and alienates Celtic aspirations and sympathy. Many have told, and many are telling us this truth, through the medium of much nonsense about the "Celtic temperament." Meredith's philosophy of race is not sentimental, and his fragment is not superfluous. Still, we shall read and welcome the book for its own sake, as a tale no less than as a profound piece of racial analysis. There are bits of Meredith in it, and there are also passages of unrepresable wit, deft characterisation, and brilliant phrasing. You can open it almost at random to light on unforgettable pieces like the description of the Irish Channel off Holyhead, in Chapter XVII.

"The scene of frayed waters all rosy-golden, and golden-banded leathery height, with the tinted sand, breaking to flights of blue, was resplendent to those of our recent sea-farers who could lift an eye to enjoy it. Freshness, illumination, then salt air, vivid distances, were a bath for every sense of life. You could believe the breast of the mountain to be heaving, the billows to be kissing fingers to him, the rollers shattered up the cliff to have run to extinction to scale him."

Just so. A fragment of Meredith is worth whole volumes of finished work by modern fictionists, and the publication of "Celt and Saxon" justifies itself even to those who have scruples about the wisdom of issuing such posthumous pieces. This is a precious and unexpected gift to students of Meredith. They will only regret that he could lay aside Captain Con to dress and jerk puppets like some of those in "One of Our Conquerors."

JAMES MOFFATT.

Novel Notes.

EARLY VICTORIAN: A Village Chronicle. By S. G. Tallentyre. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Miss Tallentyre has given us in "Early Victorian" a book that challenges comparison with Miss Mitford's

"Our Village" and Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." She has done for an early Victorian village what Mrs. Gaskell did for an equally early Victorian town, and her character-studies and pictures of the life of that bygone era have an air of truth and an old-world charm which make us feel that her village of Basset is as real a place as Cranford, and under some other name has a place on the map of England. Beginning with a vivid, intimate portrait of Harry, the Squire, the careless, easy-going, hard-drinking, fox-hunting, bovine squire of his period, she passes to a subtler and finely sympathetic portrayal of the girl whom Harry won for his wife, a bright, intelligent, imaginative creature, who idealised and loved him and reconciled herself to making the best of him when her ideal was broken—"patience to endure was the besetting virtue of that age, as impatience to reform is the besetting virtue of this; and Pollie was the child of her time. Her pride—the pride which not only never whines under misfortune, but denies that there is any misfortune to whine about—also helped her not a little," and in the end she comes to find it true "that if one had one's duty and a dream, one had enough of life." The two doctors of Basset who went into partnership are admirably drawn; so too are the faded, kindly Miss Pilkington, who "was very glad to be parted from her sisters, though she was very sorry she was glad"; Sir John Ralton and his lady; the clever, foolish, entertaining, irresponsible Mrs. Darbisher, and some half-score other persons who play their parts in this delightfully realistic comedy of country-life; but perhaps no character in the book has a more poignant story nor is more ably developed than the chivalrous, unconventional, curiously attractive Parson Grant. Miss Tallentyre's work is wholly enjoyable; moreover, she writes with a knowledge of humanity and a literary skill that, though they may not make her book a book of the week, have made it something very much better.

VERITY LADS. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Keighley Snowden is before all else the novelist of Yorkshire town life. What he does not know of the lights and shadows, the tragedy and comedy of life as it is lived in those many-chimneyed, diabolical, toil-haunted towns of the north is of very little consequence. He does not set himself to tell in "Verity Lads" so strong a story as went to the making of either "The Forbidden Theatre" or "The Life Class," but in its close study of the character of young Harry Verity and certain of his relations, and for the very intimate glimpses it gives you of their ways of thought and living, this new book bears comparison with the two others if it does not surpass them. There is an "Introduction" that is a wonderfully vivid little study of a ropemaker's home-life, his death, the bizarre squalor of his funeral ceremonies, and a poignantly pathetic rough sketch of the death, years later, of Uncle Donty, an old Yorkshireman exiled in London. This Uncle Donty was the outcast of the family; he "had been put in jail for catching rabbits"; and to him the boy Harry Verity, after his father's death, began to write letters giving him all the news of how things were going with his mother, himself, his brother, and the family connections in the town up in the West Riding; and it is these letters, with an added chapter or so at the end, that tell the tale that is comprised in this volume. They are just the simple annals of a poor family struggling for existence after the death of the breadwinner, told from the boy's standpoint, with a boy's simplicity and unconscious self-revelation; they are touched with humour and pathos, and are entirely interesting because of their sheer truthfulness of effect.

ATONEMENT. By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (Lane.)

Mr. F. E. Mills Young's work may at once be characterised by the adjective "sound." Incidentally, we may

mention, it is unusually interesting. This is rather surprising, for the story which the author has to tell us presents no particularly new features, and, moreover, it is depressing. The scene is laid in South Africa, and, as is so often the case with the South African novel, the story introduces what are called, we believe, the elemental passions. The participators in the sin are perhaps the most remarkable of the many remarkable characters in the book, but the man's figure stands out with an almost tragic force. It is in characterisation that the author particularly excels, but as a whole his work is of a real literary merit, which deserves every encouragement. Possibly in future Mr. Mills Young will write a novel which shall display more fully that sense of humour of which we now catch only occasional gleams. We can strongly recommend "Atonement."

THE PERSONAL CONDUCT OF BELINDA. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In treatment and in characterisation, as well as in dialogue, Miss Brainerd's latest novel is commendably frank and fresh. Belinda is a school-teacher of—to judge by the illustrations—very considerable attractions, so far as face and figure are concerned, and the author sees to it that her gifts of mind and character shall endear her to the reader. She gets married off safely enough at the end of the book, and, it is to be assumed, develops into the ideal American wife. Still, we are concerned with her adventures before marriage, and they make amusing and very pleasant light reading. Belinda is persuaded to act as personal conductor to a party of Americans who are bound upon a visit to Europe. To a young lady of beauty and talent the post is not so simple as it sounds, and the heroine has to put up with a share of vexations which do not always arise from the complicated nature of her love-story. For background we have the impressions of an American traveller in Great Britain, the Rhine Valley, Switzerland, and France, and Miss Brainerd describes these impressions with considerable deftness and freshness. "The Personal Conduct of Belinda" is a thoroughly amusing book, and one that makes first-rate reading for the holidays.

THE LOST HALO. By Percy White. 6s. (Methuen.)

Opinion will probably differ rather sharply as to the merits of Mr. Percy White's new novel. "The Lost Halo" has a standpoint that inevitably commands either enthusiasm or annoyance; it depends, we fear, upon the religious and political convictions of the reader which of these two qualities is evoked. Here is the position: Alfred Allington is a lad whose religious enthusiasm is moved quite powerfully at the age of ten. "One Sunday, just before the sermon, when the congregation were singing 'Abide with me,' the boy, overcharged with emotion, burst into tears, and sobbed. Other eyes became wet as the hymn wailed itself round the white-washed walls. A Mr. Clarkson, whose turn it was to preach, declared that the boy 'loved God by instinct,' and predicted great things for him." He did more, in fact. He got the boy educated, and in time he became the minister of the chapel where, first of all, his faith in the divine had been touched. Here his spirituality and fervour amazed his hearers. He wrote a book of intimate confessions entitled "My God and I" that was sometimes linked in conversation with the "Imitation of Christ," but he worked so hard that he had a bad nervous breakdown, and when his strength reasserted itself he became vain, theatrical, and rather worldly-minded, in which mood he connived at a secret marriage between his sister and a young politician of good family, developed a weakness for drinking champagne, and did other things unworthy of himself and his high profession. At the end we are presented with two alternatives in any effort to solve the riddle of Alfred Allington's character. Mr. Clarkson says, "His blood's thin, his physique

is poor, and his conscience frightened at its own spiritual shadow." His sister declares, "Of course he was a saint. Perfect faith is what he was seeking. But, of course, no one ever does find it! So it will be our Saint's destiny to live in a state of alternate exaltations and lapses!"

DIANA OF DREAMS. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin is a wonder in his way. "Diana of Dreams" is, according to a list opposite the title-page, his thirty-eighth book. We cannot, of course, claim any large acquaintance with his work, but at least we have read the majority of his more recent books, and we should place "Diana of Dreams" only second in merit to its predecessor, "The Slaves of Allah," of which it is a continuation. "Diana of Dreams" introduces a number of the same characters as the former book, and the situations are only a whit less thrilling. Mr. Burgin has some knowledge of Turkish political methods and intrigues, and this is again used to good effect. The story told is a good one, the characterisation is effective, and, in a word, the book is very readable. The author's irrepressible humour finds vent in two of the minor characters, who do much to improve a volume which, in other ways also, is attractive. "Diana of Dreams" should meet with a large measure of success, and it is a book which can be warmly recommended to every class of reader.

SAMUEL THE SEEKER. By Upton Sinclair. 6s. (John Long.)

The story is told in a simple and direct way, and one enjoys and is interested in it from the start; but it is only when the climax is reached, and the end in sight, that one realises fully what an exceedingly clever book it is. Underneath the story there is a great purpose, and gradually, forcibly, the purpose is untolded and driven home, and the truth of things put so plainly that even those who would like to blind themselves to it will find it well nigh impossible to do so. Samuel himself wins our sympathy from the outset, when old Ephram, his father, writes on the picture of his dead wife, "Seek, and ye shall find." And it would do every one good to know what it was that Samuel did find.

A GENTLEMAN OF VIRGINIA. By Percy James Brebner. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Brebner has before this done good work in a light and popular vein, and his "Veyenne" and "Princess Maritza" probably attained some of the circulation which they deserved. In "A Gentleman of Virginia" he is rather more serious. He has deserted Zenda and its sister-states for France, and the very horrible and very dramatic France of the Terror. Hundreds of novels have been written upon these times, and Mr. Brebner's book does not offer much variety in the main incidents of its plot. The Gentleman of Virginia, Richard Barrington by name, has come to France with the intention of offering his sword in the service of the people. However, he soon finds that they are engaged with other things. They seem to prefer to persecute women, for instance, and an American never could stand that, whatever his political opinions. So Barrington does his most effective work for the other side. Of course there is a lady in question, and equally of course this lady is at first in love with somebody else. But that does not matter much to people like Barrington, who, though entirely honourable (we admit that freely), are so often successful in their love affairs. Certainly it is not for the main lines of the plot that Mr. Brebner's book is worth reading, but the author has succeeded in doing two very important things. First, he has told his story very well, and we defy the book's readers to remain absolutely calm throughout

a whole reading. And second, Mr. Brebner has realised a very clever and individual atmosphere for the period of which he treats. He may be right or wrong, but there can be little doubt that this is the most original point about his book. We can recommend it as entirely readable, and perhaps as being a little better and more serious than most "readable novels."

THE FEET OF THE YEARS. By John Dalison Hyde. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Despite the masculine name on the title-page, one suspects that "The Feet of the Years" was written by a woman. It shows a woman's knowledge of women, and its men have a distinctly feminine touch about them. Stuart Lovelace, who becomes heir to a title on the death of his elder brother, is as handsome as he is wicked, and having found all women his slaves has addressed Penelope in the first moments of their meeting with a boldness and insulting confidence that no mere man would have dared to attribute to one of his kind, and Penelope is fascinated by these advances with a facility that the male author would have boggled at. A note of exaggeration runs through the plot and infects the characters and the dialogue; Penelope, for all she has undergone, is too spontaneously rude to her brother-in-law's relations, and they are too spontaneously rude to her in return. This brother-in-law kisses and makes love to Penelope on the day of his wife's, her sister's, funeral; and later Lovelace embraces her passionately whilst the dead body of her uncle, who has committed suicide, lies on the other side of the door. There is a good deal of conventional and unmerited scorn poured upon Suburbia; after all, the suburbs are not exclusively inhabited by one type of narrow-souled person, as the author insists. Most of our Bohemian artists have their homes in the suburbs, and Swinburne lived and died in one. These and other exaggerations irritate you, but they do not prevent you from finding "The Feet of the Years" a remarkable and uncommonly interesting story. The closing incident, which enables Lovelace to prove his courage and so to win back Penelope's love, narrowly escapes being ridiculous, but the book is full of ability and uncontrolled power; if it is not on the whole a good performance, it makes good reading and is abundantly promising.

MCGLUSKY THE REFORMER. By A. G. Hales. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The first book about McGlusky was one of the most quaintly and delightfully humorous of books, and this, the second, is every whit as good as the first. There is no connection between the two: the other was mainly concerned with McGlusky's adventures during the Boer war; this tells you the full story of McGlusky's life, omitting his war experiences, which were merely an episode in a full-blooded and gloriously diverting career. He is a dour Scot who when still young "got hold of the alluring idea that it was his mission in life to set the world right, not merely in regard to things spiritual, but in reference to every other matter which affects poor, frail humanity." He was reared on oatmeal and religion, and presently went forth, a very muscular Christian indeed, ready and eager on the slightest provocation to fight the ungodly, the blasphemers, the intemperate, and convert them by the power of his right and left fists. He would never fight on Sunday, but the man who thought to take advantage of this strictness was sorry for his temerity as soon as the clock had struck twelve. There is a capital love interest, plenty of moving incident, but over and above all you have the irresistible droll humour of McGlusky and his doings. A most enjoyable book, with a good tale to tell and the heartiest honest laughter to accompany the telling of it.

THE DOCTOR'S LASS. By Edward C. Booth. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The interest in Mr. Booth's story depends almost entirely on the telling of it, and so well does he tell it that the book stands clear as one of the most successful of recently published novels. There is a glow and colour in Mr. Booth's phrasing, and he picks his words with a skill that we do not find in many of our present-day authors. He has a keen sense of humour and a wide sympathy. The characters that take part in this romance are strongly and vividly drawn; the doctor himself, Jane "the Lass," and Anne, the doctor's housekeeper, specially endear themselves to us, and will be remembered with affection by all who read the book. When the doctor first comes to Sunfleet he has a rather stiff struggle, as his predecessor had been an immensely popular man. There are many stories still afloat in Sunfleet about old Dr. Dendy and his wonderful cures. "When and doctor looked at ye," says legend, "you knowed very well summat would a' to gie way." However, when Jane comes into the new doctor's life everything is changed. Though she comes with sorrow and storm she remains to create sunshine. It would be impossible, in a few words, to describe the complex and fascinating character of "the Lass." She is "so very very Janev."

THE PORTRAIT. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Methuen.)

Here is a book full of excellent company, a roystering, dissolute crew for the most part if you like, but witty withal and prodigiously entertaining with their fine disregard for human life where a nice point of honour or a quixotic whim is concerned. It is a "costume comedy" of the eighteenth century, and the plot hangs on a wager of monstrous proportions. "Count forty before you speak." The wise old aunt who enjoined young Bettesworth to follow this advice at any crucial period of his life well knew the sensitive, passionate temperament of the man. Heedless of her caution, he signals his entry "upon the Town" by allowing himself to be drawn into a hare-brained wager with four elegant young bloods of position. Hare-brained, indeed: for not only has he to discover the unnamed lady who had served for model to the painter of a celebrated portrait, but further he engages to fetch her to the dinner of the Dilettante Society, to house and maintain her, and, last but not least, to marry her in the event of her being unmarried and of good reputation. Having in this wholesale manner pitted his wits against four of the finest gallants of the town, Bettesworth adds to the perplexities of the wager by straightway falling in love with the fascinating Lady Eshetford. In his quest for the model, adventures of no mean order befall him, but in spite of an ingeniously spun web of intrigue, plot, and counterplot, he ultimately succeeds in winning the wager as well as the woman he loves. This entertaining novel was not written in a hurry: its finished workmanship and wealth of descriptive detail deserve high praise. Neither does one lay it down in a hurry, but with a lingering fondness for the "good old days," which, one feels, were not so irredeemably bad after all.

The Bookman's Table.

MY GERMAN YEAR. By I. A. R. Wylie. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Wylie is frankly a pro-German, and her book may perhaps come as an eye-opener to those misguided persons who affect to despise Germany, its ways, manners, customs, and people. The German Year, as the author calls it, extended over a considerably longer period; towards the end of the book, indeed, we find Miss Wylie referring to

"the six years which I have spent almost uninterruptedly in Germany and amongst the German people." But this slight looseness in the title may easily be forgiven an observer so shrewd and so obviously sincere. Of course it is impossible—as well as inadvisable—to touch upon politics in the short space at our disposal, but it is safe to say that the normal Englishman, who, in comparison with the German, is "steeped in politics," cannot afford to pass by this book, and that for political reasons as well as those of his personal entertainment. Miss Wylie's method (which, on the whole, is a very satisfactory one) is to describe the normal life in the German town she knows best—Karlsruhe. This lays her open to the charge that she has taken a too-favourable specimen as typical of the whole of Germany. She herself admits that Karlsruhe is a model town. Its inhabitants, though they profess to find it a dull place, are unusually happy, the government is unusually enlightened, and things in general go with the smoothness of well-oiled machinery. It is conceivable, probable indeed, that other parts of Germany are less desirable, but we have no doubt that this is a more satisfactory method than its reverse. A judgment passed upon London by a foreigner living in, say, Hampstead, would probably differ considerably from one passed by the same gentleman had he taken up his abode in Bermondsey, but we are convinced that it would be more generally correct. Overlooking some few printers' errors, we have nothing but praise for this admirably written and entirely interesting book.

MILLET. By Percy M. Turner. **WATTEAU.** By Lewis Hind. Masterpieces in Colour Series. 18s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E.C. Jack.)

Two more sketches of the Masters are added to the welcome Masterpieces in Colour Series, and that the subjects, thus coming to hand together, are strongly contrasted, is of course evident. And yet, although we do not commonly think so, Millet as well as Watteau could see in the world some "unsubstantial fairy place": who will question it that has stood before the wonderful and beautiful picture in the Louvre and been entranced by the lovely vision of "Spring"? It is really admirably rendered in the colour picture in this series, and we are grateful for its inclusion. Here in this sparkling Arabian Nights' garden of jewels under the shining arc in the sky are all the high romance of Watteau, all the charm and idyllic grace: but a dark and gloomy cloud lowers over the sheen and brilliance, and a shiver of apprehension trembles throughout the whole enchantment. We must regret the absence of "The Angelus," the most typical of the pictures by Millet, and "L'Indifférent" of Watteau would have been contrasted with it instructively indeed. But the idea seems to have been to choose studies of action as much as possible, and pictures of "the more joyous side of peasant life," and Mr. Turner, who tells the story of Millet with sympathy, thinks "The Gleaners" "perhaps the noblest canvas the master ever painted." The selection of illustrations to the volume upon Watteau is excellent, and Mr. Lewis Hind speaks of many of the admirers of this exquisite painter, from Constable to the author of the "Imaginary Portrait," and the extraordinary achievement in "Watteau's short sad life of illness and discontent."



A Typical Village Scene.

From "My German Year," by I. A. R. Wylie (Mills & Boon.)

ELIZABETH FRY. By Georgina King Lewis. 3s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

It may be presumed— you have no personal experience, you need only visit the new Repertory Theatre on an evening when Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" is being played, to see how very far from perfect the conduct of our prisons (apart from any consideration of the broader criminal question) still remains. Compared with their state a hundred years ago, however, the insides of our gaols to-day are almost admirable. In the century of philanthropy much was done to abolish the barbarities which had too long been practised in the name of justice. Places which had been chambers of nameless horror were converted into the orderly, if unimaginative, institutions whither those who offend against the laws are now sent for the benefit of the community and (more doubtfully) of themselves. That much remains to be done is no reason for thanklessness towards those who have already done so much. Among these, none is more deserving of gratitude than Elizabeth Fry. History is ultimately the biography of the great men and women: the dynamic few who drive the static many. Boards and committees may be useful for details, the essential work of the world is done by individuals. Elizabeth Fry was one of those who did the world's work. She was a great woman, a great personality, of whom Mrs. Lewis has, in her little book, signally succeeded in reproducing the charm. She has recalled for us the life of one who was very much alive: no remote Lady Bountiful, no austere saint, but a woman who got very near perfection because she did not doff her humanity. It is a beautiful tale this which Mrs. Lewis has told, of the daughter, sister, mother, the Christian, the Quaker, the doer of good works, the liver of a life which a Greek, with a fuller and finer meaning than we are accustomed to give the word, might have called good.

INSTRUMENTS OF THE MODERN ORCHESTRA AND EARLY RECORDS OF THE PRECURSORS OF THE VIOLIN FAMILY. By Kathleen Schlesinger. 2 vols. 18s. 6d. (Reeves.)

Miss Kathleen Schlesinger's book on Modern Orchestral Instruments claims to be a "handbook for students of the orchestra." It is true that there is a very great deal of information in the two heavy volumes, but this suffers from lack of methodical arrangement. Much of it emerges incidentally and is not readily found under the heads where

it would be naturally sought. This, though a defect in a handbook, cannot diminish the value of a work giving at least, under the heading of each instrument, particulars of its construction, production of sound, compass, quality of tone, and possibilities. The clues as to the identification of orchestral instruments are comprised in Vol. I. Vol. II. is devoted to an exhaustive discussion on the origin of the violin. The author here summarises the results of some years' research, and must be complimented both on having rejected as far as possible speculative evidence and on having stated with fairness the two rival theories at present extant with regard to the evolution of the fiddle. In the course of this excursion into musical archaeology Miss Schlesinger develops the interesting theory that the violin is descended rather from the Asiatic cithara than from the Greek lyre or the Hindoo ravenation. Though admitting that the introduction of the bow played an important part in the evolution of the modern violin, she claims that it was the intrinsic merit of the primitive instrument itself which led to its survival. The bow, she points out, was applied soon after its first appearance, not to the precursor of the fiddle alone, but to a number of stringed instruments which had previously been twanged. There is much to justify her contention that the most important feature of the violin and the one which may be held vital to the production of its pleasing tone is the shape of the sound chest. The lyre had a vaulted sound-chest, which was the prototype of that seen in the present day mandoline, whereas the cithara, even in its earliest form, had traces of the bridge, sound-holes, tail-piece, pegs or purflings, and finger-board, which are all present in the modern violin. She finds another argument in favour of her theory in the philological relation of the words Cithara, Guitarra, Fidicula, Vielle, Vihuela, Fiddle, Viol, and Violin. Her genealogical tree of the violin would therefore run roughly as follows: Asiatic Kithara, Greek Cithara, Latin Guita, Spanish Guitar—it is here that the use of the bow comes in—French Vielle and English Fiddle. Here then is controversial food for the archaeologist, which is supplemented by the bibliography extending over 100 pages, and showing the works which have been consulted in its preparation.

HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION IN DAILY LIFE, EDUCATION AND MEDICAL PRACTICE. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. 6s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

It is probable that hypnotism, in common with other branches of psychological inquiry, has suffered less from the attacks of its enemies than from the intemperate zeal of some of its advocates. The glowing accounts of its possibilities, coupled with promises of almost miraculous results in the cure of nervous and mental disorders, have too often shown a tendency to break down on cool experiment, leaving the judicious to grieve and the hostile critic to rail at its professors as quacks. Those, however, who have studied the investigations of Drs. Elliotson and Ashburner—to say nothing of the experiments at the Salpêtrière Hospital and elsewhere on the Continent by Professors Charcot, Liébault, and others—well know that the practice of hypnotism rests upon a solid basis of fact. And to such students and others Dr. Hollander's book—as being a weighty and temperate contribution to the literature of the subject—will be especially welcome. The volume—which is written in simple, unpretentious fashion—deals successively with the subconscious mind, suggestibility and auto-suggestion; describes various methods of hypnosis, and treats of its allied phenomena in the way of clairvoyance, thought-transference, and apparitions, giving much practical information concerning the uses and dangers of hypnotic practice. Of especial interest are the chapters in which Dr. Hollander relates the cures of general diseases, nervous and mental disorders, and drink and drug habits effected by the agency of hypnotic suggestion. Many of these are records of his own experience as a medical prac-

itioner. In his final chapter on "Mental Healers," Dr. Hollander reminds us that hypnotism and suggestion are as old as humanity. And he suggestively alludes to the invocations of the Egyptian priests, the incantations of the disciples of Æsculapius, the King's touch for the healing of special diseases, the wonderful cures at Lourdes, and the well-attested efficacy of such modern systems of healing as "mind cure," "faith cure," and so-called Christian Science. He shows that the basis of these things is the suggestibility of the mind—a fact in psychology known to the wise men of the past, notably the ancient Egyptians. Both on its practical and historical side the book is of interest and value, forming as it does a rationale of the subject, and a guide to the hypnotic student and practitioner. Incidentally it may be commended to the attention of the seeker after occult knowledge, in which connection we may cite the chapters on clairvoyance, thought transference, and apparitions. Dr. Hollander has (like many others) been struck by the very limited intelligence displayed by our old friend the "ghost," as shown in cases of hauntings by apparitions or phantasms of the dead, and he dismisses this kind of ghost as being "nothing more nor less than an intensified telepathic vision." But this as a hypothesis in no way reflects on the investigations into occult realms carried on by Sir Oliver Lodge and others.

THE POEMS OF JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D. Edited by William Finest Browning. Bohn's Standard Library. 2 Vols. 3s. 6d. each. (George Bell & Sons.)

It was high time that we had a really scholarly edition of Swift's writings, and we are therefore much indebted to Messrs. George Bell & Sons for providing it. They started with the Prose Works, brought out under the capable editorship of Mr. Temple Scott; and, encouraged by the reception accorded to this venture, the twelfth and last volume of which was only issued last year, they now issue the Poems, in two volumes. The five volumes of the Correspondence, which are in the press, will complete the edition, for which all students are grateful. Though Dryden's remark, "Consin Swift, you will never be a Poet," is always quoted when Swift's verse is mentioned, yet that verse is not to be despised, for it, on the one hand, it never reached the height to which the greatest poetry attains, on the other hand it possesses qualities that secure for it a place, and a high place, in English literature. Johnson's estimate is, perhaps, as good as that of any critic. "Swift's poetical works," he said, "are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard laboured expression or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style—they consist of 'proper words in proper places.'" In other words, they have all the qualities of his prose—command of language, virility, tenderness, gentle irony, savage satire, all the qualities save imagination. He was pre-eminently, in his verse as in his prose writings, the satirist, the humorist, and in one as in the other the man stands revealed. Indeed, no man in his writings ever more clearly revealed himself. "In Swift the author and the man are identical," wrote that high authority upon the Dean, Sir Leslie Stephen. "No writings ever reflected more perfectly a powerful idiosyncrasy." If in his verse Swift was severe on women, he must not be taken *au pied de la lettre*, for there was always, or at least usually, underlying his satire a true tenderness that in his lifetime only his friends discovered, but which to-day is an open secret to all interested in the lives of English men of letters. No man has been more bitterly attacked, save perhaps John Wilson Croker, and no man deserved it less. He had his share of faults, of course, but those who are never tired of insisting upon the fallibility of critics find much support, in this instance,

in the tremendous and unwarrantable onslaughts of Macaulay and Thackeray. Mr. William Ernest Browning has done his work well; indeed, it would have been difficult to have done it better. The text is sound, the arrangement excellent, the notes just what they should be. Mr. Browning's edition of Swift's Poetical Works is, and long will be, the standard edition.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. By Mary Innes. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

A useful book, pursuing a well-proportioned path across the vast field of European painting. And into Schools inevitably that field must be divided. For if into such modes and manners the freer and less imitative arts of Literature and Music have been ever forced by the pressure of prevailing taste, far more so must then be the fate of that Art which, more than any other, depends upon the trick of doing it; a trick which must of necessity be that practised by the world to which the beginner is born. The painter has first to be a man of methods, learning them of others; thought and expression come long after. So into Schools of Method must his work untailingly be parted. And even the greatest originators of new schools have had to be themselves, in the first place, scholars. Perhaps the true proof of the original genius of any one of these has been, not that he began by following no one, but that he died with no one following him. Such was the fate of a Michael Angelo or a Turner, men who left an influence, but could not, from the very magnitude of their conceptions, leave a school. This handbook will be of great service to that general public which needs in these days a *coup d'œil* in everything, Art included; and will whet the appetite of many to much deeper reading. Innumerable illustrations bring home the author's words. She laments the ineffectiveness of black and white. We could wish that the many art primers of the present day, with their colour-prints, would spare us lamentations to the contrary.

THIRTY-SIX POEMS. By James Elroy Flecker. 5s. net. (The Adelphi Press, Ltd.)

There are in this book almost as many sorts of poems as there are poems. Some of them we admire, others we admire less, and others leave us doubtful. One poem has a line:

"The golden sentences that left him cold";

and we are free to confess that we are left exceedingly cold. Nor is it pleasant, a few lines further on, to be told that "love became a loathing, as it must." Mr. Flecker is strangely unequal. What we find of greatest interest are his translations from Baudelaire and especially from Machiavelli. This latter, in terza rima, is in every way more translatable than "La Mandragora," his only play, which was performed some ten years ago by the Berlin equivalent of our Stage Society. We had almost added that Mr. Flecker translates from Davidson, not because he calls some of his poems ballads, but because of the frame of mind, and it would seem that Mr. Flecker is as yet quite sensitive to many influences. He has good dramatic powers, as in "Joseph and Mary." He is fond of beautiful metres and beautiful words, and if his rhymes are not faultless (e.g. "moon" and "time," "stirs" and "years"), he tells of Bathrolaire and Balghar and Jalula and "Mr. Judd, who is like a bloater." We are troubled about that poem called "The Town Without a Market," because it is not amongst those whose previous publication is acknowledged, and yet it seems familiar. But it is an admirable poem of the graveyard. The blind man

"... thought the grave would cure me, and was glad
When the time came to lose what joy I had."

After certain other men have spoken there comes a timorous man, who cries:

"On Earth I used to shape the Thing that seems.
Master of all men, give me back my dreams."

Is it that the familiarity of this poem is due to the fact that it has become a folk-song? Yet Mr. Flecker's effects are

slightly too conscious, one hears the brain working—and sometimes it has worked with much success, as in the "War Song of the Saracens":

"Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained solemnity die."

Which is what Cyrano would have liked to have said. . . .

This was, we believe, the first book published by the Adelphi Press, not that we speak from internal evidence. We can congratulate them and ourselves.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT.

Mr. Douglas Sladen is a ready writer, and is remarkably clever at judging the taste of the public. Accordingly, in addition to other merits, his books are invariably topical and up-to-date. His sense of humour is well to the fore in *Queer Things about Egypt* (21s. net), which presents that country as it appears to the ordinary intelligent traveller of the present day. Mr. Sladen has talked with many natives, and his knowledge of Egypt is as considerable as his powers of description.

To go further East, Persia has again provided a background for Mr. Sladen's activities, but it is a little difficult to know to whom exactly to attribute the authorship of *The Moon of the Fourteenth Night* (16s. net). The book purports to be the private journal of one Edouard Valmont, who was attached to the French legation during the recent revolution. The journal has been "made into a book" by Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen. However, it does not much matter who is the author, or precisely what is the share of each of the three persons mentioned, so long as we have the book, which is entirely satisfactory. The description of Persian events will probably appeal to the book's readers less than the full account which Valmont gives of his ill-ill love-affair with a Persian girl of the upper classes. However, in its entirety the book is both curious and interesting, and is one which can be strongly recommended. As in "Queer Things about Egypt," the illustrations are an excellent feature.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Omitting "Froggie would a-Wooing Go" and "A Comet for Sale," a "frivolous trifle" that the author himself apologises for including, *Written in the Rain* (6s.) is a very admirable collection of short stories, varied in subject and always treated with that fine artistic power that we have learned to expect of Mr. Trevena. They have imagination and humour, and such as "By Violence" and "Matrimony" are atmospherised with a glow of mysticism and allegorical suggestiveness that keeps them still true to this life whilst linking them with a life that is higher. A book in which there are eleven out of thirteen stories that we can speak of with unqualified praise is a book that no wise reader will miss reading.

The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, of whose many books on the history and antiquities of town and country life in England we have grateful remembrances, has written a pleasant volume of random essays which he entitles *The Parson's Pleasance* (10s. 6d. net). The conjunction of deep antiquarian lore with an attractive and readable style is rare, and should be the more warmly welcomed when it appears in so pleasant a book as that under notice. Mr. Ditchfield is at his best in chapters five and six—"In the Village" and "Folk lore Customs relating to Church Life"—but he will appeal to many tastes. The illustrations bear eloquent witness to the variety of subjects treated.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Mr. Ashmore Wingate's *Life of Ruskin* (1s. 6d.) is the latest addition to the popular Great Writers Series. It is a well-written and thoroughly adequate account of a noble and much-shadowed career. Perhaps Mr. Wingate writes a little loosely when he says, concerning Ruskin's quiet home-life with his father and mother, that after considering the miserable home-life of "Eha," among others, "one turns to Ruskin with a new wonder and respect." In the circumstances, the wonder and respect of most of us will still be for Lamb. Otherwise, Mr. Wingate's judgments are sound and his biography excellent, both as history and as criticism.

MESSRS. G. BELL & SONS.

Webster's Little Gem Dictionary (1s.) is a handy abridgment of Webster's great International Dictionary, and comprises a large pronouncing vocabulary with definitions, synonyms, etc., a gazetteer of the world, a classical dictionary, a compilation of common foreign words and phrases with translations, forms of address, postal regulations, and much other useful general information. It is clearly printed and so compact in form that it will fit easily into the pocket.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians reaches its conclusion in this fifth volume (21s. net), and we congratulate Mr. Fuller-Maitland on the care and thoroughness with which he has conducted his editorial labours from first to last. Many new

musicians have arisen and many advances have been made in the technique of music and improvements in musical instruments since this monumental work was originally published, but Mr. Maitland has brought everything up to date in these respects; the new biographies are admirably concise and sufficient, and have been in each case written by fully qualified authors; and wherever necessary the earlier biographies have been deftly amended or expanded. The fifth volume carries the dictionary of music, musicians, and musical instruments from T to Z, and includes an appendix to accommodate omissions from the former volumes and the names of musicians who have become famous since the re-issue was begun. The possession of a complete set of this important work is indispensable to the library of every one who is interested in the study of music.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Mr. John Foster Fraser has been on a lengthy sojourn in Australia, and in *Australia: The Making of a Nation* (9s.) has written an account of his impressions and experiences that may irritate some Australians and some Englishmen, but cannot fail to interest them all. Mr. Fraser has a pleasant and breezy style; he is a shrewd observer of men and things, is wise in the social and political history of the nation he visited, and expresses his opinions of its development, its ideals, its good and bad tendencies, its successes and its failures, with a frankness and forcefulness that are as stimulating as they are informing. You may share the author's views or strongly dissent from them, but you will read his book with unqualified enjoyment, and recognise it as the work of a man who is capable of judging for himself, and is neither afraid to do so nor to give his judgments plain utterance. One of the fullest and most valuable books on the problems and possibilities of life in Australia that recent years have brought us. The photographic illustrations are numerous and excellent.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

The Stowaway (6s.) of Mr. Louis Tracy's novel of that name is not a stowaway of the ordinary sort, and does not go to sea in ordinary circumstances. She is a girl who is running from a distasteful marriage that her uncle has arranged for her, and she goes aboard a ship belonging to her uncle, and one moreover that he has arranged to have scuttled by the captain when it is well out at sea for very good business reasons. Here is an opening for an exciting romance, and Mr. Tracy is too good a craftsman not to make the most and the best of it. Fleeting from an elderly and undesirable lover the girl meets with a young and irresistible one aboard the doomed ship, and the result is a charming story of love and high adventure with a capital plot that we are too conscientious to give away. The illustrations in colour add to the attractiveness of the volume.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON.

Miss Diana Meyrick is, we believe, a newcomer to the ranks of novelists, but *Peace Alley* (6s.) shows few traces of the 'prentice hand. It is an enjoyable story, but the author deserves most praise for her very decided powers of characterisation and the excellent manner in which she obtains her "atmosphere." In spite of its title, the book is by no means so tranquil as it sounds. Miss Meyrick is gifted also with a strong sense of humour, barbed sometimes with a little malice. "Peace Alley" is a work of very great promise, and we shall certainly keep a look-out for this writer in the future.

New Books of the Month.

FROM JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BAWDEN, H. HEATH. *The Principles of Pragmatism: A Philosophical Interpretation of Experience.* 6s. net (Constable)
- BLACKBURN, G. M. IRELAND. *St. Paul: His Story and his Writings Sketched in Outline.* Churchman's Penny Library, No. 30. 1d. (Mowbray)
- EDMONSTON-SCOTT, W. J. *Elements of Negro Religion.* With Frontispiece. (Edmonston-Scott & Co., Edin.)
- GILLET, GABRIEL, and WILLIAM SCOTT PALMER. *The Claims and Promise of the Church.* 2s. 6d. net (Mowbray)
- "GRETCHEN." *Golden Curves; or, Glumpses into Paradise.* 6d. net (Hills & Co.)
- HALL, W. WINSLOW, M.D. *Applied Religion.* 1s. net (Alpha Union, Letchworth, and Headley Bros., Bishopsgate Street, E.C.)
- HOPKINS, F. A. *The Proof of God.* 1s. (Drane)
- ROMANES, E. G. *What a Christian should Believe, Know, and Do.* 6d. net (Mowbray)
- ROMANES, MRS. *Thoughts on the Beatitudes.* 4d. net (Mowbray)

STALEY, VERY REV. VERNON. *The Minor Holy Days of the Kalendar of the Book of Common Prayer.* Churchman's Penny Library, No. 20. 1d. (Mowbray)

NEW EDITION.

GORMAN, W. GORDON. *Converts to Rome. A Biographical List of the More Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the last Sixty Years.* New and Enlarged Edition. 3s. 6d. net (Sands)

FICTION.

- ADAMS, ARTHUR H. *Galahad Jones.* Illustrated by Norman H. Landsay. 6s. (Lane)
- BARCLAY, FLORENCE L. *The Wheels of Time.* 1s. net (Putnam's)
- BOOTH, EDWARD C. *The Doctor's Lass.* 6s. (Grant Richards)
- BOYD, MARY STUART. *The Glen.* 6s. (Mills & Boon)
- BRAINERD, ELEANOR HOYT. *The Personal Conduct of Belinda.* With Illustrations in Colour. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- BUCKROSE, J. E. *The Pilgrimage of a Fool.* 6s. (Mills & Boon)
- DAWLISH, HOPE. *A Village Community.* 6s. (Allen)
- DE CRESPIGNY, MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION. *The Valley of Achor.* 6s. (Mills & Boon)
- DENDY, MARY, M.A. *Only a Business Man.* 6s. (Sherratt & Hughes)
- DUFF, LILY GRANT. *Vocation.* 6s. (Murray)
- FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE. *The Temptation of St. Anthony.* English Version by Ernest Tristan and G. F. Monks-hood. With Portrait. The Lotus Library. 1s. 6d. net (Greening)
- GAUNT, MARY. *The Mummy Moves.* 6s. (Laurie)
- GEORGE, HERBERT. *Johnny—a Lady of the Period.* 6s. (Greening)
- GLOVATSKI, ALEXANDER. *The Pharaoh and the Priest.* Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. With 10 Illustrations from Photographs. 6s. net (Sampson Low)
- GRAHAM, WINIFRED. *The Enemy of Woman.* 6s. (Mills & Boon)
- HUME, FERGUS. *The Spider.* Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
- HYATT STANLEY PORTAL. *The Law of the Bolo.* 6s. (Laurie)
- JYDL, JOHN DALISON. *The Feet of the Years.* 6s. (Stanley Paul)
- KNOWLES-FOSTER, FRANCES G. *Jehanne of the Golden Lips.* 6s. (Mills & Boon)
- LE BRETON-MARTIN, F. *Offers to the Rescue: a Story of the Boy Scouts.* Illustrated by E. P. Kinsella. Scout Library, No. 8. 1s. net (Pearson)
- MCALL, SIDNEY. *The Dragon Painter.* Illustrated by Gertrude McDaniel. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
- MARRIOTT-WATSON, H. B. *Alise of Astrak.* 6s. (Methuen)
- MERFIDITH, GEORGE. *Celt and Saxon.* 6s. (Constable)
- MEYRICK, DIANA. *Peace Alley.* 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson)
- MURRAY, ROSALIND. *The Leading Note.* 3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson)
- NAPIER OF MAGDALA, LADY. *How She Played the Game.* 6s. (Murray)
- NESBIT, F. *Fear.* 6s. (Stanley Paul)
- NORRIS, W. E. *Not Guilty.* 6s. (Constable)
- OPPENSHAW, MAY. *The Cross of Honour.* 6s. (Laurie)
- OXENHAM, JOHN. *Laurelton.* 6s. (Methuen)
- "Pause!" 1s. net (Greening)
- RAE-BROWN, CAMPBELL. *Kissing-Cup the Second.* 1s. net (Long)
- RAWLENCE, GUY. *The Romantic Road.* With Coloured Frontispiece by Wilmot Lunt. 6s. (Unwin)
- ROWLANDS, EFFIE ADELAIDE. *The Man she Married.* 6d. (Stanley Paul)
- SNOWDEN, KEIGHLEY. *Verity Lads.* 6s. (Werner Laurie)
- TALLENTYRE, S. G. *Early Victorian: A Village Chronicle.* 6s. (Smith, Elder)
- THOMAS, ROWLAND. *The Little Gods.* Illustrated by Charles Sarka. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
- TRACY, LOUIS. *The Stowaway.* With Illustrations in Colour. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
- TREVENA, JOHN. *Written in the Rain.* 6s. (Mills & Boon)
- VAN VORST, MARIE. *The Girl from his Town.* 6s. (Mills & Boon)
- WHITE, PERCY. *The Lost Halo.* 6s. (Methuen)

NEW EDITIONS.

- Author of "Adventures of John Johns." *The Progress of Pauline Kessler.* 1s. net (Long)
- BURGIN, G. B. *The Trickster.* 6d. (Stanley Paul)
- ECCOTT, W. J. *The Red Neighbour.* 1s. net (Blackwood)
- EVERETT-GREEN, E. *The City of the Golden Gate.* 6d. (Stanley Paul)
- LE QUEUX, WILLIAM. *The Woman in the Way.* With Frontispiece. The Red Cloth Sixpenny Library, No. 1. 6d. net (Newnes)

RANGER-GUIL, C.—The Harvest of Love. 6d.(Long)
 WARWICK, SIDNEY.—The River House Mystery. With
 Frontispiece. The Red Cloth Sixpenny Library, No. 2.
 6d. net.....(Newnes)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ADAM, MAJOR W. A., M.P. Rns Divinum, and Other Poems.
 2s. 6d. net.....(Ouseley)
 BALBERNIE, KITTY. Arion of Lesbos, and Other Poems.
 3s. 6d. net.....(Smith, Elder)
 BEACON, ROBERT, B.A. (Lond.). Poems. With Portrait.
 (J. Nicholson-Smith, 3, Amen Corner, E.C.)
 GHOSH, SARATH KUMAR The Prince of Destiny. A
 Drama of India. 1s. 6d. net.....(Kegan Paul)
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

For permission to reproduce Mr. William Nicholson's characteristic drawing of Mr. J. M. Barrie we are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Outlook*.

Of the many famous actors and actresses who have been associated with the plays of Mr. J. M. Barrie, one thinks most readily perhaps of Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Pauline Chase, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Ethel Irving, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Cyril Maude— but the list is too long to continue. Miss Pauline Chase is away in America, others of those we have named are just now absent from London, but, discussing their favourite parts with certain of them who have acted in more than one of the plays, we are told by

Miss Hilda Trevelyan:

"I have played eight parts in Mr. J. M. Barrie's plays, namely: Maggie Wylie in 'What Every

Woman Knows'; Wendy in 'Peter Pan'; Kate in 'The Twelve-Pound Look'; Tweeny in 'The Admirable Crichton'; Amy and Richardson in 'Alice-sit-by-the-Fire'; Moira in 'Little Mary'; and Babbie in 'The Little Minister.' I have loved playing them all, but my favourites are Maggie and Wendy."

Mr. Lyn Harding says:

"In 1893 I essayed the part of Kit Upjohn in 'Walker, London.' This was in India and China. When 'The Admirable Crichton' was revived at the Duke of York's Theatre, I appeared in the character of Crichton, and I think I may safely say it was one of the most delightful characters I have ever endeavoured to portray."

Mr. Gerald du Maurier says:

"Those of Mr. Barrie's plays that I have appeared in are: 'Peter Pan,' 'Pantaloen,' 'Little Mary,' 'The Admirable Crichton,' 'What Every Woman Knows,' and a little skit called 'A Slice of Life.' It is difficult to say which piece gave me the greatest pleasure to be in, as most of Mr. Barrie's characters are such charming people that it is a delight to be any one of them—even eight times a week. I think perhaps I got more enjoyment out of Captain Hook, as I had more scope individually. The other parts were, more or less, what are called in actor's phraseology 'cast-iron'; that is to say, to fail in one of

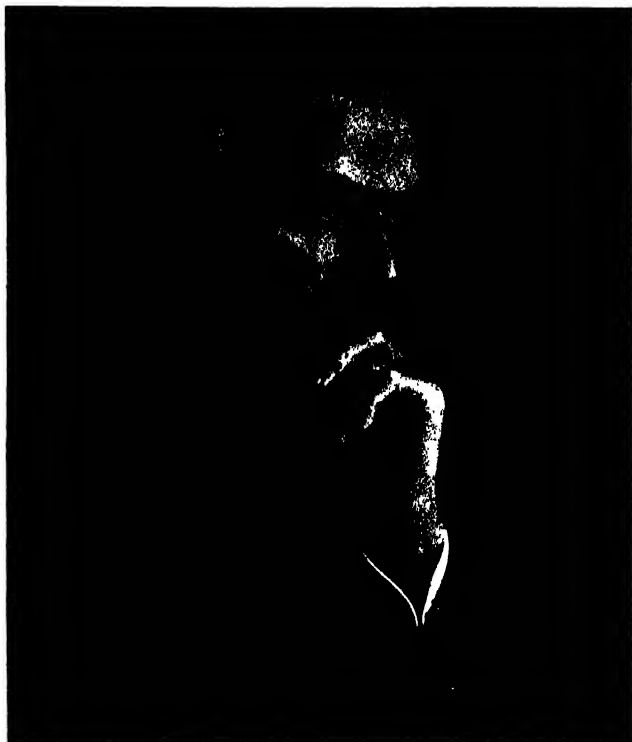


Photo by E. O. Hopp.

Maurice Le Blanc.

Author of "Arsène Lupin," whose new novel, "Sig," has just been published by Messrs. Milla & Bohn.

them would prove an actor to be unfit for his job. 'Pantaloone' was the one I found most difficult, as the first speech was over 1,200 words, and had to be spoken to music, which is never an easy thing to do. 'A Slice of Life' was pure burlesque, and a sheer delight to play in. I have seldom heard such laughter in a theatre."

Mr. J. M. Barrie's delightful fantasy, "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," with twenty-four colour plates by Mr. Arthur Rackham, has been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton in a popular edition, and the same firm are publishing, in a limited edition, "The Peter Pan Portfolio," a large volume of Mr. Rackham's drawings in colour.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is writing a book on William Blake.

Miss May Morris is editing for Messrs. Longmans a complete edition of her father William Morris's works in twenty-four volumes.

Mr. Frank A. Swinnerton, whose new novel we review elsewhere, is a Londoner by birth, and has lived in London all his life. He was born at Wood Green in 1884, and wrote his first published novel, that excellent story "The Merry Heart," at the age of twenty-three. A severe illness, when

he was eight years old, stopped his schooling for some time, and continued delicacy made any education so fragmentary as to be negligible. His earliest ambitions were towards a literary career; at the age of ten he started an amateur periodical; four later years he entered the London office of the Glasgow newspaper publishers, Messrs. Hay, Nisbet & Co., and was afterwards for a few years with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. He was well under twenty when he wrote a novel which several firms declined to publish, and made two other short experiments in fiction before writing "The Merry Heart." In the three years since then he has in the intervals of business produced "The Young Idea," which has just been published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Mr. Swinnerton has done a good deal of critical work of various kinds, has contributed some short stories to the magazines, and is now at work on another novel, a modern comedy, that is quite different in character from either of his previous books. His elder brother, by the way, Mr. Philip Swinnerton, is the well-known black-and-white artist.

If poetry is in a bad way at present, it is because most of our poets seem to have lost touch with the life of their own time and have not the supreme creative power that would enable them to breathe

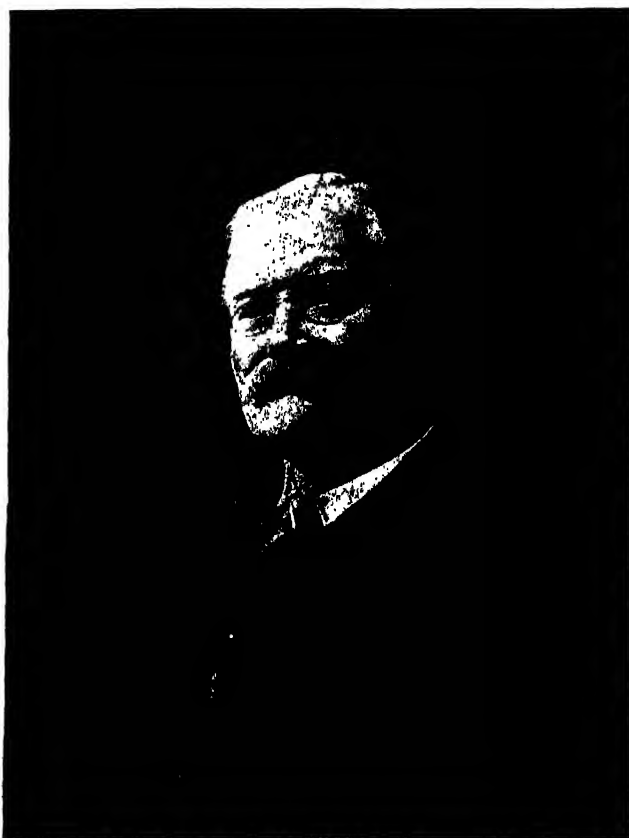


Photo by Chas. G. Mason, Birmingham.

Professor Churton Collins.

Whose posthumous book, "Greek Influence on English Poetry," will be published this month by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

new life and meaning into the classic and old romantic themes that they appear to regard as the only fit subjects for poetry. Latterly, a few of them have been drawing inspiration from contemporary life and finding matter for song in the day they know instead of the days they have read about; and one of the pioneers in this notable movement is Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, whose new poems, "Daily Bread," have been issued in three small volumes by Mr. Elkin Mathews. In these books Mr. Gibson has set himself to give expression to dramatic moments in the lives of everyday working people, seeking always to reveal the essential realities and avoiding as far as possible mere local and temporary realism. Mr. Gibson has already published much good work, but happily is still a young man with a future before him. He was born at Hexham in 1878.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has written a dramatic poem on the story of Columbus which he is calling "The Discoverer," and it is one of a book of poetical dramas that he is publishing with Mr. Elkin Mathews this month. The same publisher announces an important book by Mr. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, on "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan," which includes Mrs. Hearn's reminiscences, giving to the public for the first time her own story of her husband. The book will be illustrated with many sketches by Genjiro Karaoka and by Lafcadio Hearn himself.

Another book about Lafcadio Hearn is the third and final volume of his Life and Letters that Messrs. Constable are publishing, with an introduction by Hearn's friend and biographer, Elizabeth Bisland. The introduction contains many new facts concerning Hearn, and a study of him as a letter-writer and author of books. The illustrations include some hitherto unpublished portraits and a number of Hearn's own sketches.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing immediately a new novel by Mrs. Baillie Saunders, called "The Bride's Mirror." It is the story of a self-willed aristocratic maiden, who spurns marriage with one of her class for an unrealised union with a famous and militant Socialist. The scenes are laid in Mayfair and Stepney, and it seems probable that the downright outspokenness of the book will raise a storm of protest from readers who do not share its opinions.

Mr. Mackenzie Macbride has written a book on "Arran of the Bens, the Glens, and the Brave," which Mr. T. N. Foulis is publishing. It is at once a guide-book and a history of the most interesting of the Hebridean Islands, and will be illustrated in colour by Mr. J. Lawton Wingate.

Messrs. Bell have just added to their Masters of Literature Series "De Quincey," from the pen of Sidney Low, and a volume on Dickens, by Thomas Seecombe, is to be published early next year.

We congratulate the Oxford University Press

on repeating the success it gained at the Paris Exhibition in being the only British binding house to obtain the highest possible distinction at the Brussels Exhibition, where of the nineteen Grands Prix awarded to British exhibitors in the classes concerned with books and their production—paper, printing, and binding—no fewer than seven have been awarded to the Oxford Press, no other exhibitor obtaining more than one.

"The North Pole" is the title that has been given to Commander Peary's great book on his successful voyage of discovery. Mr. Roosevelt has written an introduction to the book, which is illustrated with over a hundred photographs and



Photo by Messrs. Thomson

Lady Dorothy Nevill,

Whose new book of reminiscences, "Under Five Reigns," was published by Messrs. Methuen last month

will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

"The Amazing Mutes," Mr. Ward Muir's skit on the Swiss cheap trip, is one of Messrs. Stanley Paul's latest successes. Mr. Ward Muir began a journalistic career about ten years ago as sub-editor of *Forget-Me-Not* and the *Home Circle*. He gave up office work when his health broke down, and has since been a free-lance author contributing to every variety of journal from *Tit-Bits* to the *Spectator*. He lives in the country writing stories and general articles for the magazines and, making a speciality of photography, contributing largely to the photographic press. He has published two books for boys and an anonymous technical book on photography, which has had a very large sale. Like most authors nowadays, he is busy on a play, and, in the meantime, has completed a new novel which deals with art-student and journalistic life in London and abroad.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein are issuing a revised and enlarged edition of "Beowulf," translated into English prose by Mr. J. R. Clark-Hall. The book will contain much new matter and a number of new illustrations.



Mr. Ernest Davies,

Whose remarkable first novel, "Dives and Son," has just been published by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

With the appearance of the further fifty books in "Everyman's Library" the series arrives at its five hundredth volume. The new volumes include Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," two volumes of Plato, Froude's "Mary Tudor," Byron's complete Plays and

Poems, Ben Jonson's Plays, Select Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, two volumes of Minor Elizabethan Dramas, Burton's "First Footsteps in Africa," Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," seven famous novels, and various other important books in history, philosophy, biography, science, etc. One scarcely knows which to congratulate most—Messrs. Dent on making such an admirable selection for this latest addition to the Library, or the public on having it made for them.



Mrs. Florence L. Barclay.

Author of "The Rosary."

Messrs. Putnam's are publishing Mrs. Barclay's new novel, "The Mistress of Shenstone," this month.

For the last ten years Mr. J. A. Hobson has been largely engaged in political and social criticism for the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers; and he is a regular contributor to the literary and political sections of the *Nation*. His new book, "A Modern Outlook," consists entirely of literary articles reprinted from the latter. Mr. Hobson is one of our foremost writers on economics, and his books are popular because he has learned how to make the "dismal science" interesting. After leaving Oxford in 1880, he was a schoolmaster for a few years; then became a University Extension Lecturer in English Literature and Economics, work which he continued down to 1898. His earlier writings were chiefly on economic subjects; though, as his "Problems of Poverty" and "John Ruskin, Social Reformer" indicate, he has never admitted the severance of economics from politics and ethics in the science and art of society. A journey of political investigation through South Africa in the summer of 1899 led him into a new region of political controversy, and resulted in a notable book on "Imperialism." At present Mr. Hobson has no new work in hand, but he is hoping before long to

supplement what he regards as his most important book, "The Industrial System," with a volume interpreting industrial phenomena in terms of social utility—a more or less systematic endeavour, following Ruskin, to express wealth in terms of human cost and human utility, both individual and social.

"Louvet: Revolutionary and Romance Writer," is a new biography by Mr. John Rivers that Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce for immediate publication. Louvet came into personal contact with all the great revolutionists; his own life was as picturesque and as full of stirring incidents as any of his written romances; the story of Louvet and Lodoiska, the woman he loved, covers the whole period of the Revolution.

Referring to Mr. J. W. Whitty's note in our last issue concerning his new edition of Poe's Poems, Mr. J. H. Ingram writes to say that he is certainly not "the English writer" alluded to by Mr. Whitty as having "stated that no file of the *Flag of Our Union* to which Poe contributed was now in existence," for, as a fact, no American critic seems to have known that such a periodical had existed until Mr. Ingram divulged the circumstance in his "Life of Poe" in 1880, and mentioned three out of the nine contributions Poe made to it. "The copy of the paper that Mr. Whitty speaks of," Mr. Ingram adds, "is evidently the only one known of in America, and it is in the Library of Congress. I shall be interested in seeing what Mr. Whitty calls the 'eight new poems' he has discovered, for I think in all probability they are poems I am already well acquainted with. As to the story of Poe's journey to Europe in 1827, I have given in my Life of the

poet an account of this that was dictated to a friend by Poe when he was on a bed of sickness, and am furnishing some additional details in the new edition of my Life that, as you mentioned last month, I have for some time past been preparing."

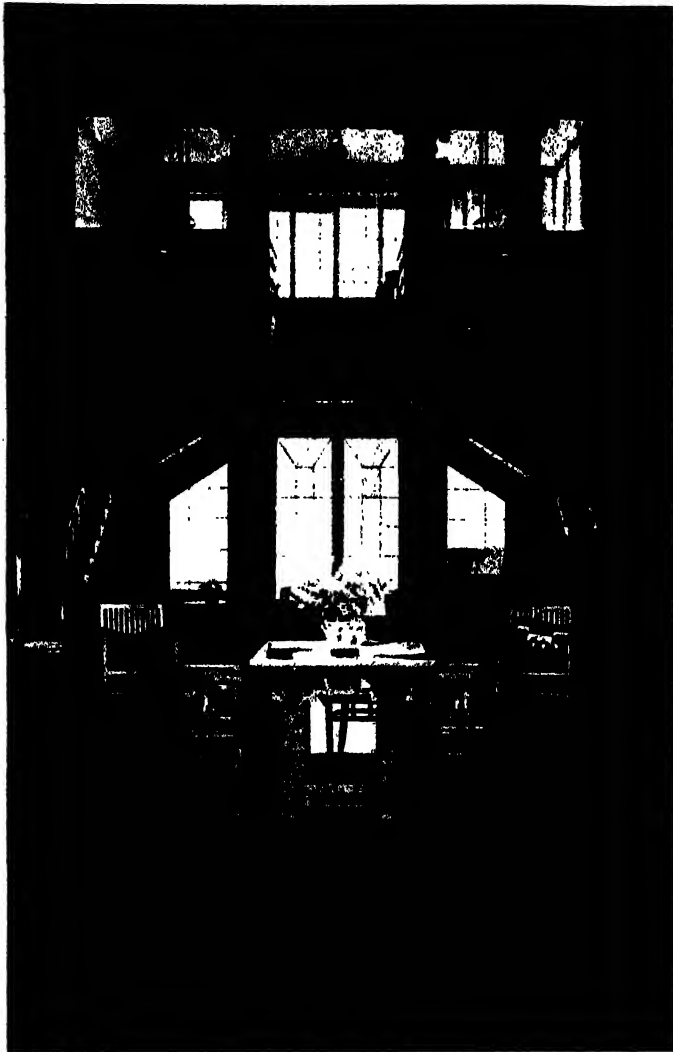
A few years ago, when Antonio Fogazzaro was first meditating his new novel, "Leila," rumours spread about the valley of the Astico that he was about to start a brewery. He was seen exploring the neighbourhood, examining various sites, clearly anxious to find the spot best suited to his purposes. But he was not satisfied with extensive views or the pleasant shade of hanging woods; he wanted also plenty of good spring water, and that, before he decided it was good enough, chemists should analyse it and certify to its purity. "Beer, therefore," said the neighbourhood; for there were breweries already not far off, and it was incredible that such great care as to the healthfulness of the water could portend anything but a new industrial scheme. As a fact, it really portended a new house and a new novel. The villa materialised, and has

been called "La Montanina"; the novel is "Leila," now completed, and to be published in Italy by Messrs. Baldini & Castoldi, and in England by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.



Antonio Fogazzaro.

The valley of the Astico has long been dear to the life and art of Fogazzaro. In the Villa Valmarana there he passed many happy and busy summers; the whole district is peopled with the creatures of his imagination, the men and women of his books. On the death of Fogazzaro's mother-in-law the Villa Valmarana passed to other heirs, and as he could not reconcile himself to leaving his familiar surroundings, he built for himself in the



**View of the interior of
"La Montanina."**

Antonio Fogazzaro's villa in the valley of the Astico.

same valley his new villa, "La Montanina." But whilst the villa was in course of building, he felt it was too cold and unhomely a place; it was too entirely new; its rooms had no associations for him, they held no dreams, no echoes of his past. Therefore, he selected "La Montanina" as the scene of his new novel, peopled it with the persons of his story, so that the new views and the new walls now have memories of them and their passions, and the chill of a house in which nobody lived has passed away. In each room, on the stairs, by the enormous windows, around the gigantic carved fireplace, lurks a sense of hidden life, a feeling that new as

it all is, the house is not without a history, and this history has been written in "Leila." The novel grew as the villa grew; before it was completed, the villa was described in the story, and in its growth it has exactly realised that description.

Leila herself, the heroine of the story, is a mystery. An Italian writer says: "I remember that about a couple of years ago, in a small villa of roses—a red building, that rises a little more forward on the Astico plain and plays an important part in the novel—the following verses written by Fogazzaro in 1906 were found on the wall:

'Here from my pen was born a lady
With white hair and large dark eyes,
Who claims the Villa of Roses as her own,
And, sorrowfully smiling, thinks of the thorns.'

The verses were published in various papers and excited much curiosity. That lady with the white hair must be Leila." The writer asked Fogazzaro of Leila's identity, but he evaded the question, and replied: "The novel is dedicated to my daughter Maria. The heroine is in reality called Lelia, not Leila. The name Leila was given to her by the wish of the man who loved her, and gives her at the end of the book a special character."

Of the novel itself, Fogazzaro said to his interviewer: "It is a mixture of comedy and drama; there is laughter and passion. It is largely a passion drama embroidered on a canvas of various religious attitudes. This second characteristic makes 'Leila' to some extent the complement of 'The Saint'—it is intended to explain more clearly the idea which was perhaps not wholly understood in the earlier



Antonio Fogazzaro's villa in the valley of the Astico.

La Montanina."

novel; it maintains the necessity of exercising a strong religious action, chiefly in the moral sense. No thorny dogmatic question is touched upon. On the contrary, in a certain sense the book is anti-modernist. There is a young man sliding across modernism in a state of incredulity. It is incidentally admitted that Benedetto, the protagonist of 'The Saint,' might have erred in theological arguments, and that having been admonished by authority, he has conformed, with fitting obedience. But the orthodoxy of his intentions, and particularly the moral character of his reforming action, are maintained and brought into relief. There are no portraits in the book except, maybe, of certain persons who are dead, and even in these cases the resemblance is reduced to a study of mind, and all the circumstances of the external lives are changed."

Signor Fogazzaro's family complain that he works too hard. When he is engaged on a novel he is at his table by five in the morning, and does not end his day's work until ten at night. They blame his publishers, but Fogazzaro will not hear of that. "It is I who want to get it finished," he declares; "I want to finish it and feel that I may breathe freely again." His method of work is to begin by making rapid and brief incidental notes; then he prepares a full scheme, which he modifies during the progress of the story, more particularly as regards the personalities of the protagonists, who are always invented. He rarely makes any alterations in his secondary characters, for they are almost invariably observed from life. He revises, recasts, and rewrites largely, and takes a pleasure in doing so. Of "Leila," the first two-thirds were written slowly, he says, "with many halts, a little everywhere, in Rome, Vicenza, Montegaldà, Valsolda, and elsewhere. The last part, on the other hand, came quite easily, at once. I finished writing it in the Valsolda inn at San Marquette, where I retired for a week, so as to have absolute solitude. Then I started corrections, which were much greater in 'Leila' than in any other of my novels." The final revision and re-writing occupied him for some three months.

The prize of £100 which

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons offered early this year for the best story suitable for boys and girls has been awarded to Lady MacAlistair (wife of Sir Donald MacAlistair, K.C.B., Vice-Chancellor of Glasgow University) for a story entitled "Uncle Hal," which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing immediately. Hundreds of MSS. were sent in for the competition and four judges were kept hard at work for several months reading and adjudicating upon them.

The Centenary of Dickens's birth is still over a year away from us, but it is none too soon to be making preparation for the adequate commemoration of an event of such world-wide interest. With the possible exception of Scott, as Mr. Andrew Lang says, "Dickens in his popularity and his genius has no parallel among novelists," and it is fitting that our tribute to his memory should be something above the ordinary. There is talk of marking the occasion by opening a Dickens Museum in London; by the erection of a splendid sculptured monument; by endowing homes and hospitals; but the suggestion that has met with immediate and most enthusiastic approval is the Charles Dickens Testimonial scheme that has been inaugurated and developed by the *Strand Magazine*. Two months ago an article in the *Strand* proposed that to celebrate Dickens's Centenary specially designed penny stamps should be issued, and that every lover of his works should purchase enough of these to be able to affix one to the fly-leaf of each copy of Dickens's books that he possesses, and that the sum so realised should be offered to certain of the descendants of Boz, as

some small proof of the world's lasting admiration and affection for a great man who has given it more happiness than it can ever pay for. It seems that some of Dickens's grandchildren are not in easy circumstances; one of them has lately accepted an annuity of twenty-five pounds from the Royal Literary Fund. The unsatisfactory state of the Copyright Laws in Dickens's time made it impossible for him to secure to his large family more than a very small proportion of the profits that arose from the sale of his works; he drew no royalties whatever from his enormous



Design for the Charles Dickens Testimonial Stamp.

(The alterations shown are being made on Lord Avebury's suggestion.)

sales in America ; and this Testimonial scheme gives to Americans no less than to ourselves an opportunity of making some amends for such past injustices. The stamps may be obtained from the *Strand Magazine*, and the amounts received for them will be handed over to Trustees of the fund without any sort of deduction ; they will also be on sale at all bookshops, and we have made arrangements for selling them direct from this office to readers of THE BOOKMAN, and shall present to every reader who purchases not fewer than thirty of the stamps from us a handsome colour-plate engraving of a scene or character from "Pickwick."

If Dickens's heirs had inherited from him land which he did not create instead of books which he did, they might still be in full possession of their inheritance ; for there is a divinity that hedges landed estates, preserving them to you and your successors in perpetuity ; but no such privilege is extended to mere literary property. If Dickens had been a great General and had achieved victories with the sword, instead of with what we are taught to believe is the mightier weapon, we know what a grateful nation would have done for him and his. Without at all belittling the services of our military and diplomatic men of genius, one may say that though Parliament never thanked him for

them or dreamt of making him a grant in recognition of them, Dickens's services to his country, to say nothing of the world at large, will in their different way at least compare with the best work of the greatest of those others, and now that his countrymen have this opportunity of showing their appreciation of this fact, it is no wonder that they are eager to avail themselves of it. The current number of the *Strand* contains a further article on the progress of the Testimonial scheme and the names of an influential committee that is supporting it here and in America. We shall return to this subject in the November BOOKMAN, the contents of which will include a special and fully illustrated article on "Dickens and Reform," by B. W. Matz, editor of the *Dickensian*, who has done so much in connection with the establishment of the Dickens Fellowship.

Turgenev's "Annals of a Sportsman" did for the Russian monjik very much what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the South American negro, and in "Two Russian Reformers," which Messrs. Stanley Paul have in hand, Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd has made a study of the earlier novelist and Tolstoy, and the work they have done in the cause of freedom and social betterment in Russia.

A volume on Nietzsche has just been included in Messrs. Constable's Religious Ancient and Modern Series. The criticism is by A. M. Ludovico, and there is an introduction by Oscar Levy.

Mr. S. J. Shaylor has compiled a new anthology "In Praise of Gardens," and Messrs. Truslove & Hanson are publishing it shortly. It includes both poetry and prose, and will be illustrated with views from famous English gardens.

Mr. Guy Thorne writes asking us to contradict the suggestion made by several papers that he is the author of a recently published book of essays entitled "Pause." "I have not written a line of it," he says, "nor am I connected with it in any shape or form."

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we have to thank the proprietors of *Punch*, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Newnes, Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Pitman, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Stanley Paul, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Putnam's, and Messrs. Nisbet.



Photo by Russell & Sons.

Mr. H. Noel Williams,

Whose new history, "Henry II.: His Court and Times"
Messrs. Methuen are publishing.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

J. M. BARRIE AS A DRAMATIST.

BY GRANVILLE BARKER.

BARRIE'S plays are inimitable, because Barrie is a genius. I don't mean by this to put him or them higher than—shall I say—Ibsen, whose greatness lies at any rate partly in the fact that the mass of his work is not only very imitable indeed, but is and must be imitated by almost every dramatist coming after him. Like Ibsen or loathe him, our European drama is Ibsenised. Barrie is a great gain to the English theatre, but I doubt whether the legacy of his influence will be a great one.

It is interesting to note his approach to play writing. He seems to have taken to it quite casually, almost contemptuously, seeing at first neither difficulties to be overcome nor glory in overcoming them. Put him in this respect beside a contemporary unlike him in every other, Bernard Shaw. Here we have the two dramatists who, quite apart from merit or demerit, express themselves most individually in their plays: it is the peculiar distinction of their work. They served no apprenticeship of refusal or failure, but staked out each his claim in the English theatre as cool as you please. When it is added that one is Irish and the other Scotch, there is but emphasised a commonplace of history.

Certainly Barrie's approach to the theatre was spiced, and rather more than spiced, with contempt. First, I think, came a collaboration with Marriott Watson called Richard Savage, then a piece of fun, Ibsen's Ghost; then a sketch, Becky Sharp, which was probably pure Thackeray. I saw none of these. Walker, London, was the first success; The Professor's Love Story followed, and in that sense eclipsed it. I remember little of Walker, London, but the actual houseboat. That and the uses made of it were evidence enough of the extraordinary scenic inventiveness to be cultivated later. I remember Toole sitting on a river-bank that sloped

the wrong way; Miss Irene Vanbrugh flinging away some weighty book of science (it looked like a First French Reader) as a preliminary or a sequel to falling in love, and flinging it on the occasion of my visit slap into the eye of a mild-looking gentleman who sat in the front of the stalls.

But The Professor's Love Story I do remember, and it was about as cynically bad a play as any man of its author's calibre could expect to write, tried he never so hard. I am inclined to think that if the printing of plays were compul



*From a Pen and Ink Sketch
by Maurice Greiffenhagen.*

J. M. Barrie in 1888.

sory (though I don't at the moment insist upon readableness as a test of merit), Barrie the man of letters would cheerfully have parted with all the profits *The Professor* brought him to ransom it from a place of equality upon the shelves which were to hold *Sentimental Tommy* and *Margaret Ogilvy*. Then came *The Little Minister*, an uninspired, rather cheapened version of his book, nothing more.

And then the change came. There seems to have happened what is apt to happen. You casually take hold of the Theatre; in a very little you find that the Theatre has seriously taken hold of you. The *Wedding Guest* comes next. It was not quite so individual a piece of work as its author can give us now, but it was a warm-blooded thing. One may note too, I think, Barrie's growing interest in his new art by the experiment he makes as to how far pathology is justified in the theatre. He uses madness, and very pathologically too. It was a daring thing to do.

Quality Street was another step forward. It showed us, for one thing, how a dramatist of taste and sensibility could, by his very dialogue, create a picture more delicately and surely than all the scene-painting and costumery that money can buy. It was a charming play. Then came *The Admirable Crichton*, romance salted with satire: many will still think that this is Barrie's best work for the stage. I am not sure; completest, in a sense, it may be. After this, *Little Mary*. The playwright's difficulties have been discovered and conquered by this time; it is a masterpiece of skill. I have the habit (I don't know why) of thinking of it as a sort of first cousin to *Quality Street*; there is, indeed, a likeness of tone in the two plays. But the later ranks high above the earlier, since intrinsic fancy must rank above extrinsic. *Alice-sit-by-the-fire* is satire again. How many people think of Barrie as a satirist? To this time belong a one-act play or so and *Josephine*, as to which last his practical mind seems to have blundered into thinking that an English theatrical audience either knew or cared anything about politics, could even tell you the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer except at Budget times. What *Every Woman Knows* and two more one-act plays bring the record up to date. And some time or other there was born *Peter Pan*.

I have never seen *Peter Pan*. I am probably the only playgoer in London who hasn't. The dis-



Photo by G. C. Bergey.

J. M. Barrie.

tingtion was not an easy one to earn, and since any distinction is better than none nowadays, I don't know how I shall ever make up my mind to forfeit it. But I remember saying to myself that as I was not very old, and the young fairy gentleman would certainly survive me, where was the hurry? Still, I have seen all the posters. I have heard, while pursuing my own avocations, shouts from the audience, shouts on the stage. I remember seeing a certain crocodile split open and forced to disgorge—no, it would be indecent to relate that. But I have been passed on the stairs by panting Red Indians and Pirates and a very woolly dog; and, anyhow, I shall certainly

proceed to discuss *Peter* in company with the rest of his father's plays—those of the past ten years, by which Barrie the playwright is fairly to be judged.

He is probably most himself, most at his dramatic ease, in *Peter Pan*, since he is most able in it to treat the Theatre as a gigantic plaything. Much of the charm of all his work might be explained by the fact that he never loses and never lets his audience lose the exciting hovering of the mind between make-believe and reality which so endears the Theatre to a child. I am not sure that this half-dread of reality is not a source of weakness to some of the other plays, but it is an obvious strength to *Peter Pan*.

In *Little Mary*, now, the whole subject of the play is poised most artfully upon the very edge of the impossible. A wonderfully contrived atmosphere of playful mystery sustains the first act. But from then onwards it has needed all the author's ingenuity, clever manipulation of a variety of characters, a freshening contrast of scenes, a tickling but never a taxing of the expectation of his audience, to carry the business to its ludicrous *dénouement*. Nothing could be bolder, more apparently reckless than some of the devices he has used. To poke fun at theatricalities when by one false step sheer theatricality may at any moment appear the most obvious thing about the whole affair is pretty daring. Once, indeed, when father and son abruptly exchange chairs, remarking the while in all innocence upon the peculiar ways of actors with stage furniture, Barrie's inveterate love of a game peeped through undisguisedly. But of its sort *Little Mary* is, to my recollection, unsurpassed, and nothing of its sort seems possible but to the author of it. The workmanship is so fine. In this play more than any

of the others, we find, I think—and we need to find—Barrie's power of completely envisaging his effects. He is master in it not only of that one part of his material, the spoken dialogue, he adds to it not merely the business to be done, but if he had not at every step taken into account the whole activity of the stage, nicely calculated and balanced it, the delicate structure must have tumbled about him. Little Mary is, indeed, a triumph of the unaided art of play-writing.

The Admirable Crichton is much solidier stuff. I remember once meeting the late Dr. Furnivall. One August it was; he was trudging up a hill hatless, holding his big green umbrella, and I walked my bicycle at his side. I had lately begun to write plays, and my mind was much exercised upon construction and characterisation and the art and artifice of it all. "What you want, my dear feller," said the old Doctor, "is a good story."

SCENES FROM "QUALITY STREET."



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walcott.

Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss in "Quality Street."

All the best plays in the world have got a good story to 'em." So I rode my bicycle on, thinking that out and a little bothered; it was some time before I could fix a meaning to it which I was happy in accepting. But surely it is true enough as long as we remember that the dramatic form is not the narrative, to be thinly frescoed on paper, and that the mere plot of a play is not all its story. The story is a four-square thing only to be held up at all by the vividness and solidity of the characters, that themselves create it.

Now in this sense *The Admirable Crichton* is a good play, mainly because it has a good story. It is a refreshing story, a timely story, and a story eminently to

have been written by a Scotsman living in luxurious snobbish England. One weakness of the play is curious. The "big" scene is not to be brought off, the hero and heroine cannot fall into each other's arms without

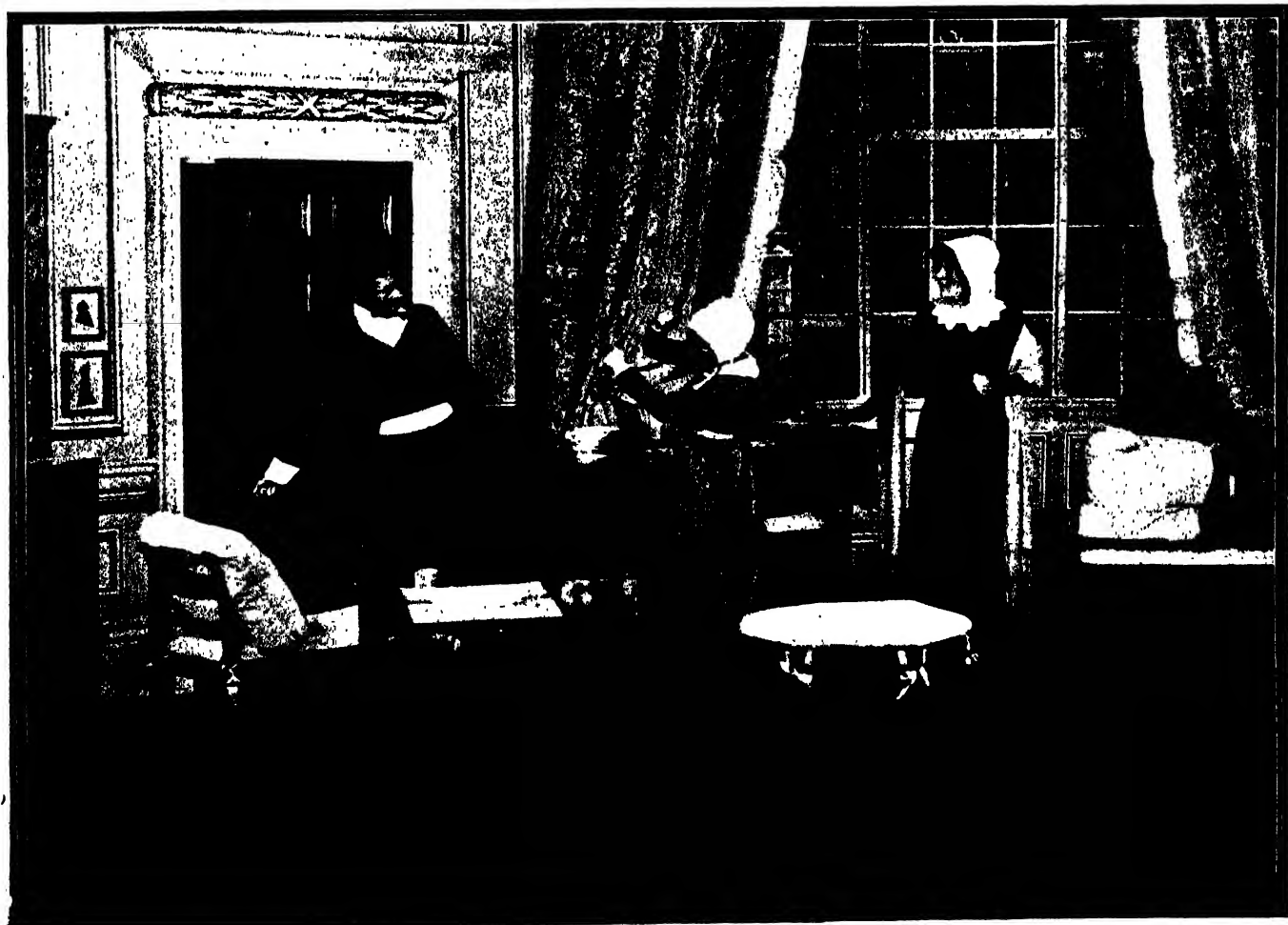


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Waler.

The homecoming.

3

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**Mr. Cyril Maude as
the Little Minister.**

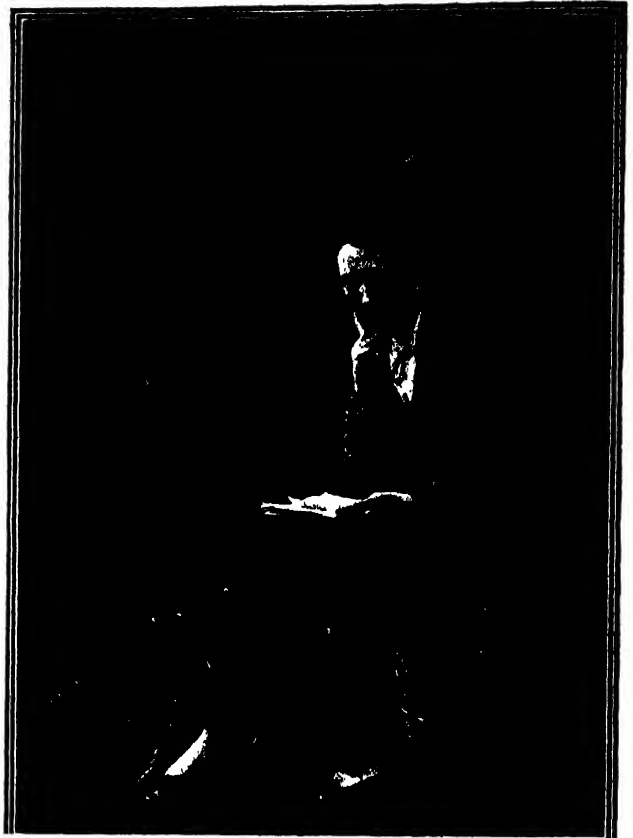


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

**Mr. Gerald du Maurier
as the Hon. Ernest
Woolley in "The
Admirable Crichton."**

SCENES FROM "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

The Earl of Loam and his yachting party, wrecked on a desolate island, find themselves so helpless they cannot even light a fire until Crichton, the butler, on their owning that here, on the island, he is the better man, comes to their assistance. The characters, reading from left to right, are: the Hon. Ernest Woolley (Mr. Gerald du Maurier), Tweeny (Miss Hilda Trevelyan), Rev. John Treherne (Mr. Chas. Maude), Crichton (Mr. Lyn Harding), and the Earl of Loam (Mr. Eric Lewis) and his three daughters the Ladies Mary, Catherine, and Agatha (Miss Miriam Clements, Miss Sybil Carlisle, and Miss Muriel Beaumont).



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Watery.
Hungry and helpless, the Earl and his daughters and the rest, one after the other, humble themselves and yield to the mastery of the accomplished Crichton.
In the civilised world they are above him; on the island, his resourcefulness and capacity for work make him their superior.



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Watery.
Crichton and the Lady Mary, who is to become Mrs. Crichton, waited upon in the hut by one of the Earl's less fortunate daughters.

SCENES FROM "PANTALOOON."



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Clown claims Columbine as his bride, with the consent of Pantaloone, her father; but at the eleventh hour Harlequin, her lover, carries her off and marries her.

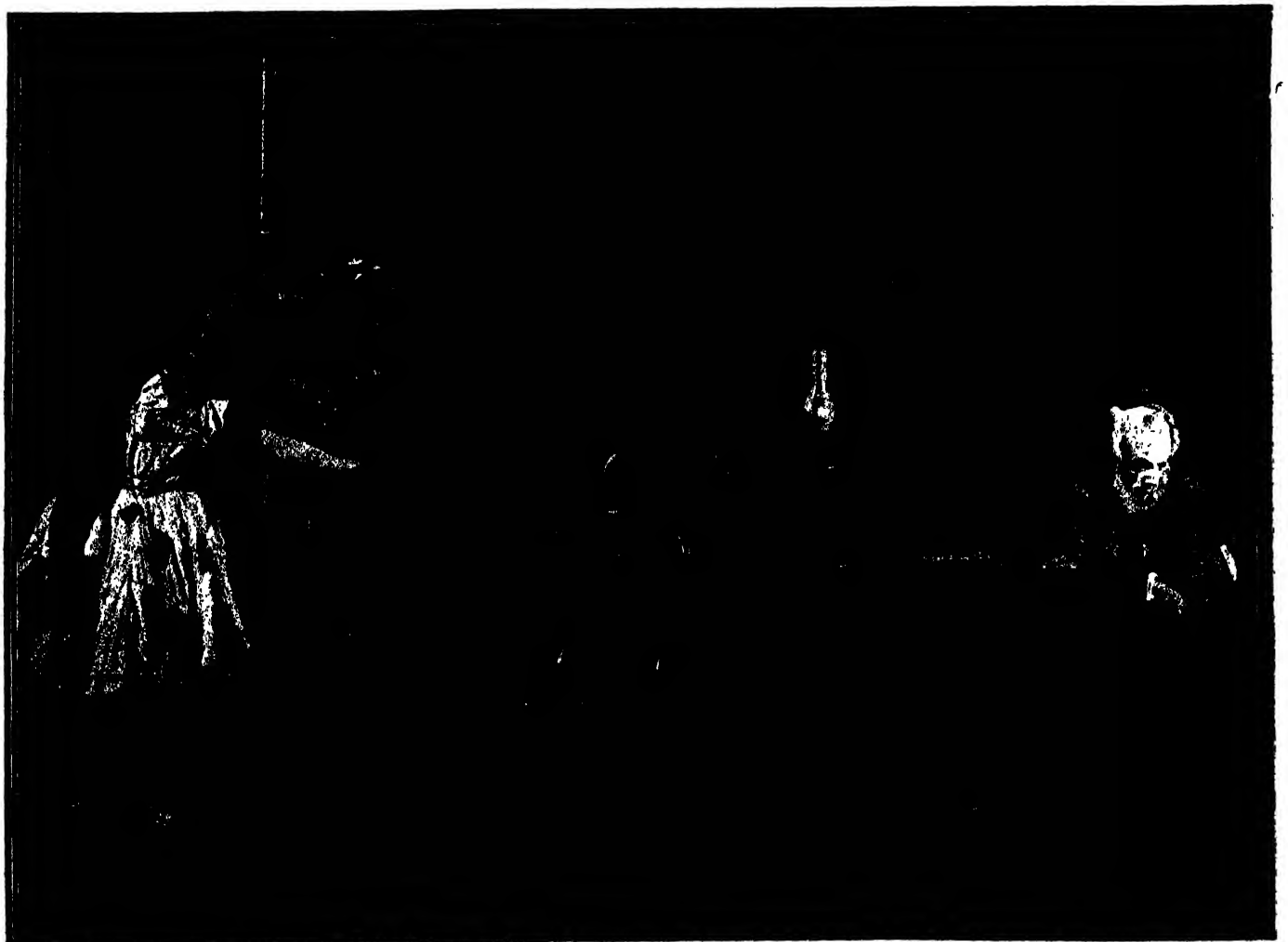


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Harlequin and Columbine, poor and desperate, return after years of absence and find Pantaloone, who had cast them off in anger, very old and lonely, and seek a reconciliation.

dropping into poetry in a friendly way. It isn't their creator's poetry either; an irritating modesty. I find a lack of dramatic life-blood here. Another weakness is instructive. It lies in the indeterminate conduct of the last act and springs, I think, from Barrie's typical objection to forcing any of his characters into forfeiting our sympathy. If I am right, he was in a quandary over this last act. The butler could not marry the daughter of the house, that was clear: at least, it was clear enough to Barrie. For him, too, a dozen other flaccid solutions involving heroic lies and self-sacrifice and broken hearts were ruled out also. Crichton must be sympathetic to the end. How, then, to keep sympathy as well for Lady Mary? The issue is shirked, very cleverly shirked; but the shirking of an obvious issue



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Watery

Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. A. E. Matthews as Alice and her son in "Alice-sit-by-the-Fire."

'must always be a deadly weakness in a play. One quite minor point in Crichton has always amused me intensely. How providential that the yachting party should have thought to take a clergyman with them, so that when they did get thrown away on a desert island and some of them wanted to get married, the proprieties could all be observed, and never a blush brought to the cheek of the licenser of plays. There is yet another comedy to be written around the agonies of a high-toned Anglican party in the same predicament, and with only a Plymouth Brother or a Positivist to fall back upon. But I think Barrie is not the man to write it, nor perhaps is this same spiritually snobbish England the country to write it for. No extraneous reason was needed to account for



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Watery.

SCENE FROM "ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE."

the enormous success of *What Every Woman Knows*. Had there been, I could have found one. It appeared at a time of great stress in the Woman's movement, and must have proved a passing comfort—have provided a breathing space, as it were, if of only three hours—to the many whose consciences were a little overburdened by the surrounding struggle because here was a play so subtly reactionary. Barrie can be a very dangerous writer. He is apt to appeal, not vulgarly to the weakness of the flesh, but subtly to the weaknesses of the spirit. His loving contempt for human nature and his power of seeing mankind as an imaginative child sees its dolls, caring, as a rule, more fondly for the broken ones, is attractive, but it is not always stimulating. We must remember, too, that he addresses the theatre public, which needs, of all others, the severest doses of tonic.

The first act of *What Every Woman Knows* is in itself, I dare say, the most flawless thing its author has done, and as a first act it is wholly admirable. The second act is as good as it can be. From there I find that, instead of developing, the play runs thin and tapers to its end. The political part is trivially dealt with and even the personal problem becomes a little vapid. It seems as if the dramatist had found himself with a subject that threatened to spread beyond his customary canvas, and had been forced upon a compromise. And he chose to sacrifice the importance and reality of his characters to the form of his play. The lighter touches are still put in with extraordinary skill. The final scene between husband and wife I remember as a masterpiece of comic decoration of a problem. But on consideration, they remain in my mind as a stucco couple.

Of the two latest plays, one was coldly and the other rapturously received. No one would pretend that *Old*



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

J. M. Barrie.

Friends ranked high among its fellows, still, I thought it was not only underrated, but grossly misunderstood. When an author most carefully creates a little atmosphere of mystery and superstition, it shows clearly, it seems to me, that he does not mean to be thought writing a scientific treatise. An unconscious feeling among the better critics of the play may have been that a subject like the hereditary consequences of the drink habit should not be treated at all in the Theatre, except semi-scientifically and with a generous grasp of the problem, and if this were to be said about a full-length play, one could admit the aesthetic justice of the judgment. But this suggestion that a man's vices may suck their creator dry, and then, like evil spirits, hover to seize some other victim near and dear to him, as I found it in *Old Friends*, I find to be the idea of a poet, and a terrible, pregnant, fascinating idea. There are not so many such going begging in one-act plays that we can afford to despise them.

When I admire a thing and other people praise it, I am very jealous that it should be praised, as I think, properly. I wonder how many of the people who laughed consumedly at *The Twelve-Pound Look* know really how good a play it is. I think I am prepared to back it against any other one-act comedy that exists; and I know a few first-class ones, mostly not, I am sorry to say, in the English language. Apart from its technical excellence, that not a word is wasted (though there are, to be candid, just a couple or so of speeches I would take out to pronounce it flawless), and the marvellous ease with which every effect is made, the temper of the thing is so fine. People prate for and against there being no moral purpose in art. Can any woman of spirit walk out of the theatre after seeing

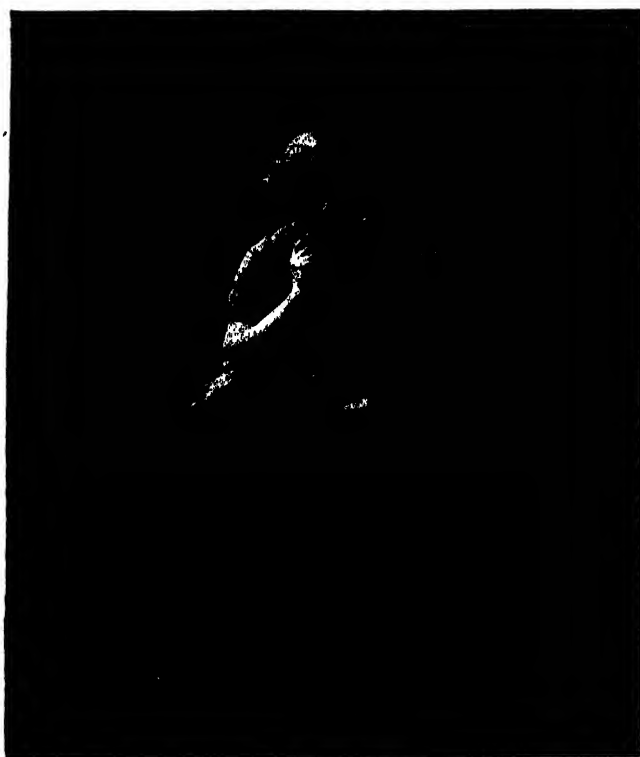


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Watery.

**Miss Pauline Chase as
Peter Pan.**

The Twelve-Pound Look without feeling an inch taller? If that's not a high artistic achievement, I don't know what is.

Looking back, I notice two things about these remarks of mine. The first is a tendency to insist upon the technical excellence of the plays. I take a natural interest in that, but I have been at the greater pains to point it out, because I know how people long to believe that with such an apparently naive genius as Barrie's, inspiration is all, the work may come haphazard. It neither does nor can.

The other thing is a trick of speaking of some of the plays always in the past tense. They *were* this, that, or the other; we speak so of plays. Let those of

us who love the Theatre lose not an opportunity of exposing the stupidities of a system under which our best plays, after their first money-making run, bid fair to perish under lock and key.

I am pledged to the dramatic art, a Cinderella among her sisters, either most memmally entreated or gaudily, too gaudily, attired (fairy godmothers have no taste). And I have a certain pride that the young lady should not only have attracted such a man as Barrie (that is a tribute to her vitality), but should have turned his casual patronage into a very earnest suit of her. He is the humanest of our dramatists. He brings fresh air into the Theatre, which is, Heaven knows, in need of such spiritual ventilation.

J. M. BARRIE AND HIS BOOKS.

BY DR. JAMES MOFFATT.

MR. BARRIE'S novels, tales, and sketches run to eight volumes in the edition of 1897, and that does not include two of the later stories. This is a considerable output, even when one discounts minor tales and journalistic reprints like "When a Man's Single" and "My Lady Nicotine," but the characteristic features are comparatively few. The local spirit of Thrums and a predilection for fantasy, particularly in child-life, dominate Mr. Barrie's stories; one or the other, sometimes both, may be felt in all. The wonderful power of entering into the queer, imaginative world of children reappears in "The Little White Bird," and forms one of the transitions to his dramatic work. But the insight into the piety and manners of the Scotch peasantry is equally characteristic. Here, too, as in R. D. Blackmore's novels, there is a dash of playful fantasy in the method, a quickness of fond perception which loves to play with the tender and even the grim idiosyncrasies of simple folk. Still, it is not until "Sentimental Tommy" and its sequel that the two characteristics fully blend. The earlier sketches stand by themselves. "The Little Minister," in form as well as in date, lies

between them and the Tommy stories. Then come the children's books.

Mr. Barrie in "The Little White Bird" and "Peter Pan" has made a success which is as truly his own as Lewis Carroll's. A book about children is not always a book for children. Neither, as "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" prove, is a book for children invariably a book about children. Mr. Barrie's are generally both. Older readers, especially if they are subject to twinges of cooler criticism, will more than once feel that there is a perilous approach to sentimentalism in some of the chapters. Sentiment for sentiment's sake is a pit close to the path of the idyllist, whether his idylls are of nature or childhood. On the other hand, a chapter like that entitled "A Confirmed Spinster" in "The Little White Bird" touches the exact chord of delicate pathos, and touches it for precisely the right length of time. Mr. Barrie can achieve this feat with an artistic sureness of touch, and his first sketches were distinguished as much by this note of imaginative regret, suggested rather than elaborated, as by their humour.

What of these early sketches? It is with a



Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

J. M. Barrie.



From an etched portrait
by Manesse.

Margaret Ogilvy
(Mr. J. M. Barrie's
Mother).

"She is up now and dressed in her thick maroon wrapper; over her shoulders is a shawl not placed there by her own hands, and on her head a delicious mitch."—From *Margaret Ogilvy*

feeling of hesitation that one starts to read over again "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums." Books which had so commanding a success are apt to be disappointing after ten years. You try in vain to recapture the first fine careless rapture of enjoyment. But Mr. Barrie's volumes have lasted. Sir Walter Scott, though anxious to say as much as possible for Richard Cumberland's comedy of "The Fashionable Lover," was obliged to admit that the character of the Scotch servant had very little to distinguish it "from the Gibbies and Sawneys which had hitherto possession of the stage as popular representatives of the Scotch nation." Mr. Barrie's sketches of Thrums have been more successful. They opened up a phase of Scottish peasant life which was neither conventional nor familiar, and the delightful result is that they bear the test of re-reading, even though the mind has been dinted by

the numerous imitations which followed the Thrums lead, and by the inevitable reaction against it. These two books live, as transcripts of real life. They are masterpieces of their class. They have their niche as secure as "Cranford." The "Auld Licht Idylls" especially depicts a rugged tract of country manners which is rapidly being smoothed away, and its minute delicate realism makes it invaluable to the student of Scottish morals and religion during the middle of the nineteenth century. It is a book to confound any twentieth-century Buckle, and one of those documents



Drawn by J. M. Gleason. **The Window of Thrums.**

"On the hump of green round which the brae twists, at the top of the brae, and within cry of Thowhead Farm, still stands a one-story house, whose whitewashed walls, streaked with the discoloration that rain leaves, look yellow when the snow comes."

which will rejoice the heart of some Macaulay among our grandchildren. "Cranford," in point of literary art, is perhaps its nearest analogue in English, but it is a far cry from the demure and prim manners of Mrs. Gaskell's ladies to the rough vigour of Thrums.

"Once a year the dominie added to his income by holding cock-fights in the old school. This was at Yule, and the same practice held in the parish school of Thrums. Every male scholar was expected to bring a cock to the school, and to pay a shilling to the dominie for the privilege of seeing it killed there. The dominie was the master of the sports, assisted by the neighbouring farmers, some of whom might be elders of the Church. Three rounds were fought. By the end of the first round all the cocks had fought, and the victors were then pitted against each other. The cocks that survived the second round were eligible for the third, and the dominie, besides his shilling, got every cock killed. Sometimes, if all stories be true, the spectators



From a photograph.

**The Auld Licht Kirk in
"Sentimental Tommy."**



Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge.

"The square foot of glass where Jess sat in her chair and looked down the brae"—From *A Window in Thorns*.



From a photo by G. W. Wilson.

Sabbath at T'nowhead.

From "Auld Licht Idylls."



Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge.

Look Hard!

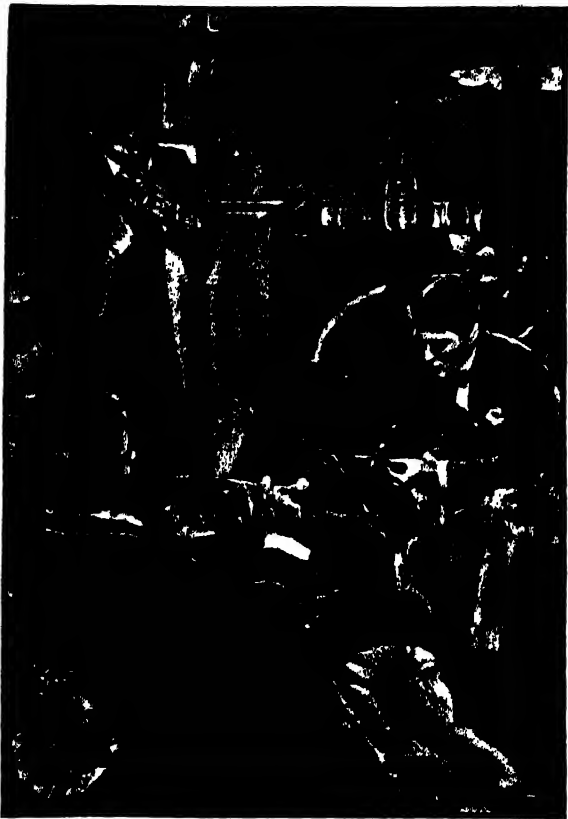
From "The Little Minister."



Drawn by William Hatherell.

Grizel.

From "Sentimental Tommy."



Drawn by J. de la Partridge.

**"Passing the
Arcadia."**

From "My Lady Nicotine."

were fighting with each other before the third round concluded."

The Cranford ladies would have fainted at the sight of such savagery, and shuddered even to hear of it. But Mr. Barrie etches in the rude as well as the delicate lines of the sketch. The reader, according to his taste,



*From a drawing by
Bernard Partridge.*

**"... and clung to
it, his teeth set."**

From "Tommy and Grizel."

dwells on Jess and Leebie or on the poaching and political riots, on the strict, narrow piety of the Auld Lights or on the wilder naturalism of the dominie and his congenial neighbours. The author's personal leaning is unmistakable; only he is too sound an artist to exaggerate in the direction of idealism or realism.

But it is one thing to produce exquisite cameos, another thing to fill a broad canvas. This trite reflection is forced upon the critic who turns from the early stories to the later novels. It is the whimsical local colour which saves "The Little Minister" from becoming ordinary. The Thrums worthies, with their little



From the cartoon by Oliver Paque.

J. M. Barrie.

From "English Humorists of To Day," by J. A. Hammerton.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

oddities, reappear. They are not a chorus in the background, for there is neither background nor foreground to the scenes. The inhabitants of Thrums cross and re-cross, with Gavin Dishart and the Egyptian flitting in and out; they are all living, whereas Lord Rintoul and his friend are lay-figures. On page after page the author's brush puts in the local setting with inimitable skill:

"Rintoul's so fond o' the leddyship 'at is to be, that when she was at the school in Edinbury he wrote to her ilka day. Kaytherine Crummie telled me that, and she says aince you're used to it, writing letters is as easy as skinning moles. I dinna ken what they can write sic a heap about, but I daur say he gies her his views on the



"He tried to cry 'Woman!' sternly, but lost the word."

From "The Little Minister" (Cassell.)

Chartist agitation and the potato disease, and she'll write back about the romantic sights o' Edinbury and the sermons o' the grand preachers she hears. Sal, though, those grand folk has no religion to speak o', for they're a' English kirk."

We read the book for these touches of the humour which springs from contrasts and incongruities. Mr. Barrie enjoys them himself; he prefers running after them to proceeding with the real business of the plot, and he has not the heart to work out the logical tragedy of it. Of course, as Stevenson playfully objected, Gavin and the Egyptian were never meant to marry. One can guess how the author of "The Master of Ballantrae" would have handled the pair of lovers. But Mr. Barrie is kind to his puppets and tender to his public, even at

the expense of artistic and psychological probabilities. The melodramatic scene at the flood is supposed to sweep away the opposition of the Auld Lights to their minister's *mésalliance*, and the curtain falls on happiness all round. This is delightful, but it evades the real issue. Even if Gavin and the gypsy had married, the dramatic moments must have come after marriage, in the readjustment of the little prejudiced community and the handsome daughter of the Philistines. No one can help feeling this as he lays down the book, and his gratitude for a happy ending is tempered by a persistent suspicion that the pleasure has been gained at too great a cost. "The Little Minister," in fact, is an expanded idyll of the Auld Lights, which ceases to be an idyll just because its scale is too large. There are bits of incomparable pathos and wit in it, but the bits do not hold together. Fantasy throws up jets of spray for sketches; it does not carry a sustained wave of energy.

This conviction—that Mr. Barrie has a genius for the sketch or study rather than for the novel—is confirmed by "Sentimental Tommy" and its sequel. Here the limitations of the artist become evident, even in his cleverness. The former story owes its fascination to the Thrums background and to the uncanny knowledge born of the author's instinctive sympathy with child-life. The first twelve chapters could have been written by no other novelist of the day. They are not only supremely fine, but a partial unity; the rest are a series of studies with Tommy more or less in the centre. The Painted Lady episodes verge on melodrama. Grizel is more vital than Babbie, perhaps because she is not grown up, perhaps on account of her sombre background. Mr. Barrie is kinder to her than to Elspeth, who is shadowed by the brilliance of her "masterful" brother. Where the indefinable charm of the book lies is in its description of the children's



Tommy crouching behind Haggart's stone.

From "Sentimental Tommy." (Cassell.)

make-believe, and above all in the subtle analysis of Tommy's nature. The former is a triumph, the latter is a *tour de force*. "Sentimental Tommy" recalls Richardson in more ways than one; if Richardson had written with a Puck-like spirit at his elbow, the resemblance would have been still closer in matter as well as in method, for Tommy Sandys in after-life liked also to live in a flower-garden of ladies, and he too suffered from what is called the artistic temperament.

One aspect of Tommy, his literary conscience for the right word and his punctilious attention to style, was supposed to be a study of Stevenson. This drew a humorous remonstrance from the latter. He wrote to the author in mock anxiety: "What is to become of me afterwards? You say carefully—methought anxiously—that I was no longer me when I grew up. I cannot bear this suspense: what is it? It's no forgery? and AM I HANGIT?" When "Tommy and Grizel" appeared in 1900, it was found that Tommy was indeed hanged. Hanged, not as Stevenson feared, but hanged all the same. Philandering with an aristocratic lady, he climbs over a garden wall, is caught by an iron spike which suspends him by the neck of his coat, and slowly chokes to death.

"They say that in such a moment a man reviews all his past life. I don't know whether Tommy did that, but his last reflection before he passed into unconsciousness was 'Serves me right!' Perhaps it was only a little bit of sentiment for the end." In "Tommy and Grizel" Mr. Barrie has devoted over four hundred pages to the delineation—dissection would be a better word—of a *poseur* and a philanderer, a clean and simple artist in life as well as in words, who admires and would have others admire, himself, who has a fine æsthetic sense of human life and likes to play leading

rôles in it as he did with Corp Shiach and the girls in the Den. If a reader declares it is unreal, Mr. Barrie would probably answer, "It is unreal; that is the humour and tragedy of the business." But, after opening Tommy's eyes tardily to the consequences of his sentimentalism, need he have hanged him? Grizel and Tommy were meant to live on, after their ordeal, just as Mr. Dishart and Babbie were not meant to marry. One resents the hard fate of Grizel with the crooked

smile and the straight soul, by far the strongest character Mr. Barrie has ever drawn. In "The Nigger of the Narcissus" the hero's death was pre-ordained. Mr. Conrad's wonderful study of morbid temperament could not have ended artistically otherwise; Jimmy's fate looms on the reader from the moment that the negro steps aboard. But Tommy's accident is a trifle gratuitous. He may have been, in spite of his beard and years, a boy who never grew up, a connoisseur in emotions, a boy who loved make-believe till he lost the power of yielding to any great passion like love. Grizel "knew that, despite all he had gone through, he was still a boy. And boys cannot love. Oh, is it not cruel to ask a boy to love?" But, after what Tommy had passed through, he must have changed and deepened.

Mr. Barrie, with his predilection for the whimsical and the childlike, shrinks from facing this maturing of the soul in the graver issues of manhood, though he catches a glimpse of the depth beyond the shallows in Grizel, and with a gesture of despair he jerks the story to an inglorious conclusion. It is not dramatic, it is melodramatic. The author had dramatic gifts, but, as his plays prove, he was self-critical enough, after "Tommy and Grizel," to develop these outside the field of the novel proper.

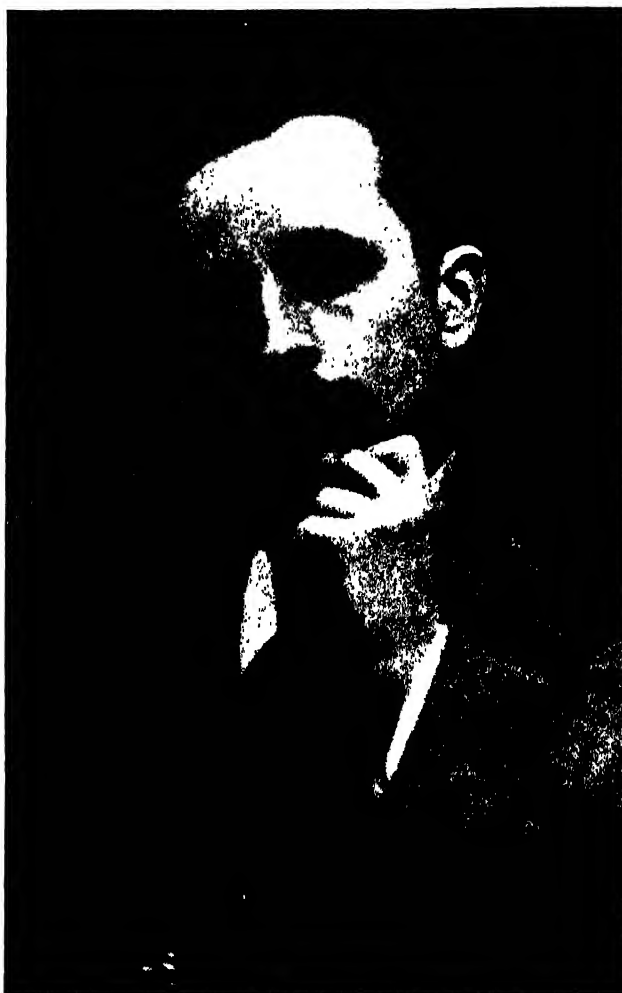


Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

J. M. Barrie.

SCENES FROM "PETER PAN."

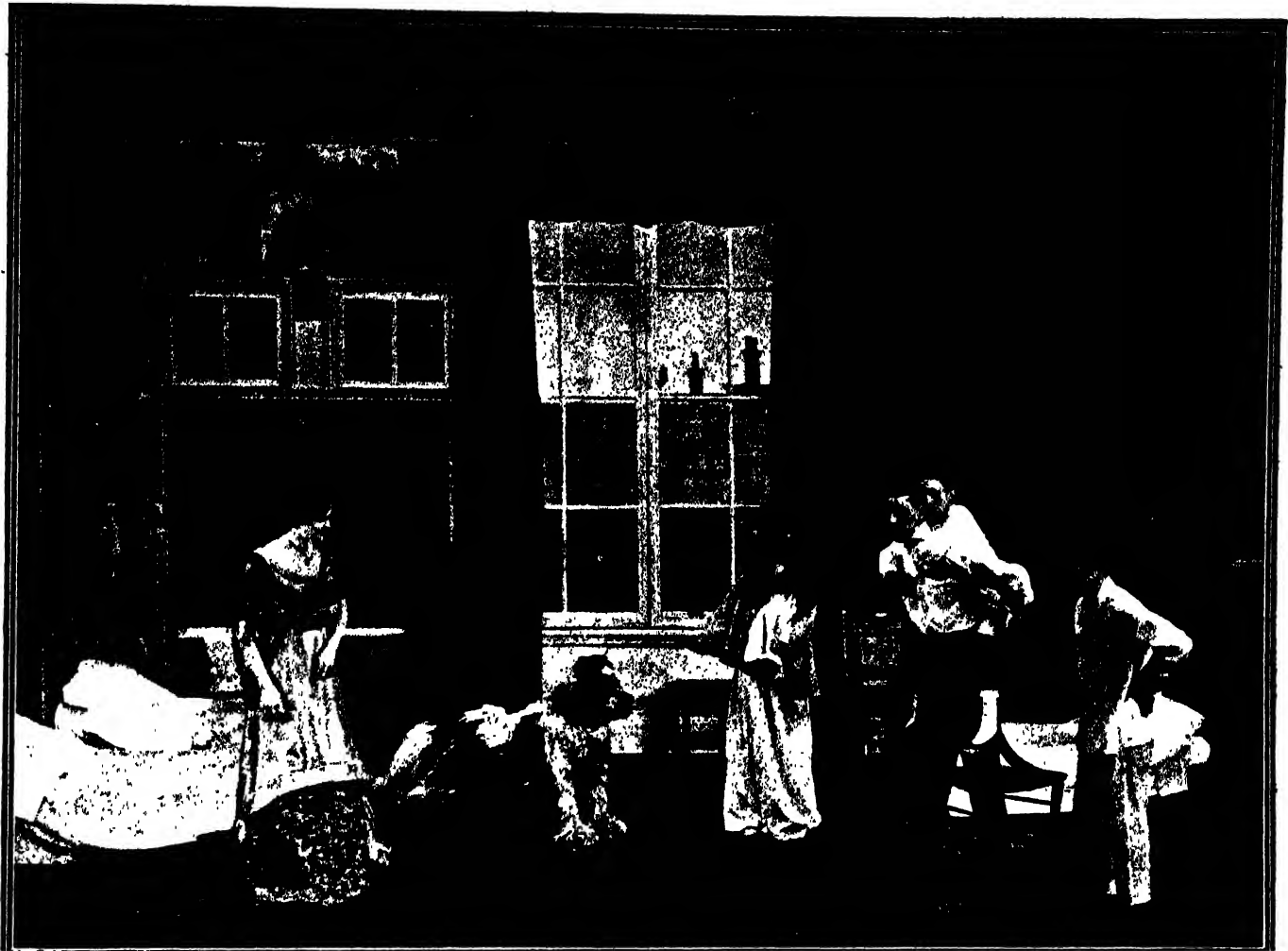


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery

Wendy and her brothers playing in the nursery at bedtime with their father and mother and the dog.

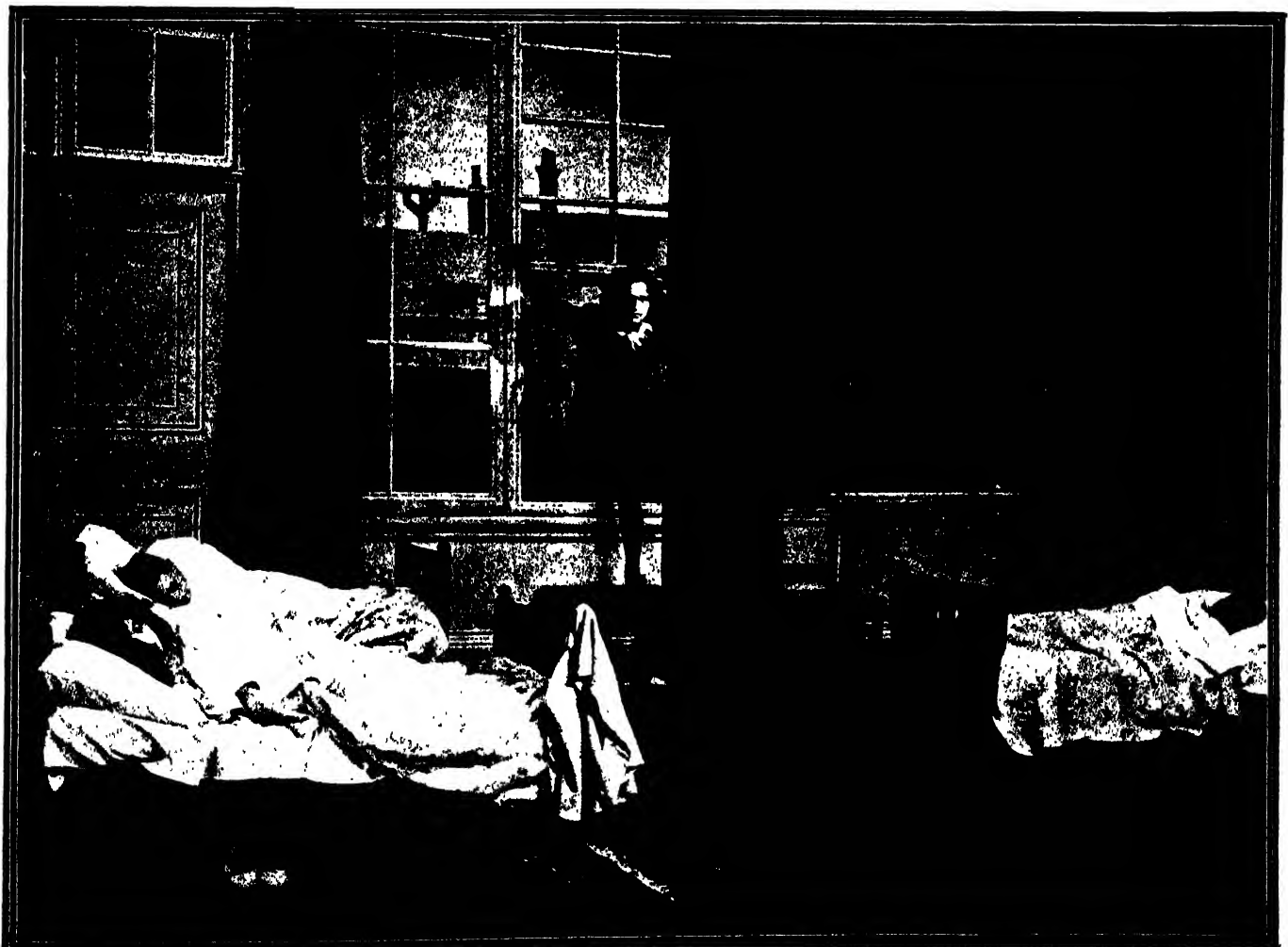


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

The arrival of Peter Pan.

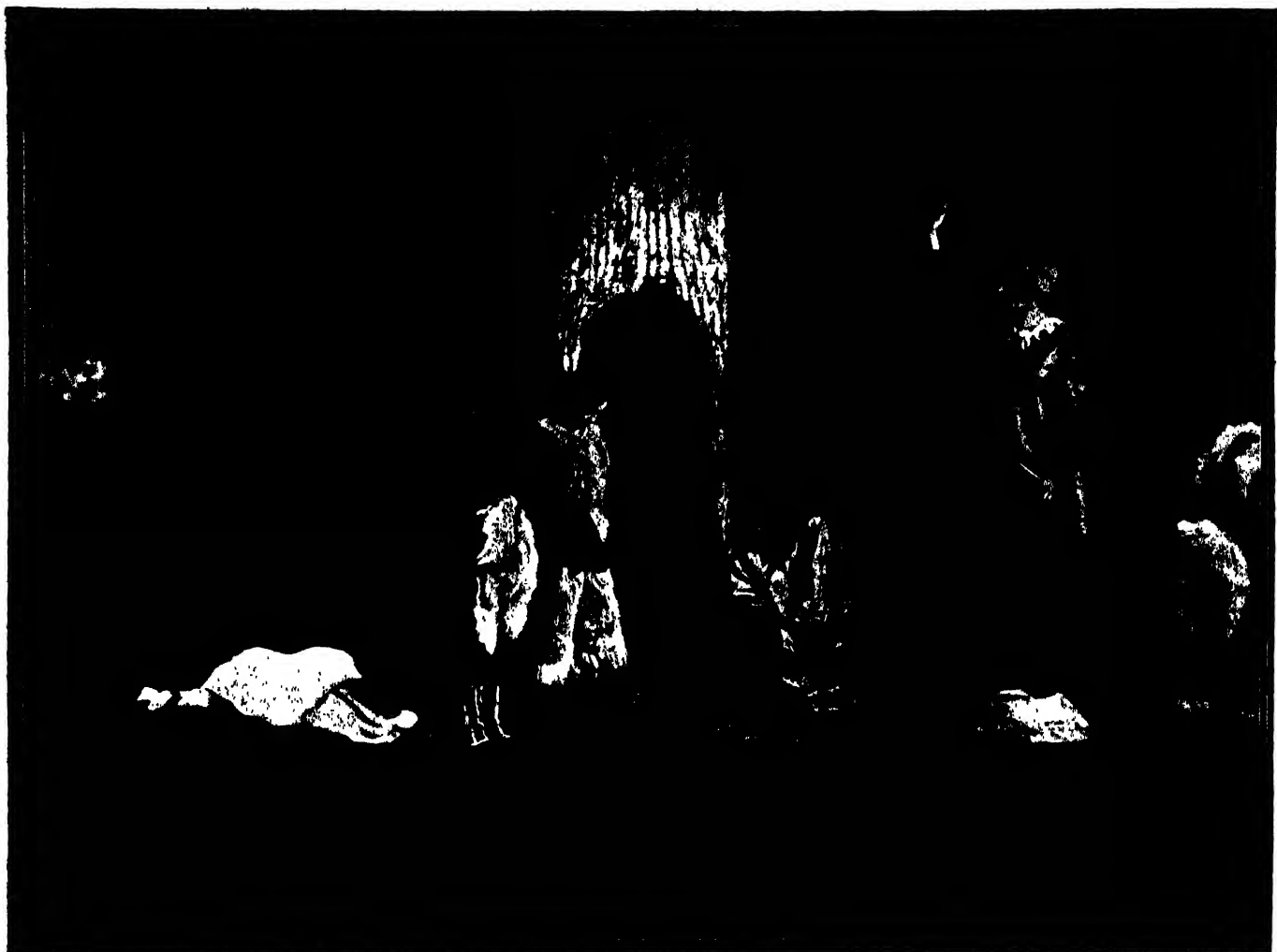


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Peter Pan and the children sorrowing for Wendy, whom they believe to be dead.



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Wendy and the little house that Peter and the lost boys have built for her.



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Peter Pan and the boys aboard the pirate ship.

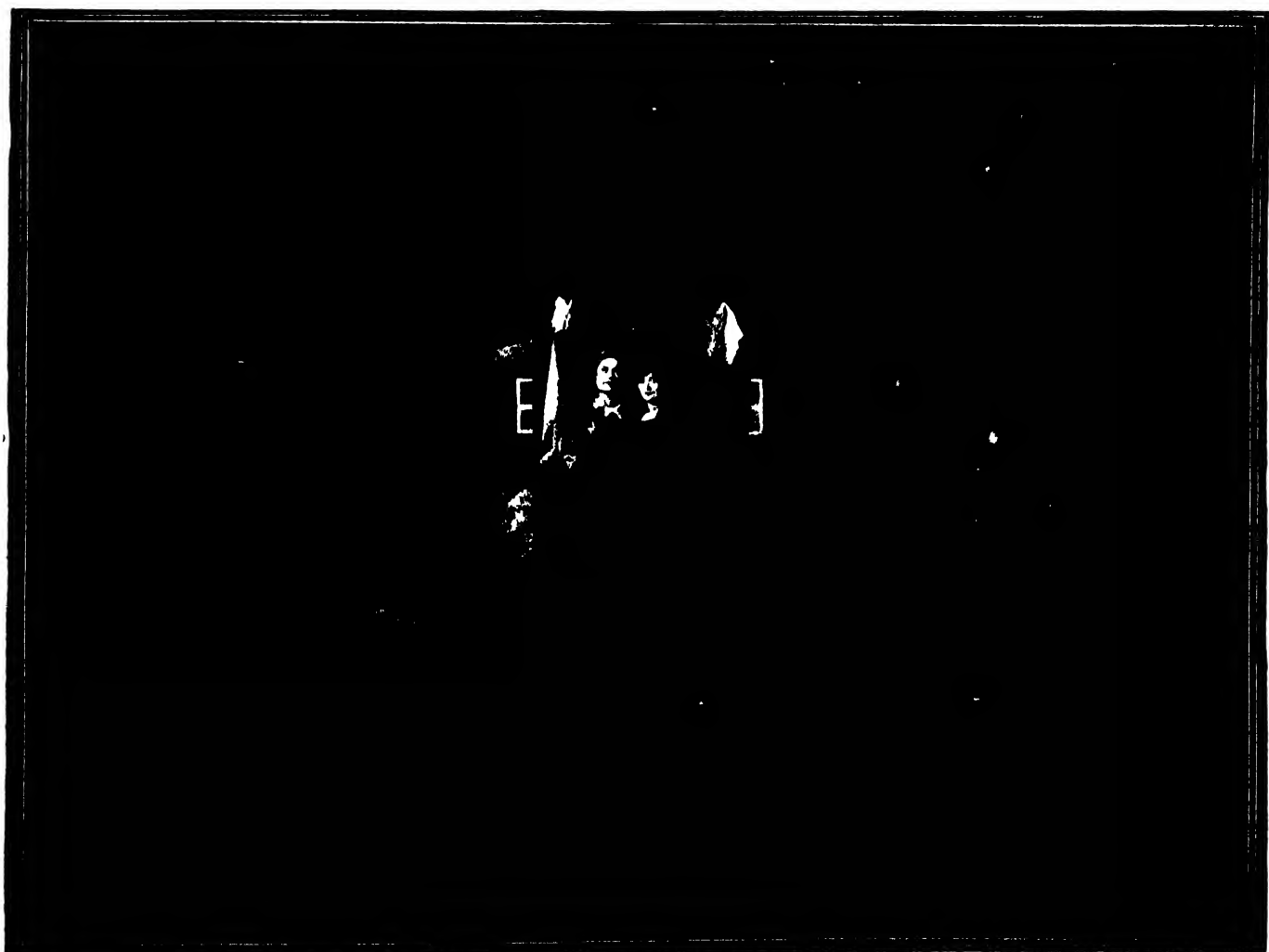


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Peter Pan and Wendy returning to their home in the tree-tops.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2: answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best quotation from English Literature, in not more than eight lines of verse or one hundred words of prose, applicable to the reception in the House of Commons of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to JOHN F. LOCKHEAD, of 205, Nithsdale Road, Glasgow, for the following:

THE NORTH POLE. BY COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"By ways no gaze could follow, a course unspoiled of Cook."
RUDYARD KIPLING,
The Three Decker (The Seven Seas).

We also select for printing:

THE LOST HALO. BY PERCY WHITE. (Methuen.)

"And the Abbot declared that when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigg'd it."

Ingoldsby Legends.

(H. L. Mawson, 43, Fountain Street, Park Lane, Leeds, Yorks.)

A DANGEROUS WOMAN. BY E. A. ROWLANDS. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

"To beguile
And to hurt
With a smile
And desert,
Is the wile
Of a flirt!"

J. A. STERRY, *A Shortland Sonnet.*

(Rev. B. F. Relton, 66, Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.)

THE LAME ENGLISHMAN. BY WARWICK DEEPING. (Cassell.)

"The Army Surgeon made him limbs;
Said he, 'They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs.'"

HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray.*

(Miss E. A. Pearson, Heath House, Fleet, Hants.)

THE MAN WHO ROSE AGAIN. BY JOSEPH HOCKING. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The big books all agree in this,
'Tis reckless and unwise
To sit upon the Porcupine,
Because you'd have to rise."

II. RICHARDSON, *The Porcupine.*

(Norah E. Goodbody, Inchmore, Clara, King's Co.)

THE STOWAWAY. BY LOUIS TRACY. (Ward, Lock.)

"It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg—with a little broiled haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast."

BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends (The Knight and the Lady).*

(Miss G. Pitt, 15, Regent's Park Terrace, N.W.)

A MODERN OUTLOOK. BY J. A. HOBSON. (Herbert & Daniel.)

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
'Into Society, stranger,' she said.
'How will you get there, adventurous maid?'
'I guess I've a "pile" that will do it,' she said."
CORSEFORD DICK, *Over the Fishpond to Fashion.*

(Miss L. Mugford, Cedar Lawn, Sutton-at-Hone, nr. Dartford, Kent.)

II.—The Prize for the best four or six lines of original verse expressing the sentiments of a holiday-maker returning to work has been divided, and we are sending TWO NEW NOVELS to MISS E. E. BRAZIER, of Glenholm, Clifton Street, Stourbridge, and Two to E. G. HOGAN, of 19, Gedling Grove, Nottingham, for the following:

Why was the respite given?—That summer blue,
And sea's fair sheen, and cloud, and air,
And bird,
Might mingle in thy handwork each its hue.
Fair were the days with joys, and life was bright,
And fair shall be the product of thy toil
Through days made glorious with God's treasured light.

(Miss E. E. Brazier.)

Back to work! Nay, rather, back *from* work!
Back from a month with Sarah and the boys!
Ah me! the ceaseless rushing and the noise!
And so no more my office toil I'll shirk.
Rightheartily I grasp thee, good goose quill:
I left not home with half so good a will.

(E. G. Hogan.)

The Thrums



This delightful little creature is very warm and knows a *lateral* directly by his *stealing* dress. When he hears one he *rusts* like *fitting* dress and gets under the *reflections* or under the *pyram*, or *crowds* in under the *slats* till it is all over. He *use* to live in a *old* light house once. He is a *marvelous* mixture of the most *comical* humor and the most *leisurely* *pythess*. He is a *regular* *Ramsbottom* at cricket. He *was* to have gone to *Ontario* with Mr *Slodert* but they thought it was better for the *Empire* that he should not. You should see him *suck* them among the *slippers* (I hope that is right) When he goes in to bat the *gliders* all come close up to him just to take him in *batting*.

Drawn by E. T. Reed.

"The Thrums."

Reproduced from *Punch* by special permission of the proprietors.

We also commend the verses sent in by Albert E. Halliday (Leeds), Harold Weston (London, W.C.), Nora Sinnock (Portishead), Edith M. Hills (Radlett), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), Miss C. C. Brown (Heswall), Edith G. Owen (London, N.), Miss K. Blaxill (Streatham Hill, S.W.), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), C. S. H. (London, N.), Caroline Coxan (New Malden), Miss A. Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Marion Burd (Solihull), A. J. (South Norwood, S.E.), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypidd), Lydia Dean (Wishaw), Joseph Vences (Bromley), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Jas. J. Nevill (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Jess Percod (Aylesbury), Miss I. Dodd (Enfield), Mabel Roberts (Cardiff), J. S. Smith (Newport-on-Tay), Duns Scotus (Bishop, Stortford), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth Common, S.W.), Nora Kildare (Glasgow), Edith H. Wheeler (Manchester), Clara J. Terry (Keighley), Mary G. Patterson (Upper Norwood), B. Daly (Liverpool), Miss Stirling (Glenfarg), Chas. W. Howe (East Ham), R. H. G. Byrne (Leeds), Mary C. Johnson (Middletown Row), Chas. Webb (King's Lynn), Miss F. C. Rhodes (Harrogate), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss J. Howden (Ely), Rev. F. Hein (Rowlands Castle), Miss Rooke (Oxford), Miss M. E. Clifford (Sidcup), Richard O'Neill (Ipswich), Miss H. E. Palmer (Bristol), John L. Melvin (Alloa N.B.), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Miss J. M. Chater (Doncaster), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Vivian



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Maggie Wylie, in "What Every Woman Knows."

Ford (Bristol), William Tiantet (Manchester), Miss N. W. Byng (Ryde, I.W.) and J. Ewing (Cambridge).

SCENES FROM "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS."



Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

John Shand, the railway porter, breaking nightly into the house of the Wylies to study from the books in their library, is surprised by Alick Wylie, his daughter Maggie, and his two sons, and taken for a burglar.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss EMIL SMITH of All Saints' Vicarage, Hull, for the following:

THINGS THAT NO ONE TELLS. BY ETHEL C. MAYNE. (Chapman & Hall.)

The set of studies making up this delicately distinguished book are just the things that no one tells, and that matter so much more than the things that are told. Love-stories, too little acknowledged to rank even as "disappointments"; tiny tragedies with no more dramatic culmination than a lady's having two umbrellas to carry home; the collection of photographs shown to some callers; to most men and many women the whole will seem much ado about nothing. The few will recognise it as life, life as they know it, not as novelists represent it, seen under a microscope of rare power.

Among the best of the many other reviews sent in are:

THE BRIDE OF THE MISTLETOE. BY JAMES LAM ALLEN. (Macmillan.)

The tenacity of its ideals and the minuteness of its introspection dominate this book. Both are stretched to breaking-point, but both achieve the magnificent; that is because Mr. Allen is an impassioned artist. His characters do not converse in stage heroics; neither do they deal in the pungent crudities of life; but, if Shakespeare had been a modern novelist, he might have conducted their dialogue in an identical manner. The story lifts us to a high, clear atmosphere of the soul, where everything is rarefied; and, should we see the figure of Unblenching Realism, far distant, we turn away our eyes.

(Miss Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, S.W.)

HEDWIG IN ENGLAND. By the Author of "Marcia in Germany." (Heinemann.)

The author of "Hedwig in England" has fallen a victim to that mistake common to so many writers when they are describing other nations than their own. That is, she has taken a type (or, as in this case, two) and made it stand for the whole. She has placed her heroine first in a rich society set, and then in a shabby-genteel suburban one. And yet neither of these is the type that we would say stood out above all others as English. But the book is decidedly amusing, and many of the comparisons are just and arresting.

(Joan Harvey Hall, Deeside Lodge, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.)

WRITTEN IN THE RAIN. BY JOHN TRIVINA. (Mills & Boon.)

There is a touch of real pathos in these stories which brings them very near the heart of the reader. One can smell the damp earth, can hear the cry of Nature as insistent as the elemental cry must always be, and thus one is led to understand the vastness of those realities which men pass by, and yet think they live. Weird some of the histories are, but full of fascination because they are penned by one who, looking on human nature in the rough as it were, is able also to perceive the Divine Nature therein contained.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

A WEEK AT THE SEA. BY HAROLD AVERY. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

One of the best pieces of humorous fiction published this autumn. The adventures of Mr. Skittlebury during his week at the sea are told in a delightfully breezy fashion, and one thoroughly enters into the holiday spirit of the author. With all its skittishness, though, there is a "deep-laid plot," and a villain or two; but Mr. Avery's villains are almost as refreshing

as the virtuous folk he introduces us to, and we are inclined to feel sorry for the black sheep of the tale. Altogether 'tis an enjoyable book and one well worth the reading.

(Miss Jess Pescod, Caxton Villa, Tring Road, Aylesbury.)

STORM AND TREASURE. BY H. C. BAILEY. (Methuen.)

This historical romance, dealing with the revolt in La Vendée during the Revolution, is written in the author's usual spirited style. The Vicomte Alain de Jan, with his ready wit and nimble sword, is one of Mr. Bailey's characteristic heroes. He attracts the love of two very different women—high-minded Yvette, with her pride of race and enthusiasm for a losing cause, and Lucelle the plebeian, with her deep warm-hearted nature, ready to sacrifice all for love; while ever entertaining is the delightful Jerry Wild, who with his good-natured cynicism finds men worse than he thought, "but better worth liking."

(G. M. Elwood, Abbey Park Road, Grimsby.)

THE OTHER SIDE. BY HORACE A. VACHELL. (Nelson.)

Theories concerning the "inner mind" and "the other side" are seldom woven into a novel. Mr. Vachell gives us much food for thought; so vividly and sympathetically does he describe the wanderings of David's soul that we cannot but feel they are his own experiences. Apart from its scientific interest, the novel is an unusually artistic one; all its people and their actions are intensely human. Perhaps the story reminds us of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." The two books are similar in that both Scrooge and David are enabled to lead better lives on account of the journeyings of their souls.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE PROFESSIONAL AUNT. BY MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS. (Constable.)

A delicate and dainty sketch of a charming aunt. Endowed with gifts of comprehension and love which endear her to the children, her relative position to different mothers is humorously portrayed. Though some of the children's sayings might sound plausible if quoted without the context, there is no flippancy in the tone of the book. One puts it down with regret that it is so soon hushed, but with pleasure in the thought that the unselfish aunt is to have her chance of happiness in a home of her own.

(Mrs. Heath, Failand, Paignton, South Devon.)

Of the other reviews sent in (some of which are as good as those we have found space to print) we specially commend those received from Lucy Isabel Armstrong (Hoylake), Michael A. Teale (Leeds), Adalbert P. Curtis (Dudley), Harold Weston (London, W.C.), Cicely L. Brown (Heswall), A. G. Campbell (Bath), Mrs. Fosdick (Hexham), Lucy M. Peaton (Gl. Yarmouth), Florence Dunford (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Hilda M. Campbell (Bath), Mrs. Dutton (Ramsgate), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Gwendoline C. Perks (Norwich), Miss G. Wood (Bishops Stortford), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth Common, S.W.), Vivien Ford (Bristol), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), Arthur H. Hill (Birmingham), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Mrs. Rooke (Oxford), R. A. Sharp (Canterbury), D. K. Milum (Acton, W.), Mrs. Stirling (Glentarg), J. Young (Edinburgh), Jas. A. Richards (Tenby), and E. Percy Adam (Nottingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to J. E. HOLLOWAY, of "Magnolia," Stellenbosch, South Africa.

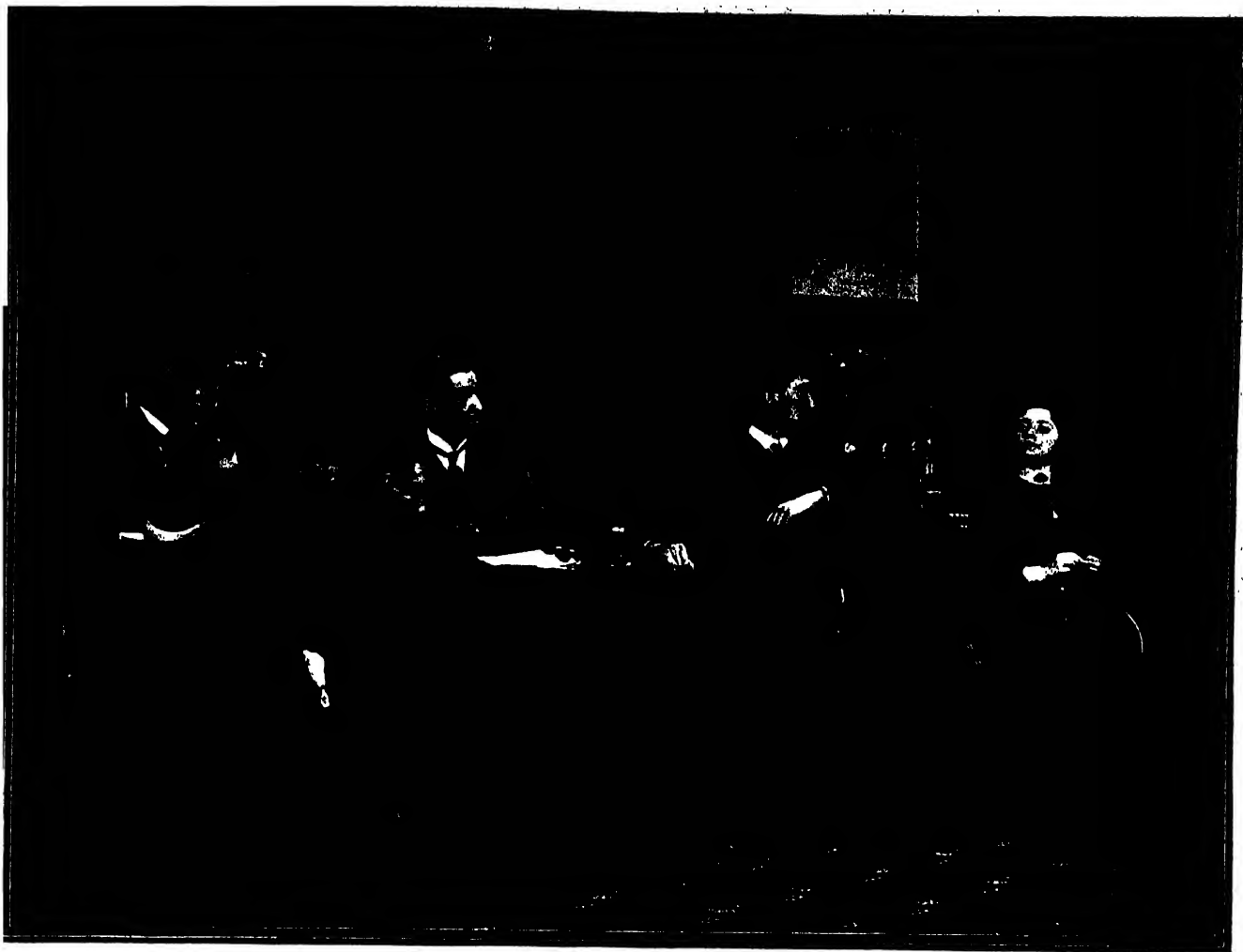


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

After hearing John Shand's story, the Wylie family agree to encourage him in his studies and help him to fulfil his ambitions if he will undertake to marry the unmarriedable Maggie, and John considers the point.

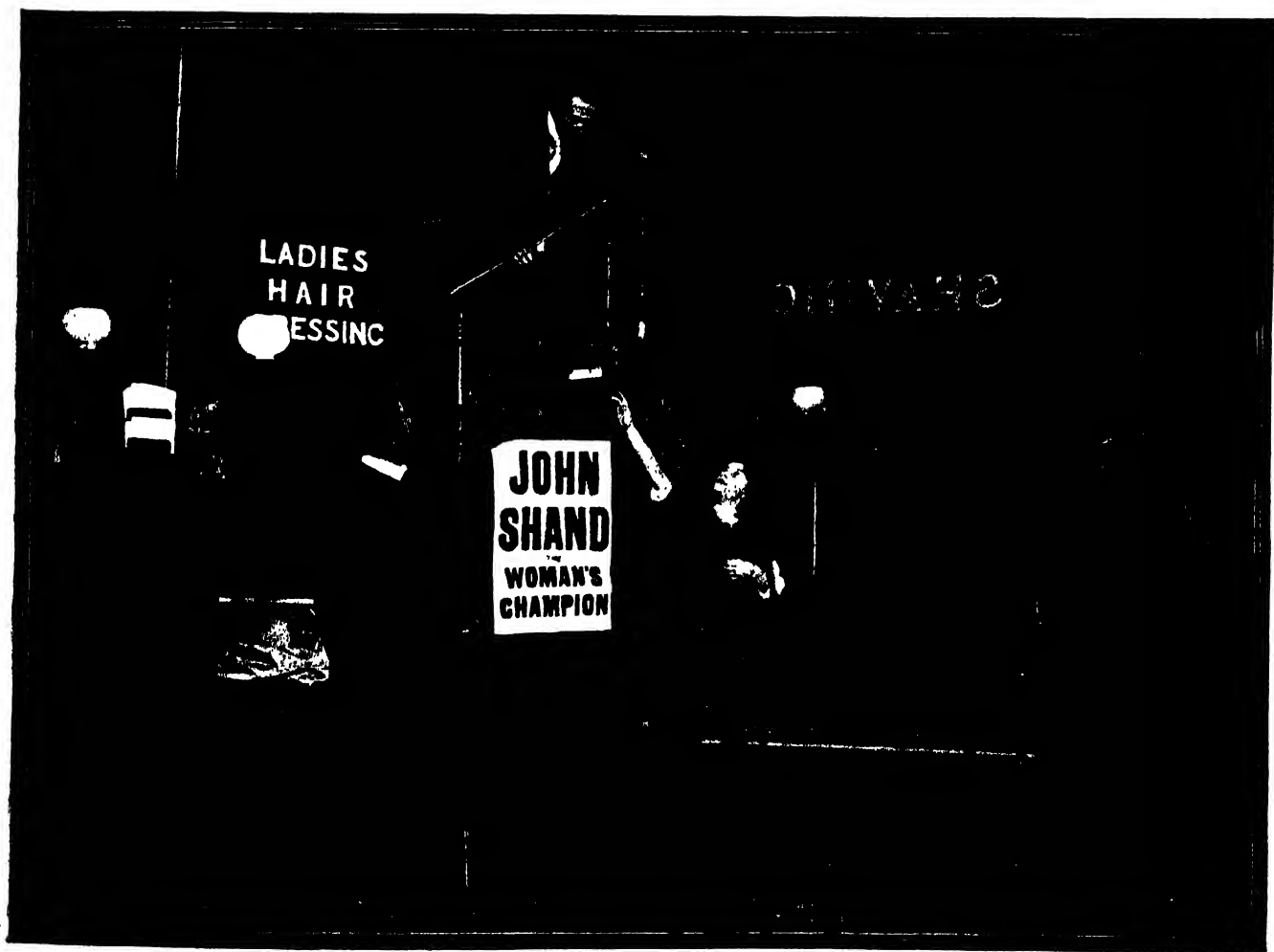


Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Scene in the Committee Room of John Shand, who has risen in life and is putting up for Parliament.

A PUBLISHER'S CENTENARY.

I.

1810-1910.

THE well-known publishing firm of James Nisbet & Co. completes the hundredth year of its existence this month. In its century of life great changes have come over the thought and life of the nation, and these changes are perhaps reflected more faithfully in books than in anything else; books that were once phenomenally popular have no longer any sale, and if they were republished would make no appeal to a present-day public; they answered fully to some need of their own time, but the world has gone on and got out of touch with them, and the new age has called forth new books to satisfy the different needs of the modern spirit. It is only the few greater books that outlast a century, because their roots go deeper than the shifting tastes and opinions of their own generation and take hold upon the inmost soul, the unchanging principle of things.

James Nisbet, the founder of the firm, was a religious-minded Scotsman of the Evangelical type, a type which was then coming into the ascendant in the religious world. He was born on February 3, 1785, the son of a small farmer in Kelso who afterwards served in the 15th Foot and was discharged with the rank of sergeant; he came to London in 1803, and having worked in an office there for seven years, on October 16, 1810, started business on his own account as a bookseller and published at 15, Castle Street, Oxford Street, not far from the firm's present premises in Berners Street.

In harmony with his character, the business Mr. Nisbet established was for the sale of books of an Evangelical and instructive kind. The Evangelical of those days was no sectarian, but represented rather a school of Christian thought which was then growing great in influence and power, and Mr. Nisbet's intention seems to have been to provide books which would express and cultivate Christian thought agreeable to this form of religious life; and his insight into the needs of the time proved to be remarkably correct.

He began on a very modest scale, limiting himself

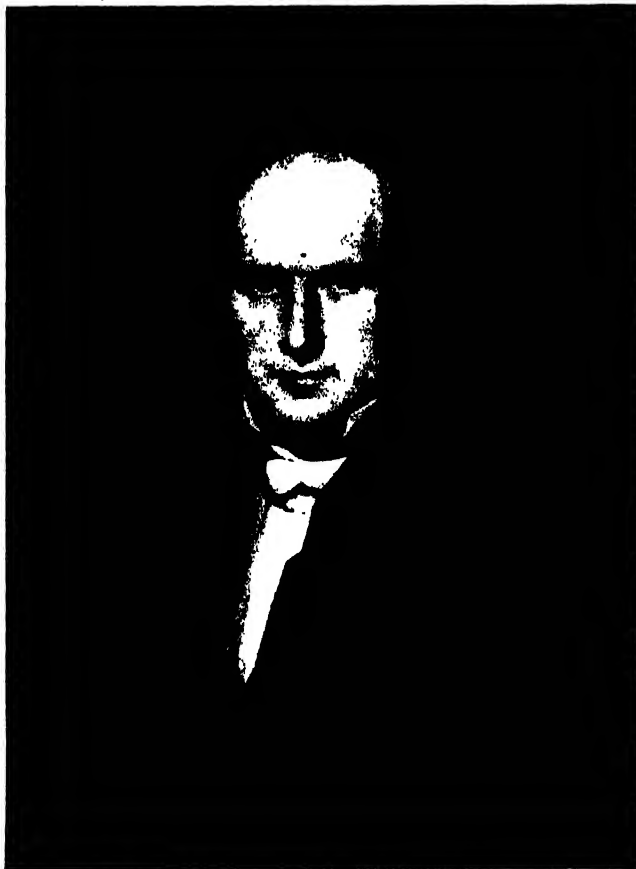
at first almost entirely to the sale of books, the first book he dealt in being John Brown's "Christian Journal," published by Alexander Lealbetter, of Kelso. As he proceeded to take a more and more active part in the religious and philanthropic movements of the time he came to be known as a man who strove to represent in his life and in his trade the religious activities of the living world about him. Gradually his business extended, and presently he started to publish as well as to sell an increasing number of books and tracts of the type that was so widely read nearly a century ago. From that time to the 'forties the firm republished also many favourite religious books by some of the older writers, such as Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Wilberforce's "Practical View," and several of Bunyan's works.

During the decade beginning 1840, Messrs. Nisbet began to produce a long series of volumes entitled "Exeter Hall Lectures." These lectures were by a number of the more distinguished lay and clerical leaders of the Churches; they covered a wide variety of subject, were of a solid, educative character,

and when completed comprised about twenty handsome volumes, and their continuous sale for many years testified to the value put upon them by the book-buying public.

Another remarkably successful book of theirs was "Life in Earnest," by Dr. James Hamilton, the accomplished preacher who succeeded to the pulpit of Edward Irving; and in the 'fifties the firm published the first series of "Hymns of Faith and Hope," by Dr. Horatius Bonar, a few years later seeing the completion of the second and third series. These hymns met with a very warm welcome from the religious public, and are now too well known to require any comment.

In the third quarter of last century the name of Miss Catherine Marsh as a popular religious writer was almost a household word. About 1856 Nisbets' published her "Life of Captain Hedley Vicars," a biography



From a painting

James Nisbet.

which had an extraordinarily large circulation. For many years it was perhaps the best known of all religious biographies; it was a familiar volume in practically every religious household; if it was not on the shelf in the library it was lying well-thumbed on the drawing-room table; and now after fifty years it is still being reprinted. A series of smaller books by the same author went through edition after edition, but have not had the same staying power; her Life of her father, Dr. William Marsh, was commended by Mr. Gladstone.

Meanwhile, outside publishing circles, Mr. Nisbet had been working untiringly, spending both his time and his money liberally in the spread of religious teaching and in the cause of social reform. He co-operated with W. Brodie Gurney in the founding of the Sunday School Union, and was counted as a man who could always be relied upon to help in any movement for the betterment of the people. He was admitted to the Freedom of the City of London, was elected Renter Warden of the Stationers' Company, and held among many other offices that of Director and Trustee of the Booksellers' Provident Institution. "His house was the centre of

a large portion of the vital Christianity of the last forty years in London," as Dr. Bonar said in the funeral sermon that he preached on Mr. Nisbet. Withal, his business prospered, and about 1820 he found it necessary to remove to larger premises at 21, Berners Street. Here, in 1845, Mr. James Watson joined him as a partner in the firm, and on Mr. Nisbet's death in 1854 Mr. Watson became head of the business, and until his demise in 1880 skilfully maintained its high traditions and widened the scope of it.

What middle-aged man who ever loved books when he was a boy has not a warm corner in his heart for R. M. Ballantyne? the "Ballantyne the Brave" who so influenced Stevenson. Nisbets' started the publication of his famous stories in 1863, and they have probably enjoyed a wider and longer popularity among young readers than the stories of any modern author in the same field. They are still in constant demand, and some of them are now being utilised for educational purposes. The books of the late Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D., which appealed, of course, to a very different constituency, were also issued by Messrs. Nisbet, and their sales again were exceptionally large, two of them, "Morning and Night Watches" and "The Mind and Words of Jesus," being now in their three hundred and twenty-third and three hundred and forty-first thousand respectively.

To say nothing of their many other successful publications, Messrs. Nisbet published the sensationally prophetic volumes of Dr. Cumming; books by Dr. Binney and Dr. Parker, Mr. Campbell's predecessors at the City Temple, by Bishops Bickersteth and Rowley Hill, the Rev. Baptist Noel, Canon Bell, Dean Pigeon, Dean Farrar, and many another famous clergyman who has been popular both as preacher and author. They have published for Dr. Torrey, the noted American evangelist, during the last fifteen years; and for the Rev. Andrew Murray, whose first book, "Abide in Christ," issued in 1881, has reached a circulation of over a hundred thousand copies; and from their house have come many books for girls by such writers as Mrs. Emma Marshall, Mrs. L. T. Meade, and the author of "The Wide, Wide World." But perhaps one of their chief triumphs came with the publication of the works of Frances Ridley Havergal. They issued a small book of hers in 1872, and followed this a year or two later with three little volumes of religious poetry—"The Ministry of Song," "Under the Surface," and "Under His Shadow," which were received with enthusiasm by the public to whom they were addressed, and were succeeded by a series of prose books for religious instruction. Miss Havergal's poems became so popular that they were re-issued in large illustrated editions, and in this form commanded immense sales for many years. Her premature death in 1879 had the effect of intensifying the world's interest in her work, and an unprecedented demand arose for her various volumes of poetry in the early years of the 'eighties. Her "Life and Memorials," written by her sister, has attained a circulation of over half a million.

Gen. 31 49. — — — Gen. 32-10

Opened Shop at 15 Castle Street Oxford.

October 10 1810 - consequence of the

suggestion of Mr. Alexander Leadbetter of Hales

who sent me 1/60 copies of his book

Practical Christian Literature, &c. &c. &c.

to be reprinted with the trade for other

Books &c. to be, said as this was said

Mr. Leadbetter came to town on a visit to us

this day Sept. 31. 1810 - & during this long period

we have been in the closest friendship & now

sign our names & in humble hope that our

friendship on earth will continue & be perfected

in Heaven

21 Berners Street
Opposite Street
London

James Nisbet
Alex. Leadbetter

Facsimile of note in James Nisbet's handwriting on the fly-leaf of "The Christian Journal," by John Brown, the first book published by the firm.

Of recent years the firm has published a good deal of general literature, such as King's "History of Italian Unity" and "Italy To-day"; Lady Lugard's "A Tropical Dependency"; books by Hilaire Belloc on Danton and on Robespierre; several by that eminent writer on economics, J. A. Hobson; "The Story of the Tweed," by Sir Herbert Maxwell; Agnes Weston's "Life Among the Blue-Jackets"; and divers stories of adventure by Gordon Stables.

But in the main Messrs. Nisbet have long been recognised now as Church publishers; the authors connected with the Church of England for whom they have published have been so numerous that the firm has won a settled reputation as one of the leading Church publishing houses in London. Turning over a catalogue of their books written by the chief Church dignitaries of to-day and yesterday and by prominent laymen in the world of religious



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

James Watson.

happened with the passing of years, the enterprising and progressive spirit of their founder remains with them still, a guiding and a potent influence.

thought, noting how long it is since some of these books first appeared, and the extent of their circulations, one cannot but reflect that a book of good average ability that has a religious basis certainly seems to have, even as a marketable commodity, quite ten times the vitality of the average novel. To mark the opening of this hundred and first year of their business activity and to emphasise the fact that they are still growing as well as living, Messrs. Nisbet have certain further developments in preparation for this autumn, and in particular will inaugurate a notable departure in the way of a more extensive publication of books of an educational description. They make it abundantly clear that whatever other changes have

II.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & CO.

A Personal Note.

ABOUT half a century ago the firm of Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. consisted of Mr. James Watson, Mr. Thomas Taylor, and Mr. James Murray. Mr. Watson, formerly a linen-draper, came from Kelso to London to be with Mr. James Nisbet probably about 1845, when the business had been carried on for a few years in Castle Street. Mr. James Murray would no doubt have acted as assistant to Mr. Nisbet about that period or earlier. So devoted was he to his employer that rumour has it that on one occasion when there was a great pressure in business he slept under the counter in order that he might work late and start early in the morning.

In what year Mr. Taylor joined the firm cannot be ascertained. He was well versed in literature, and took a keen interest in politics, and especially in questions relating to Church and State.

About the period to which allusion is here made, Mr. Watson undertook the principal management of the publishing business. His urbanity of manner and personal charm attracted to him many friends. His house at Endsleigh Gardens was the resort, especially during the month of May, of ministers of the Free Church of Scotland and of the English Presbyterian Church who had come to London to attend the May meetings.

Mr. Murray had the entire charge of the retail department. Throughout the year many well-known men in Christian circles were in the habit of calling at Berners Street for the sake of having a chat with Mr. Watson. Frequently in the morning Mr. Hitchcock, of St. Paul's Churchyard, might be seen, his tall figure and peculiar attire attracting attention. Mr. C. E. Mudie was a personal friend, and often consulted Mr. Watson.

Many of the popular authors of the day were also to be seen at Berners Street, among whom mention may be made of Dr. Montagu Villiers, Bishop of Carlisle, who afterwards became Bishop of Durham, and was so bitterly attacked by *Punch* for his act of nepotism in presenting his son-in-law, Mr. Cheese, to a good living; and Dr. J. R. McDuff, Rev. J. W. Reeve, of Portman Chapel, Baker Street, Dr. James Hamilton, Dr. Octavius Winslow, Dr. Newman Hall, Stevenson Blackwood, Miss Marsh, Mrs. Ranvard, Mrs. Bayly, and many others.

Mr. Watson wrote personally to all the authors whose works he published, and these letters were written in an attractive style, and in such a way that author and publisher became fast friends, and few ever withdrew from Messrs. Nisbet & Co. in search of another publishing house.

"Memorials of Hedley Vicars," published just after the Crimean War, had an enormous circulation, and

was followed a little later by "English Hearts and English Hands," giving an account of Miss Marsh's work among the navvies in Beckenham employed on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, then in course of construction.

"Mendip Annals," a journal of the labours of Hannah and Martha More, was much in request, as also were "Haste to the Rescue," by Mrs. Charles Wightman, and "The Missing Link," by the author of "The Book and Its Story" (Mrs. Ranyard), giving an account of the work of Biblewomen in the homes of the London poor.

The sales of Dr. J. R. McDuff's works were almost beyond computation. His habit was to issue one volume a year at 6s. 6d., and the following year at 3s. 6d. In this way "Memorials of Gennesaret" and "Memorials of Bethany" appeared, which were followed by many others. "Morning and Night Watches" could be found in almost every Christian home in the land. "Is it Possible to Make the Most of Both Worlds?" by Thomas Binney, was issued from Berners Street, also, by arrangement with Robert Carter of New York, the works of Susan and Anna Warner.

A. E. W. MASON.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

IT is interesting, and a little saddening too, to look through a list of living novelists and pick out the names of those who were well in the first flight of popularity not more than ten or fifteen years ago, but have since fallen back steadily, year after year, into the second, third, fourth flights, until now they are almost absorbed in the multitudinous rearward ranks, where the unpopular and the mediocre rub shoulders with those who still ruffle it obscurely on the strength of a past reputation, for their new books, that come out at regular intervals, fall and go under nowadays without making any splash. Those later efforts of theirs may be as good as their earlier, sometimes they are technically better, but somehow they fail to repeat or maintain the success their author achieved at the outset; each appears with less and less of a flourish, and makes a dwindling appeal, till the author has quite worn out the glittering halo of his sudden glory, and must needs content himself with the common hat of the respectable novelist of merely average sales. It is interesting to study that list, because it starts you dredging after reasons for the irreparable decline of so many popularities, and you invariably start more theories for it than you have leisure to pursue; and it is saddening, as the spectacle of any descent from a roaring and dazzling triumph into the quietness and shadow of comparative failure always must be.

As for those reasons that the inquirer dredges up from the deeps, I have not space here to exhibit more than one. It is easier to become popular than to remain so; for no author can take the public by surprise a

second time. The novel that has some freshness of tale or style, though it be in some ways crude and in no way great, may do the trick at once; but if this is followed up by a succession of books in a too-similar vein, showing no ripening of the writer's mind, no further store of knowledge or invention, nothing but a sprightly repetition of that same morning freshness that was well enough when the day was new, the public begins to yawn and go away. Breakfast is welcome as a first meal, but you don't want breakfast again at lunch-time. A juggler, when he has exhausted his little repertoire and finds the plate coming back to him almost empty, can roll up his scrap of carpet, walk round the corner, and in the next street collect a different crowd, to whom all his old tricks are new; but no author can hope to attract a fresh public for each fresh book he produces—his only way of success is to keep sure hold on his first public, and add to it, and this he cannot do unless he matures in his books as he does, or should do, in himself. His public is growing older all the while, and the pathos and humour and general outlook

on life that satisfy a young man or a young woman will not, in the main, make an equal appeal to them when they arrive at maturity. The sort of humour that tickles you to boisterous laughter to-day will scarcely move you to a smile when you have lived, enjoyed, worked, and suffered for another decade or so in such a world as this; the pathetic passage that melted you to pleasant tears ten years ago jars upon you when you re-read it now, and seems but shallow, affected, youthful sentimentality; what you had once thought a dashing



Photo by Gustav Mullins, Ryde.

A. E. W. Mason.

A new portrait



"'Fortune is kind to us both, madam,' said Wogan with a bow."

From the cover illustration to "Clementina," in Messrs. Methuen's Sixpenny Series.

romantic incident or character bores you now by its tinsel unreality. You have been growing up, and if the growth of your favourite novelist does not at least keep pace with your own, you naturally pass on and leave him behind you. If "David Copperfield" had been simply another "Oliver Twist," Dickens would have been but the novelist of an age, and that not the middle age.

It is largely, I think, because he has gone on with a broadening vision of life, a steadily ripening knowledge of the world, and sympathy with human character, that Mr. A. E. W. Mason has retained the popularity he won fourteen years ago with "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler." Read "Morrice Buckler" again, and then "The Four Feathers" and "The Broken Road," and you will realise at once how Mr. Mason has grown up with his readers; you can read "Morrice Buckler" still with keenest pleasure, but the later books yield you a fuller enjoyment—they have put off the delightful glamour and reckless gallantries of gay romance, and have put on the soberer, more enduring garb of humanity, that does not wear romance upon its sleeve, but more poignantly, more wonderfully, at the troubled heart of it.

Mr. Mason was born in 1865. He is an old Dulwich College boy, and took his B.A. degree at Oxford. At Oxford, too, he showed a strong predilection for the drama, and was one of the University's amateur actors. He has his place in that record of the Oxford Amateurs, that was recently written by Mr. Alan Mackinnon. Later, he took to the stage in earnest, and toured the provinces with the Benson Company and the Compton Comedy Company, and played in London as one of the soldiers in Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man." But the ambition that summoned him to the stage presently called him

off again, and in 1895 he commenced his career as a novelist.

It was not a very promising beginning. His first novel, "A Romance of Wastdale," was published by Mr. Elkin Mathews; it was well enough received by critics, but the public did not rise to it, and Mr. Mason seems to have suppressed it with unnecessary rigour, for competent judges who have read the book assure me it was one of more than ordinary distinction, and merited a better fate. However, its author had not long to wait for his due meed; he was not destined to tread that orthodox way to fame which is paved with rejected manuscripts. A year later, in 1896, Messrs. Macmillan promptly accepted "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," and its publication immediately gave Mr. Mason his place as an uncommonly popular novelist. It was the book of the day; within a few weeks everybody was reading and talking of it; it ran through I don't know how many thousands, and, like

most of Mr. Mason's stories, has now an unflagging sale in one of the popular sixpenny series.

"The Philanderers" appeared in 1897, and in quick succession came "Laurence Clavering" (of which Messrs. Ward, Lock the other day issued a cheap two-shilling edition); "Parson Kelly," written in collaboration with Mr. Andrew Lang, and published by Longmans; "Miranda of the Balcony"; "The Watchers";



From the cover illustration to "The Broken Road," in Messrs. Methuen's Series of Sixpenny Copyright Novels.



Photo by Gustav Mullins, Ryde.

Kite Hill, Wootton, Isle of Wight, where Mr. A. E. W. Mason spent most of last summer.

"Ensign Knightly," an admirable collection of short stories; "Clementina," that has all the dash and headlong gallantry of Dumas and a grace and pathos that Dumas had not; "The Four Feathers," from the house of Smith, Elder; "Running Water"; "The Broken Road"; and, a day or two ago, his latest novel, "At the Villa Rose."

Moreover, since he gave up acting in other people's plays, Mr. Mason has written three or four plays of his own. In collaboration with Miss Isabel Bateman he dramatised "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," and it was successfully produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and had a longish run through the provinces; in 1901 a dramatic version of "Miranda of the Balcony" was staged in New York; 1909 saw the production of his drama of "Colonel Smith"; and last year his picturesque comedy, "Marjorie Strode," was introduced to London playgoers by Mr. Cyril Maude.

Most authors would have found these varied interests sufficient to fill all their time and blunt the edge of their natural energies, but Mr. Mason does not belie his looks, and has more energy than most; he is not one of the sedentary breed nor contented to study life in books or from his library window; the noise and business of it have always called to him irresistibly; he has roamed the world rubbing shoulders with all sorts and conditions of humanity everywhere, and his later books mirror much of his own experiences and the countries and people he has known. In 1906 his super-abundant energies sought a new outlet, or a new ambition prompted him, and he entered the world of

politics, threw for Parliamentary honours, and was elected M.P. for Coventry. He signalled his advent in the House of Commons with a notable maiden speech, proved himself shrewd and eloquent in debate, and if he had not escaped we might in due season have been the richer by a sagacious and sympathetic Cabinet Minister, and one brilliant novelist the poorer. But fortunately the fascinations of the Mother of Parliaments were not so potent as the charms of that Muse who presides over the doings of all good novelists, and at the last General Election Mr. Mason was not to be persuaded to offer himself as a candidate again.

Fortunately, I say, because the air of the House of Commons is not healthful breathing for poets or for novelists. It is for them a soporific and a suffocating air. Whatever may be the explanation, the fact remains that when a writer of imaginative literature has sat in



A. E. W. Mason, J. M. Barrie, and their guide in Switzerland.

that House for more than a very limited period, an obese dulness settles down upon his faculties, communicates itself to his pen, and impedes the fine flow of his ink. What plays did Sheridan write after he took his seat there? And who shall say that Lytton might not have written with fewer capital letters, and less of the facile big bow-wow in his tone, if only he had not ventured into that fatal atmosphere? Anyhow, I am for my part relieved that Mr. Mason has come out of danger in good time, and so far his sojourn in the House has had no influence at all on his novels, unless it was his stay there that turned his thoughts towards India, and that grave problem of the education of its native Princes in England, and resulted in his writing one of the most impressive and intensely interesting of his books—"The Broken Road"; and in that case he has brought more good out of it than any novelist whoever went into it, except perhaps Disraeli, and Disraeli was really a politician in his romances and a romancist in his politics, so he can hardly be

counted. Mr. Mason's other activities take the form of travelling, mountain-climbing, sailing, and you might gather as much from his stories; the open air blows through them all. The spirit of the Alps and the enormous shadow of them dominate "Running Water"; and the skies and landscapes and peoples of present-day Egypt, Italy, India, fill the pages of "The Four Feathers," "The Broken Road," and "At the Villa Rose."

In the first five years after the appearance of "Morrice Buckler," Mr. Mason wrote some half-dozen romances of the same brisk, airy, and delightful type; but with the end of "Clementina" he concluded that phase of his development. You remember how in that masterly novel Wogan, speaking of his lame horse to the flower-like but firm-willed Lady Featherstone, answers a question of hers with, "Madam, I would not lose that horse for all the world, for the woman I shall marry will ride on it into my city of dreams." But to the last that horse carries no such rider. Wogan wins Clementina for his King without a country, the exiled James

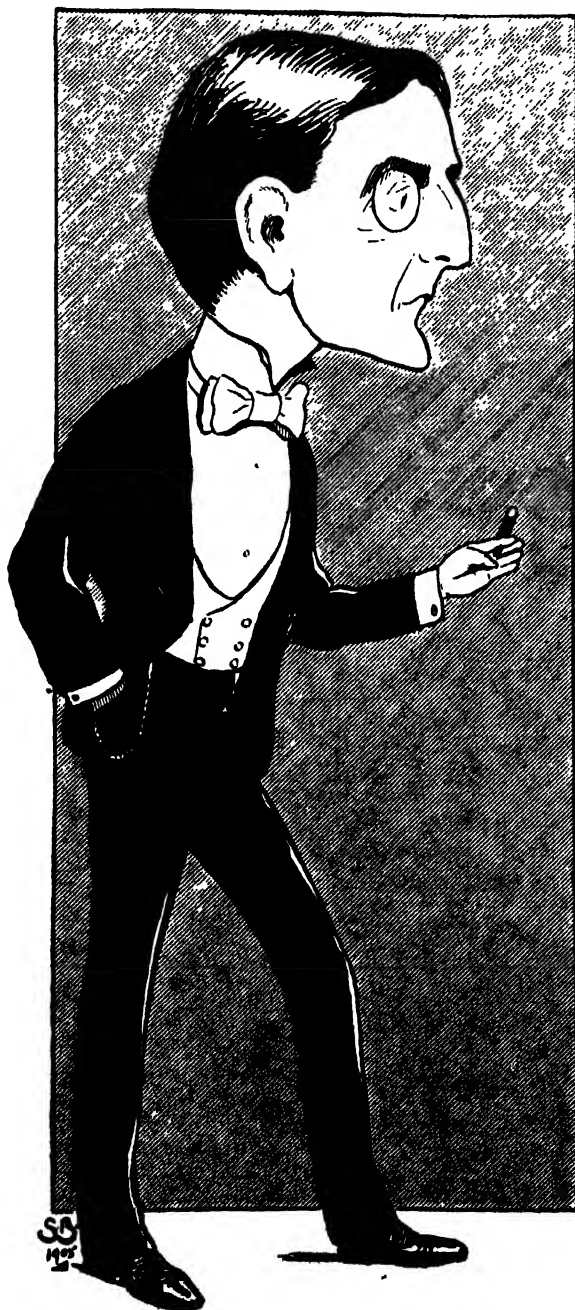
Stuart, and by his loyal persistency ~~brings~~ ^{brings} him to marry her, but the great political results ~~that~~ ^{that} were to have accrued from this union never ~~did~~ ^{did} come of it. James and his wife were presently estranged; she withdrew into a convent, and Wogan, a lonely bachelor, was fittingly rewarded with the Governorship of La Mancha in Spain.

"Matters of the heart he left alone and meddled with no more. Nor did any woman ever ride on his black horse into the city of his dreams. He lived and died a bachelor. The memory of that week when he had rescued his Princess and carried her through the snows was to the last too vivid in his thoughts. The thunderous roll of the carriage down the slopes, the sparks striking from the wheels, the sound of Clementina's voice singing softly in the darkness of the carriage, the walk under the stars to Ala, the coming of the dawn about that lonely hut, high placed amongst the pines—these recollections, one may think, bore him company through many a solitary evening. Somehow the world had gone awry."

It is not often that the world is allowed to go awry at the close of such a charming romance as this; but

the book is the stronger, and so takes firmer root in the memory because of that touch of realism. The sad little Clementina in her convent, the gallant Wogan left to his solitary dreamings and a humdrum middle-age, are more appealing figures than a Clementina and Wogan happily mated on the final page in spite of all improbabilities; for so baffled, they become more akin to most of us, more mortal and as if living in this world of our own, that we cannot clothe in sunshine whenever we choose.

And I take it as somewhat significant that on the dainty heels of the Clementina of that natural, mundane ending came "The Four Feathers," the finest and most poignantly human story Mr. Mason has yet told for us. Here he has done with the wild loves and gay adventures and involved, unscrupulous intrigues of a hundred and two hundred years ago; he strikes an altogether deeper note and unfolds a romance of our own times, a thing fashioned of the joys and sorrows of men and women who are no ~~ghostly~~ ^{ghostly} creatures of fancy, subject only to the laws of the world



From a drawing by Stuart Boyd. . . A. E. W. Mason.



Photo by Gustav Mullins, Ryde.

A. E. W. Mason in the garden of his house at Kite Hill.

that never was, but unphenomenal flesh-and-blood mortals such as we are or such as we have met. The character of Harry Feversham is a careful study in the psychology of an apparent coward who proves himself more of a hero than some who have never been afraid. He is a sensitive, highly imaginative man and, scared by the dangers he is painfully able to foresee, he shrinks and runs from them before they are near enough for others to realise; but once they are upon him, and he can come to actual grips with them, he forgets his fears, and bears himself bravely with the bravest. On the eve of war, he resigns his commission in the Army, and three of his brother officers each send him a white feather in token of their contempt. He has other and plausible grounds for his resignation, but is troubled, and at a ball tells the girl he loves of all that has happened, faintly hoping to justify himself to her; but she, too, fails to understand him, is touched with scorn of him, and plucking a white feather from her fan, adds it to the other three.

"The thing which she had done was cruel no doubt. But she wished to make an end—a complete, irrevocable end; though her voice was steady and her face, despite its pallor, calm, she was really tortured with humiliation and pain. All the details of Harry Feversham's courtship, the interchange of looks, the letters she had written and received, the words which had been spoken, tingled and smarted unbearably in her recollections. Their lips had touched—she recalled it with horror. She desired never to see Harry Feversham after this night. Therefore she added her fourth feather to the three."

But she did not rightly know her own heart, and he was not willing to give her up so easily. Instead of throwing the feathers away, as she had thought he would, he puts them carefully into his breast pocket, and a little later tells his friend Sutch, in confidence, why he has done so:

"Indeed, I treasure them," said Harry quietly. "That seems strange to you. To you they are symbols of my

disgrace. To me they are much more. They are my opportunities of retrieving it. . . . What if I could compel Trench, Castleton, and Willoughby to take back from me, each in turn, the feather he sent? I do not say that it is likely. I do not say even that it is possible. But there is a chance that it may be possible, and I must wait upon that chance. There will be few men leading active lives, as these three do, who will not at some moment stand in great peril and great need. To be in readiness for that moment is now my career. All three are in Egypt. I leave for Egypt to-morrow."

Here is the same spirit of romance that informed the earlier novels, but it is wearing a more human shape and is touched to finer issues. That story of how Feversham more than worked out his redemption on the grim battle-fields of Egypt is one of the biggest things in modern fiction; so, too, is the quietly pathetic scene near the close, where he returns and meets Ethne again, and she is far from having forgotten him. He has proved his soul in Egypt, and Willoughby and Trench have gladly taken their feathers back and carried them to Ethne, and told her why. He has redeemed also the third feather, Castleton's, and Trench has told her how nobly he did so, and the knowledge of all this is with both of them when Harry comes to her at last.

"I am sorry," he said. "I did you a great wrong six years ago, and I need not."

"She held out her hand to him.

"Will you give it to me, please?"

"And for a moment he did not understand.

"That fourth feather," she said.

"He drew his letter-case from his coat, and shook two feathers out into the palm of his hand. The larger one, the ostrich feather, he held out to her. But she said—

"Both."

"There was no reason why he should keep Castleton's feather any longer. He handed them both to her, since she asked for them, and she clasped them, and with a smile treasured them against her breast.

"I have the feathers now," she said.

"Yes," said Feversham; "all four. What will you do with them?"

"Ethne's smile became a laugh.

"Do with them!" she cried in scorn. "I shall do nothing with them. I shall keep them. I am very proud to have them to keep."

Nevertheless, she knows and he knows that, as things are, nothing is possible now between them but a renewal of friendship and esteem. Though she loves him still, serious obstacles have arisen that look like keeping them for ever apart, but a way is found to the happier ending, and it comes as naturally here as that sadder finish came to Clementina.

Mr. Mason has progressed immensely in the understanding of life and mastery of his craft since he took us all by storm with "Morrice Buckler"; those excellent younger romances of his rank with the best of their order; they have certain qualities of easy vigour and imagination and literary finish that are distinctively their own: but in "The Four Feathers," "The Broken Road," and "Running Water" he rises to a higher level: his plots have more of the aspect and colour of life, and his characters are no longer the cut-and-thrust prodigies and gloriously irresponsible dream-people of a largely imaginary past, but veritable women and men of to-day, with virtues and vices that are common to the race. He has not, like so many successful authors, gone contentedly and continually to the same restricted source

of inspiration till he has drawn it dry or broken his bucket; he has kept his eyes open and his mind open, and has found other and richer sources that are not to be reached till one has travelled far in experience of the world and acquaintance with human nature.

In his newest novel, Mr. Mason makes yet another departure. "At the Villa Rose" is a thrilling romance of mystery and imagination such as one associates with the genius of Poe. Cunning use is made in it of a bogus spiritualistic science to heighten the strange terror of the crime that is hidden at the heart of the mystery; and Mr. Mason draws his characters with a skill and insight that give probability and verisimilitude to his plot. Even his astute detective is not one of the machine-made specimens of popular sensational fiction: and the reader is thrown off the scent by such a boldly original device that it is safe to say his suspicions will not fall on the guilty man till the labours of the detective have sufficiently unmasked him. This is an experiment in a branch of his art that Mr. Mason has not attempted before, and a wholly successful experiment that without challenging comparison with either of his other books is as cleverly handled and makes in its different kind as good reading as any of them.

New Books.

AN AMERICAN IN BERLIN.*

"My book," says Mr. Viereck, in a preface which is a laudatory review in itself, "is journalism only in the sense in which that term may also be applied to the 'Reisebilder' of Heine," and leaves his readers to infer from that statement that he must have read the "Reisebilder" in a translation. As a matter of fact, with the exception of certain extravagances which any sub-editor could be trusted to excise, his book is journalism in its most accepted and vernacular sense, and journalism frequently of the highest order. It is a record of his observations in Germany, with a brief excursion to Denmark, during a visit from America, and we notice with relief, after the portentous menace of the preface, that he is not above observing that rents are high in Berlin and a German doctor's wife is formally addressed as "Mrs. Doctor."

Mr. Viereck is the grandson of the actress, Edwina Viereck, whose bust in marble stands at the entrance to the Royal Theatre in Berlin. His grandfather was the founder of the German Theatre in San Francisco: and it is natural that when he comes to speak of the artistic and literary life of Berlin he should be at his best. Indeed, it is curious to note how, after nine chapters of dogmatism on the subjects of militarism, Kaiserism, bureaucracy, and the like, he becomes sympathetic and informative about Berlin's theatres. Even his fashion of writing changes: he is less staccato, his sentences cease to suggest an irreverent parody of Walt Whitman, and he renders at last a sober and thoughtful effect of the city's strong enterprise in matters of art. This is a thing that was worth doing and waited to be done, and to do it worthily is a function that the journalist has hitherto neglected.

* "Confessions of a Barbarian." By George Sylvester Viereck. 2s. net. (John Lane.)

Modern drama in Berlin, Mr. Viereck tells us, is in the hands of two managers: Brahms at the Lessing Theater, and Reinhardt at the Deutsches Theater. "Brahms stands for realism, Reinhardt for everything else." When Beerholm Tree produced Shakespeare in Berlin, he had to endure comparison with Reinhardt's production of the plays, and Berlin, says Mr. Viereck, found him "dazzling but superficial." It is Reinhardt who maintains as an adjunct to the Deutsches Theater the little playhouse where the famous *Kammerspiele* take place. "The little theatre housing the Chamber-plays is a jewel-box lined with silk. Everything is subdued and costly. . . . Prices are almost prohibitive. . . . Strange women in strange garbs and uncouth men with curious beards and long hair, the Superman's Brigade, are here assembled in solemn conclave with the aristocracy of birth and finance. . . . Emotion is suppressed. No applause is allowed. . . . In this assemblage, Stirner is a truism, Nietzsche *passé*." It is here that authors such as Wedekind, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and Schnitzler are presented to an audience trained in discrimination and appreciation of what is fine in drama.

The measure of Berlin's interest in its theatres may be inferred from the fact that it was possible for Meta Illing to open an English theatre, not for English and Americans, but for Germans. Goethe's *Iphigenia* was actually played in Esperanto under the direction of Emmanuel Reicher—which seems excessive. "There is everywhere," says Mr. Viereck, commenting on this phenomenon, "the desire to conquer new territory by shattering the barriers of foreign tongues." And even if this should not be so, and it should prove that the production took place during an Esperanto Congress in Berlin and was not thereafter repeated, it is clear that the art of the theatre is a matter of general interest, in close relationship to the life of the

people, and that Germany in this respect is at least a generation ahead of England.

In Denmark the author interviewed George Brandes; in Berlin he seems to have interviewed the Kaiser and received from him a warning that the Church of Rome would one day threaten American liberty. The Kaiser is not named; we are told that it will be quite impossible to fathom the identity of the Distinguished Personage who gave the warning. But the account of the interview bristles with indications from which there is no escaping.

"The interview took place at his dwelling. I shall not describe the dwelling. I shall not even describe the room. I don't know that I could describe it. The moment he entered I saw only his eyes. He looked at me for five minutes. Gradually I regained my self-possession."

They talked of America when the five minute long scrutiny was at an end, and the Distinguished Personage developed a prophetic vein. "God has made the white race the guardian of His holy fire," he said. "We must cast out the half-breed from the sanctuary. Can there be two Personages in Germany who are as sure of God as all that? About the secret counsel of the Vatican, too, he was augustly confident."

"I have positive knowledge (said the Distinguished Personage) that the Inner Circle of the Government of the Church have outlined a campaign that will enable the Pope, if occasion arises, to establish his power and rear the throne of St. Peter on American soil. In the shadow of that throne your liberty will perish."

"A dozen anxious questions piled to the tip of my tongue, but before I had time to murmur my thoughts, a uniformed attendant interrupted us a second time."

"His Royal Highness," I heard him murmur, "has been waiting for several minutes."

"Half-sectically, half-papally, I kowtowed and left the field to the Royal Highness."

Mr. Vireck kowtowed—could anything be clearer?

PETER H. GIBSON.

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF MRS. GASKELL.*

It was Mrs. Gaskell's strongly expressed desire that no biography of her should be published, and her daughter, eminently fitted as they were in every way for such a task, scrupulously refrained from publishing anything in the nature of a life. Yet here is a volume of 45 large octavo pages which is all but none but a biography. When the homes, the haunts, and the stories of a novelist have been dealt with at this length, what more can remain to be told? And the life of Mrs. Gaskell, whilst full of interest, was not eventful in the ordinary sense—it had its trials and sorrows, but it was free from the tragic gloom that overshadowed the Brontë household of genius. Her life was healthy, active, and useful. In the happiness of her home life she was fortunate, where some women of genius have been most unlucky. She was richly endowed by nature, was singularly beautiful of aspect, had a keen and cultivated mind, a quick faculty of observation, a gift of direct and unembarrassed expression, and a redeeming humour that prevented her constant sympathy for suffering and her perception of the tragedy that so often underlies the commonplace of life from degenerating into vaporous sentimentality.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, the daughter of a man of ability, whose energies ranged from farming to archaeology, and from preaching to writing for the *Edinburgh Review*, was born at Chelsea in 1810, lost her mother early, was brought up mainly at Knutsford but had passing experiences of Stratford-on-Avon, Edinburgh and Newcastle, and settled in Manchester as the wife of the

* "Mrs. Gaskell: Homes, Haunts, and Stories." By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. With 39 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)



Mrs. Gaskell's Birthplace.

Formerly known as 1, Belle Vue, later as 1, Lindsey Row, and now as 1, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

From "Mrs. Gaskell: Homes, Haunts, and Stories." By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

Rev. William Gaskell, a Unitarian minister distinguished by natural gifts and scholarly culture. The union was one of great happiness, but not without sorrows. It was to distract her thoughts from the loss in childhood of her only son that he began by the suggestion of her husband to write. Miss Burton, the publication of which in 1848 placed her at once in the front rank of the English writers of her time. The training of her daughters, the duties of a pastor's wife with holiday at home and abroad, were combined for the rest of her life with excellent work in creative literature. Mrs. Gaskell had the faculty both for long and short stories, and her power ranged from light and delicate humour to dark shadows of tragedy. Then her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* is one of the greatest biographical works in the English language. It was probably as the result of vexations arising out of its publication that she expressed a strong desire that no biography of herself should be allowed to appear. Her latest work left incomplete by her sudden death in 1865, shows her genius at its highest and ripest development. Such is the life story that Mrs. Chadwick essays to tell. In the absence of letters and authorised details, Mrs. Chadwick has searched Mrs. Gaskell's writings for all that ingenuity can construe into autobiography, and has sought out all the places that have been claimed as the localities of her narratives. There are appreciative references to the Rev. William Gaskell, but more might be said of him. His public services, his pulpit fame, his good influence on the many young men to whom he imparted his own love of literature, his scholarly skill in the then unusual study of dialects, his gifts as a hymn-writer, and his conversational power all marked him out as a remarkable man.

There are many errors, important and unimportant, in Mrs. Chadwick's book. The Manchester School of Art is

not close to the University (p. 193). The High School is not on the site of the house in which Mrs. Gaskell's early married life was passed (p. 93). The Nursing Home (p. 346) was founded as a memorial of Miss Julia Gaskell only, and is specially *not* for the artisan class: the entrance being limited to those who can pay two guineas weekly but *not more*. It was founded to carry out an express wish of Miss Julia Gaskell. The portrait of Mrs. Gaskell was painted by Mrs. Swynnerton, not by Miss Fox (p. 117): by the "Barbaulds and the Atkens" who are referred to on p. 41 are meant the Atkins, who are thus by a change of spelling transformed Scottish literati. Mrs. Barbauld's early writings were published in conjunction with her brother, Dr. John Aikin, who was the literary helper of John Howard, the philanthropist. A statement on p. 410 seems to imply that Mrs. Gaskell was a frequent or occasional visitor to Brighton, but she never set foot in that sunny haunt favoured of Thackeray. And this fact invalidates the story told on p. 419 respecting Thackeray's daughters and the circumstances under which Mrs. Gaskell prohibited the writing of her biography.

A question of taste—good or bad—is raised by Mrs. Chadwick's references to financial details. It may be doubted if it is necessary for the world at large to know that in Mrs. Chadwick's view the rent of the house in which the Gaskells lived was probably more than they could afford at the time, but such an opinion should not be expressed unless the writer has had full data for forming a correct judgment. Mrs. Chadwick has omitted to take into account the fact which was, and is well known that Mr. Gaskell, in addition to his ministerial stipend, inherited private means which alone were much larger than the emoluments of many of his profession, whether in the Established Church or in the Nonconformist communities. The failure to grasp this consideration vitiates all that Mrs. Chadwick has said on a subject it would have been more delicate to leave untouched. The account of the purchase and plans about the Holybourne house and of Mrs. Gaskell's death there are inaccurate in many respects.

There are similar difficulties in another part of the subject—a part which occupies much attention in this book. "It is not generally known," writes Mrs. Chadwick, "that Darwin was the model for Roger Hamley in 'Wives and Daughters'" (pp. 14, 425). It is indeed not generally known, for there is absolutely no foundation in fact for the suggestion. The process of reasoning appears to be: Roger Hamley in the novel is a scientific traveller; Charles Darwin in real life was a scientific traveller; therefore Roger Hamley is a portrait of Charles Darwin—whom Mrs. Gaskell never saw. The taste for identifying fictitious characters with real persons is one that needs to be restrained within reasonable limits. A photographer must have a figure before his camera if he is to make a picture at all, but an artist is under no such compulsion. It is a degradation of literature to think of the poet or novelist as merely a mirror reflecting the images of persons met in social intercourse. After all, the creative faculty is the distinctive gift of genius, and without it the work of the novelist would be barren and empty. The poet, whether in prose or verse, is a composer, not a transcriber. That Mrs. Gaskell, like all other artists, received suggestions from her impressions of those whom she met is obviously certain, but in the painting of a character in fiction diverse elements would be blended and the final result would be a new creation, a type, and not the reproduction of an individual. It is those who fail to realise this elementary condition of art that think, notwithstanding Dickens's disclaimer, Horace Skimpole to be a true picture of Leigh Hunt. When these reservations are kept in view, the identification of characters—or should we say *of* the source of characters?—is justifiable, and may sometimes be important in regard to the author's development. But it is a path surrounded by pitfalls for the unwary traveller.

Having said this much as to errors of fact and method, it is a duty, and a pleasanter one, to bear willing testimony to the industry with which Mrs. Chadwick has laboured. The illustrations are numerous and well-selected, though the portrait at p. 444 was never regarded as satisfactory. The book is evidently the fruit of long preparation and research, and is the work of one who ardently realises the beauty and value of the life and teachings of Mrs. Gaskell.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THAT VILLAIN SHAKESPEARE.*

When a man starts out to prove (what many persons hold strongly but temperately) that Shakespeare's plays and poems were written by Bacon, and indulges in uncontrolled and unmeasured vituperation, we are naturally on our guard as to the "proofs" he advances. Not only does Sir Edwin Dunning-Lawrence gather up odd scraps of evil gossip (suppressing the good) into one mud-pie to fling at Shakespeare, but denounces him as a rustic clown, who could not write his own name, or even read a line of print, calls him "nuser," "the sordid money-lender of Stratford" (which description tradition applies rather to John Combe), "the mean, drunken, ignorant, unlettered rustic of Stratford," "the swine without a head," "one of a gang of deer-stealers," "blackmailer," and "lying rascal" who is to be identified, according to Sir Edwin, with Ben Jonson's Sogliardo, and so, he tel's us, is "the filth" and "the scum of the earth."

In order to support his allegations, Sir Edwin is prolific in "proofs" which are no proofs. We are not impressed by the fact that both Bacon and Shakespeare used the word "invention" in the same year. Ignorant, apparently, of the fact that names, like words, in Elizabethan and Jacobean times, were spelled variously and phonetically, he makes great play with the different spellings of "Shakespeare" and yet is not warned by his own quotation that spells ink "mke" and "yncke" within a few lines. He declares, without proof, that in "The Great Assizes holden in Pernassus" (1615) the "jurours" and "malefactours" are the same, and that Shakespeare is one of the malefactours. The fact is, he is named therein along with Drayton, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger, who are textually described as "poets good and true." This is nothing to Sir Edwin, who asks us to believe, on his bare assertion, that "Bacon's trouble was to get Shakespeare's name attached to the plays," and that the famous portrait engraved by Droeshout as the frontispiece to the First Folio of 1623 consists of two left arms and a mask to show that it conceals Bacon behind it. He "proves" it by stating "every tailor will admit" that the right arm "is the back of the left arm"; and a hundred pages later declares that he has thus proved his point. This sort of nonsense runs through the book—first a wild *ipse dixit*, then a reiteration of it, and then the calm assurance of established proof.

Moreover Sir Edwin's misrepresentations are numerous, albeit seemingly sincere. But if we test certain statements that might create an impression if swallowed on trust, we see the worthlessness of them. He takes corresponding pages of "Love's Labour's Lost," one from the Folio and one from the Quarto, because they both begin with the same sentence, to prove an alleged self-revelation of Bacon. It is important for him that the word "honorificabilitudinitatibus" should be the 151st word on the page. He asks us "of course" (why?) not to count in the 21 Latin and other words in the dialogue printed in italics (to say nothing of the stage directions) and we shall be rewarded by finding the mystic word is the 151st. But we do not. It is the 148th.

* "Bacon is Shakespeare." By Sir Edwin Dunning-Lawrence, Bart. 2s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

So we are made, in order to suit his absurd cryptogram, to count the spelt-out word "debt" as four words! How simple! Then we are asked if it is not a proof of Bacon's marvellous genius that this long word of 27 letters is on the 27th line of the page. But it isn't—in the Quarto; and it is only so in the Folio if we count in the Latin and other words in italics which before we were told "of course" to ignore. Again, it is necessary that the word should appear on the 33rd line of the page (because "33" is of solemnly Baconian import); so, as it is really on the 32nd, we are quietly directed to count in the italic headline. If Baconian references occur elsewhere on 32nd or 53rd lines, that, we are informed, is owing to "printer's errors"—yet it is actually a printer's error which makes his 151st word out of the 150th in one of the editions!

But this is not all. Sir Edwin has made a tremendous discovery. If A equals 1, B equals 2, and so on, the numerical value of "honorificabilitudinitatibus" equals 287 (with certain concessions to the alphabet). Now, if we count the letters of Ben Jonson's address "To the Reader" under, or opposite, Droeshout's print (according to the edition) and include the heading "To the Reader" and the two letters of Ben Jonson's signature, and count the two w's as four letters in line 9, but not in other lines, we find—287! Think of the mystery lurking behind the coincidence (which Sir Edwin puts forward without acknowledgment, but which Mr. E. V. Tanner has since declared is his own discovery privately told by him to Sir Edwin ten years ago)! Can you deny now that Bacon stands self-revealed? To confirm this Sir Edwin advances a cryptogram which seems to us to deliver a mortal blow at his reputation as a controversialist and a student. He wants to prove that the Bacon of Shakespeare is Francis, who signed his name "Fra." So he takes a table from a "cryptographic book," dated 1624, which he audaciously asserts, without a shred of evidence, "was issued as the key to the Shakespeare Folio," and says it reveals the letters FRA. Having followed his instructions closely, we say, categorically, that it does not; for the principle which gives us F gives us, instead of R and A, P and T—unless, for no earthly reason, we skip first two and then three letters.

Similarly, it appears that when Shakespeare's contemporaries and immediate followers say things which don't fit in with Sir Edwin's needs, the sly rogues mean the exact opposite—they are setting "cunningly devised clues" and "snares." Thus when Leonard Digges (in the First Folio) in apostrophising Shakespeare, says "When Time dissolves thy Stratford monument," he means "When Time dissolves thy Stratford mask"; when Ben Jonson affirms that Droeshout has striven in his portrait to "out-do the life" and that "he hath hit his face," he means "do out" or shut out the life, and "hath hid" his face. Again, he asserts that a page from the Quarto is "exactly reproduced" in the Folio with a single literal alteration; examination shows that there are a dozen such alterations. He takes the frontispiece of Bacon's Dutch edition of the "History of Henry VII." and declares the figure on it to represent Nemesis, and builds up an argument on that; as a matter of fact it is not a figure of Nemesis, but of Fortune—Fata Morgana, with her forelock blown forward as it should be and her hand turning her wheel. That knocks the bottom out of Sir Edwin's contention. In short, the "bounce" of the book is Napoleonic.

The author seizes on Mrs. Stopes's error (in supposing that the very inaccurate engraving of the Stratford monument in Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire" truly represented the monument when first erected) to throw discredit on that undoubtedly genuine piece of Jacobean design. We have no space to prove our words here, but would remind the reader that several of the illustrations of other monuments that figured in the same book are equally misrepresentative.

The main contention of the work before us appears to be that Bacon was engaged in a vast conspiracy to conceal and yet claim, authorship of the works, and employed in it not only that lying rascal Shakespeare (in a matter demanding long-drawn-out secrecy, loyalty, and discretion), but Ben Jonson ("one of his left hands") and a crowd of poets, printers, editors, actors, and Heaven knows how many else besides—and all that he might emerge as the true author 287 years after the publication of the First Folio—that is, in this year of grace 1910! That Shakespeare's foul name appears prominently on the list of the company of actors is explained away as "part of the plot." Droeshout's other inartistic frontispieces (poor fellow, he did his best) conveyed, we are told, smaller conspiracies. Yet not a word of this conspiracy leaked out for 230 years—this alleged conspiracy by which Bacon and his creatures—if we are to believe this farrago of nonsense—were intriguing to rob Shakespeare of his fame and credit long after he was laid to rest. A fine contention, truly! When Ben Jonson was apostrophising the Sweet Swan of Avon, we are told, he was belauding Bacon; and in the line "Though thou had'st small Latin and less Greek"—we are asked to believe he was addressing the great scholar who was notoriously overflowing with both. And "when thy socks were on"—the actor's "socks"—refers to the great man who, we are to understand, concealed his authorship only because one historical play, and that not the first, had angered Queen Elizabeth.

Again, Sir Edwin seeks to prove that Bacon, the writer of the Sonnets, was in his lifetime "an acknowledged poet," indeed, "the Greatest of Poets." If that be so, and Sir Edwin carries conviction of it, what becomes of the Conspiracy?—the secret was out even while Bacon wrote! Sir Edwin cannot have it both ways.

No, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence is the victim of his own obsession, and few true Baconians will regard without regret this monument of childish, misguided, and wrong-headed ingenuity. With more space we could expose it more completely; but perhaps we have done enough.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

CLAYHANGER.

When Mr. Arnold Bennett cares to do his best, he can produce work that is very good indeed. He has taken an important place among novelists with "The Old Wives' Tale"; among the small band of short-story writers worthy of serious consideration he is distinguished as the author of "Tales of the Five Towns"; while he had won dramatic laurels with "What the Public Wants," which is so instinct with trenchant satire as to suggest the master-hands of other days—satire nowadays, to judge from the work of most modern satirists, being in its dotage. With "Clayhanger" Mr. Bennett takes a decided step forward. It is far more ambitious than any novel he has published; and with it he carries on the tradition of the novelists who had the grand manner. Mr. Bennett has given himself more than five hundred rather closely printed pages in which to develop the first part of his story. I say the first part, for though "Clayhanger" is complete in itself, we are promised two sequels. There is supposed to be a prejudice against long novels, but that is because in many cases the author meanders along, putting a minimum of story in a sea of words. This fault certainly cannot be found with "Clayhanger." It is leisurely—occasionally too leisurely; the description here and there of a house or a woman is perhaps a little too detailed; but, in a day when writers of fiction are sparing

* "Clayhanger." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

of their material, allotting just so much and no more to each six-shilling book, Mr. Bennett is a good-natured prodigal. Half a dozen novels might have been developed from the ideas crowded into "Clayhanger." Darius Clayhanger by himself might have served as a peg for a story; the episode of Edwin Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways might have furnished another; the family of the Orgreaves a third, and so on; but Mr. Bennett shows his wisdom by his prodigality: he has produced an excellent and enduring work of fiction. It stands on a vastly higher level than anything he has done, and if the sequels are as admirably written as their fore-runner, then it is safe to say readers of a day later than our own will place this trilogy on the shelf with the Barchester series of Anthony Trollope and the Carlingford series of Mrs. Oliphant.

For aught I know, Mr. Bennett may not regard it as a compliment to be bracketed with Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, even with them at their best; but, however he may take the comparison, it is certain that he has much in common with them, so far as "Clayhanger" is concerned. Like these eminent Victorian writers, he has taken commonplace people—men and women, boys and girls, that are to be met with everywhere and made them vastly interesting. The Orgreaves, father, mother, and children, and the Clayhanger family, are very ordinary flesh and blood, always excepting Darius, the great outstanding character of the novel, a creation of which any master of literature would be proud. Hilda Lessways, too, is a fine study, a woman whose further acquaintance we shall make in the sequels; but Darius is the gem of the book. A penniless lad, sent to work in a pottery as a small boy, making his way by slow and painful stages until he starts a small printing business "on his own," he arrives at the sanctuary of a competence and middle-class respectability, only to find that he has made too many demands on his strength: he dies from softening of the brain. He had grit, determination, a certain genius even; an obstinate selfish nature; and is so proud of his success that he cannot bear to let even his only son share in it. A perfectly understandable, unpleasant, pitiable, self-made man, perfectly limned by his creator. For Darius alone "Clayhanger" would be worth reading; but there is also, as has been said, Hilda Lessways; and Darius's son, Edwin, another wonderful character-study—perhaps, indeed, as wonderful as that of Darius, for Edwin is the commonplace incarnate, a weak, indeterminate, emotional, impressionable young man, uninteresting to the majority of his fellows, but never other than fascinating to the reader who sees him under the microscope of the author. So intimately is Edwin revealed that a sensitive reader may feel a little ashamed at being present at the unveiling; and, thinking of the state of his own soul, shudder at this pitiless dissection of another's. It is as if Mr. Bennett, like a certain other author, has determined to write a novel without a hero; only he has put in the hero's place a young man singularly unheroic, and has made his study of this commonplace person so enthralling that probably the great British public will let him pass for a hero. Which is as well, for, while the public knows what it wants, it does not know what is good for it.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

WORD-PICTURES.*

Mr. Thomas's touch is so delicate and his taste so fastidious that one doubts whether essays such as these "Rose Acre Papers" can ever make their way to a public numerically considerable. The purist will find much to satisfy

* "Rose Acre Papers." By Edward Thomas. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

him, and not a little to delight him. Yet passages that can be praised for the "curious felicity" of their phrasing are frequently marred by an excess of sodulous care almost amounting to what is known as preciousness. In the paper on rain, for instance, which is very characteristic of the author's manner, it is recorded how the sound of its falling "brings back the rain in a city street by night, that softened the sky to a deep blue that was the very hue of mercy thrown over the awful darkness; and—gaily, daintily—the drops that came and went (like stars in a restless sky) on the fir-tree foliage as we came to the trout river, in sudden sunlight." Here the words that we have italicised seem to us to be of the very essence of poetry, whereas those which the author has set within brackets introduce a simile that appears far-fetched to us, and neither perfectly apt nor beautifully natural. Looking over the book as a whole—with a sense of pleasure which we are glad to acknowledge—we detect an ingenuity in the style which brings it below the level of the very best. The artistry is too manifest; there is no smell of the lamp about the essays, but the legitimate egoism of the best sort of essayist, which results in delightfully unconscious self-revelation and an artless ingenuousness which takes for granted his reader's interest in what interests himself, is represented here by a more conscious introspection, and confidence that the resulting analysis deserves applause.

And with that we have satisfied our inclination to criticise. It is far more grateful to turn over the pages and look at things through Mr. Thomas's seeing eyes. "The rooks began to pass overhead, and some alighted, their feathers changing to silver as they turned in the sun." That is true observation, and recalls to the mind of this reviewer the brightest white thing he ever saw—the black roof of a hansom cab seen under a blazing sun from the top of an omnibus in Trafalgar Square. Here is an impression in black and white as suggestive of colour as an engraving of a Claude Lorraine landscape by Lupton or Phillip, and simpler in its component parts: "Low, massy, and in colour auburn, the full moon was perched upon a hill-top, very near; etched in black on its surface was the skeleton of an elm. To the cott. ger moving in his orchard it hung like a great fruit, upon each tree in turn." And here, finally, is a more elaborated pen picture which may be declared almost faultless: "Under the beams of the rocking moon, those tall, cadaverous crags rose up like stripped reapers, gigantic and morose, reaping and emassing the dolorous harvest of wrecks, waist-deep in a surge whose waves seemed not to flow and change, but to turn, turn ceaselessly, in the contracted corridors among the rocks, like wheels revolving, and bespattered by the foam that huddled, yellow, coagulate, quaking, in the crevices."

It is the word painting, of which the passages quoted above are representative, that gives these "Rose Acre Papers" their great distinction. Mr. Thomas is not concerned to set us thinking, but to admit us sharers of his moods. And in his power to recapture moods and in his artistry he has few living rivals.

CRANSTOWN METCALFE.

THE REAL SPAIN.*

Spain is the happy hunting-ground of the wandering "impressionist," who, after an idle holiday among the Moorish remains and a glance at the cathedrals, returns to his own land to write a rhapsody on sunlight and colour, and the glories of the Alhambra. Very few travellers have found the real Spain. It is a country of surprises, inhabited by differing races possessing many of the attributes that we are wont to describe as northern, while they preserve certain distinctive qualities of the south. There

* "Spain from Within." By Rafael Shaw. 7s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

is Andalusia, "the frying-pan," resembling North Africa in climate, with a population of marked Morisco descent; there is proud Castile, a stern territory, with natives said to possess the specific Spanish character; there are the Basques of the North, ethnologically akin to the Welsh; and the people of Galicia, who have an affinity with the Portuguese. Diversity in the natural features of the country and the dissimilarity of the inhabitants of the north and south lend to Spain its charm and its elusiveness.

It is doubtful whether the Anglo-Saxon, even when possessed of the cosmopolitan spirit, can understand with full sympathy the temperament, the ideals, and the philosophy of the Spaniard. Progress and happiness are deemed synonymous terms by the restless energetic Briton and Teuton. But progress in Spain does not connote material and commercial prosperity. The Spanish temper demands leisure to live and to enjoy simple delights day by day. Serenity of mind is valued in Spain at its true worth.



A street hawker describing battle scenes to an illiterate audience.

From "Spain from Within," by Rafael Shaw. (J. Fisher Unwin.)

And yet the reproach of indolence is ill-deserved, for the peasantry and the artisans of the country are among the hardest workers in Europe.

A proper equipment for a study of the Spanish people is a native sympathy, an instinct keen to detect and to appreciate their virtues of naturalness and simplicity. We must dismiss the preconception that every Spaniard is hot-blooded, or cruel, or untrustworthy. "The typical Spaniard" is very difficult to find in Madrid or Barcelona amid this great community of mixed descent.

Mr. Rafael Shaw is endowed with the right idiosyncrasy for the task of writing upon "Spain from Within." He strikes the mean between the enthusiasm of the romantic traveller and the lofty tolerance of the English resident who has lived among the people without knowing them. Mr. Shaw apprehends the import of the great struggle against clericalism, though he states that the masses in Spain are deeply religious. Ferrer, the reformer, was hardly known among the people, and there is a tendency, even among educated Spaniards, to underrate the work that he achieved in modern education.

The author is somewhat inclined to overstate the ignorance of the working-classes and the peasants. No

doubt the proportion of illiterates is still high, but the Spanish wage-earner is almost always keenly intelligent, and even if he cannot read or write, he is not wanting in perception and aptitude for learning. Moreover, the schools are being rapidly reformed and the methods of teaching modernised. In Galicia there are excellent technical schools. Without any prejudice I set down the fact that the rural folk of Spain are far more intelligent than those of our country, in spite of inadequate school-teaching, or a lack of book-learning. No one acquainted with Spain can gainsay the existence of a quick wit and capacity among the labouring classes.

Mr. Rafael Shaw shows that Spain is advancing towards religious and political liberty. In politics the trend is towards Liberalism, and there is a very strong Republican sentiment throughout the nation. The writer may not have heard that the brilliant Blasco de Ibanez, who is cited as one of the advanced guard of politicians, has withdrawn from the Liberal party, although he still holds the principles of the Liberal creed.

The drift of this instructive volume is that Spain is on the upgrade. There is even a reaction against the time-revered institution of the bull fight; and Mr. Shaw rightly observes that the large number of English visitors who help to support the bull ring cannot, without self-condemnation, accuse the Spaniards of "barbarity."

"Spain from Within" justifies its title. It is the work of a writer with an intimate knowledge of his subject, written in a spirit of fairness, and without an assumption of finality in statement. The author's conclusions should help in correcting the somewhat common delusion that in Spain one is likely to encounter at any moment, a brigand or a violent Anarchist.

WALTER M. GALLICIAN.

CLOTILDE.*

This autobiography is a fairly astonishing production. As a sincere and unexpurgated account of a life which has run the whole gamut of human emotion it is valuable and rare, for its details and pictures of personages it has hardly less interest. Here, among many other matters of scarcely less moment, Helene von Donniges—Clotilde of "The Tragic Comedians"—recounts the story of her relations with Lassalle, and the upshot is not what Meredith has given us. He appears to have been misled by the apologia of her youth, but his judgments were prejudiced, and chief, perhaps, among all his errors is that interrogation in his most notable preface: "Why she (Clotilde) should have laid her hand in the hand of the slayer?" The answer to it is obvious enough and constitutes one of the Princess's chief claims on our attention. It was highly characteristic of Helene von Donniges, spite of her youth and extravagance, that she should penetrate the superficiality of Prince Yanko von Racowitza's deed to the reality of his intentions, and, so doing, should feel he had offered her and Lassalle all, more than all, that was practicable. The Prince appeared, had been made to appear, as Lassalle's antagonist, but he had in fact been their only friend in Helene's circle, willing his death should bridge the way to their union, and, by the ironic accident befalling his plans, brought more swiftly to his doom. It is difficult to see how the girl he so devotedly adored, for whom a giant of their time had just fallen, could have afterwards occupied herself better than by taking as much as possible of the tragedy on to her shoulders and smoothing Prince Yanko's thorny path to the grave. In face even of the facts given in "The Tragic Comedians," Meredith's comment appeared uncharacteristic and superficial; in light of the autobiography it is absurd.

* "Princess Helene von Racowitza: An Autobiography." Translated from the German by Cecil Mar. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Indeed, except in beauty of appearance and conversational brilliance, there is little connection between the real and the fictional portraits. Clotilde is superficial, tortuous, self-centred, and almost self-righteous. Helene is vital, arrogantly frank, and passionately fond of "experience." It is clear from the first there are plenty of rocks ahead of her, her life is to be fairly bestrewn with wreckages, but the waters she sails in are not shallow—they are anything, everything, but that. This is the point Meredith has misunderstood, but it is one of which the appearance of the autobiography makes further misunderstanding impossible. Many of the reactions against convention recorded in the book are attributable to the hideously corrupt society in which Helene von Donniges was born (she herself was betrothed by her parents, at fourteen, to a debauched lover of her mother's) and, at worst, her emotional episodes were love affairs and not liaisons. Certainly these episodes abound in a degree confusing to conventional readers. But these, in her Preface, the Princess has warned away from her book. "Let me warn," she says, "those who are easily shocked not to read. To the free and courageous I say 'Read,' but read with the desire to understand the true nature of the author, as she follows the path traced for her by fate, from heights to depths, even to the verge of the mire. The road leads eventually to the Light, and remains therein." That devious paths have led in her case to a singularly vibrant and sunny old age is the last word about Helene von Racowitza. She has had appalling experiences, but to say they have none of them soured her is to grievously understate facts. The buoyancy Lassile gloried in has not only swept her above barriers, it has carried her far. The only tests she can be judged by, the only ones she would accept, are the growth of her passionate reverence for life and all it has brought her, and her widening self-knowledge and love for her fellows. She is after all of the race that Meredith lived by.

M. STURGE HENDERSON

THE CHILDHOOD OF MAN.⁴

Professor Frazer has a monumental way of handling his subjects, and in "Totemism and Exogamy" he has built a vast structure of facts and theories that might well stand for the life-work even of an exceptional man. No more important book on primitive custom and belief has been published for many years. Professor Frazer gives us here a survey of all the known facts of totemism and exogamy wherever these institutions are found existing together. He is less concerned with establishing any particular theory than with presenting and arranging the facts. At the same time, he does not leave his facts an impenetrable maze without a plan, but offers some exceedingly persuasive theories in explanation of them.

His final theory of the origin of totemism seems doubly reasonable now that he accepts the idea that pure totemism is not a religion, but merely a system of relationship between men and animals or lifeless things. Discussing totemism more than twenty years ago, Professor Frazer described it as a religion, and he reprints his misleading thesis in the first of these volumes. He only reprints it to refute it, however—on this point, at least. "In pure totemism, such as we find it among the Australian aborigines," he now tells us, "the totem is never a god and is never worshipped." The relationship between a man and his totem is clearly illustrated by the case of the Central Australian native, who, on being shown his photograph by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, said: "That one is just the same as me; so is a kangaroo (his totem)." Taking this sentence as a summing up of the whole matter, Professor Frazer points

out that totemism, far from implying any veneration of animals, plants, and what not, is merely an identification of a man with his totem, whatever the latter may be. Primitive man's ideas are hazy and without definite outlines, and he is able to imagine men and animals and lifeless things merging and changing into each other with marvellous readiness.

How, then, did man ever persuade himself that he had, as double or *alter ego*, a kangaroo, a bird, a tree, or a lifeless stone? Professor Frazer used to think that an explanation might be found in the theory of the external soul—that is, in the belief that living people may deposit their souls for safe keeping outside of themselves in some secure place, where the precious deposit will be less exposed to the risks and vicissitudes of life than while it remained in the body of its owner." He suggested, as a second possible theory, that totemism might have had its origin in certain magic rites for increasing the supply of different sorts of food, and so forth. Thus certain groups of men would imitate bees in sound and appearance in order to increase the store of honey by their magical mummeries, and they would gradually get identified with whatever they imitated. Professor Frazer now discards both these theories, the former because there is no proof of the general association of the totemic system with the doctrine of the external soul, and the second because it implies the existence of a more highly organised society than that in which totemism must have had its origin.

No other theory of the origin of totemism seems half so reasonable as that finally adopted by Professor Frazer. Totemism he now regards as a primitive explanation of the conception and birth of children. Primitive man, he points out, is incapable of the chain of reasoning which relates a child to its father. Maternity is an obvious fact, but paternity is a difficult inference. The undeveloped savage, casting about for an explanation of the presence of the child within the womb, looks for some immediate cause. He does not know that the child had any existence there before the first moment at which the mother feels it stirring, and his explanation will naturally have reference to something which happens just before this critical moment. On the Banks Islands, for instance, Dr. W. H. R. Rivers discovered that the inhabitants refer their abstention from certain animals and fruits to the fact that "then mothers were impregnated by the entrance into their womb of spirit animals or spirit fruits, and that they themselves are nothing but the particular animal or plant which effected a lodgment in their mother and in due time was born into the world with a superficial and deceptive resemblance to a human being." With this in mind, we can easily understand the Central Australian's cryptic utterance about the photograph and the kangaroo. His mother, or some female ancestor, first felt the child quickening in her womb immediately after she had seen a kangaroo hopping by, and she connected the passing of the kangaroo with the presence of the child as cause and effect. Thus, according to this theory, totemism had its origin in ignorance of paternity, though it survives as an institution in many places where the facts of paternity have long been realised.

As for exogamy, Professor Frazer holds that it had a different origin from totemism and that its relations with totemism are accidental. In his present survey he is concerned with these two institutions only where they exist side by side, but his object all through is to show that "the totemic clan is a totally different social organism from the exogamous class," even though the totemic clans are nearly invariably themselves exogamous where totemism and exogamy are found among the same people. After examining various theories, Professor Frazer comes to the conclusion that the origin of exogamy is to be discovered in the growing aversion of primitive man for incestuous connections between brothers and sisters, parents and children, and afterwards even cousins. There is no space

* "Totemism and Exogamy." By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L. In 4 Vols. 50s. net. (Macmillan.)



to follow him step by step in his reasonings ; we can merely mention some of his main conclusions. His new work is a fascinating study of primitive man, at once cautious and masterly in its logic, and admirably written. It is a storehouse of anthropological facts which the student will find indispensable and the best sort of general reader an intellectual delight.

ROBERT LYND.

MAARTEN MAARTENS' NEW NOVEL.*

"Harmen Pols, Peasant," is the title of this new book by Maarten Maartens. It tells the story of a brief crisis in the life of a young Dutch peasant, whose name has been taken to title the novel. The man in question, after an uneventful and comparatively peaceful boyhood, suddenly finds his whole future imperilled by a legitimate claim upon his father's farm.

"The wedding was over. The foolish, noisy wedding that had made so much stir, in a three weeks' burst of country gossip, Aunt Carlina, the middle-aged spinster, was the spouse of Roelant Slink."

That was the origin of the trouble which came suddenly into the life of young Harmen Pols. Aunt Carlina (his aunt) had married Roelant Slink, the farm hand, and with Aunt Carlina's hand went the half of the farm and all its stock and appliances. Thus, however, Harmen had not known when he suggested to Slink that Aunt Carlina might marry, if she were asked hastily. He had said this to Slink partly in fun, and partly because he would have been thankful to get Aunt Carlina out of the house ; for she was a scold, and made his mother's life something of a misery. Slink took the hint, had probably meant to marry her in any case, for he had learned that Carlina had a half-share in the farm, and the marriage would raise him in one day from the poverty of a common farm-hand to a sufficiency to enable him to buy a certain public house, which was his ambition. Therefore he married Aunt Carlina, who was twenty-three years older than himself, and gaunt and ugly.

The book goes forward from this point to tell, with that peculiar note of neatness which Maarten Maartens has made his own, the result of this sudden catastrophe upon Harmen, his father, Steven Pols, and the Vronw, his mother. The character of the father is an extraordinary mixture of chronic pessimism and violent religious belief, to which is added a passionate temper. When Harmen tells him that he, Harmen, was the cause of Slink proposing, the father turns on him in a fury. "His wrath blazed forth, in the horrible way they all knew and dreaded. He told his son never to speak to him again, unless he could save the farm : 'I tell you that you're no son of mine if you've made good the harm that you've done !'"

The old man's eyes are failing him, and there follows a scene in which he is forced to appeal to his wife to open the recombination-lock, because he can no longer see to set the letters. The lock secures a safe which holds sufficient money to pay out Aunt Carlina, without having to sell the farm to realise her share, which means ruin to the family. Yet even will not use the money for this purpose unless his wife will give her oath that she is innocent of wrong doing. With one Mynheer Blass he having seen her kissed by Blass in the orchard before the birth of Harmen, whom in his heart he believes to be the son of Blass. The Vronw will not give her oath, so he cannot use the money to save the farm, as he has vowed to the Lord that he will not if he cannot swear to her innocence.

The book is one that must be dealt with in the most sympathetic spirit, if its qualities are to be realised and brought forward. There are some extraordinary scenes both psychic and physical. The way in which the author

shows young Harmen's gradual loss of faith in his father, his mother, and his God is extremely interesting, and conceivably approximates to a picture of the mind of a young and undeveloped man possessed of such a character as young Harmen's. The faith of the father in his God, even after he believes all to be lost, and after his eyesight is gone utterly, is very fine ; but the character of the mother is less decided and more difficult to understand. There is, however, something very lovable about her, as also about young Harmen, so far as one can see his character with clearness. It is a book to be read, and the reader will find that in addition to all I have indicated, he will be rewarded by a charming love-story which threads through the tale.

W. HOFF HOBSON.

A CRITIC OF MODERN LIFE.*

Books of essays gathered from the periodicals are traditionally supposed to be the least marketable of literary wares. Publishers, booksellers, and librarians, who agree in nothing else, agree in this, that the public doesn't want these occasional pieces, that nobody borrows them and nobody buys them. Yet, surely, the occasional piece that is good, is good for many, if not for all, occasions ; and the essay that is readable in a weekly or monthly paper doesn't become unreadable by mere transference to a volume. If it isn't good enough for a book, then it wasn't good enough for a magazine. Personally, I confess to immense enjoyment of such literature. Give me a choice between the average work of fiction and the average book of essays, and I take the latter without hesitation ; for while in the one there may be nothing to please me, in the other there is bound to be something—a pleasant whim, a happy idea, an unsuspected fact, or a felicitous turn of phrase.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel, the latest recruits to the noble army of publishers, would seem to be above this tradition of their comrades, for, to the excellent efforts that signalled their first appearance in the field, they have added this new deed of daring—a book of reprinted pieces. The particular choice was good. Mr. J. A. Hobson is one of those fortunate men whose names at once suggest a quality. As inevitably as Aristides was just, so Mr. Hobson is sincere. His view of things may be bold, or strange, or unpalatable ; it is certain to be honest and individual. "Nothing," says Emerson, "is so rare in a man as an act of his own." Nothing, we agree—except, perhaps, an opinion of his own. So rare, indeed, are opinions, that certain clever gentlemen have made vast fortunes by supplying them, for a halfpenny a day, to those who lack them and feel it respectable to have them. Now these opinions, being naturally such as are agreeable to the gentlemen of fortune and then friends, are not always agreeable with decency and veracity ; and so a writer like Mr. Hobson, who is at pains to find the truth and speak it fearlessly, creates the profoundest alarm among the gentlemen of fortune and friends aforesaid. Accordingly, they make a powerful diversion, and call upon the mob (under the name of "patriots") for universal execration of Mr. Hobson and his kind as slanderers of the nation, enemies of the people.

The qualities that make Mr. Hobson's views obnoxious to the multitude make his essays valuable to discriminating readers. And they are not only valuable, but interesting. Some honest writers are dull, some sincere writers are tiresome. "Do not sermons exist," asks Bagshot, "and are they not a warning to mankind?" Mr. Hobson does not preach (in the bad sense), and I can testify to his volume's being capital holiday reading. In one respect

* "A Modern Outlook." By J. A. Hobson. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

* "Harmen Pols." By Maarten Maartens. 6s. (Methuen.)

only, and that mechanical, do I quarrel with it. The essays originally appeared in that excellent periodical, the *Nation*, and so had to be fairly uniform in length—or, rather, in shortness. Now it often seemed to me that just as Mr. Hobson was getting well into his subject, the fell sergeant space strictly and suddenly arrested him. I suggest that Mr. Hobson would have made a better book if he had run several of his essays together. For instance, he has a group of papers uncommonly good papers, too on the eternal feminine question; and I feel sure that one long chapter incorporating all his matter would have presented his views in more persuasive form. So, too, with his papers on America and the Church.

Mr. Hobson's divagations are extensive, ranging from Pragmatism to the Peers, from Agitation to the "Autocrat," and he is always pleasant company. Indeed, there is much in this volume that reminds me of good conversation, the decay of which is one of Mr. Hobson's themes. A book of essays, serious in purpose, yet easy enough in style to suggest good talk, is a book that needs no further recommendation.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A TALE OF THE PHILIPPINES.*

Probably it is necessary to explain that the bolo is a knife—two feet in length—whence the natives of the Philippine Islands are fond of using on occasion. Before the Americans got the country well in hand, these occasions used to recur rather often. Indeed, so passionately addicted is the native to his useful little weapon, that he has gone so far as to build round it an unwritten law. We had always believed that the Americans were rather great themselves at unwritten laws, but they seem not to have understood this particular one. At any rate, they did not appreciate it, and they determined to get rid of it. Mr. Commissioner Furber being the chief agent in the agitation against it. But, as Mr. Hyatt points out, the law has the crowning merit of simplicity. Why, argues the simple Philippine, when your bolo is in your belt, and your reach is longer than the other man's, should you go to the trouble of learning a complicated system of ethics? Now the law was by no means badly suited to its particular conditions—a fact which Captain Basil Hayle, of the Philippines Constabulary, speedily ascertained and it was a difficult matter to induce the more unsophisticated Philippine to surrender his old-fashioned notions. "What's bred in the bone," and so forth.

So Captain Basil Hayle—the hero, of course—was told to suppress Old Felizardo, who was a hard-working, straight-living brigand chief. Felizardo had a very stormy past, and adverse circumstance, rather than any fault of his own, forced him to become a lawbreaker. Having become one—Mr. Hyatt tells you all about it in his first couple of chapters, and tells it very well—Felizardo sets about the business thoroughly, and when the second part of this book begins he was virtually the ruler of a chain of mountains, whence Hayle found it impossible to dislodge him. This is another exciting time, and undoubtedly Hayle and his force would have been wiped out if he had not been so particularly "white." Felizardo took quite a fancy to his opponent, and was very fond of doing him a good turn when opportunity offered. Then Hayle fell in love with another man's wife, and though we sympathise with both of them we must confess that their love affair is not quite so interesting as the remainder of the book. (The other man, it should be noticed, was a thorough cad, and nobody could possibly like him.) Hayle had just decided temporarily to adapt the Law of the Bolo to meet his requirements, when he receives as a gift from Felizardo "that

which he most desires to have"—the head of the other man. The reader can finish the story for himself now.

Mr. Hyatt's novel is decidedly a good one. He is an attractive writer, and can tell a good story remarkably well. He has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and a pretty knack of characterisation. One could not ask more of any writer. In a word, "The Law of the Bolo" shows its author very nearly at his best, and Mr. Hyatt's best is notable. The book is one which can be strongly recommended.

LAURELS EVER GREEN AND BRANCHING PALM.*

Mr. Lewis Day used to complain that if you show people some purely ornamental form they are only perplexed to know "what it is meant to represent"; but the lamentable thing was not to show these perplexed inquirers, upon due opportunity, that the ornamental form did represent something, though it might be but a fragment of some lost tradition. The student of Decorative Art, who should have a knowledge of traditional methods at his fingers' ends, will be fortunate in finding in a new book by Mr. Christie a point of view that may give him a glimpse of fresh woods and pastures new, and perhaps open up a possibility of original enterprise in design. It is to be regretted that the two first chapters of the book were not published in a form more likely to be accessible to the general reader. They treat of the origin of decoration and the development of typical forms of ornament, and present a most able review of the latest thought, freely and delightfully illustrated, and written in a manner simple, direct, and interesting.

It has become a reproach that nearly all books on pictorial art are written by laymen and are not technical. On the other hand, books on the subsidiary arts are still written by experts, and if they are not technical they are not always successful. The decorative artist who leaves off spinning his ornamental web to address the general reader with nothing more to say than, Out upon the Philistine! and nothing more to discover of the universe than Sir Peter Teazle's assertion that this is a wicked world, would seem to be a craftsman ill equipped for explaining his art; yet it is possible to write with special information and withal make a popular appeal of the happiest kind. Beside the chapters we have ventured to particularise here, we may recall as another, and one of many an instance, the compelling interest of a description of London in the fourteenth century by Mr. Lethaby. If we can come by personal narrative, but this is rare, then we are arrested by such a human interest as attaches, for example, to the fate of Palissy's kitchen table; and when the inimitable Benvenuto Cellini gives an account of how he wrought the button for the Pontifical Cope it reads for all the world like a "potted" novel (as the slang goes) by Henry James, only that it is easy to read, and some people say Henry James is not easy.

All this goes to prove the discovery of an eminent artist that to mankind in general it is the man behind the art that is interesting. It is indeed. As Manoa built the monument for Samson hung with trophies, and planted round with shade of laurel ever green and branching palm, so are we throughout the ages building our monumental art for man, recording alike his defeat and triumph. In the way, our monument certainly is adorned with acanthus foliage, and when we ponder upon the history of that ubiquitous plant we recognise its intrinsic interest is so great that there was really no need for the pathetic endeavour to wring human interest even out of a Corinthian

* "The Law of the Bolo." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

* "The Styles of Ornament." By Alexander Speltz. Edited by R. Phene Spiers. 15s. net. (Batsford.) — "Traditional Methods of Pattern Designing: An Introduction to the Study of Decorative Art." By A. H. Christie. 6s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

capital by inventing a wholly gratuitous legend; "that fable about Callimachus that was the invention of a poet, not of a practical ornamentist." Yet without accepting Ruskin's wilkly picturesque denunciation of conventional art, we may ask what good the practical ornamentist can effect if he does not, like Mr. Wegg, occasionally drop into poetry?

The fact is, good ornament is all frozen poetry, romance, and glamour. These books before us are nothing more or less than illustrated guides to the history of civilised man, and the pity of it is that they should serve as guide-books only to the student, for we would have them popularised. However, the student has, in the work of Professor Speltz, an excellent note-book upon the historic styles, the text being reduced to a descriptive catalogue of the illustrations, which are remarkably clear considering the small scale they are drawn to. It is an album of drawings, just what such a book should be, arranged upon a different plan from Meyer's well known handbook, but compiled with similar German industry.

F. E. PHILLIPS.

VOLTAIRE'S EMILIE.*

We are accustomed to rank the emancipation of women among the recent triumphs of the race, but was ever a woman more entirely emancipated than Mme. du Châtelet? She was the daughter of a man to whom the minute etiquette of Louis XIV's court was more important than the procession of the stars; she was convent-bred and married at nineteen to a marquis and soldier, and the one particularity of her education was that she was taught Latin well. Her father was described by La Bruyère as one who did nothing himself but told and repeated what others were doing.

a negative person, in a word, who lived upon the activities of others. Yet almost immediately after her marriage, in the course of her first love affair, she showed herself to be of the select few who act, and leave the mass of ordinary people to gape and gossip as they please. Her lover was tired of her and told her so. She arranged a farewell interview, and as he went begged him to hand her a basin of soup, at the same time giving him a letter. He read the letter at the foot of the stairs—Madame told him that the soup contained poison! "The Marquis," says the Abbé Raynal, "did not waste time in vain lamentations. With wonderful presence of mind he went to seek an antidote at the nearest place, and made his mistress swallow it. The effect of this remedy was so efficacious that nothing remained but the remembrance of her extraordinary act." Emilie was soon consoled, her next lover being the famous Richelieu of her day, as corruptly brilliant a person as ever lived.

* "An Eighteenth-Century Marquise: a Study of Emilie du Châtelet and her Times." By Frank Hamel. With Frontispiece and 16 Illustrations. 10s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

It is not, however, in affairs of the heart that the true emancipatedness of this strange woman was shown. In that sphere of action women have always secured as much liberty as they desired, and Emilie was certainly no degenerate sensualist. She is interesting as the child of reason, as a woman who deliberately set herself to live not in accordance with religion, which to her was mere delusion, or custom, which was an incubus to be rejected when inconvenient, or instinct, which was mere matter for analysis—but solely as her untrammelled mind directed her. She had great natural gifts of intellect and was capable of appreciating the *Principia* of Newton, which she translated, and the philosophy of Leibnitz, which seemed to explain so clearly and so neatly the universe and its problems. She had, in fact, a genuine love of the exact sciences, and was at least enough of a mathematician to leave Voltaire behind. The fact that she retained so

long the interest and affection of Voltaire is proof enough that she was no *poseuse*; we may fairly reject the theory so popular among her feminine contemporaries that she was intellectually a mere charlatan.

Her relations with Voltaire, with whom she lived so long at Cirey—her husband a very shadowy third—were far more the result of intellectual sympathies than of physical passion. She certainly loved Voltaire in the sense that she desired to appropriate him, and was angrily jealous of any infringement upon her monopoly. Mr. John Morley's treatment of this great friendship is interesting, and his judgment probably just. He says that the divine Emily, like a Homeric goddess, poured a cloud round her hero, that she gave him "not the semi-servile and feebly intelligent solicitude which superior men have too often the wretched weakness to seek in their female companions, but an imperial sympathy"—and

she gave also the tolerably frequent agitation which was necessary for his heart! Carlyle, who, unlike Mr. Morley, is quoted by Miss Hamel, has a characteristic phrase:

"Madame watches over all his interests and liabilities and casualties great and small, leaping with her whole force into M. de Voltaire's scale of the balance, careless of antecedents and consequences alike, flying, with the spirit of an angry brood hen, at the face of mat-tuts, in defence of any feather that is M. de Voltaire's."

Mme. du Châtelet wrote a short treatise on Happiness, to which Miss Hamel makes only the most casual reference, but which Sainte-Benve treats as her most characteristic writing. We see her there trying to construct a programme of life based upon reason, and the postulate from which she starts explains alike her adventurous spirit and the lamentable wreckage of her end. "We have nothing to do in this world," says this emancipated woman, "except to procure for ourselves agreeable sensations and sentiments." "Let us decide upon the way we wish to take in passing our life, and let us try to sow that way with flowers." "To be happy one must have overcome pre-



After an engraving by Alix.

From "An Eighteenth-Century Marquise," by Frank Hamel.
(Stanley Paul & Co.)

Voltaire.

judices, one must be virtuous and healthy, one must have tastes and passions, and one must remain susceptible of illusion." How different is that last phrase from George Eliot's "Above all we must learn to do without opium." Among the tastes and passions which Mme. du Châtelet counts as the ingredients of happiness, some are noble enough—work, fame, love—but side by side with these she places the pleasures of eating and drinking, and the excitement of gambling. She wrote in lofty strain of immutable love, but the tragic irony of nature led her to forsake Voltaire and to fall into a wretched infatuation for Saint-Lambert, a handsome guardsman, a precursor in the flesh of Ouida's heroes! In giving birth to his child the woman of philosophy died, amid the brutal pibes and evil laughter of the world. Voltaire found that his portrait had been displaced from the ring he had given her and that Saint-Lambert's had taken its place. "O ciel!" he cried, "voilà bien les femmes! J'en avais ôté Richelieu, Saint-Lambert m'en a chassé; cela est dans l'ordre; un clou chasse l'autre: ainsi vont les choses de ce monde."

Miss Hamel has done her work very well; those passages from letters which we have compared with the original French show that she has a pleasant gift in translation, though she misses the full irony in her version of Mme. du Deffand's famous satirical portrait, of which Sainte-Beuve said that he dared not copy it out for fear the acid should burn the paper. Our main criticism of the book is that Miss Hamel is inclined to ramble off in almost any direction that a chance name or topic suggests, with the result that one loses sight of the chief figures of her story. There are whole chapters which have little connection with Mme. du Châtelet, but they are agreeable reading enough.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

OLD FRIENDS.*

In order to understand and appreciate properly this latest novel by Mr. Maurice Hewlett it is necessary to have read those earlier works "Open Country" and "Halfway House." The three books together form a trilogy. But while this is so it is perfectly possible for anybody who has not read the earlier volumes to form a very good idea of what has been happening to the principal characters during the earlier stages of their respective careers, because it is of the very essence of this particular novel that constant reference should be made to the past.

The story itself, summed up in the person of Sanchia Percival, is simple and human. A young and beautiful girl, with abundant intellect and moral courage to leaven her beauty, deliberately goes to live as the housekeeper of a man who has separated from his wife. In the shelter of Wanless, Ingram's Yorkshire home, where she sees but little or no society, this proves a fairly easy thing. But in the course of eight years she gradually discovers that she no longer loves Ingram, and at the moment when he is just freed by the death of his wife she determines to leave him. As a matter of fact he drives her from him, but it is not necessary to enter further into this episode since her resolution had already been formed. She comes to London, and her family, who of course know that Ingram is now at liberty to marry her, prepare with some misgivings to recognise her existence once more. At first, however, Sanchia is in no mood to set herself right with the proprieties. But little by little, influenced in no small measure by her father, she determines to do what is expected of her. From this point onward the story takes a curious turn. Senhouse, her earliest friend and, despite a liaison with Mary Germain, her lover still, suddenly begins to assume an importance that he has never previously possessed in her mind and affections. On the

strength of his old love-letters and of the memories which are awakened by a certain resemblance to him in one of her new admirers, Sanchia falls in love with the unwitting Senhouse. The yearning for him grows stronger and stronger within her. Then suddenly she learns that Senhouse is not married to Mrs. Germain and that he still loves her. Beneath the influence of this information her determination gives way. She literally flies from Ingram and surrenders herself to Senhouse, whom she marries "beneath the stars." For the second time, and this time irrevocably, she throws the conventions to the winds.

But it is not by any such bald summary of the plot that this most puzzling book must be judged. The real interest for the reader must be in his forming his own opinion upon the conduct of both Sanchia and Senhouse. We find it difficult to follow Mr. Hewlett's psychology to its conclusions. It is almost incredible that a girl of Sanchia's moral courage, who has been so reckless of public opinion, but who, after long deliberation, has determined that she must, after all, fall into line, should not have the courage to carry out her resolution. As one of the characters is made to say, she is "uncommon, most uncommon." Nor is our perplexity with regard to Senhouse any less. We know, of course, that he personally disapproves of marriage and that he regards it as degrading to the woman. But his philosophy is so purely personal as to rob him of any claim to be thought a philosopher. He abuses Ingram for acting in the very way in which, according to his (Senhouse's) ideas, he ought to be acting, and then when the opportunity is offered to himself, he does the thing which he has found fault with Ingram for doing, while in each case the motive, namely his own love for Sanchia, is identical. We have cited only the two principal problems. Surely Mr. Hewlett has seldom been in a more fantastic mood, or drawn characters more likely to invite divergence of opinion.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

MONSIEUR BERGERET.*

The surface of society changes so rapidly that studies of contemporary life soon become "dated," and like last year's fashions they lose their freshness long before they are old enough to be historically interesting. Mr. Lane therefore might well have hesitated before including in this handsome series the first two volumes of M. France's aptly named "Histoire Contemporaine." For "The Elm Tree of the Mall" and "The Wickerwork Woman" are frankly studies of France in the early 'nineties, desultory and full of delightful digressions, but punctuated with allusions to the events and scandals of the moment. It is a severe test to take a book of this kind and translate it fifteen years or more after its first appearance for the benefit of a public whose ignorance of French may be assumed to imply also ignorance of French politics. Indeed it would be hard to subject any book of this kind to a severer ordeal, and the result is a triumph for M. France. True, both books have lost a little of their freshness, here and there one misses the point of an allusion, but how good it all is! Like nearly all M. France's work the "Histoire Contemporaine" conforms to no rules and its attraction defies analysis. There is no story, though it is nominally in narrative form, and the book merely stops and never ends. It is in effect little more than a series of long conversations on every conceivable subject ranging from theology to politics and psychology to the canons of feminine beauty. But interspersed between these conversations, in which the most extreme opinions on both sides are maintained with an amazing dialectical brilliance, are delightful thumbnail sketches. In "The Elm Tree on the Mall" the three

* "The Elm Tree of the Mall." "The Wickerwork Woman." By Anatole France. Translated by M. P. Willcocks. 6s. each. (John Lane.)

* "Rest Harrow." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

ecclesiastics—the astute cardinal archbishop, the austere and pedantic Lantaigne, “whose pride had frozen his ambition,” and the Abbé Guitrel, the suave time-serving courtier—are contrasted with wonderful vividness and subtlety. A brilliant priest was lost in M. France. As a casuist he would have been invaluable to the Vatican, and like many militant agnostics he is deeply interested in religious questions, a theologian without faith. Equally effective in clear-cut outline and economy of detail are the political types: the Prefect, M. Worms Clavelin, the astute Jew always ready to ally himself with the Church for political ends, whose policy was based on the assumption that no Ministry lasts very long; his secretary, M. Lacarelle, “with a profound knowledge of local affairs and a marvellously contagious stupidity”; and his wife, Madame Worms Clavelin, “whose girlhood had been spent in the noisy little schools of Montmartre . . . and who therefore appreciated very highly the austerity of an aristocratic and religious education.”

But excellent as the minor characters are, the central figure in the four volumes of the “*Histoire Contemporaine*” is the incomparable Monsieur Bergeret. Anatolians may differ as to which is the best of M. France’s books, but there can be no question that his most characteristic creation is this timid and retiring professor, whose physical weakness and insignificance contrasts so strongly with his intellectual audacity. M. France uses Bergeret as M. Rolland uses Jean-Christophe, as a mouthpiece for his criticisms upon contemporary France. Cynical and pessimistic, M. Bergeret’s sarcasm is always directed against oppression and tyranny, and his bitterness is condoned by his burning zeal for the cause of the downtrodden and the oppressed. M. Bergeret is always championing “the under dog,” and there is something peculiarly French, or at least Latin, in the fearlessness with which he drives his argument to its logical conclusion. The Englishman shrinks from a conclusion which conflicts with his cherished prejudices, however inevitably it may follow from premisses the soundness of which he cannot challenge. If the conclusion is unpalatable he argues that there must be some flaw in the reasoning. The fearless logic of M. France can only be paralleled in modern English literature in the inexorable intellectualism of Mr. Shaw. But where Mr. Shaw, who is after all Scotch-Irish and not English at all, is cold and steady, M. France is white-hot, incandescent in the intensity of his enthusiasm. This uncompromising logic lands M. France equally with Mr. Shaw in a kind of philosophic anarchy. Both are unsparing in their criticism of existing institutions, and as destructive critics they are bad to beat, but the constructive side of their philosophy is nebulous. Where M. France differs from Mr. Shaw is in his power which he shares with M. Rolland of making his critical characters attractive. For Bergeret and Jean-Christophe we feel a real liking, almost affection, while Mr. Shaw’s critics of society, with the exception of Blunschli, would be intolerable but for their wit. The difference between Bergeret and John Tanner is the measure M. France’s superiority in creative power, since to be likable a character must be real, while it is not necessary to know much of a man to dislike him. Bergeret is not of course as intimately familiar and vivid as Jean-Christophe, but he is not studied with the same minuteness. Nevertheless, the creation of Bergeret is perhaps M. France’s greatest achievement. He is kin to Uncle Toby, and though Sterne would have sentimentalised him, he has many Shandean characteristics.

JOAN OF ARC.*

In the numerous biographies of the Maid of Orleans the personality of their heroine remains elusive and apparently

will always remain so. The present author makes no attempt to add anything new to the existing knowledge concerning Joan of Arc. Rather she endeavours to reverse the process of M. Anatole France, who, complaining that writers wished the history of the Maid to remain mysterious and supernatural, claims to have “restored her to life and to humanity.” Miss James restates the simple, tender, and inspired character with which we have all been familiar from childhood and which has of late been destroyed by the critical and analytical writings of biographers who have depicted Joan by turns as a neurotic subject, the tool of fraudulent priests, or an abnormal problem in psychology. In omitting to write a preface to her work the author escapes proclaiming her purpose, however, and her readers may therefore remain entirely unprejudiced during the perusal of the story. But she confesses to a desire to describe the strange and inexplicable experiences of Joan of Arc from an uncritical standpoint, banishing controversy, speculation, opinion, whether contemporary or modern, from the narration. Actions, incidents, experiences, however curious, have been preferred to thought of the fifteenth century and the twentieth century alike, and the result is “not critical but picturesque, simple rather than erudite, familiar rather than learned, suggestive rather than complete.”

Even so there comes a point when the critic with his modern consciousness is forced to step in and decide whether Joan of Arc, with a mind pure and candid as a child’s, was one of the world’s greatest wonders, an excessively astute fraud, or the unconscious victim of fraud, and to do this he must study the unreliable Minutes of the two trials—the Trial of Condemnation at Rouen and that of Rehabilitation at Paris—which study is practically certain to convince him that whether he can or cannot believe in her ingenuousness and sincerity, in her visions and voices, in her saints and Divine mission, at least one person never doubted their truth, and that was Joan herself. She knew that the source of her inspiration was good because the voices always gave her good counsel. Further than that faith cannot go.

Besides the saint she was warrior, patriot, and woman, a four-fold character difficult to understand; one that is remarkable at once for its variety and its unity and at the same time both simple and complex. Doubt exists as to her personal appearance. “Poets preferred to praise her victories rather than her face, and her friends bore witness to her words and acts more than to her looks.” But a few details remain. Her hair was dark brown or nearly black and was cut *en rond*, that is to say, on a level with the ears in soldier fashion. Physically she was very strong and capable of great endurance. “Her countenance was expressive; often it was confident and gay; she smiled frequently, but upon occasion she could draw her brows together and compress her lips, for she could hardly endure deception, and was impatient of idleness and delays.” The colour of her eyes and their form is not known, but it is recorded that when she lifted them to heaven they were full of inspiration. In spite of being country-bred she was pale rather than rosy and not very tall, though well built and of good proportions.

The tragedy of her life, which cannot be contemplated without wonder and pity, was bound up not so much with her execution as with that which preceded it. “Before she died the death the Maid must be discredited in the eyes of the world. She must be proved a heretic, an apostate, a witch and a limb of Satan. She must be shorn of every scrap of prestige, then society must be well and surely rid of her; she must be burnt, and all the crowd must behold her dead. She must be for ever dishonoured and her mission with her; her King who believed in that mission, the men of valour who fought with her, the soldiers who followed her, and all the party that was her party must be covered with scorn, ignominy, and ridicule.” In the manner in which these evil purposes were fulfilled lies the pathos which

* “Joan of Arc.” By Grace James. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

keeps the story of Joan of Arc fresh and readable throughout the centuries.
F. II.

THE NEW WILLIAM DE MORGAN.*

It is as true of Mr. William de Morgan as it was of Sir Walter Scott, that he "writes as fast as we can read, but he does not write himself down." The libraries have only just got familiar with the name of "It Never Can Happen Again" in their lists of the latest new novels, and here comes "An Affair of Dishonour" to rank as another new one alongside it.

But it will only rank alongside it as a new one; in other respects, good as the other book is, "An Affair of Dishonour" will take place above it. We have grown so used to regarding Mr. de Morgan as a student of life in modern and mid-Victorian London and, on his own admission, as a loyal disciple of Dickens, that it will probably be a little disconcerting to some of us to find that in this novel he is neither. After encouraging us to label him, and assign to him his particular corner in the field of fiction, he calmly belies that label by writing a romance of the days of Charles II. in a style that has no suggestion of Dickens anywhere about it.

And what a masterly romance it is! Yesterday had we written of a new romance of the time of the Merrie Monarch there would scarcely have been need of further description; the pattern is so well known. There would have been the gallant, dashing young hero, and a charming persecuted heroine getting into all manner of perils, with always at the exciting eleventh hour the gallant hero arriving, and, in face of odds that should have been overwhelming, snatching her to safety. Which was well enough and amusing enough in its way, but "An Affair of Dishonour" is nothing of that sort. Its hero is a handsome scoundrel afflicted with epilepsy, who would have been the villain in those prettier romances; its heroine is charming but frail and faulty, and gives herself to a man not because he is worthy of her, but only for the more exquisitely feminine reason that she loves him.

Here is the situation at the outset. Lucinda has run from home to live as mistress of the unscrupulous Sir Oliver Raydon, whose estate is within an easy ride of her father's. Raydon is married, but his infidelities have driven his wife to live apart from him, and Lucinda, simple and innocent enough at heart, has only succeeded to the place of others. Her mother has been long dead; her brother is abroad; and her father, a high-spirited, middle-aged gentleman, smarting under a sense of his own and his daughter's dishonour, challenges Sir Oliver to a duel. Raydon, knowing the girl's affection for her father and doubtful what she may do if she hears of this, keeps her in the dark about it. He rides off early one morning before she is up; and when he comes back there is a slight cut on his forehead, but by a foul second stroke after the other was wounded he has left his challenger dead behind him. The description of the duel and of Sir Oliver's arrival home, faced by the task of telling the girl that he had killed her father, grips the imagination and keeps the reader's interest on the stretch through every line of it. He sees Lucinda waiting for him in the garden, and feels it is impossible to tell her; he accounts for the cut on his forehead with a casual lie, and makes an effort to suppress his agitation and uneasiness; but the excitement and fierce emotions of the morning have been too much for him, and one of his horrible epileptic attacks saves him for the moment from the necessity of further excuses.

The longer he postpones his confession the harder it becomes to make it, and presently he decides that, if possible, he will put it off until he fires of Lucinda, as he tired of others. But the difficulty is that he does not tire

of her; she is so winsomely different from those others that she has taken hold upon the heart of him, and he lives in constant dread of what may happen if she should find out the truth. He takes her a long journey, and they settle down for an indefinite stay at a lonely castle of his by the sea; he lets her write to her father and makes a show of dispatching her letters, and comforts her with plausible explanations as to why no answers come to her. The strain of all this upon him and its effects upon his mental and physical condition are very subtly and dramatically revealed. But the truth reaches Lucinda at last, indirectly by one of those unforeseeable chances that are always happening in life, and that no cunning or precautions can ever provide against; and directly through the malicious agencies of a woman Sir Oliver had wronged in his youth, and who serves now in a comfortable menial capacity in the castle. He had thought the wrong a commonplace trifle; he had made handsome amends; a prosperous farmer had married her for a consideration, and Sir Oliver had almost forgotten the incident; but the woman had neither forgotten nor forgiven.

It is no part of our business here to disclose more than this of the story. Lucinda being the girl she is, the revelation has all the effect that Sir Oliver had feared; his own long continued deception of her and the meanness of some of the ways he had taken to keep her in ignorance sharpen the revulsion of her feelings towards him, and accentuate the horror with which she sees in him the murderer of her father; the fact that her silence had led her family to suppose that she had condoned his villainy and treated her father's death with comparative indifference counts for something against him too. She flies from his house in a frenzy of loathing, and his passionate entreaties, even when he contrives to get an interview with her, cannot move her to pardon him. But there is a potent reason now why she should go back to him, and this complicates the situation and is the controlling force in shaping the close.

These two characters are drawn with a subtlety and insight that are perhaps a touch beyond anything Mr. de Morgan has achieved before. There are no studied descriptions of the manners and customs of the times; no disquisitions on the history of the period; you gather the date of the story from incidental references; the whole thing is written simply and naturally as if drawn from records of some contemporary writing of the life of his own generation, taking his surroundings for granted, and not laying emphasis on habits of thought and living that should be everyday matters of course to him and his readers and would not strike him or them as any way peculiar. The result is a book that breathes as a natural exhalation the very tone and atmosphere of country life in mid-Restoration days, and a realistic romance that is as powerful as it is brilliantly imaginative.

THE SILVER LAND.*

Mr. Koebel is already known as an authority upon Argentina, and work from his pen upon this subject is always welcome. The rapidly increasing prosperity of the great Southern Republic in late years has been one of the most striking and encouraging facts in connection with the history of South America. Farther north, it may possibly be paralleled by the case of Mexico, but of the two states Mexico owes more to good fortune and less to the solid qualities of her people. The Argentine has yet to produce a leader of the supreme genius of Diaz, but if ever it does—well, there will be a fine chance for some future historian.

English people have the most curious ideas upon South America. To the majority of them it is a vague and

* "An Affair of Dishonour." By William de Morgan. 6s. (Heinemann.)

* "Argentina Past and Present." By W. H. Koebel. 12s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

vast affair of great rivers and impenetrable forests and idleness and assassination. Not so very long ago—the year before last, perhaps—a young Englishman who was about to go round the world wished to make some acquaintance with the interior of South America. He looked it up on the map, and delivered himself of the following: "I see Buenos Ayres has a million inhabitants. I expect I shall be able to hire a horse there." What he said afterwards I do not know. . . . This ignorance is all the more strange when the fact is taken into account that a very large amount of English capital is invested in South American securities—and particularly in those of the Argentine Republic. One would have thought that investors would know something however vague about South America. Perhaps they do, and are keeping it quiet for their own mysterious reasons.

Mr. Koebel removes the last shred of excuse for ignorance so far as Argentina is concerned. He gives it all in his book—even a fine series of photographs which show conclusively how very civilised most of the people look, and how very up-to-date a city is Buenos Ayres. (One photograph in particular is reminiscent of that portion of Piccadilly which is opposite the Ritz Hotel.) Naturally he devotes most of his book to a consideration of the business side of the Republic—especially to railways and sheep—but there are many delightful passages descriptive of his travels and his experiences of the people. Particular attention must be drawn to the admirable chapter upon the British emigrant, which, while upon the whole flattering to our susceptibilities, strikes a note of warning. It seems that even in his capacity for labour the British workman is sometimes surpassed by those of southern countries.

"Italian labour," says Mr. Koebel, "has been accepted with alacrity in the bulk—that of the British, such little as has been offered—is looked upon dubiously and with no little misgiving. It is the common belief at home that the daily labour of an Englishman exceeds that of a southerner, such as an Italian. In many parts of the world I hope and believe this to be true. Unfortunately, a long experience has proved that cannot be generally accepted in Argentina. There the common opinion has almost passed into a proverb that the British whether mechanic or agriculturist, is of little account on the first rung of the ladder. Unless a foreman, he may be ranked of the useless class, it is considered."

However, it is satisfactory to find that in the higher ranks the British colonist is at least equal to any other in the world. In recommending a most interesting work, it is worthy of note that, considering the vast amount of information which "Argentina Past and Present" contains and the manner in which it is produced, it is decidedly a cheap book.

RECENT HISTORY.*

The historical world at its *rentrée des vacances* is confronted by two incidents, a heavy loss compensated in some measure by a solid gain. The loss, it need hardly be said, is the death of one who was, I suppose, the most eminent of living literary historians—Albert Vandal. Taine and Lecky were followed, only a year ago, by the historian of the Inquisition, Dr. Lea of Philadelphia. With the possible exception of the Italian, Ferrero, there is, so far as I can remember, no one living at the present moment who is capable of making the double appeal that these great writers made to the cultivated reader at large in various lands and to the professed historical student. Born in Paris in 1853, Albert Vandal was in a special sense the dis-

ciple, and successor, of Albert Sorel, to whose chair of diplomatic history he was promoted in 1906 at Taine's now famous *École des Sciences Politiques*. An artist and enthusiast of an extremely elevated character, struggling always against constitutional melancholy and an historical conscience which imposed upon him a most exhausting and rigorous method in research, Vandal recalls in certain respects America's greatest historian, Francis Parkman. Like Parkman, he was a great believer in topographical atmosphere. But he received from an early date more discipline, guidance, and direction. Sorel absorbed some of his best years. The Eastern Question of the second half of the eighteenth century and the remodelling of the Russo-Germanic frontier seemed to him the most important unexplored keyhole in recent international history. Vandal took this up, and produced his magisterial study on Louis XV. and Elizabeth of Russia. More than any one else, I suppose, he revealed how largely faulty diplomacy was responsible for the collapse of the old French monarchy. The knowledge of the Franco-Russian archives thus obtained proved a solid foundation for what is perhaps Vandal's most durable monument, "*Napoleon et Alexandre I.*," which was twice crowned by the French Academy, obtained the Prix Gobert in 1893 and 1894, and the publication of which was completed by Plon, Nourrit in 1896. The break-up of the understanding arrived at at Tilsit between Napoleon and the northern Colossus is here treated as it deserves to be, as the critical phase of the Corsican's career; and the theory that Allah made Napoleon mad because he intended to destroy him is effectually shattered. Napoleon acted as he did under invisible but irresistible pressure. He was never really less absolute than when he appeared most so, in 1800-10, and Seeley's theory that Great Britain was an ever-present thorn in the flesh to him is abundantly justified. Vandal shows how Napoleon always regarded himself in a double light as a Roman Emperor and as a protector of Europe against northern barbarians. He looked upon himself and England (such is Vandal's vigorous figure) as rival suitors for the hand of Dame Europe, and he was perplexed and tortured by the lady, the moment brute force was removed, preferring England's gifts to his. That Russia should disregard her faithful Achilles and turn a soft ear to these underhand blandishments seemed to him an outrage, and as a symptom far more serious than the running sore which was beginning to afflict him in Portugal. Vandal shows with a master hand how these considerations, in the effusion of time, left Napoleon virtually no choice but to act as he did. In the end the conqueror of Austerlitz recovered most, if not all, of his old bellicose self-confidence, and Vandal gives us some very picturesque snapshots of the pavennu Emperor confounding his attendance in 1812 by singing snatches of the republican war songs of his martial youth. His power of lathoming men is shown nowhere more admirably than in the scene in which he wheedles Murat back to his old-time loyalty. He explained to his intimates the calculated mixture of resentment and blarney which was necessary to overcome "that Italian pantaloon":

"He has a good heart; he still loves me better than his lazzaroni. When he is with me he is mine; but when away from me, like all these men of weak character, he belongs to those who surround him and flatter him. He is under the dominion of his wife [Napoleon's own sister], who puts a hundred silly ideas into his head. He would be clamouring for the throne of Poland but for her and her wild dream of a united Italian Kingdom. Well, never mind! Jerome shall have the Polish Crown, sure enough. It'll make him a splendid kingdom. But he must do, *achève* something. These Poles are fanatics for glory."

He went on to complain bitterly of all the kings he had made—their silly vanity and insane penchant for Divine right and primogeniture. Here we have Napoleon to the life, depicted by a complete master. It is the same in his third great book, which is certainly one of the glories

* "Longmans' Political History." Vol. VI. By Prof. A. F. Pollard. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.) "The Great Civil War in Dorset." By A. R. Bayley, F.R.Hist.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Taunton: Barnicott & Pearce.)—"Madame Royale, the Last Dauphine." By Joseph Turquan. Edited and translated by the Lady Theodora Davidson. 15s. net. (Unwin.)

of contemporary history, "L'Avènement de Bonaparte" (one of the late Mr. Meredith's favourite books). In this he shows exactly the composition of the minority upon which the consulship of Napoleon depended, and how Marengo turned it into a majority. Vandal's personal distinction, his eloquence and his fine enlightened patriotism, make his loss to the Academy and to France an irreparable one.

But at the same time with this loss an historical triumph has to be acclaimed in the completion of the "Political History of England," under the editorship of Dr. Hunt and Dr. Poole, by the issue on September 20 of Professor Pollard's volume (Vol. VI.) on England from 1547 to 1603. We have not had time yet to examine the work in detail, but can say at once that it is deserving in the fullest sense of the critical place that it fills in the series—for after the Norman conquest there would probably be little dispute that the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth have been the most momentous in our national history. Professor Pollard does a good deal to defend Foxe the martyrologist from the aspersions of the neo-Catholics, he delineates Elizabeth as representing that hesitant frame of mind in politics which has so often in more recent times decided the fate of parties, and he insists on 1569 as the most critical year of the reign in which, after a long struggle and innumerable fluctuations, the government finally came down on the side of the new forces as opposed to the feudal and conservative elements represented by the old religion, the Norfolk influence, and the championship of Mary of Scots. The picture of Elizabeth solemnly deliberating on her death-bed as to whom she shall appoint successor is shown to be completely fabulous. She had, in the circumstances, no power to bequeath the crown, and still less any belief in such a power of disposition, which had been set at naught so completely in the case of her despotic father's will and testament. The matter of the succession, as she very well knew, had long been practically decided. She said nothing about it. Her thoughts were absorbed elsewhere. Mr. Pollard pays a high tribute to the queen's understanding of her subjects, and to her power of exciting their patriotic and loyal enthusiasm by speech, in which that penetrating knowledge is most subtly reflected. The power to govern has never, perhaps, been purchased at a greater price in servitude and self-subjugation than it was by Elizabeth Tudor. The genealogies and maps will be of the utmost service to students. Apart from these the author's most original contributions to the study of this most perplexing and difficult reign will be found in chapters seven, eight, ten, eleven, fifteen, sixteen, and twenty-four.

The volume completes the series, of which it was the last to be commissioned. The programme of six years ago has now been carried out *in extenso* with hardly any alterations, and Messrs. Longmans are heartily to be complimented on their enterprise. From the first volume by Dr. Hodgkin to the last by Mr. Sidney Low, the work has been maintained in most capable and efficient hands, who have been liberally paid for their contributions. The editing has been anything but a sinecure, and so far have the editors carried their zeal that quite independently of their criticisms of the authors under review, they have consistently criticised and corrected one another. This reciprocal commentary of experts, it has been thought by some observers, if it could be only collected from the proof-sheets and published in a separate volume, would have an educational value transcending that of all the other volumes put together. But the educational value of some of these it would be difficult at present to exaggerate. They supply collectively a continuous view of English political history, adequately indexed and illustrated with maps and tables, from the earliest period to the close

of the reign of Victoria. They have been written in a strictly impartial spirit, they embody the most salient results of modern research, and they supply in uniform appendices, upon which great labour has been expended, a summary view of sources and materials both ancient and modern. The result cannot fail by degrees to penetrate the text-books and set up a higher standard of historical accuracy and hypothesis than has yet been known. Eventually it will make itself felt in the general histories and text-books of European history in use upon the Continent, from which we shall expect gradually to see the more egregious errors triumphantly expunged. To reference libraries the book will, for many years to come, be indispensable. Last but not least, we must compliment the publishers upon the extremely moderate price of seven and sixpence, which has brought the work within the range of a vast public to whom the now popular half a guinea would be prohibitive.

From the severer and scholastic type we may now turn for a minute to welcome specimens of local or, more frankly, popular history, in Mr. A. R. Bayley's "The Great Civil War in Dorset" and Joseph Turquan's "Madame Royale." Both are good specimens of the class to which they belong. Mr. Bayley owes much in original encouragement to the great authority on the period, Professor Firth, and much in execution to the run of the rare Dorset collections of Mr. Broadley of Bradpole. Dorset, of course, was not a great theatre of the war; but sieges of Sherborne, Wareham, Weymouth, and Lyme Regis (of which we have many strange particulars) formed important episodes at more than one crisis; while the nineteen days spent by Charles II. in the county after Worcester were by far the most perilous in the whole course of his flight, the common people of Dorset being persistent Commonwealth men. The narrative is well handled, and the book will, no doubt, find a place in Dorset libraries alongside of Roberts and Mayo. The production and organisation of the book is less satisfactory than the labour that has gone to compile it. The text is forbiddingly solid, and the author is much too sparing of generalising, dividing his paragraphs, or summing up the results of his investigations.

Joseph Turquan's spicy and caustic work as an anecdotic historian is already well known in England. He has practically exhausted the entourage of Napoleon, for he has already chronicled the Bonaparte sisters, Josephine, Hortense, Tallien, Jerome, Napoleon in Love, and kindred themes. He does for the *Grandes Amoureuises* the same spirited and devoted service that Mr. Gribble does for the *Grands Amoureux*. The unhappy Dauphiness and Duchesse d'Angoulême would seem at first sight to be hardly a suitable subject for his mordant pen. Lenôtre has already treated it at considerable length. M. Turquan attributes the moroseness of the lady in her later years to marriage rather than to early misfortune. He does not mention the English rumour that she had been outraged during her imprisonment in the Temple. Her faults of pride and temper were in many opinions redeemed by the romance of her later heroism and the exploits of "the only man in the family," as the great Napoleon called her. The great should always be criticised severely. M. Turquan is strongly of this opinion, and the result is that he is unfailingly entertaining.

Other works of recent issue important for all students to know are Mr. G. G. Coulton's "A Medieval Garner," a collection of 330 documentary fragments (Constable, 1910) ranging from 1100 to 1500, representing every side, and certainly not least the humorous side, of medieval existence; and the other a new edition of Professor Tout's crown Handbook of English History, incorporating the reign of Edward the Peacemaker.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

BARNABY. By R. Ramsay. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Personation must be an awkward situation when you agree to personate a widow and then discover that your *soi-disant* husband is alive. Miss Ramsay gets her heroine into this fix, after an excellent opening. What happens to Susan and Barnaby Hill when the latter discovers the former in his mother's house, and what happens when the real wife turns up later—all this is the proper secret of the authoress, and a reviewer dare not divulge it. That is the worst of a novel like this. However, it can be warmly commended to readers who want something fresh in the way of sensations. There is fox-hunting in it; there are some capital scenes; and there is a literary skill which manipulates the plot past several awkward corners. Add to these the aforesaid plot, and you have freshness unforced. The Duchess, Mélisande the dressmaker, Lady Henrietta, Julia, and Susan herself are alive from first to last: even the outrageous Julia, who is Miss Casby rampant, does not become unreal. Miss Ramsay has cleverly used Barnaby's former relations with Julia to cover the growth of his affection for the woman who was in name, but in nothing else, his wife, and one can forgive the neat twist at the end which unravels the knot—unravels, and ties it again. For the solution of this paradox, see the novel itself.

MY LADY OF INTRIGUE. By Humphrey Jordan. 6s (Blackwood.)

The ancient cycles of romance are named from their heroes as Arthurian and Carolingian; of modern novels there can be few divisions to equal in extent that which we would venture to call the Richelieu Cycle. It is now a good many years since Mr. Stanley Weyman discovered this mine, and novelists ever since have thronged in their hundreds to this Klondyke of romance. The wonder is that so many of them have fared so well and found one of distinct value. Mr. Jordan's is a new name to us, and he comes late to the adventure, but there is no doubt as to his fitness for it and his success. His hero John Fort, is of the true breed—an English gentleman adventurer who suddenly finds himself entangled in the intrigues of the court of Louis. In the Duchesse de Chevreuse he meets a lady worthy of such a squire, but the author has done wisely in making the love-story a one-sided one. It makes the tale convincing without any loss of interest to leave her "Hercules," as she calls him, unrewarded by the Duchesse, except for her grateful acknowledgment of his quixotic and unselfish devotion. The great Cardinal has not here the important part he is made to fill in most of the stories of this cycle. But he is very skillfully introduced, and his personality is made to colour the whole fabric of the plot. Mr. Jordan in this book is excellently imitative, but his careful workmanship speaks of laurels to be won in newer fields.

THE YOUNG IDEA. By Frank A. Swinnerton. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Not many of us manage to retain the cherished ideals which distinguished our early outlook on life. Our gods prove false all too quickly; the shock of disillusionment shatters the many-coloured spectacles of youth, and in their stead we assume the drab-coloured ones of age and bitter experience. This comedy of environment portrays with remarkable insight the "growing-pains" of a girl's mind as she begins to realise some of the ugliness of the world into which she is thrown. Hilda Vernon is a clerk in a London business house, and the mainstay of her brother and sister. The three occupy a little flat in Maida Vale, and their individual characteristics are vividly sketched with the aid of pithy dialogue. The younger

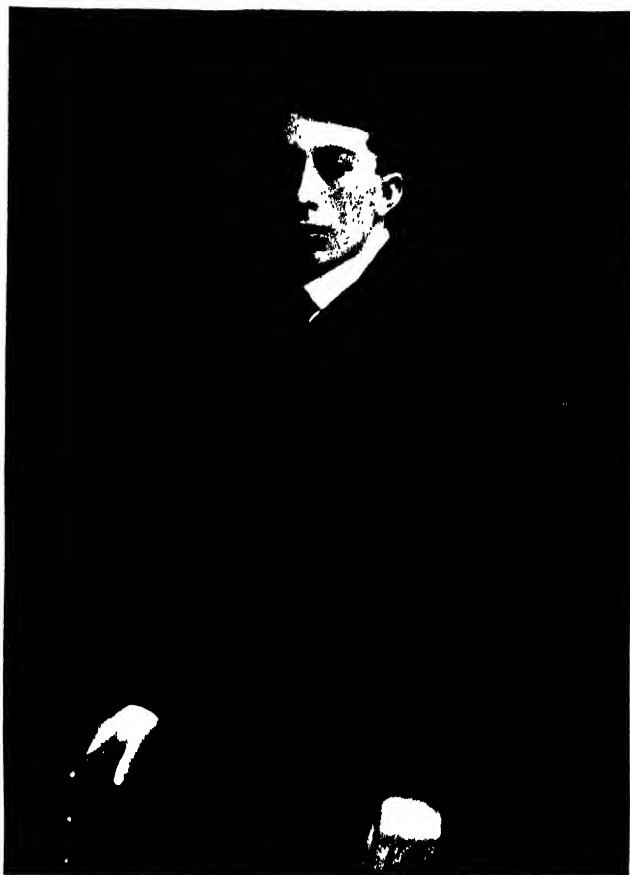


Photo by Ru

Mr. Frank A. Swinnerton.

sister, a high-spirited girl of eighteen, is a delightful embodiment of all the wholesome virtues and lovable failings of buoyant youth. The brother, on the other hand, is a selfish, indolent fellow, abominably rude to his doting sisters, whose circle of acquaintances is limited to the questionable friends of their brother's choosing. Persecuted at the office by the unwelcome attentions of the firm's junior partner, Hilda feels the bitter helplessness of her position as wage-earner. Moreover, her brother becomes involved in a squalid entanglement with a married woman. The world, once so fresh and pure, is tainted in her eyes; doubts begin to crowd in upon her. "In her agony, Hilda longed to believe in the beauty of something, in the purity of some idea, or the integrity of an individual. She longed for something to which she could lift her eyes." Into the breach steps her neighbour, Galbraith, a man with a scheme, battling to escape "the muffled tragedy of a clerk's life," striving heart and soul to assert his individuality. By sheer strength of character he regenerated her faith in mankind and herself. "The Young Idea" contains some distinctly clever and humorous characterisation founded on shrewd observation, and in its pages the spirit of resolute youth, often bruised but never crushed, finds eloquent expression.

LADY MOLLY OF SCOTLAND YARD. By the Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Casell.)

The female Sherlock Holmes was bound to arrive in fiction, and it was as inevitable that she should have her subordinate, Mary Granard, who plays the rôle of Watson. Lady Molly, however, works in connection with Scotland Yard, and she has neither chemistry nor the violin as recreations. The twelve stories in which her feminine wit is described are of the ordinary detective class, put together with the authoress's well-known skill. In the last of them, Lady Molly succeeds in clearing her husband of suspicion on a charge of murder, and this enables her to retire from detective work. It also enables Miss Granard to explain how her dear lady managed to keep her position in society

and at the same time to practise her profession. People who like the brandy of criminology can have twelve sips in this book. The authoress knows how to blend and serve up her stuff, and probably her large public will be curious to see how she contrives to excite them in this new rôle. Probably, also, they will persuade her that Lady Molly's marriage need not interrupt finally her career as a feminine detective.

THE BROKEN SWORD. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Morice Gerard has written stories of divers countries and many periods, but he is never so entirely at his ease, never so thoroughly at home, as when he is writing of the England of those years that are spanned by the life of the great Duke of Marlborough. That era seems to possess a special fascination for him. In "The Broken Sword" he returns to it yet again. The Duke himself plays no part in this romance, though it flashes his name upon you and makes you sensible of him as an influence in the background. Here the tale is of Captain Ruthven and certain of the family of the martyred Lord Russell. It opens at the time when James II., untaught by the experiences of his father, is subtly reasserting the divine right of kings, and insisting that those about him, and his officers in the Army and Navy, shall put off their own religion, whatever it be, like an old cloak, and put on his like a new one. The order had gone forth, as Henry Sidney puts it to Lady Russell, "Abjure your religion, change it to suit the King, or surrender your rank and place and cease to serve the colours." When the alternative is offered to Captain Ruthven, his prompt answer is to break his sword across his knee. He evades arrest for this display of disloyalty by summarily knocking down the double-dealing Major Dolan, who is glad of the excuse to get him out of the way, and escaping by the window. He does not get off scathless, and presently, when he faints from loss of blood whilst he is drifting down the Thames in an open boat in the darkness, he's comes to him from a wholly unexpected quarter, and when he returns to consciousness he finds himself in the very heart of one of the most thrilling of romances. He has been mercifully taken into the camp of those whom a few days earlier he would have classed among his enemies. The house in which he is lodged is the centre of that vast conspiracy, then rapidly and secretly hatching, for bringing the Protestant William of Orange over to supplant the Catholic and intolerant James, and an earnest and moving spirit in carrying despatches, and otherwise helping forward that notable revolution, is the charming Mary Russell. It is not long before Ruthven has a sword by his side once more, and, feeling absolved from his allegiance to a King who has discarded him, eagerly constitutes himself the attendant and guardian of the woman who had befriended him when he was wounded and outcast, and with her, and in her service, he faces danger and death, and is involved in a rush of brisk and thrilling adventures that are related with a vigour and cunning that keep the reader in doubt and keenly interested to the finish. There is a delightful love idyll that dates from the meeting of Ruthven with Mary Russell, and only ends with the book in the sense that Mr. Gerard makes it clear that it is to continue happily though no more of it is to be written. It is a capital story, and one that no good novel-reader ought to overlook.

THE LANTERN BEARERS. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Methuen.)

"The Lantern Bearers" is a pretty and entertaining romance—a boy-and-girl love story. Clive and Helga find the course of true love anything but smooth, as some years before their fathers have had a violent quarrel. The fathers do not know that their children have become acquainted, and it is because they dare not tell them that

the boy and girl determine to become lantern bearers. Helga explains to Clive how the boys in Stevenson's essay played a game: "They brought lanterns and lighted them and wore them under their top coats so that no one who was not playing the game could see. . . . The essence of the game was to walk in the dark and all the while deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart to know the light was burning. You see, he calls them fools, Clive. Perhaps we should be fools to light such a lantern; but no one would be vexed or burned by it, and we should carry it with us and exult over the knowledge." So they light their lanterns by getting married one snowy day at a registrar's office in London; then they return to their different homes knowing that their lantern must burn in secret until they can overthrow the many obstacles that block the path and make their marriage known. Clive's manliness and the girl's sweet disposition and the way in which they triumph over those obstacles will win the sympathy and interest of every reader of Mrs. Sidgwick's natural and charmingly told tale.

PRESTER JOHN. By John Buchan. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

Mr. Buchan's new novel has obvious reminiscences of Stevenson and Rider Haggard, but it is vividly written, and the story of David Crawford's adventures during the native rising in South Africa is more than a succession of thrilling episodes. "I learnt," says the hero, "the meaning of the white man's duty. He has to take all risks, recking nothing of his life or his fortunes, and well content to find his reward in the fulfilment of his task. That is the difference between white and black, the gift of responsibility, the power of being in a little way a king; and so long as we know this and practise it, we will rule not in Africa alone, but wherever there are dark men who live only for the day and then own bellies." The Rev. John Laputa, a clever and patriotic Zulu, is not a dark man of this breed. He plays the double rôle of a Christian evangelist and a Kaffir agitator, but his mind, like his body, is large and even noble. He claims to be the incarnate spirit of Prester John, in order to organise an African empire. He works on this old tradition and prestige, talking Christianity to the kraals, and exciting the patriotic ambition of the chiefs for the purpose of raising the natives against English and Dutch civilisation; but his efforts break down, and, after a breathless series of adventures, he is outwitted and killed. There is no love-interest in the book, any more than in "Treasure Island." But it is not simply a tale for boys. Mr. Buchan has drawn Laputa with admirable skill, as a terrible and heroic figure, a man who compels the admiration and respect even of those who hunt him to the death. The opening chapter promises excitement; the novel amply fulfils this promise, but it provides the reader with an original study in Zulu ambition under the double influence of racial superstition and religious fervour.

MY BROTHER THE KING. By Edward H. Cooper. 6s. (Lane.)

James Darcy, aged sixteen, with some younger children, was taken by his parents on a yachting-trip into the White Sea, and thence to the northern coast of Siberia. At the mouth of the river Obi (you can see it marked in your atlas) is the Yalmal Peninsula, which is inhabited by a semi-savage tribe, the Samoyedes. Off the southern end of the peninsula the yacht was beset in ice, and the party were compelled to settle down for the winter. James Darcy's theory was "an Englishman's born to rule people who aren't Englishmen, and he knows the right way to do it by instinct. 'If anyone asked me to be a king to-morrow, I should say, 'Right you are, old man!' and I should waltz in and do it, and those people would have a much better time than they'd ever had before.'" By a curious combination of circumstances, this is very much what happens. The Samoyedes ask him to be King James I. of

AT THE FAIRIES' BALL

BY J. M. BARRIE

From a painting by Arthur Rackham, illustrating 'Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens,' by J. M. Barrie. A Peter Pan Portfolio by Arthur Rackham is to be published this autumn. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



© 1911 Arthur Hays Sulzberger

Yalmal, and he consents. He is a very good king too—during his short reign. But of course there is bound to be trouble with Russia. Mr. Cooper's posthumous novel is very captivating. The author had got hold of a new idea, and he has worked it out in a manner which suggests that we had not yet had the best of which he was capable. As usual, his children are the most lifelike we know in modern fiction. In short, "My Brother the King" is in every way a finished and charming book.

THE PRINCESS GALVA. By David Whitelaw. 6s. (Greening.)

The story starts in the stuffy little office of Messrs. Kyser, Schultz & Company on the last day of Edward Povey's service there. He has been in their employ for twenty-two years and has now been displaced by a younger man. As he leaves the office that evening and passes as usual over London Bridge, he realises that a new era is starting for him, and his spirit undergoes a change. "He began to think that it was a good, full world—a world in which there were more things and higher possibilities than the evil-smelling counting-house of Kyser, Schultz & Company. He told himself that he had wasted nearly a quarter of a century." And within half an hour he has stumbled on something that leads him clear away from London and his villa residence at Clapham, and the sombre little City clerk is transformed into a person of importance and whirled into the heart of a romantic adventure—an adventure that has to do with a house at Bushey, a mysterious letter, a murder in Paris, a young girl in Cornwall, and a Queen far away in San Pietro. Mr. Whitelaw has a shrewd sense of humour and considerable imaginative gifts, and has given us in "The Princess Galva" a thoroughly enjoyable romance, made up of comedy and tragedy and written with uncommon narrative skill.

WIND ALONG THE WASTE. By Maudie Annesley. 6s. (Methuen.)

The author of this novel has certainly a strong claim to originality. At least to speak with accuracy rather than from mere opinion—we do not remember in a long course of novel-reading having encountered any plot of similar design. Gonda Berne, a charming widow of considerable fame as an artist, found in Paris many opportunities for gratifying her love for romantic adventure. Attacked by a band of *apaches*, she captivated their leader by her cool daring, and presently Fanx-col sat to her as a model for Agamemnon. The friendship between the artist and the *apache* model grew into love on his side and infatuation on hers, and soon the reckless widow became a disguised participator in the pastimes and the criminal enterprises of the gang. This is a promising enough theme for a series of fascinating adventures, and Miss Annesley has not missed the chance. Gonda at one time finds herself in prison, from which she effects a daring escape. On another occasion she is present at the committal of a dastardly crime, which leads to the execution of Fanx-col and to her own tragic end. The author is a relentless moralist, and makes Gonda pay dearly for her escapades entered upon so light-heartedly. The story holds the interest from beginning to end, and no reader will have a fault to find with it unless as regards the penalty exacted of the heroine.

QUEEN SHEBA'S RING. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Since Mr. Haggard first exploited the regions of unknown Africa for the purposes of romance, he has poured out a continuous stream of novels on the same subject and clothed in the same atmosphere. If one feels in reading "Queen Sheba's Ring" that the old inspiration that made "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" so fresh and invigorating has become somewhat of a convention, it is merely because one has read so much of the author's work, not because the

story is stale and mechanical. On the contrary, it is a fine, stirring tale, full of adventure and fighting and mystery. Four Englishmen—Dr. Adams, the narrator of the story; Professor Ptolemy Higgs, a fiery, bizarre Egyptologist; Captain Orme, and Sergeant Quick—set out to save the Queen of Sheba, who lives, with her decadent people, in an isolated land, surrounded by the hostile nation of the Fung. Adams, who has drifted into the Queen of Sheba's capital in search of his son, is entrusted by her with the task of destroying the great idol of the Fung, with the existence of which the luck of the nation is bound up. How he returns to England and obtains the assistance of his companions, and how they fare on their adventure, are set out with all Mr. Haggard's accustomed skill. The story flows so naturally and so convincingly that at the end one is as sorry to part with the four heroes as ever one was to see the last of Gargool or Allan Quatermain or the undying She.

THE AMAZING MUTES. By Ward Muir. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

All is over between Marion Ronald and Ralph Harlech in the first line of the first chapter, and you suspect that the aim Mr. Ward Muir had in writing "The Amazing Mutes" was to bring them happily together again in the last few pages; but if you read the book you will find you are quite mistaken; and if you don't read the book you will miss one of the gayest, most frivolously irresponsible and delightfully humorous stories that this season has brought us. Ronald, a young man of means and position, nephew of Lady Anchester, and author of a novel that has long remained unwritten but that he is always about to write, thrown over by his cousin Marion, and so at a loose end, is induced by a casual misunderstanding, and the sight of a pretty face, to go under the auspices of the Mutual Improvement Touring Association for a "Five Guinea Week in Lovely Lucerne." In the beginning, for reasons of his own, he makes necessary arrangements with the real official, and wears a gilt-lettered cap and poses as conductor of the party, and whilst he is acting in this capacity he



Mr. Ward Muir.

discovers that his aunt's stately butler is one of his trippers, and the only one who is travelling first class, because he does not care to mix with "the ruck." He takes the butler partly into his confidence, and as the butler does not wish Lady Anchester to know that he could so far unbend as to take his pleasures with the crowd, each is pledged to keep the other's secret. But when they get to Lucerne, Lady Anchester and Marion are there already, and awkward complications begin to ensue. Mr. Muir gets some excellent fun out of the idiosyncrasies of the various members of the touring party, genially satirises the peculiarities of the personally conducted tour, and welds it all together with a live'y farcical plot in which two or three pretty girls take a hand, with the result that you get just enough of light love-making to give the tale a sauce of pleasant sentiment. "Switzerland will soon be as amusing as Earl's Court, and with cheaper meals into the bargain," says Lady Anchester, when she first sees an advertisement of the Five Guinea Trip; but if the Exhibition were as amusing as Mr. Muir makes Switzerland, you would soon know it, for you would be able to hear Earl's Court laughing half over London.

THE LAME ENGLISHMAN. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

The Lame Englishman was unsensational in appearance, but romantic in spirit. His name did not help him much, either, for it was Thomas Smith; moreover, he was respectably well off, and his mother was always writing to remind him to wear his white muffler on cold nights. He resented all this, and, though he was a very decent fellow, he allowed it to prey upon his mind so much that he became morose. However, he was living—for the time-being—in Rome, and the year was 1849. Smith was interested in the cause of the people, and thus he came to meet a very perfect heroine, who, unfortunately, was already married to a fat Italian. In spite of his lameness, Smith was accepted for Garibaldi's regiment, and he saw his full share of fighting (and remarkably well it is described) before Mr. Deeping sees fit to wind up his story on p. 370. We wish Mr. Deeping could have gone on for a little, for "The Lame Englishman" is a very good novel indeed. For its clever study of a certain type of character and for its general interest "The Lame Englishman" is worthy of a very high place among this season's novels.

FEAR. By E. Nesbit. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

A reviewer's first feeling will certainly be one of calm but firm conviction that "it cannot be Mrs. E. Nesbit Bland who has done a book with this title." Mrs. Bland, he will recall, was once a delightful writer of verse, and even of recent years, when she has done little but make up stories that children all over the Empire love, she has never lost that wizard touch that rendered her poems so fresh, so fragrant, and alive with a note of intimate personal charm. Even her novel, "The Red House," was a novel that a poet might have written, and lo! here comes "Fear," by the author of "The Incomplete Amorist," "The Story of the Amulet," and "The Enchanted Castle." And these startling stories, it should be noted, bear titles just as startling as the name on the cover. Nevertheless, they are amazingly well written. They don't shock you as you expect they will when you think of their sombre label. They interest you at the onset, like all the best types of popular magazine-stories, and then when you get right into the heart of their mysteries, you are puzzled, excited, curious, and anxious, but you are never frightened, and you are only sorry when they come to an end. The first story is, perhaps, the best—"The Five Senses," which tells about a scientist who discovered a combination of drugs that would intensify all or each of our sensations—but "The Ebony Frame" is also quaint and unexpected, and it runs the first story in dramatic interest rather close.

THE ROMANTIC ROAD. By Guy Rawlence. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Guy Rawlence has not discovered any remarkably new formula for a story of highwayman adventure in the days of "Farmer George," but he has the gift of bright and pleasant narrative, and he makes all his characters step down from their niches and perform their parts upon his tiny stage with naturalness and grace. Personally we are rather sorry that he does not tell us more about Mademoiselle Clothilde Chamby and her aunt, and that weak, silly youth Lord Fortington. They made an excellent foil to the hero, Sir Michael Stanton of Stanton Hall, Devon, and his fair Julia, who masqueraded under the stress of stern necessity as the notorious highwayman Wild Will on the roads around Salisbury and Fordingbridge; but when the lust of adventure gets in an author's blood it often causes him to lay more stress on action and on sensation than upon any nicely balanced contrast in character, locality, and atmosphere, and after all "The Romantic Road" gives a reader plenty of excitement and pleasure. The finish too is beyond reproach: "'And so the adventures are over,' said he, 'the old life done with. No more wild rides, no more fears and tremors, no more escapades on the road—the great romantic road!' She sighed. 'Julia, you regret it!' 'Maybe I should—but for you,' she answered smiling." As a climax it is not very novel, of course, but it is eminently comforting and grateful.

THE MAN-MARKET. By Edgar Swan. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

Kornilof was an ingenious Russian who had an idea for getting rich quick. He used to advertise on eggs that he knew of excellent openings for young men on his farm in Russia. When he got hold of his young men, he proceeded—having made friends with the officers in charge of the gangs of prisoners on their way to Siberia—to exchange them for such of the true prisoners as could pay for the privilege of escaping. Among those entrapped and sent to Siberia was a young Englishman, Tom Bateman, with whose troubles and adventures—together with those of his brother, and a Russian friend, who went in search of him—this book deals. Mr. Swan has a fertile imagination for adventures, and he keeps his story moving well. Moreover, he seems to know Russia and Russian ways thoroughly. "The Man-Market," in short, is a highly effective piece of sensation.

The Bookman's Table.

OLD CONTINENTAL TOWNS. By Walter M. Gallichan. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is the latest volume in a series which already contains a number of books of proven utility to the traveller both in England and abroad. The difference from its predecessors lies in the fact that while they are confined in their scope to one special country, this one has a continent for its theme. Mr. Gallichan deals at varying lengths with old and famous cities in Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Bohemia, and Greece. He has provided a book which those who are wandering over Europe will find a pleasant companion. He writes in a simple, easy manner, and if the desire to get much information into a little space sometimes drives him to the border of guide-bookishness, that is a lesser crime than diffuseness or vague sentimentality. For Mr. Gallichan has not, one takes it, set out to write a volume of impressions, like Mr. Arthur Symonds' "Cities." Nor must one go to him for art criticism or the documented details of history. But for those who want to know the main facts of a town's story and where its best churches and pictures are to be found and what great men have illuminated it, "Old Continental Towns" is just the thing. Specially



Rouen, 1822.

A street showing the Tower of the Cathedral.

From "Old Continental Towns," by Walter M. Gallichan. (Werner Laurie.)

interesting are the chapters on the Spanish towns—Toledo, Seville, Granada, Cordova. Mr. Gallichan has written on Spain before, and his acquaintance with the cities of the peninsula is obviously particularly intimate. For several reasons, Spain is at the present moment as interesting to Englishmen as any country in Europe. It is a country whose future is as fruitful of speculation as its past is crowded with romance. It is not amiss, therefore, that its cities should occupy the most arresting pages of "Old Continental Towns." A number of illustrations, taken from old engravings, embellish the book.

LE DUC DE MORNAY. By Frédéric Lohé. Adapted by Bryan O'Donnell, M.A. 12s. 6d. (John Long.)

Of all the characters that were jostled into prominence on the world's stage by the rise of the Second Empire under Napoleon the Third, the Duc de Morny was perhaps one of the most remarkable. His origin alone had in itself the quintessence of historical romance. A gilded chain of illegitimacy made him the putative great-grandson of Louis XV.—the grandson of Talleyrand, and the son of Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter-in-law of Napoleon the First and the wife of Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. It was this latter relationship that made him half-brother of Napoleon III. It was not until Louis Napoleon had been elected President of the Second Republic that the brothers first met. Prior to this De Morny had passed his life as a soldier, a politician, and a speculative financier. The *coup d'état* and the establishment of the Empire raised him to a position of political importance, and as Minister of the Interior, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and President of the Corps Législatif, he displayed talents of a high order. Had he been alive in 1870, it is possible that the Empire might have been saved; as it was, death relieved him from witnessing the

degradation of a régime that he had done much to establish. In this interesting and admirably written *Life* the author has done his best to trick his subject out as a hero; but even he has to describe him as "a man of brains and pluck, bereft of all feeling, of all belief, and all principles." A financial adventurer, he used his position in the State to feather his own nest—bearing stocks when war with Austria was to be declared and dragging his country into the disgrace of the Mexican campaign to further his own ends. He posed as the grand seigneur—"too tired to speak, too bored to live"—he loved to ostentatiously display his wealth and his superiority, and the author ill-advisedly repeats the old gambling story as a proof of his fine manners, when it merely affords an illustration of what he really was—a parvenu of the first water and a *nouveau riche* of the worst type. The book is an excellent study of a remarkable man, and an important addition to the literature of the Second Empire.

QUIET DAYS IN SPAIN. By C. Bogue Luftmann. 8s. net. (Murray.)

Considering the number of books on Spain that are published every year in this country, there would seem to be a number of people who have been beyond the Pyrenees. Mr. Luftmann very probably saw far less English folk in Spain than Spaniards, seeing that he spent his time in every corner of the land and has apparently been taken to the bosoms, more than once or twice, of Spanish families. All this is very pleasant. Mr. Luftmann's picture is as true as Firth's own "Derby Day," and so anxious is he to relate the real Spaniard, that he does not shy at lapses in the grammar. Many writers would not have allowed the mother of Trinidad to say "Con muchas gusto," nor have had the beggar say "monte de piete." And here is a fine story, redolent of truth (for the actor's name is wrongly spelled); it is from the *Heraldo de Madrid*, which wrote one day that "Makowski, the actor most celebrated in Berlin, died *repentant* this morning." Mr. Luftmann knows a great deal about Murcia, and is so learned on the subject of hair that he certainly must know whether or not the hair-dressers are women; we should have put "*peinadores*" instead of "*peinadoras*." And Mr. Luftmann gives one the impression that it is not good for weaker brethren to know too much. He stays a lifetime in a little town, and tells us something most recondite, which a common traveller would never have observed. Page after page presents us with some curious piece of information. The style may be too disconnected, but we are not in the presence of an author who imagines that we shall be satisfied with rolling periods of eloquence. He is the man who knows, and we are glad to listen, for we have read many volumes on Spain.

BEYOND THE MEXICAN SIERRAS. By Dillon Wallace. With 75 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author and a Map. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When we received Mr. Wallace's "Long Trail of Labrador" some two years ago, it occurred to us that here was an observant traveller of whose excellent powers of description we should see more in the time to come. Here is corroborative evidence of what we then thought. Having realised that Western Mexico was practically a virgin country to the English-speaking traveller with a literary tendency, he and a friend left Frisco to see what they could find between the Pacific and the Mexican Sierras. At Mazatlan, their intended port of disembarkation, they were prevented from going ashore by the usual pig-headed high-mightiness of the authorities of colonies which were originated by Latin races. But this fact produced them three friends from amongst the passengers, men who had a stake in the country and were, in a sense, going home *via* another port. In this manner the party of two was

increased, and a way was opened to the interior. What Mr. Wallace found beyond the mountains was, as regards the people, much the same as we saw in the eastern part of the country—a backward, indolent race who thought of nothing, cared for nothing, so be that they were sure of the day's food and the eternal *siesta*. As to the country itself: Mr. Wallace quotes a highly eulogising paragraph from Prescott's Introduction to his "Conquest of Mexico," and adds: "I am tempted to enlarge his comparison, and assert that in all the two continents of the Western Hemisphere there is no area of equal extent that can approach Mexico in wealth of natural resources, variety of climate, grandeur of scenery, prehistoric ruins, and romantic history." Wedged in amongst his well-conveyed pieces of actual information concerning Western Mexico, his entertaining thumb-nail pictures by the way, and his many little proofs of an observing and deductive mind that knows the value of humour, Mr. Wallace tells us much not merely of what the country is, but what it could be made. This is particularly so in the districts through which the Southern Pacific Railroad is now being extended. Says he, after ascertaining the nature of the soil:

"Investors who take hold of this land now, while it can be had at a merely nominal price, will reap fortunes in colonisation later. The prices will advance by leaps and bounds with the opening of the railroad. Then will come the transformation of jungles into orange groves, fields of grain will spring up, rich harvests of bananas, pine-apples, and the hundred other profitable crops the land is capable of will be gathered, and from the near-by hills will come as fine coffee as tropical America can grow." Altogether the book is very interesting, and the numerous illustrations are excellent.

THE SOUTH DEVON AND DORSET COAST.

By Sidney Heath. 1s. net. (Fisher Unwin.) - A

SHORT HISTORY OF SOUTHAMPTON.

By F. J. C. Hearnshaw and others. 2s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

"The South Devon and Dorset Coast" consists of four hundred odd pages about the people and places that visitors are most likely to want to know. The author excludes nothing that could possibly be of interest, and considering how many subjects he touches on which he is no specialist, he has made a tolerable book on familiar lines. It is not a pure guide, nor a piece of literature, but is the modern blend between information and a personal view. Perhaps this is so often badly done that we are too apt to think the old dry-as-dust methods better. One advantage they certainly had; they made shorter or fuller books. They would not have given eight pages to William Barnes, or if they had, they would not have been such easy reading. In the hands of a good man the new method is a thing to be thankful for. It might have been good for some who practise it, however, and among them Mr. Heath, to have to use the old method. Books like the present look too much like mere expansion of the older kind of guide. But this is what is wanted, and Mr. Heath's book must be well placed in its class.—"A Short History of Southampton" does not seek to please, yet it may well do so. It belongs to a class which needs every encouragement, as it may some day lead to a vital understanding of history. Mr. F. J. C. Hearnshaw is Professor of History at Hartley University College, Southampton; the editor of the second half of the book—"Some Aspects of Town Life"—is Mr. F. Clarke, Professor of Education at the same college, and author of "Hampshire" in the Oxford County Histories. The contributors are not always inspired exponents of the method, but it is a good method. Both these books are fully illustrated.

ON THE WOOL TRACK. By C. E. W. Bean. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

It was whilst he was special commissioner of the *Sydney Morning Herald* in the "Wool Land" that Mr. Bean wrote the remarkable series of articles which are here presented in volume form. Western New South Wales is the scene of most of the industry in wool, which is one of the most important products—if not the most important—of Australia. The sheep has, as it were, called into existence a special type of man, but it is one of the author's chief regrets that it seems now slowly to be dying out. It is a peculiar type, with almost as many vices as virtues, but one which is excellently adapted for its mode of life. Mr. Bean has many good stories to tell of the queer characters he met on his journeys; but we especially like this one: "An old chap we heard of—a man born in the old country—had worked for about twenty years on the same run, and made a good pile. One day he came up to the owner. 'I see they reckon the King's goin' to be crowned next year, sir,' he said. 'Yes, Joe,' said the unsuspecting boss. 'I've always been a loyal



An Immigrant.

From "On the Wool Track," by C. E. W. Bean. (Alston Rivers.)

man. I guess I must go and see him.' The boss nearly lost his breath; only, being an Australian, he took out his pipe. 'Supposing I said no,' he suggested. 'By —, I think I'd leave you. I've got to go.' And he did. He was not married. It was as good a use for his money as any other, and he came back when he had spent it." "On the Wool Track" proves that its author is a man to be reckoned with. Mr. Bean is an expert in producing "atmosphere," and he is master of a fluent and natural style. His volume is one of the most readable "serious books" that we have ever encountered.

A MODERN HUMANIST: Miscellaneous Papers of B. Kirkman Gray. 5s. net. (Fifield.)

Kirkman Gray was the son of a Congregational minister at Blandford in Dorsetshire. After some experience of life as a clerk in a London office, he entered New College (London) with a view to becoming a minister in his father's church. He worked at this for some years, eventually deserting the Congregational communion for that of the Unitarians, and thence entered upon work at the Bell Street Domestic Mission, Edgware Road. In 1905 was published an important work: "A History of English Philanthropy from the Dissolution of the Monasteries to the Taking of the First Census," and in 1908—a year after his death—appeared his "Philanthropy and the State, or Social Politics." In the volume of essays upon various subjects here presented to the public, Mr. Henry Bryan

Binns, the editor, supplies an adequate biographical introduction, which is followed by a short appreciation from the pen of Miss Clementina Black. The papers collected by Mr. Binns number eighteen in all, and they will go far to prove how broad-minded and original a thinker was lost in Kirkman Gray.

THE SUCCESSFUL HOME COOK. By Lucy H. Yates. 2s. 6d. (Rebman.)

Messrs. Rebman have just issued a useful little book by Miss Lucy H. Yates dealing with home cookery. Miss Yates treats the subject in a thoroughly sensible and practical manner. "This book is written especially for home cooks whose means are limited, with the hope of helping them to make the most of their limitations," she says in her brief preface. And after reading her book we realise that it is just possible to have successful cooking in the cottage as in the mansion. The small kitchen—appliances best suited to it, and how to make the most of limited space; the larder; methods of cooking; hints on marketing; the value of thought in selection of food, and of brains in housekeeping—these are a few of the subjects dealt with by Miss Yates in this excellent little handbook, which is rich also in recipes for soups, salads, puddings, cakes, beverages, savoury made-up dishes, sweet desserts, etc., and hints on the treatment of fish, meat, and poultry. The housewife who buys "The Successful Home Cook" will never regret doing so, whether she be experienced or inexperienced.

THE ENGLISH HOME. By Banister F. Fletcher and H. Phillips Fletcher. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

It is curious, if one thinks of it, how utterly ignorant many people are of the nature and construction of the houses in which they live. If anything goes wrong, they call in the plumber, the joiner, or the electrician, but they are entirely at their mercy; just as, at an earlier stage, they were at the mercy of the architect and the builder. The Messrs. Fletcher, thinking this a foolish state of affairs, have produced a work which should be of immense value to all who are intending to build, buy or furnish a house. Written in language easily to be understood by the layman, "The English Home" is a severely practical book. The opening chapter, which sketches the history of English domestic architecture, is a mere concession, and even here the utilitarian point of view predominates. Subsequently that point of view is the only one. Starting with the site of the house, the nature of the soil on which it is meant to live and so on, one is next advised as to prospect and plan. Gradually one sees the outer walls rise, the rooms take shape, then come the fitting, the decorating, and the furnishing. On all these matters the authors, themselves practical architects of reputation, give sage and moderate counsel, telling what should be avoided as well as what should be chosen, weighing pros and cons, estimating costs. No detail, from drains to drawing-room, seems to have been forgotten, and three hundred odd drawings add vastly to the value and lucidity of the book. An interesting feature is the chapter that deals with a number of actual modern English houses, designed by Messrs. Banister Fletcher & Sons themselves, Mr. Lutyens, Mr. Voysey, and other architects. Looking at the photographs that decorate this section, one realises what a serious and fine renaissance is in progress in this particular art.

THE CENTENARY EDITION OF CHARLES DICKENS: Sketches by Boz. 2 vols. *Oliver Twist*. 1 vol. Illustrated by Cruikshank and Phiz. 3s. 6d. each. (Chapman & Hall.)

These are the first three volumes in a new edition of Dickens's works that is to be complete in thirty-six volumes; the various books will contain all the prefaces, dedications, and notices which appeared in them during their author's life, and the illustrations will number some seven hundred altogether. There are twenty-four of Cruikshank's in

"*Oliver Twist*," and fifty-six by Cruikshank and Phiz in the "Sketches." Whatever process has been employed in the reproduction of the famous and indispensable old drawings, they are here reproduced with a clearness and fineness of line that make them look approximately as good as the original prints. Beautifully printed and bound, this Centenary Edition is every way worthy of the occasion, and it has a further claim on all Dickens lovers in that each volume will contain one of the Dickens Testimonial stamps, so that every purchaser may know that a modest super-royalty has been paid on it to the descendants of the man who wrote it.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

Of the three novels which have recently come from Messrs. Digby, Long, we have perhaps been most amused by **The Carven Ball** by John Haslette (6s.). This sort of thing has always had a fascination for us: "Clifford struck out furiously at the first man entering; the spanner descended on the fellow's shoulder, completely crippling it, and was followed by another smashing blow, putting his first antagonist out of action and leaving him free to deal with the second." The latter was disposed of in quite another manner, for the schooner's skipper, who had broken the glass in the skylight above, overbalanced, and came hurtling down on his ally's head with such force as to stun him. Clifford completed the rout by landing a blow on the newcomer. . . . Improbable, of course; but a writer of the spirit and skill of Mr. Haslette can afford to dispense with the probabilities—especially when there is a mystery on the go. "The Carven Ball" will fill up an hour or so of anybody's time in the most agreeable manner.

Of a very different character is Francis Bancroft's **Richard Beverley** (6s.), which is a strong, but rather sombre, story of life in South Africa. Mr. Bancroft's is a thoroughly sound piece of work, which will appeal equally on account of the difficulties of the subject and the dignity and reticence of the author's treatment.

In **Finola** (6s.), E. O'Connor Morris—a lady, we imagine—makes use of rather an ordinary plot to bring out the lights and shades of life in the Ireland of to-day. The author has a light and sympathetic touch, and her story should be popular.

MESSRS. EDWIN HARRIS & SONS, ROCHESTER.

Mr. Edwin Harris has a more than local reputation as an antiquary and an authority on the literary landmarks of Kent, especially those which relate to the works of Charles Dickens. He is the author and publisher of a number of historical novels, concerned for the most part with ancient Rochester and its worthies. His new romance, **Gundulf the Good; or Saxon Rochester** (1s.), deals with the life and times of Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, famed not only for his charity, but also for his skill as an architect, much of his handiwork remaining to us in the Tower of London, the Norman nave of Rochester Cathedral, part of Rochester Castle, and Malling Abbey. The novel contains many descriptions of historical characters and events, and its love interest centres in the adventures of Sir Hamon des Crepto, formerly a page in the train of William the Conqueror, and the Lady Vida, kinswoman and ward of Harold the Saxon. As an antiquary, Mr. Harris contrives to make his little book of especial interest to lovers of history, and although without any distinctive literary qualities, the story is pleasantly told.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

In her second novel, **Vocation** (6s.), Miss Lily Grant Duff displays some excellent powers of characterisation. The story centres round two women, whose vocations are respectively religious and artistic. It is not without its "problem," which is solved by the author in an original and ingenious manner. Though perhaps a little faulty in construction, the novel is attractively written and makes very pleasant reading.

MR. EVELEIGH NASII.

The author of "Leaves from a Life" follows up her earlier successes with **Leaves from a Garden** (10s. 6d. net), a work which should appeal to a somewhat different public. Exhaling an attractive melancholy, the work under consideration devotes itself principally to the charms of life in "the real country," as compared with life in London. The author has deep artistic sensibilities, and possesses much power of expression, and we warmly recommend this new work of hers to our readers. There are a number of pretty photographs.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Mr. John R. Carling has written a novel which will bring pleasure to the vast number of persons who, many years ago, were

interested and touched by "The Sign of the Cross." In **The Doomed City** (6s.), he brings the days of Nero and of Vespasian as clearly before the reader as if he wrote of his own century. Mr. Carling is student and story teller both; and while caring for the historical and antiquarian accuracy of his work, he does not forget the needs of a romance. His tale is lively and packed with incident, gaining full value from its setting in the early days of Christianity, yet skillfully avoiding any obvious trace of the history lesson.

Lives there even yet a more vivid hero than Napoleon? Mr. Harold MacGrath's new novel, **A Splendid Hazard** (6s.), is neither historical nor French; it is, indeed, distinctly modern and American, yet the spirit of Napoleon enters into it, and a great-grandson of Napoleon makes some pretty work in it. It can easily be imagined how both Germany and France would be on the alert if a Napoleon claimant were to come within their ken. The hero of this book, who has both American and German blood in his veins, is worth watching; and Mr. MacGrath's spy is capital, as he muddily nets his favourite butterflies and his human spoil at the same time. The tale is well told, lively, and restrained, the men and women are distinct and interesting, and the book is well above the average of the ordinary novel of adventure.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.

Mr. Thomas Burke, reversing the fashion of the day, has been thoughtful for the elders rather than for the children in his tasteful volume, **The Small People** (2s. 6d. net), and he has selected his book of verses from the poems of many poets, in many centuries; choosing them for their appeal to the lovers of children, and not at all for their appropriateness for the child's bookshelf. Needless to say, however, there is many a poem here which children love also, by reason of its sincerity and its understanding of their young point of view. It is interesting to read such older poets as Henry Vaughan and Andrew Marvell on the subject of childhood, and then compare with them the attitude of mind of the later writers. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have undoubtedly been the ones to draw attention to children, and regard them as something more than immature men and women; and we thank Mr. Burke for this unhackneyed collection of poems inspired by childhood.

MESSRS. ALSTON RIVERS, LTD.

A full yet concise and well-planned history for schools has been written by Mr. S. H. Michell. In **A History of England** (2s. 6d. net) he deals with his subject from the earliest times to the death of Queen Anne; and it is this attention to "the earliest times" which is most noticeable in this altogether praise-worthy school book. All sides of England's deeds and happenings are chronicled and explained in a manner which makes them easy to be grasped by the average schoolboy. A good index and fifteen most enlightening little maps complete a volume which is heartily to be recommended.

New Books of the Month.

FROM AUGUST TO 10 SEPTEMBER 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- AL GHAZZALI.—The Alchemy of Happiness. Translated from the Hindustani by Cland Field. 2s. net (Murray)
Before the Foundations, or Christianity the Religion of all Worlds. 5s. net (Skellington)
BERGSON, HENRI. Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness. Translated by F. L. Pogson, M.A. 10s. 6d. net (Sonnenschein)
CUNNINGHAM, W., D.D., F.R.A. Christianity and Social Questions. 2s. 6d. net (Duckworth)
DAVIDSON, GLADYS. The Old Testament Story: Told to the Young. With 16 double tone illustrations from old masters. 6s. net (Laurie)
DAVIES, W. JONES. The Minister at Work. 3s. 6d. net (Charles H. Kelly, 25-35, City Road, E.C.)
DEISSMANN, ADOLF.—Light from the Ancient East: the New Testament Illustrated by Recently Discovered Texts of the Græco Roman World. Translated by Lionel R. M. Strachan, M.A. With 68 illustrations. 16s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
HOLMES, JOHN HAYNES.—The Proof of Immortality. 1d. (Brit. and For. Unitarian Assoc., Essex St., W.C.)
HOWARD, HENRY.—The Summits of the Soul. 3s. 6d. (Robert Culley, 25-35, City Road, E.C.)
Hundred and Sixth Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society. With Appendix and List of Subscribers and Benefactors. With Maps. 1s. (to Non-Subscribers). (Bible House, 146, Queen Victoria St., E.C.)
JOHNSON, HOWARD AGNEW.—Scientific Faith. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
JONES, MAURICE, B.D.—St. Paul the Orator: a Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Commentary on the Speeches of St. Paul. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)

- KENT, CHARLES FOSTER, Ph.D.—The Sermons, Epistles, and Apocalypses of Israel's Prophets: From the Beginning of the Assyrian Period to the End of the Macabean Struggle. With Maps and Chronological Charts. 12s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
MACDONALD, REV. J. I.—The Redeemer's Reign: Foreign Missions and the Second Advent. 6s. (Morgan & Scott)
MARSTON, REV. HERBERT J. RANDALL, M.A.—Two Farewell Sermons Preached in Belgrave Chapel, August 7, 1910. 6d. (Grosvenor Library, 35, Chapel St., Belgrave Sq., S.W.)
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"Resurrectio Christi." Author of. The Vision of the Young Man Mendians. Studies of Pentecost and Easter. 2s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul)
The Revelation and the Johanne Epistles. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Alexander Ramsay, B.D., and a Map. 2s. net and 3s. net (Melrose)
WARDELL, R. J. First Lesson in Philosophy. 3s. 6d. net (Culley)

NEW EDITION.

- BUNYAN, JOHN. The Pilgrim's Progress. With a brief life in words of one syllable by Fredk. Sherlock. Illustrated by John Hassall, R.L., Fred. Barnard, and others. (The Church Monthly Library.) 1s. net, and 2s. net (F. Sherlock, Caxton House, Westminster)

FICTION.

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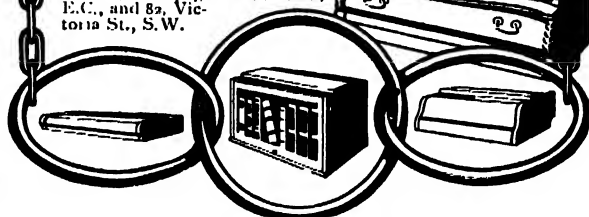
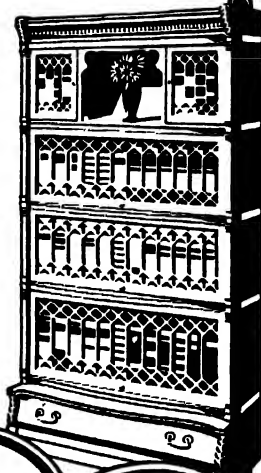
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The December BOOKMAN will be a Christmas Double Number. In addition to the usual features, it will contain interesting articles on Christmas books, a number of beautiful colour-plate engravings, and a Portfolio of pictures in colour by Mr. W. G. Simmonds, illustrating scenes from "Hamlet." There will be also a large and fully illustrated special Supplement, and the whole issue will form, as in previous years, the fullest and most reliable guide obtainable to the books of the season.

The miscellaneous articles in the next number will include "The Dawn of Modern England," by Dr. William Barry; "Problems of To-day," by Y. Y.; "Wagner," by Reginald Buckley; "Mr. Noyes's Poems," by F. G. Bettany; "The Slopes of Parnassus," by Darrell Figgis; "A History of Colour Printing," by M. H. Spielmann; "The New Maeterlinck," by Holbrook Jackson; and articles by Katharine Tynan, Tighe Hopkins, Coulson Kernahan, etc.

Too late for inclusion in the October BOOKMAN we received the following charming note on Mr. Barrie and one of his plays from—

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks.

"When we speak of 'Quality Street' we can only think of it as the most beautiful play we have ever appeared in, and our appreciation of Mr. Barrie as an author is equalled by our love for him as a friend.

"ELLALINE TERRISS and SEYMOUR HICKS."

And this from

Miss Marion Terry:

"I have acted in only one of Mr. Barrie's plays—'Quality Street'—and I do think it is quite one of the most delightful of his plays, if not *the* most delightful of all. I was Susan in it, and loved the part, and hope I may have the joy of playing it again some day, as I don't seem to have the chance of acting in any of his other plays.

"MARION TERRY."

Our presentation portrait of Dickens (an enlargement of which appears on the cover) is from a photograph that has never before been published. It was taken during Dickens's visit to Birmingham in 1869, and is probably the last he sat for. The negative is in the possession of Mr. B. W. Matz, with whose kind permission it is now



Mr. B. W. Matz.

Photo by the W'keham Studios, Batham

reproduced. This is perhaps the most life-like portrait extant of the novelist in his latter period, and leaving as it does the lines and moulding of the features untouched by the photographer's pencil, gives a better impression of his actual appearance than has hitherto been available.

The good influence of Dickens's novels cannot be over-estimated; and any one who seeks to maintain and increase that influence must be regarded in the light of a public benefactor. No one has done more in this direction, perhaps, than Mr. B. W. Matz, who contributes to the present number an article on "Dickens and Reform." Mr. Matz was the editor of the sumptuous "National Edition" of the novelist's works issued a year or so back; and it is to him that we owe the newly discovered writings which appeared in that edition. It was his happy inspiration, too, which caused the Dickens Fellowship, which now has enthusiastic branches and members in all parts of the world, to be founded; while he is the founder and editor of that always interesting little monthly the *Dickensian*, and an honorary member of the Boz Club. Though when he occasionally contributes to the magazines it is generally on Dickensian subjects, Mr. Matz's literary labours are not confined to the interpretation and praise of the author of "Pickwick," for was he not, for instance, the first editor of that galaxy of literary and artistic talent, "The Odd Volume," and the author of that much-talked-of article on "George Meredith as Publisher's Reader" last year?

We referred in the October *BOOKMAN* to the Charles Dickens Testimonial Fund that has been inaugurated by the *Strand Magazine*. Further reference is made to this in Mr. Matz's article. The scheme is meeting with general approval and support; the penny stamps, by the sale of which the Fund is to be raised, are selling rapidly. The Testimonial Stamp, the design for which we reproduced last month, will serve as a sort of bookplate, and if every lover of Dickens purchases one to paste on the fly-leaf of each copy he has of Dickens's works a handsome sum will be obtained for presentation to those of the Master's descendants who are not in such comfortable circumstances as the children and grandchildren of such a man ought to be. The stamps can be obtained from the *Strand Magazine* and from *THE BOOKMAN*, and to every reader who purchases thirty of them from us we are presenting a beautiful colour plate engraving by Frank Reynolds of a scene or character from "Pickwick."

Mr. Joseph Conrad is engaged on a new novel which is to be called "Chance."

Captain Harry Graham, whose "Mother of Parliaments" has just been issued by Messrs. Mills & Boon, is publishing next year both a book of humorous



Captain Harry Graham.

Photo by Langley.

verse and a social satire in the shape of a new novel. His numerous books of verse have a larger sale in America than in England; nevertheless, his "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," published ten years ago, is still selling freely over here; and this autumn a new and enlarged edition of his "Misrepresentative Men," which made its first appearance in 1905, is to be published by Messrs. Gay & Hancock. Captain Graham was one of the original staff of the ill-starred *Tribune*; he is literary adviser and reader to Mr. Edward Arnold, is a Trustee of the British Museum, and contributes regularly to the *Observer* and the *Graphic*, and occasionally to *Punch* and various other periodicals. He married a little while ago a daughter of the Hon. Sir Francis Villiers, H.M. Minister at Lisbon.

The appearance of Mr. Perceval Gibbon's new novel, "Flower o' the Peach," has been postponed until the spring, to meet the arrangements for its serial publication in America.

Every reader of *Punch* is pleasantly familiar with the initials "A. A. M."; he has learned by now that whatever has them at the foot of it may safely be honoured at sight as a good thing. Mr. A. A. Milne is a young writer in the best way: he was born no longer ago than 1882, and is one of the many *Punch* contributors, past and present, who have been introduced to that paper by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, whose attention was attracted by a certain article of Mr. Milne's in *Granta*, of which famous journal Mr. Lehmann was the founder and first editor. In his turn Mr. Milne became its editor, until he left Cambridge in 1903 and started journalism in London as a free-lance. He became assistant-editor of *Punch* in 1906, when Sir Francis Burnand retired and Mr. Owen Seaman became editor, and this year was admitted to a place at the Round Table. In 1905 he published a shilling book called "Lovers in London" with Messrs. Alston Rivers; it is now out of print, and Mr. Milne is not sure whether this is owing to the smallness or the largeness of the demand for it. His new book, "The Day's Play," published by Messrs.



Mrs. G. H. Putnam,

Author of "The Lady," which Messrs. Putnam's are publishing this month.

Methuen, is a delightfully humorous collection of articles and verse he has contributed to *Punch* during the last four years.

Mrs. G. H. Putnam, the wife of the well-known American publisher, has written a book on "The Lady," which will be published early this month. It traces the history of the woman of social position through such varying types as "The Greek Lady," "The Lady Abbess," "The Lady of the Salon," and "The Lady of the Bluestocking." Before her marriage Mrs. Putnam was the Dean of Barnard College, which is the Women's Section of the Columbia University, New York. Naturally this work gave her a special interest in the position of women, and her abundant knowledge of the subject is evidenced in her new book.



Mr. A. A. Milne,

Whose delightfully humorous book, "The Day's Play," has been published by Messrs. Methuen.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's play, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," has been produced in New York and met with immediate and enthusiastic success. The American papers are full of its praise, and its author is probably the most interviewed person of the moment. Although this play, based on her popular



Mrs. L. B. Walford,

Whose "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist" (Williams & Norgate) we are reviewing in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

book of the same name, is her first essay as a dramatist, she has always been interested in the theatre, and, as she says herself, amateur theatricals were among the joys of her girlhood. In an interesting contribution to *Harper's Bazaar* Kate Douglas Wiggin makes reference to these early inclinations, and adds, "It is too many years ago to count that Dion Boucicault asked me to leave the work I was doing in the establishment of free kindergartens in San Francisco and join his company to play the leading rôles in 'The Colleen Bawn' and 'Kerry.' I do not remember being harassed by any doubts of my talent; but children's hands held me on every side—poor, destitute, joyless, and desperately in need of what I believed could be secured for them. After twenty-four hours' reflection Mr. Boucicault's flattering offer was declined." To a crowded audience

in the old church of Buxton Lower Corner, Biddeford, U.S.A., Kate Douglas Wiggin recently gave a reading from the manuscript of a new novel, "Mother Carey's Chickens," on which she has been working during the summer. No detailed account of the book or its characters has been given, as the story does not commence its serial appearance until this month, but the reporters present say that in the general opinion it is "far and away the finest thing she has done yet."

Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe's new book, "The New Spirit in Egypt," will be published by Messrs. Blackwood during the next few weeks. Mr. Roosevelt, a very good friend of the author's, was going to write a preface for it, but it seems possible that his plunge into American politics may prevent his finding time for this. There is still hope, however, that he may manage to do it, and the preface may arrive before the volume goes to press. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe went with Mr. Roosevelt on his famous tour from Khartoum all over Europe, then sailed with him for New York to witness his great reception there, and was his first visitor at the editorial office after he took up his work on the *American Outlook*. As a memento of their travels together, he sent Mr. Fyfe the other day a paper-cutter made of a polished strip of rhinoceros hide, with an inscription on a little silver label.

Since Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's play, "A Modern Aspasia," was produced by the Stage Society in



Mr. and Mrs. H. Hamilton Fyfe, returning from Omdurman by Launch.

1909, Mr. Fyfe has written two others: a study of the evils of starting-price betting among working-men, and a plea for the more sensible bringing-up of girls, called "Unmarried Daughters"; but he has not yet offered either of these to any manager. He thinks it would be useless to do so, and why he thinks that could be gathered from an article of his that appeared a week or two ago in the *World*. Perhaps these plays may be produced abroad; "A Modern Aspasia" had a remarkable success at Prague in the Bohemian National Theatre. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's work as a journalist is too well known to warrant us in making any detailed reference to it; he sailed the other day for South Africa to accompany the Duke of Connaught on his tour throughout the Union.

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse is rapidly and deservedly taking his place beside the three or four humorous writers who in this country have the front rank all to themselves. His short stories in the *Strand* and other popular magazines, here and in America, are looked out for now almost as eagerly as are Mr. Jacobs's own. His new novel, "A Gentleman of Leisure," has just been published by Messrs. Alston Rivers and we shall have something to say about it next month. It is a tale of burglary that was entered upon in a jesting spirit, and proved a rather troublesome and expensive joke. The book is selling largely in America, and the story has been dramatised by Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. John

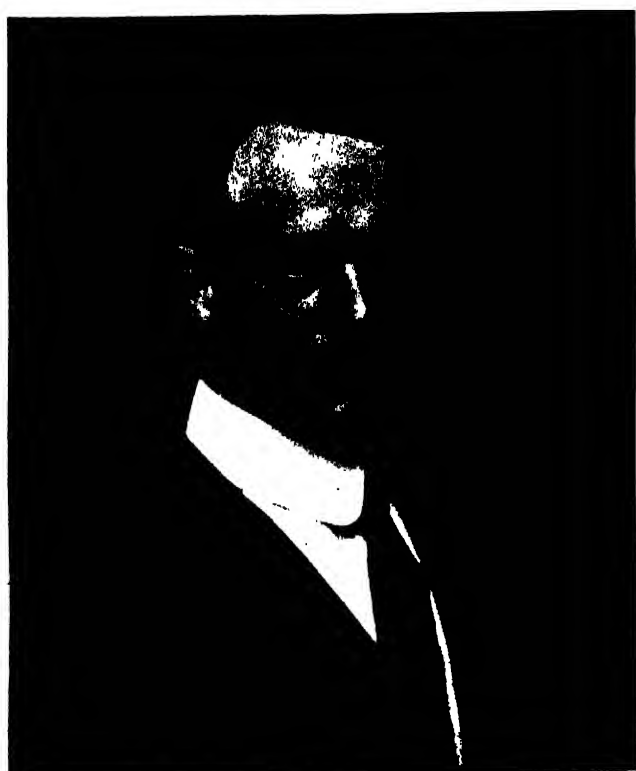


Photo by Hollinger & Co., New York. **Mr. P. G. Wodehouse.**

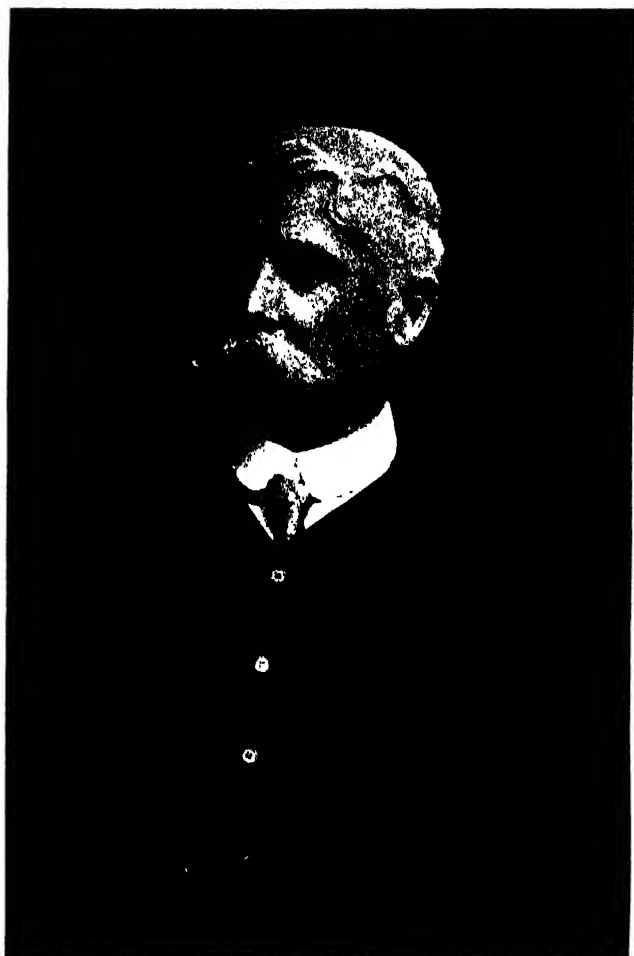


Photo by Messrs. Russell & Son

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore.

Stapleton and is to be produced shortly by Mr. W. A. Brady, the stage director of Mr. Daniel Frohmann. Mr. Wodehouse is also engaged on a farce based upon his very successful story, "Love among the Chickens"; he has made considerable progress with another novel which has what he believes is a new central idea, and is working out the same idea into a three-act farcical comedy which will be produced first in New York and later over here.

Mr. Frankfort Moore, whose poetical dramas, "The Discoverer" and "In the Queen's Room," are just published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, began his literary career with a volume of verse more than thirty years ago, and upon several occasions since he has published poems in various journals, but none which attracted so much attention as his verses on the funeral of Queen Victoria, which appeared in the *Daily Mail*, and were afterwards included in the Memorial volume. Not alone by these dramatic poems will he be represented this autumn. The "Life of Oliver Goldsmith" upon which he has long been working will be issued almost immediately by Messrs. Constable in one volume, and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish about the middle of the month "The

Commonsense Collector," with illustrations of the different periods of antique furniture, taken from articles in the possession of the author, who has for many years been a discriminating collector of "antiques" in many forms. The volume, which will embody his experiences while picking up his treasures, is intended as a hand-book of hints for the guidance of those readers who have collecting aspirations, but scarcely know in what direction they should advance in order to realise their aims without the expenditure of large sums of money. The author has travelled far and wide, and his residence at Lewes Castle is a storehouse of artistic treasures.



Miss Myrtle Reed.

One of the most successful of recent novelists, whose new story, "The Master of the Vineyard," has just been published by Messrs. Putnam's.

Mr. Arnold White is a man of very strong views, and he has a habit of expressing them strongly. Personally we dissent from most of them, but that does not prevent us from admiring his ability. His first book, "Problems of a Great City," was published in 1886. He paid for its publication and it went into three editions, but "it never paid me," he says, "and I suppose it did not pay the publisher." It roused a storm of condemnation, but the late Bishop of Durham said it was a book that made the nation think, and nowadays Mr. White finds that almost every proposal he made in it forms part of the social programme of one or both parties in the State. His second volume, "Tries at Truth," contained a series of articles that were originally written for the *Echo*. After this came "English Democracy," "The Modern Jew," "Efficiency and Empire," and "For Efficiency." Mr. White flatly asserts that all these books were failures in the accepted



Photo by J. Russell & Son.

Mr. David Whitelaw.

Whose "Princess Galva" (Greening) has been one of the successful novels of this autumn.

sense of the word; but they were not without their effect on the men who were able to carry something of his preaching into practice. Four times he has stood for Parliament, and "my political career, like my literary efforts," he will



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. P. W. Sergeant.

Whose new biographical work, "The Great Empress Dowager of China," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

tell you," was a failure, but I can honestly say that the failure of both careers has left me quite unsoured. I am glad to be out of Parliament, and hopeful that the views in my new book represent the outlook of an average Englishman"—the new book being "The Views of Vanoc," which Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are publishing. Nobody but himself would regard Mr. Arnold White's career in literature as a failure, and those who read "Vanoc" every week in the *Referee* are not likely to mourn that his Parliamentary hopes were not realised, since if they had been, he would now be talking in another place instead of writing "Our Note Book" there.

As a teller of tales of the weird, eerie, ghostly description, Mr. Algernon Blackwood has won for himself a unique reputation. No living English novelist excels him in the art he has made his own. He is a dreamer of grim dreams, yet he has lived a strenuous, matter-of-fact life, and broken his shins against the plainest realities of earthly existence. In his time he has been a rancher in Canada; has run a hotel; sub-edited a Methodist magazine; worked on the gold-fields; starved in New York, or would have starved if he had not posed to Gibson and other artists for a living; tried his luck as an actor; devoted several years to working on American newspapers; and in divers other ways warmed both hands at the fire of life and chilled them in the frosts of it, and has emerged from it all not a practical man of affairs, but a mystic, a man who sees this old commonplace world transfigured still into a place of wonder and mystery. His literary career began only a matter of five years ago. In his new book, "The Human Chord" (Macmillan), he has attempted to express something of the deep mystery that lies behind *sound*, and touches a fringe of the picturesque legend about the search to know the Name of God. He once confessed to a friend who is interested in such psychological details that his ideas come to him unsought, rising complete, as it were, out of his subconsciousness; sleep seems to gather

them, and he wakes with the whole thing pictorially before him, often written out mentally in actual paragraphs and sentences, and as though in no sense invented by his own brain. We hope to give a fuller and more intimate account of Mr. Blackwood's interesting career in an early issue of *THE BOOKMAN*.

From the office of the *Connoisseur*, that most valuable and artistic magazine for collectors, comes an eighteenpenny booklet dealing with "Art at the Brussels Exhibition." It contains upwards of forty beautiful reproductions of famous Flemish paintings, and an admirable article by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, printed in English and in French, on the masterpieces of seventeenth-century Flemish art that are included in the Exhibition.

Mr. Andrew Melrose announces a book of reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur by Mr. Theodore Stanton. The volume will be illustrated with reproductions of her drawings.

We congratulate *Public Opinion* on the completion of its fiftieth year of existence and the publication of an excellent jubilee number. In the hands of Mr. Percy Parker it thoroughly fulfils its claim to be a weekly review of what everybody else is saying, doing, and thinking, and is as alive and alert to catch current opinion on current events as such a journal should be.

Messrs. Duckworth are publishing this month a volume of poems by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

We are greatly indebted to Messrs. Chapman & Hall and to Mr. B. W. Matz, both in his private capacity and as editor of the *Dickensian*, for much assistance with the Dickens illustrations in this number; and for much assistance with the other illustrations to Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Putnam's, Messrs. Macmillan, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Messrs. Digby, Long, Mr. Fisher Unwin, and Messrs. Cassell.



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THE READER.

CHARLES DICKENS AND REFORM.

By B. W. MATZ,

Editor of the "Dickensian."

I.

WHEN Charles Dickens was on one of his reading tours in this country in 1858, he was stopped by a lady, on one occasion, in the street, who said to him, "Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house with many friends?" a personal greeting which greatly affected him, and which, he told his friend John Forster, in a letter, brought him very near what he sometimes dreamed might be his fame.

That was an inspired sentiment of the lady, whose face the novelist had never seen before, and, speaking in general terms, Dickens's fame to-day rests primarily on his genius for creating real, living characters, the majority of whom are, forty years after his death, personages as familiar to all races of the world as are the notable names in history, while the story of their individual careers may be said to be far better known by the general public. They have, in fact, become part of history; their sayings and doings, the pictures of their homes and the details of their journeys, are treasured and followed with as much, if not more, sincerity and concern than obtains in the case of many a great warrior or statesman; whilst the names of many of them have become generic terms indicating different phases of life and character. The man in the street who has never read his Dickens is so accustomed to seeing his characters quoted and referred to that he is almost as conversant with their prominent peculiarities as he who knows the story of their lives by heart.

So that if the novelist's fame rested upon nothing else than this happy circumstance of having filled many homes with many friends, it would be such a fame as he himself desired, and that most writers would be content and proud to boast. But it has perhaps even a surer foundation in so much as he strove in all his books to set

right what was wrong with the world, as well as to amuse and entertain those who lived in it, and to leave it better than he found it. That he accomplished his aim need not be insisted upon here. It is common knowledge, and he is admitted to be alike the most popular novelist of this or any generation and one of our greatest social reformers. It is in the light of this latter claim that we propose to speak of him here.

Nowadays, when social reforms are in the air, so to speak, and are being brought about by collective national forces, it is easy to forget how, in the past, one man advocated more or less single-handed what is the chief work of England's Ministers at the present time. Not that Dickens's attempts at reform bore no immediate fruit; they did, as everybody knows. But in his day, Parliament did not take so much heed as it does now of the importance of the claims and needs of social reform. And Dickens's forcible voice often had to ring out alone in the cause of his less fortunate fellow-creatures.

Let us consider awhile then what he set himself to accomplish for humanity by his writings, apart from the entertainment, the solace, the joy, the hours and days of pleasure and comfort which his works imparted and continue to impart to his readers.

Dickens, from the commencement of his literary career, showed his instinct for social reform. He saw that the machinery of our social administration was sadly in want of repair, it not that it required renovating altogether. Nearly every one of his books give striking evidence of this; he was the advocate of all those who suffered for the wrong of the world, and by holding up that wrong for all to see, by ridiculing some of its consequences, by showing some of its evils (at times enveloped in his matchless humour, at others irradiated by his rare pathos), he exhibited the undoubted iniquities in



Charles Dickens.

After Frith.

such a manner that there was nothing left to say in their defence.

He did not talk, and preach, and rant about these evils with the hyperbole of the agitator. He drew pictures of the state of affairs they created, created real characters—evil characters at times—set in an environment typical both of the class affected and the class affecting. There the reader saw for himself, nay, lived through it all himself. And as every phase of the community read his books, those who were able and willing to mend matters helped to bring about the change, perhaps unconscious that the result was foreshadowed by Dickens all the time. And throughout all such scenes vice was never made attractive, nor was the language of his bad characters insidious or harmful. Therefore in Dickens's descriptions of evils and things that are bad there is no encouragement for the reader to think that sin is anything to glory in, or that the pleasure of a wrong makes up for its criminality. He placed no halo around sin as so many modern novelists have done. If a thing was wrong, it was not made to appear a joy, nor glossed over with the excuses of the devil's advocate.

II.

Let us look for a moment at the various abuses and



Dickens in 1837.
When he was writing "The Pickwick Papers."
From a sketch by Samuel Laurence
Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

ills of his time for the remedying of which Dickens made his novels the vehicle.

The intolerable Poor Law administration in "Oliver Twist," now known as "Bumbledom"; the fallacy and impotency of imprisonment for debt in "Pickwick Papers," in "David Copperfield," and in "Little Dorrit"; the iniquity of Yorkshire schools and the cruel treatment of children attending them in "Nicholas Nickleby"; the immorality of gambling in "The Old Curiosity Shop"; slavery and the copyright laws in "American Notes"; the perilous system of ignorant and venal nursing as typified in Mrs. Gamp, and wild-cat company promoting in "Martin Chuzzlewit"; the disregard of the human spirit towards the poor and the industrial population generally, and of the helpfulness of the true Christian doctrines, in life and work, in his "Christmas Stories"; the system of education obtaining in private schools in "David Copperfield" and in other books; the law's fantastic delays in "Bleak House"; education, again, the relations between workman and master, and the laws of marriage and divorce in "Hard Times"; the government officials, their system of "How not to do it," for which "the circumlocution office" stood, and the principles of red tape in "Little Dorrit", the Poor Laws and the workhouse, again, in "Our Mutual Friend."

The student of Dickens will readily remember others



Dickens in 1836.

Photograph of a pencil drawing by Cruikshank, drawn at the "Hook and Eye" Club, of which both he and Dickens were members.
Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.



*For the first time
Charles Dickens*

From a drawing from life by Charles Martin, in 1844.
Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.



Charles Dickens, 1859-60.

Photograph of an unfinished painting by R. W. Buss, the portrait being copied from a photograph of Dickens by J. & C. Watkins.

Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

as, for instance, unjust sentences, imprisonment and ill-treatment of children; the want of a tolerable system of public education; the want of sufficient and unitary dwellings for the poor; unclean and dishonest elections; abuses of law and lawyers; religious intolerance, cant, hypocrisy, and pretence—a truly lengthy yet incomplete catalogue. The student of political and social life of to-day will be able as readily to say how many of these crying evils have been cleaned off the slate of our administration, and how many are now in the process of being eliminated. And although it may not be true to assert that all these reforms have been brought about by Dickens, it is nevertheless a fact that he did more than any one else to cause them to be brought about.

It has been said that a novelist cannot be taken seriously as a reformer; that he cannot be considered as wholly sincere, since he is able to introduce into his novels any situation that fits the scheme and environment of the plot he is weaving for the sake of his story; and that he need not, and often does not, advocate him-

self the views he puts into the mouths of his characters. That may be so, for it is often seen that in another novel a writer has caused his characters to utter the very opposite views and to preach upon the directly opposite side. But, at any rate, this was not so with Dickens. He believed all he wrote. He was consistent in all he did or said as a friend of the downcast and poor; as a foe to shams and hypocrisy; as the children's advocate from both a social and educational point of view. These attributes were a part of the man himself and had characterised him long before he thought of systematically trying "to turn fiction to the good account of showing the pre-

ventible wretchedness and misery in which the mass of the people dwell," as he said in one of his *Household Words* articles.

III.

It is known then what Dickens did by his novels to draw attention to the necessity of reform in various directions, and how many of these reforms were brought about by his strenuous pen through the medium of these novels. It is also known by his speeches and



—[From the Topical Edition of "Pickwick Papers," (Chapman & Hall.)

The Racquet Court, Fleet Prison.



From an engraving by Philz.
Lent by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

**Tom-All-Alone's :
The Home of Poor Jo.**

"There is not an atom of Tom's shrine, not a cubic inch of any pestilential gas in which he lives, nor one obscurity or degradation about him, nor an ignorance, nor a wickedness, nor a brutality of his committing, but shall work its retribution, through every order of society up to the proudest of the proud and the highest of the high."—*Bleak House.*

published letters how keenly he had these things at heart.

But further evidence is now extant that he used his pen vigorously towards the same end in anonymous contributions to *Household Words* and other periodicals, the greater part of which have recently become available for the student. In them is revealed the fact that he saw farther ahead than most men of his day, and felt more keenly and wrote more fearlessly about the evils of his time than others,

more keenly even than he allowed himself to do in his novels.

Take the question of prison reform, which is now occupying the thoughts of one of our most eminent Cabinet Ministers; or education, a no less prominent question of the day; or the housing of the poor, and the proper care and welfare of children. These questions presented themselves to Dickens in just the same strenuous fashion years ago, and he gave utterance to sentiments and facts regarding them that might only have been uttered within the last few years.

Education was, perhaps, the subject which Dickens had most at heart. The education of the masses he looked upon as the panacea for most of the ills which beset life. As far back as 1847, in an article on London crime, he showed how the worst evils were due to ignorance; and "in the face of such prodigious facts," he says, "sects and denominations of Christians quarrel with each other and leave the prisons full up and ever filling with people who begin to be educated within the prison walls." The moral of it all is the necessity of education for these would-be criminals, education in the common knowledge of the world, and in the elementary difference between right and wrong. "The comfortable conviction," he goes on, "that a parrot acquaintance with the Church Catechism and the commandments is enough shoe-leather for poor pilgrims by the Slough of Despond, sufficient armour against the Giants Slay-Good and Despair, and a sort of Parliamentary train for third-class passengers to the Beautiful Gate of the City, must be pulled up by the roots, or its growth will overshadow the land. . . .



From a drawing by Fred Bur. and.
Lent by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Dickens and Forster visiting a Tramps' Lodging House.

"On the night of our earlier visit, Maclise, who accompanied us, was struck with such sickness on entering the first of the Mint lodging-houses in the Borough, that he had to remain for the time we were in them under guardianship of the police outside."—*John Forster's Life of Charles Dickens* (Chapman & Hall).



The Eatanswill Election.

From a drawing by Phiz in *The Pickwick Papers*.



Oliver asking for more.

From a drawing by Cruikshank in *Oliver Twist*.



**FIVE EVILS
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY
THAT
THE NOVELS
OF
CHARLES DICKENS
HELPED
TO REFORM.**



Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig.

From a drawing by Phiz in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.



**The Hustings, the Work-
house, the Monthly Nurse,
the Debtors' Prison, and the
worse type of Boys' School
of the time, as sketched by
Cruikshank and Phiz.**

From engravings lent by
Messrs Chapman & Hall.



Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet Debtors' Prison.

From a drawing by Phiz in *The Pickwick Papers*.



Brimstone-and-Treacle Day at Dotheboys Hall.

From a drawing by Phiz in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Schools of industry, where the simple knowledge learned from books is made pointedly useful, and immediately applicable to the duties and business of life, directly conducive to order, cleanliness, punctuality, and economy, where the sublime lessons of the New Testament are made the superstructure to be reared, enduringly, on such foundations, schools on such principles, deep as the lowest depths of society, and leaving none of its dregs untouched, are the only means of removing the scandal and the danger that besets us in the nineteenth century of our Lord."

In a later article we get this significant sentence, which might have been written but a few months ago: "Do I, who have been deafened by a whirlwind of sound and fury consequent on a demand for secular education, see any education through the opening years for those who need it most?" and in yet another article he offers this equally poignant exhortation: "Dearly beloved brethren . . . do you know that between Gorham controversies, Pusey controversies, and Newman controversies, and twenty other controversies, a certain large class of minds in the community is gradually being driven out of all religion? Would it be well, do you think, to come out of the controversies for a little while and be simply Apostolic thus low down?"

Indeed in all his articles touching the question of social reform contained in the volume* I am quoting from, the necessity of proper education is the fundamental point to which he returns.

It is common knowledge how much sympathy and love Dickens showed for children, and particularly for the children of the poorer classes. He was the children's advocate in his novels, and in his journalistic work there will be found

* "Miscellaneous Papers." 3s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)



Photo by Mason & Co.

A Group on the Lawn at Gad's Hill Place, 1866.

Consisting of Dickens, Miss Hogarth, Miss Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins, Charles Dickens, jun., Wilkie Collins, Fechter, and Hamilton Hunn.

Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

many earnest and vigorous articles on the subject, much upon the lines of the legislation which has recently taken place, showing how in unison his views then were with those which inspired the recent "Children's Charter," as it has been called.

Dickens further appreciated that at the bottom of all depravity was the want of better housing accommodation. And he used his pen to effect some reform in this respect also. At the time of the cholera outbreak in 1854, he addressed a striking article "To Working Men," in which he called upon them to assert themselves and combine and demand the improvement of the towns in which they live. It is the duty of the people to firmly insist, "above all things, in their and

their children's right to every means of life and health that Providence has afforded for all, and firmly refuse to allow their name to be taken in vain for any purpose, by any party, until their homes are purified and the amplest means of cleanliness and decency are secured to them." He considered it the most momentous of all earthly questions that he was urging, and although it is not necessary to urge it now in such language as he adopted



Photo by Mason & Co.

Charles Dickens, 1867.

Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

throughout the article, it only shows how the instinct for reform and the power to emphasise its need was glowing in the heart of Dickens throughout his life. How happy he would have been in the development of the present scheme of town planning!

Our prisons were a sort of nightmare to him. Keep men and children out of the prisons at all costs, he would say, from the contamination of the prison atmosphere. It is not enough to teach them, especially the children, that it is a place to avoid; we must also teach them how to avoid it. He advocated the abolition of capital punishment, and although he was not successful in bringing about an alteration in a law concerning the efficacy of which there are so many opinions, he was nevertheless instrumental in doing away with its extreme penalty being performed in public by a vigorous letter to the *Times* which started the agitation.

It is not possible in the space at my command to touch upon the many questions which Dickens discusses in these journalistic pieces of his. The reader who is interested will find that Dickens deals with endless subjects of his day, many of which have already been reformed, whilst others still require and are getting attention to-day. But it is well, in considering what Dickens accomplished in this respect, to realise that he worked hard apart from his novels and public speeches in the cause of humanity. Indeed, we feel that the strongest proof of his desire for the common good of the community is to be found in these fugitive papers.

He lived amongst the poor, their troubles became his troubles, their joy his joy, and throughout all his books, wherein he paints their everyday existence in such a way as makes the reader sympathise instead of abhorring them as something to avoid, he was imbued with a determination to ameliorate their lot; and knowing as we do that he was sincere in all he wrote in his novels, it is good to learn that apart from his books he championed them in strenuous anonymous journalism whilst others were merely looking on, and that he did all out of pure honest love for the welfare of his fellow-men, and not as a legislator justifying his position in life.

Although Dickens's time was so precious to him, he could always spare a portion of it for others. Throughout his life he appeared incessantly at public dinners as chairman or as chief spokesman, and that for no other reason than to help the particular benevolent society—for it was chiefly in such causes he was called upon to assist—in its benevolent work. A glance at his speeches alone shows how sincere was his oratory, and how greatly his services benefited the schemes in hand, particularly when it was one for the good of children, such as that of the Great Ormond Street Hospital, which owed much to his generous and willing efforts.

"Knowledge has," he said in one of his speeches, "a very limited power when it informs the head only; but when it informs the heart as well it has a power over life and death, the body and the soul, and dominates the universe."

The knowledge which Dickens imparted did not merely inform the head, but the heart as well. And the English-speaking people throughout the world can show no greater acknowledgment of the effect of that power in them than by helping to keep his memory green.

IV.

Just now a novel scheme is being advocated and discussed for celebrating, in a useful and unconventional manner, the centenary of Dickens's birth, which falls on February 7, 1912. It is to take the form of a testimonial to the descend-

ants of the novelist's family, and it is put forward by the *Strand Magazine*. The scheme is that a specially designed Dickens stamp be issued and sold to the public at one penny each, for purchasers to place in the covers of the various volumes of the novelist's works they possess; and that the money accruing from such a sale be handed to the Dickens family as a testimonial of the world's appreciation of all the great writer has done for the benefit of humanity at large. This is a laudable scheme indeed, and has already met with the unstinted approval of many notable names in literature, art, law, and politics.

The whole world has so many reasons for being indebted to Dickens for all that he did for its betterment



Photo by Mason & Co.

Charles Dickens in 1866.

Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

that this may seem a small tax upon his readers in return for what they have received. But it is only the small contribution that is wanted. His readers number millions the world over, and if all show their appreciation by joining in the scheme, the result will be assured.

This is a testimonial being raised out of pure regard of the man's worth, and is to represent a nation's token of its appreciation of that worth: an international offering. What Dickens earned by his books is

beside the question. The reason for doing this thing must not be lost sight of, or confused with any other object, however laudable it may or may not be in itself.

Every Englishman will be desirous of helping to celebrate the centenary of the nation's great son. Dickens, in his will, adjured his friends to raise no monument to his memory, that is to say, no statue. So that what would have been an obvious course to adopt for such an event is out of the question and this scheme comes to take its place. It may be there will be, indeed there should be, a huge sum. In which case we make



The Room in the Chalet at Gad's Hill where Dickens wrote his books.

From a photograph taken the day after he died. The chalet now stands in Lord Darnley's park at Cobham, Kent.

Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

the respectful suggestion that should there be any residue, it be used to purchase one of the houses the novelist occupied in London, preferably 48, Doughty Street, to be retained by the nation as a museum to his memory, as Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row has been preserved, and, in other places, Scott's and Shakespeare's.

¶ We have attempted, in what are nothing more than a few cursory phrases, each of which would form a text for an article in itself, to indicate what a debt of gratitude is owed to

this great English writer, and to suggest in what measure he merits the affection and consideration not only of those who have read and admired his works, but of those who have the welfare of their country at heart. And there can be no reason for doubting that all will rise to the occasion of celebrating the centenary of his birth whole-heartedly, proving in no niggardly fashion that the gratitude of his fellow countrymen has spanned the interval of a hundred years, and made yesterday seem as to-day in the light of an affection which grows only brighter as the years go by.

IN ACCOUNT WITH TIME.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

I SUPPOSE there are quiet intervals in the life of every man when he is moved to step aside a little from the hurry of business, and add up his years and see what he has made of his time. He may not trouble to do this often when he is young, for as Hazlitt's brother used to say, "No young man believes he shall ever die," or as Lamb has it, "Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty never feels practically that he is mortal." Young, indeed, went a step farther and said,

"All men think all men mortal but themselves,"

and, in a sense, that also is true. But there do come hours and days, especially after one is turned forty, when every thinking man, sharply realises his mortality, even though he consoles himself with a thought that for him the end is still far off. And it is in such hours and days as these that he sits down to balance his accounts and calculate to what extent he has failed or succeeded.

You can only measure your success or failure by comparing what you have done with what has been done by others in as long or as short a period, and it is to furnish information and counsel that will help in the making of this audit that Sir William Robertson Nicoll has written "The Round of the Clock." * He remarks in his preface, "There are, I think, not a few who like to know on their birthdays how others were faring at the same age, and for these this book has been written." Though "there is no such thing as uniformity of experience," he believes that in taking account of the stages of our life "it is at least interesting, and may be something more than interesting, to find how other fellow-creatures thought and demeaned themselves at the same point of their journey." The opening chapters are pleasantly discursive on the place the

* "The Round of the Clock." By Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Illustrated by George Morrow. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Clock occupies in literature ; on the average length of life and whether it has increased ; and on the customary division of life into characteristic periods. With the fourth chapter we enter upon a consideration of the wonder and mystery of childhood ; how little men and women remember of their own earliest years ; what has been said of childhood and the efforts that have been made and are being made to understand the heart and the needs of the child ; and thenceforward, chapter after chapter, "the story of our lives from year to year" is unfolded to the end.

Each chapter covers a period of five years. The fifth chapter carries this survey of man's mental and physical development from the fifth to the tenth year of his age ; the sixth takes it from ten to fifteen ; the seventh from fifteen to twenty ; and so on, the chapters being supplied with appendices giving brief records of the different ages at which men and women of note have done their chief work, have married, and have died. The whole subject is curiously fascinating, because it is one that is alive with interest and deepest significances for every human creature of us all. Few men are without ambitions of some sort, and fewer still ever "have their desire, or having it are satisfied" ; the fortunate minority who have succeeded early in life may get medicine for their troublesome complacency by reading here of men who have reached even greater heights while they were yet younger, and those who have made little progress though the hour is late with them may be heartened and re-inspired by reading of how many have reached the goal triumphantly when the hour with them was later still. There is no pessimism in the book, and no undue optimism ; its value lies in the clear sanity of its outlook, its breadth of knowledge, the impartial care with which its evidences

have been brought together and are allowed to speak for themselves. There is no special pleading ; you are not drugged into happiness with easy proverbs and brave epigrams ; there is always another side of the argument, and, whether you like it or no, here you have both sides shown for your guidance ; the aim of the book being to face the facts of existence and to learn from them whatever they have to teach. Montaigne had an idea that "our souls are adult at twenty such as they are ever like to be, and as capable then as ever," but the facts here are against him. Sir William Nicoll writes with apparent agreement : "Professor James draws a contrast between the young woman of twenty and the young man of twenty. The young woman's character is finished in all its essentials. She acts with intuitive promptitude and security in all domestic circumstances. She has formed her likes and dislikes and her opinions. A boy of twenty has a character still gelatinous, uncertain what shape to assume, 'trying it on' in every direction." Does a woman leave off growing so early as that ? Women who read the book will have their own opinions on this point, and, though I should be sorry to alarm Sir William with visions of a good many letters to write, he will certainly hear from some of them about it.

All the way through there are the close-marshalled facts that tell their own unequivocal tale and an under-current of comment that is always sympathetic, charitable, compassionate, but also always informed with the tonic commonsense of experience. Discussing the failures that arise in the "fateful sixth lustrum" from twenty-five to thirty, through want of persistence, through weariness of some long interval of "marking time" and waiting for the success that does not come, or other such cause, Sir William Nicoll writes :



From an engraving by Marcus Stone.
Lent by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Betty Higden flying from fear of the Workhouse.

"Patiently to earn a spare living, and quietly to die, untouched by workhouse hands—that was her highest sublimary hope."—*Our Mutual Friend*.



**Charles Dickens (1867) and
Some of his Characters.**

Photo of a lithograph by Poulton, issued as a supplement to the *Hornet*, 1870. The portrait is copied from one by Ben Gurney. Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

"That fateful sixth lustrum! A young man finds himself in a position which he considers much beneath his powers. If he has distinguished himself in earlier stages he discovers with disappointment that very few are aware of his success, and that those who know are watchful. He is tempted to think that anything will do. The words 'This will do' have probably done more harm than any others. So in many cases a process of deterioration sets in, and the highest visions fade. Nothing is more noticeable in the great books on conduct than the universal conviction of wise men that the practice of reading is most difficult to keep up. At all events comparatively few remain students or investigators to the last. Any one who has kept his eyes open has seen the creeping of mental paralysis, the contentment with a low standard of work, the limitation of interests to the narrowest circle, and the ruin which every one perceives before the subject is aware of it.

"Sometimes the failure takes another form. There is an effort, by dogmatism or eccentricity, to break in on the solid indifferences of the world. In lieu of the gold of fame, the German silver of notoriety is sought. The rashnesses of youth are often a sign of promise, and are not judged too harshly by the experienced. But the saddest of fates is for a good man to become a Cheap Jack. There may be an apparent triumph at the beginning, but the man is irrevocably lost, and the time comes when he is compelled to recognise it."

From thirty-five to forty Sir William Nicoll fixes as "the period of fullest energy and highest achievement," and the list of what men have accomplished between those ages is a long and a very notable one. He touches on Professor Osler's mischievous cry of "Too old at forty," acknowledging it as a half truth, and taking the sting out of it by setting forth the other half. You pass on to fifty and find that is frequently

the ideal age when "the daily routine is gone through without strain. New tasks are undertaken and new responsibilities are incurred with a satisfactory consciousness of power. The burden of work is thrown off easily. This happy man observes that he gives orders when he used to receive instructions; that others desire his good opinion as he once desired the friendliness of those who have long passed out of sight. An unconscious air of authority is assumed. More difficult speculations, larger plans, new markets—these take up the working hours. The thought of the downward journey hardly enters the mind. There is as yet no chill in the air, no vision of the great folds and banks of dense grey cloud. The time has not yet come when failures are accepted as irretrievable. Cheerful, steady, sanguine, such men seem to renew their youth, and to live two lives in one. They have knowledge and experience and wealth, and perhaps they best do the work of the world. At any rate, they think so, and the younger men must obey them."

Then, if the years between fifty and sixty are often years of calamity, they are as often "the years of great prosperity and power." If it is a time when many are coming to the end of life, it is a time when others are making a new beginning; at fifty-seven Handel produced "The Messiah," and Washington became President of the United States; at fifty-eight Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote," Defoe published "Robinson Crusoe," and Milton "Paradise Lost"; at fifty-nine Swift finished "Gulliver's Travels," and Walton wrote "The Compleat Angler" at sixty. Haydn produced two of his greatest works, "The Creation" and "The Seasons," at sixty-three, and Michaelangelo completed his famous picture of "The Last Judgment" when he was sixty-six. Johnson did not begin to write his greatest book, "The Lives of the Poets," till he was sixty-eight, and he was seventy-two when he ended it. Who shall say, then, when a man is past work, or at what age he shall give up the hope of further achievement? "Had I died at threescore years and ten," said Gladstone, "fully half my life-work would have remained undone."

Sir William Nicoll has studied his subject carefully and with conscientious thoroughness; he has searched the reports of Life Assurance Actuaries and Registrars of Births and Deaths for statistics on the duration of life, and has taken counsel with eminent scholars and travellers as to the notion of time that prevails among savages and primitive peoples, and as to the importance of the age element in the study of mind and character; but more than all he has relied upon an amazingly well-stored memory, the fruit of wide and varied acquaintance with books and men, of personal experience and shrewd observation. There is no touch of pedantry anywhere, no smell of the lamp; the subject-matter is of profound interest and importance, and it is handled so deftly, in an unaffected, conversational style, with a keen sense of the pathos and humour of things, and with such wealth of anecdote and illustration, that the book is one of that best sort which you read with profit yet read before all for the pleasure of reading.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best burlesque on the Bacon-Shakespeare theory to prove that the work of some well-known living author was really written by a contemporary, who is not necessarily a man of letters. The proof should be given in not more than two hundred words; the argument should be farcically plausible, and may be based on a cryptogram derived from the titles of the author's books, or on any other grounds that the competitor's ingenuity can disclose.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

A SPECIAL PRIZE OF A HANDSOME CHRISTMAS BOOK is offered for the best Christmas Greeting, humorous or otherwise, in eight lines of original verse.

II.—The Prize for the best quotation applicable to the reception in the House of Commons of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill is divided, and we are sending TWO NEW NOVELS to FRANK V. HARVEY, of 26, Sandown Road, Brislington, Bristol, and TWO NEW NOVELS to Miss M. CHAVE, of Bream Down House, Burnham, Somerset, for the following:

"... 'My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mention'd half an hour ago?'
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words return'd reply:
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling put the question by."
TENNYSON, *The Day Dream: The Revival*.
(Frank V. Harvey.)

"We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation,
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil."
WHILDER, *Luther's Hymn*.
(Miss M. Chave.)

Very good quotations have been received also from Miss A. Watson (Fleet), A. M. Webber (Plymouth), T. D. Turpin (Portadown), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Vivien Ford (Bristol), M. F. Graham (Edinburgh), Blanche M. Bennett (Portsmouth), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), W. Dee (London, S.W.), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich, S.E.), J. W. Williams (Nottingham), May Dean (Hindley), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), Miss E. M. Kennedy (Southport), J. M. Willcox (Berkhamstead), H. L. Mawson (Leeds), and A. H. Manning-ton Savers (Sheffield).

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss H. GRAHAM, of 18, St. John's Square, Wakefield, for the following:

THE SUCCESSFUL HOME COOK. BY LUCY H. YADES. (Rebman.)

"Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee!"
W. WORDSWORTH, *To a Highland Girl, at Inversneyde*.

We also select for printing:

THE SUFFRAGETTE. BY SYLVIA PARKHURST. (Gay & Hancock, Ltd.)

"List to me while I tell,
The pleasures of that cell,
O little maid!"

W. S. GILBERT, *To a Little Maid, by a Policeman*.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, nr. Dartford, Kent.)

AN AFFAIR OF DISHONOUR. BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

"In his sleeves which were long,
He had twenty-four packs
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax."
BRET HARTE, *Heathen Chinee*.

(E. C. Rhodes, 49, Rutland Road, Harrogate.)

LOVE'S BARRIER. BY ANNIE S. SWAN. (Cassell.)

"Describe my feelings, them as can,
Beside that black-eyed Venus—
A unprotected, lone young man,
With but the stile between us."

CHARLES BRUCE WADE, *Fun*.

(Rev. E. C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E.)



1859-60.

Caricature by André Gill, published in the French paper *Eclipse*, June 14, 1868, showing Dickens going from London to Paris to give his readings. The portrait is adapted from a photograph by J. & C. Watkins. Lent by the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to J. B. FOULKES, of King's School, Worcester, for the following :

LE DUC DE MORNAY. BY FRÉDÉRIC LOLIÉE.
ADAPTED BY BRYAN O'DONNELL, M.A. (John Long.)

Amongst the many who achieved greatness under the Second Empire, the Duc de Morny was decidedly the most noteworthy: clever, unscrupulous, and utterly devoid of all principle, he soon acquired a considerable influence in politics, and as Minister of the Interior exhibited talents worthy of a higher morality. M. Loliée has endeavoured to force upon his subject the role of a hero, but in this lamentably fails, not owing to his own incapacity, but rather to the ignominious character of the Duc. The book is excellently written and gives us an interesting picture of an interesting personality and period.

Among the best of the other reviews received are :

A LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ATLAS OF EUROPE.
(Everyman's Library, Dent.)

The best brief review of this book would be a simple transcription of the Table of Contents. To the imagination even slightly tinged with the historic sense, what shilling panorama ever approached a volume that began with the "World according to Ortelius," mapped the voyages of the Early Explorers, and concluded with the haunts of Ruskin? Add to this comprehensive plates of the English Coinage, the British Battlefields, the Arthurian Regions and Literary London; and nothing remains to note except illustrative maps of Dumas, and a gazetteer that tells us that at Whitchurch is the grave of the "Harmless Blacksmith."

(T. E. C., Keswick, Cumberland.)

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. BY JOHN MASEFIELD.
(Grant Richards.)

In segments, this book comes within hailing distance of the ideal; yet, as a whole, it eludes attainment. As you read, you are unconscious of this; for the first half deals you a blow that stifles criticism: the subtlest literary magnetism is employed. You press on, through the tension of the latter part, and are stranded with a kaleidoscopic impression of something fine, abrupt, and fashioned from the loose ends of life. Also, you are furious because the tale had such a narrow orbit—but alas! that was written, for it pursues a star; and every one has not a telescope.

(Beatrice Terry, 374, Brixton Road, S.W.)

LAND AND LABOUR LESSONS FROM BELGIUM.
BY B. SEEDORP ROWNTREE. (Macmillan.)

At least two classes of people should read this book—students of social questions and visitors to Belgium, for it is the result

of four years' close study and explains much. Beyond the cheapness of travel, of living, and of house rent of which we knew, we are made to realise the long hours, the low wages, the poor standards of life and of education, and that love of the soil which, with incessant labour and communal aid, has forced a good return from it. Illustrations, maps and tables add to the value of this interesting volume.

(T. G. Tibbey, 37, Cassland Road, N.E.)

THE UPPER GARDEN. BY ROBERT DE LA CONDAMINE.
(Methuen.)

A book about a garden, but savouring nothing of the dainty reminiscence or delight usually associated with such. Trees, plants, and flowers

shows himself a gifted essayist. But he is certainly at his best in the simple, and surely more natural, style.

(Thos. A. Baggs, University Club, Birmingham.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent by Mary Yuill (Glasgow), J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glentarg), Miss van der Pant (Folkestone), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), L. Hope (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Gladys Smith (London, N.W.), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews, N.B.), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), J. Tiegenga (Wallington), Grace Wood (Bishops Cleeve), A. L. Baker (Highgate), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth Common), A. S. Lawson (Edinburgh), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Mrs. E. E. Bradford (Eastbourne), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Mrs. Rooke (Oxford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Cecilia Ryan (Belfast), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), Constance Ursula Kerr (Lothian, N.B.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Hubert Miers (New Southgate), Mattie Nesbitt (Upper Norwood), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), L. Welby (Shanklin), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley Green), Miss E. O. Browne (Worcester), and E. Barber (Eastbourne).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to DOFF WYTLARDE, of 50, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W., and to the Rev. B. F. REITON, 66, Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

BY LEWIS MELVILLE.

MOST men make their bow in the literary arena with a poem, a short story, or an essay: Mr. Ellis, vastly courageous, presents himself to the public with two handsome volumes containing a biography of William Harrison Ainsworth.* We compliment him on his daring, and congratulate him on his success. Mr. Ellis, however, has not yet learnt the noble art of omission: many of his eight hundred pages are rather overloaded with detail; more are devoted to the record of trivialities; he is, too, a little blinded by his wholehearted hero-worship; but when all is said, this first book of his remains a very creditable performance. The author has brought enthusiasm to his task, and his patient research has gathered together a great mass of material appertaining to his subject. He

has had the assistance of Ainsworth's daughter, and having been entrusted with the family papers, he has been able to write the official biography of this lesser literary light of the Victorian era, and to produce what is, on the whole, an interesting work.

Before going further, it may be remarked that while Mr. Ellis gives a long list of distinguished persons with whom Ainsworth was acquainted, he makes no mention of William Beckford, the author of "Vathek." It so happens that there has passed through the hands of the present writer a letter, hitherto unpublished, from Ainsworth to Beckford (endorsed by the latter, "From Mr. Jack Sheppard Rookwood Ainsworth") which may fittingly here be inserted:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I regret beyond description I shall not be able to meet you at Mr. Pickersgill's to-morrow. I have

* "William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends." By S. M. Ellis. With 4 Photogravures and 52 other Illustrations. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (John Lane.)

been working desperately all the week in the hope of being able to partake of your glorious intellectual banquet at the end of it, but without effect; and can only hope that you will obligingly permit the meeting to stand over to some other day. Mr. Pickersgill, I believe, is engaged at the Academy during the whole of next week, certainly on Friday and Saturday. Will Monday the 3rd of May, at the same hour as before, suit you, or Sat^y. the 8th?

"I cannot trust myself to tell you how infinitely delighted I have been with your enchanting productions, with your manner of reading them, and with your brilliant and unequalled powers of conversation, unequalled by any person I have ever heard, because what I should say might appear like flattery. But, I assure you, in perfect sincerity, I have never received such high gratification. Believe me,

"My dear Sir,

"Your ardent admirer

"And very faithful Serv^t.,

"W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

"KENSAL MANOR HOUSE,

"HARROW ROAD,

"April Twenty-Three, 1841."

William Harrison Ainsworth, the son of a well-to-do solicitor, was born at Manchester on February 4, 1805, and was educated at the Free Grammar School in that city. He gave an account of his school and school-masters in his novel, "Mervyn Clitheroe," from which Mr. Ellis makes a long extract. In 1822 he was articled to a solicitor practising at Manchester; but the law had no attraction for him, and from an early age he found pleasure in the exercise of his pen. At the age of sixteen he contributed sketches and poems to *Artiss's Pocket Magazine*, the *European Magazine*, and the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and soon he forced the portals of the '*London Magazine*, and, with this as an introduction, entered into correspondence with Charles Lamb.

In August, 1822, Ainsworth, being then seventeen years of age, went to Edinburgh with his mother, and he called on Blackwood, to whose magazine his friend, James Crossley, was a contributor. Of this visit he gave a spirited and amusing account to Crossley:

"After a sleep of about six hours, I sallied into Princes Street. I had not walked far before I saw in monstrous golden characters, 'No. 17. Blackwood. No. 17.' At this I halted. 'Surely,' said I, 'I must have seen or dreamed of that name . . . a name that is familiar to my soul.' I entered, and demanded of a beefy-looking fellow if *Le Sieur* Blackwood were within, to which Beefy responded in the affirmative, and 'pointed with his lean hand' to a door, through which I verged. This door led into a spacious kind of room filled round with 'books of all sorts,' and in the midst was a table covered with pamphlets, and all the late publications and 'odes innumerable' to the King. . . . Well, in the middle of

the second chamber, I saw a man advancing to meet me—'his face was deathly pale, but his nose was beaming bright,' this man of the inexpressible visage, for never before saw I such a one, with those funny teeth of his, that queer one eyebrow up and the other down, with grey streaming locks—it certainly looked very astonishing. This, you will suppose, was Blackwood. . . . Even while we were engaged in this discourse, enters Mr. Wilson [i.e. 'Christopher North'. He is a yellow-haired, good-humoured, pleasant, jocund man, and was very talkative. Then directly comes Lockhart—he is a very fine, precise, dandyish young fellow, with black, frizzly hair, and quiet, sharp eyes—very shrewd indeed."

This letter is too long to print here in full, but enough has been given to show that it was an excellent production for so young a man. Ainsworth's precocity was, indeed, so astonishing as to form a sufficient explanation, if not excuse, for his conceit. He hired a

gig, and drove about Edinburgh, attired in a green coat and short top-boots, and he gravely assures his correspondent that he looked "an astonishing blood," and impressed Blackwood and the rest. He probably did make an impression upon the "Maga" set, but it is doubtful if the personal impression was so favourable as he imagined. He was, indeed, what in present-day slang is called a "bonnder." His belief in his literary powers made him regard himself as the equal of North and Lockhart, his knowledge of his good looks made him take himself seriously as a lady-killer—not, perhaps, without some reason, for we are assured by Mr. Ellis that the ladies of the Manchester *haut ton* petted him. From London,

where he settled to continue his legal studies, he wrote in 1824 to Crossley: "In my next, I shall recount a very mysterious love-adventure in which I am likely to cut a conspicuous figure. The lady is in high *ton* and very beautiful. I am not vain, but I cannot but wonder what there is in me that attracts the notice of the fair sex." His biographer supplies the answer by stating that the lad was "a perfect Adonis"—"tall and well-proportioned, with splendid eyes, he had such a brilliant display of roses emblematic of his native country in his cheeks, that even his cousin, Edward Harrison, described him as 'beautiful as a woman' at this period." Of this mysterious love-affair we hear no more, but we are told of an abortive love-affair with a good-looking maid-servant in the employment of Crossley's father. As a youth Ainsworth made love when he could; he shared with his friend Aston three bottles of port and



William Harrison Ainsworth at the age of twenty-one.

From the miniature by Freeman, painted at Bath, October, 1821.
From "Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends," by S. M. Ell (John Lane.)

a bottle of claret—good measure for seasoned toppers; he visited Lamb and declared that the sight of him gave the death-blow to his admiration of literary men. "What a bonâ-fide Cockney he is!"—in short, as Crabb Robinson remarked, "Ainsworth will be a pleasant man enough when the obtrusiveness of youth is worn away a little."

Early in February, 1826, he became a full-fledged solicitor, and in October of that year, after having been jilted by some other lady, he married a daughter of John Ebers, with whom he lived at Sussex Place, and elsewhere, until 1835, when, for some reason not stated by Mr. Ellis, husband and wife parted company. Ebers was at one and the same time manager of the Opera House and a publisher. In his latter capacity he issued "Sir John Chiverton," a novel written by Ainsworth in collaboration with John Partington Aston. Shortly after his marriage, Ainsworth took over Ebers' publishing business at No. 27, Old Bond Street, and carried it on for two years. His friends declared that his aim was to promote the interests of literature, but the only book brought out by him that has had an enduring success was Ude's "French Cook." Abandoning publishing in 1828, he was idle for a year, and then he began to practise as a solicitor.



4, Sussex Place, Regent's Park:
Ainsworth's Home, 1827-31.

From "Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends." (John Lane.)



Kensal Lodge, Harrow Road:
Ainsworth's Home, 1835-41.

Drawn by Mr. Hugh Thomson for "Middlesex: Highways and Byways Series," and reproduced by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and the artist.

From "Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends." (John Lane.)

Soon, however, he reverted to his early love, and in 1834 published "Rookwood," which was a great success. Six editions of the novel were called for in three years, and the story was translated into French and German. "Crichton" followed in 1837, "Jack Sheppard" in 1839, and "The Tower of London" a year later. Henceforth Ainsworth became a professional man of letters. He had also, it may be mentioned, a sartorial success, and became a "buck"—which may, perhaps, account for his wife leaving him, the "buck" of the 'thirties being a singularly unpleasant person in his domestic circle. In general society he was popular enough, and he kept open house at Kensal Manor House, where Thackeray and Cruikshank, Dickens and Forster, Lever and Marryat and James, Jerrold and Shirley Brooks, and many others were frequent visitors. Ainsworth, however, had an unhappy knack of quarrelling with his friends, as Thackeray, Dickens, Mahony, Cruikshank, and Bentley could testify. He had a profound reverence for the aristocracy that made him rather ridiculous, and this he carried so far as to announce, when he bought the *New Monthly Magazine*, that he had secured as contributors several writers "eminent not only for talent, but for high rank." On the other hand, he had many good qualities, and was as generous and kind-hearted as any man.

In 1853 Ainsworth retired to Brighton, and though he changed his residence more than once, he never again lived in the metropolis. He married again, and this time a person far beneath him in the social scale. His friends lost sight of him. In the 'sixties Browning at a dinner-party told Forster that "a sad, forlorn-looking being stopped me to-day, and reminded me of old times. He presently resolved himself into—whom do you think? Harrison Ainsworth!" "Good heavens!" Forster exclaimed, "is he still alive?" Ainsworth then could not have been more

than sixty-five years of age, and he lived for another eleven years. As he drifted out of the ken of his old friends, so he lost the position he had once attained as a popular novelist. He continued to publish stories until the year of his death, but the circle of his readers became smaller and smaller, and what reputation he had at the end was based upon his earliest works.

Mr. Ellis's admiration of Ainsworth extends not only to the man but also to the author. There, certainly, few will follow him. Ainsworth, whose novels at one time sold better than those of Dickens, is now as a writer rather more alive than George William MacArthur Reynolds and George Payne Rainsford James, and that is all that can be said. His books have long since been relegated to the top shelf. We read his books when we were children. Does anybody but the schoolboy read him to-day? When I first

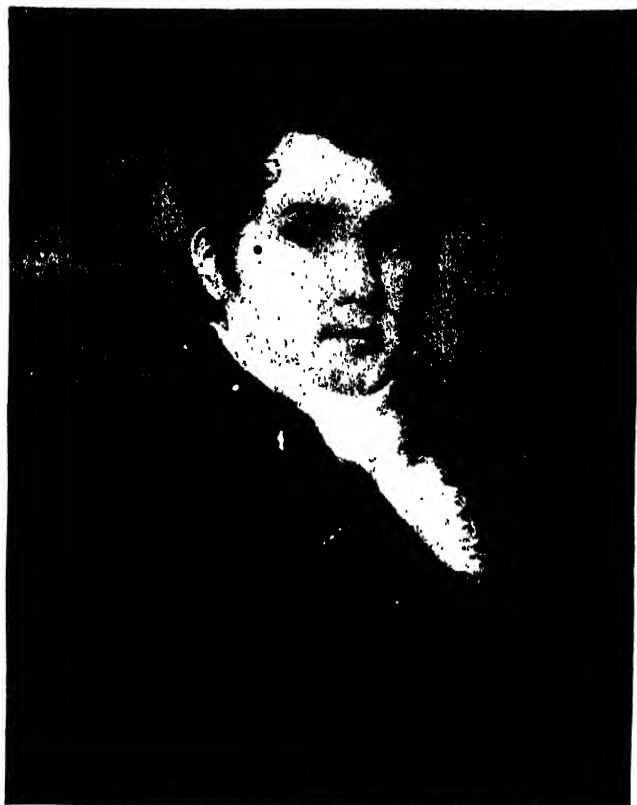


Mrs. Harrison Ainsworth at the time of her marriage.

From the portrait by Freeman, painted at Bath, October, 1826.
From "Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends" (John Lane.)

learnt that Mr. Ellis was engaged upon this biography, I asked a bookseller if there was any demand for Ainsworth's books. I was surprised to learn that the first editions of certain of his works were eagerly sought. My astonishment was remarked and rebuked. "Surely you know," I was addressed, "that there is always a steady demand for all books illustrated by Cruikshank." How have the mighty fallen!

Ainsworth has been dubbed the Father of the English penny dreadful, but he must share the doubtful honour with Bulwer-Lytton, who was responsible for what has been styled the Newgate school of fiction. Lytton led off in 1832 with "Eugene Aram," but Ainsworth followed closely in his *confrère's* footsteps, and published "Rookwood" in 1834, and "Jack Sheppard" five years later.



Thomas Ainsworth, Father of the Novelist.

From "Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends." (John Lane.)

Lytton had already gone off in search of fresh woods and pastures new, and, after a sojourn in the regions of historical romance, found salvation in "The Caxtons" series of novels; and Ainsworth, too, ultimately abandoned the Newgate novels. Mr. Ellis, *plus royaliste que le roi*, cannot, however, see that there is any ground for objection to the "Jack Sheppard" class of novel.



William Harrison Ainsworth at the age of thirty-four.

From the portrait by R. J. Lane, 1839.
From "Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends." (John Lane.)

"The outcry against Ainsworth for having chosen a robber for a hero cannot seriously be justified (he writes). If it is inherently immoral to take a criminal for literary purposes and make him picturesque and interesting, then the greatest writers will have to stand in the same pillory as the author of 'Jack Sheppard.' The principal characters of Shakespeare's tragedies—of 'Hamlet,' of 'Macbeth,' of 'Othello'—are but murderers; Falstaff is a robber and worse. Scott must answer for 'Rob Roy'; Fielding for 'Jonathan Wild'; Gay for 'The Beggar's Opera'; Schiller for 'The Robbers'; Hood for his magnificent 'Eugene Aram'; Dumas for his 'Celebrated Crimes,' and so on through literature of all times and countries. This brilliant band of criminals, illuminated and idealised by literary limelight, cannot deny the consanguineous claims of poor, abused 'Jack Sheppard.'"

It would indeed be waste of space to point out the fallacy of this reasoning, and we do not propose even to argue the statement that Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello "are but murderers"; but we must remark that Mr. Ellis has strangely misread "Jonathan Wild," since he can mention that brilliant satire in connection with the Newgate school of fiction. He might as well have associated with it Thackeray's "Catherine," which was avowedly written to counteract the injurious effects of those novels that made heroes of highwaymen and murderers, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal. The leaders of the attacks on the Newgate novels were Thackeray and Forster. "Bad as we think the morals, we think the puffs even more dangerous," Forster wrote in the *Examiner*. "Public morality and public decency have rarely been more endangered than by the trumpeted exploits of 'Jack Sheppard.'" This reads like sound and honest criticism, but that Mr. Ellis will not



William Harrison Ainsworth in the 'Sixties.

From a photograph.

From "Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends" (John Lane.)

allow. Forster's onslaught, he assures us, arose from his annoyance that Dickens's "Oliver Twist" was not so much in demand as "Jack Sheppard."

"Ainsworth dared not paint his hero as the scoundrel he knew him to be; he must keep his brutalities in the background, else the public morals will be outraged, and so he produces a book quite absurd and unreal, and infinitely more immoral than anything Fielding ever wrote [Thackeray declared]. 'Jack Sheppard' is immoral actually because it is decorous. The Spartans, who used to show drunken slaves to their children, took care, no doubt, that the slaves should be really and truly drunk. Sham drunkenness, which never passed the limits of propriety, but only went so far as to be amusing, would be rather an object to excite youth to intoxication than to deter him from it, and some late novels have always struck us in the same light."

Thackeray's indignation Mr. Ellis puts down to that author's annoyance because "Catherine" was a failure. But, it may be pointed out, it was in the very first chapter of "Catherine" that Thackeray lashed "Oliver Twist," "Ernest Maltravers," "Rookwood" and "Jack Sheppard" (the earlier part of which had already appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*), and Thackeray could not have known in advance that "Catherine" would be a failure. The truth of the matter is, that



Hill View Lodge, Reigate: occupied by Ainsworth, 1869-81.

From a photograph kindly lent by Mr. K. Reeve.

From "Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends," (John Lane.)

Mr. Ellis would explain away anything that detracts from the merits of his literary hero. He insists that the Newgate novels of Ainsworth are moral because the villains end on the gallows. He ignores the fact that, while they do go to the gallows, they go as heroes, not as malefactors; but he inadvertently admits that Ainsworth "threw a romantic glamour over his merry sinners," and so, in a line, gives away the case he has fought so strenuously in many pages. It is a bold man who at the end of the first decade of the twentieth century will hold a brief for the glorification of the criminal in fiction.

Ainsworth wrote many novels, and a long series of historical romances, including "The Tower of London," "Old St. Paul's," "Windsor Castle," and, best of all, "Crichton." In these he revelled in bloodstained mysteries and human sufferings, in haunted oaks, and

executioners, and impossible haughty gentlemen of high degree, and incredibly brutal jailers. He wrote deliberately to appeal to the greatest number, and for many years he was widely read. Given sufficient sensation, his books were at one time sure to be financially successful, and to this end he devoted those considerable talents that might have been better occupied. His dialogue was artificial and stilted, his situations were often unreal, his characters puppets that moved when he pulled the strings, but were totally devoid of life. He wrote some two-score novels, and has not enriched English literature with a single figure. His style was as a rule poor, but now and again, as in the account of Dick Turpin's apocryphal ride to York and a description of a storm in "Jack Sheppard," he gave proof that he was, in his early days at least, capable of better things than he ever achieved.

New Books.

MARIE CORELLI'S PROSE POEM.*

The great thing one misses from present-day literature is the note of sincerity. We have written down the novel with a purpose; we have poured cold water over the enthusiasms and high seriousness of those Victorian novelists who believed that a tale should carry some ballast of teaching, and that fiction should have an object beyond the amusement of an idle hour, and nowadays we are getting a race of new novelists who are all very clever and none of them great. Sincerity is a touch beyond art, and of course the first essential to greatness in any direction is that a man should be sincere. Mere cleverness, adroitness, skill in technique can make a delightful speaker, painter, writer, but not a great one. Without some underlying enthusiasm for humanity, some hatred for what is hateful, some worship for what is noble in life, some spirituality, some sincere belief if it is only in a false gospel, the artist's work is bloodless and has no vital warmth in it.

Whatever else her critics may deny to Miss Marie Corelli, they are forced to admit that her books are veined with this first principle of life: they are alive with intensest interest in human affairs; she is not afraid to handle in them, sincerely and with fearless outspokenness, the real problems of her own time—the material problems that the growth of civilisation makes more complex, the spiritual problems that have baffled us since the beginning of things and seem still as insoluble as ever. In "The Devil's Motor" Miss Corelli gathers all her scorn of shams and hypocrisy, her loathing of the money-god to which so many burn incense, her anger against cruelty and folly and wrong, her pity for the sad and the weak, into a powerful and glowingly imaginative prose poem. Here she more especially inveighs against the rush and needless hurry of modern life, the insensate love of speed, the craze to get there quick wherever you are going, even though you see and enjoy nothing by the way, the little mean ideals of the many who

"Contemplate nothing
But the base, sordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble and the precious go."

Miss Corelli calls her new book "a fantasy"; it opens with a vivid description of dead midnight and the coming

* "The Devil's Motor: a Fantasy." By Marie Corelli. With 6 Illustrations in Colour by Arthur Severn, R.I. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of a huge Car, tearing at full speed with a glare of lights and sound of wheels, "along the pale line dividing the Darkness from the Dawn." The driver of the Car is the Arch Enemy of mankind, and as he sweeps round the earth, looking down on its sin and misery and the place of tears that men have made of it, he gloats over the triumph of his own purposes even whilst he pours forth scathing derision upon his victims:

"Progress and speed," he cried. "Rush on, world, with me!—rush on!—There is but one End—hasten we to reach it! No halt by the way to gather the flowers of thought—the fruits of feeling—no pause for a lifting of the eyes to the wide firmament, where millions of spheres, more beautiful than this which men make wretched, sail on their courses like fair ships bound for God's golden harbours! No time to listen to the singing of the birds of hope, the ripple of the sweet waters of refreshment, the murmur of cool grasses waving in the fields of peace;—no time, no stop,—no lull for quiet breathing,—on!—on!—for ever on!"

As he proceeds, his sneers and fierce gloatings resolve themselves into a passionate satirical denunciation of the vices of the age—and an appeal to God to wipe the planet clean of such a fallen race and people it with a new humanity. It closes with the vanishing of the fiend into the abyss of darkness and the rising of the sun.

This is a brilliantly imaginative piece of work with a seriousness of intention at the heart of it that will appeal to all thoughtful readers. The volume is beautifully produced, and Mr. Arthur Severn's strikingly effective colour illustrations are saturated with the spirit and imaginative glow of the text.

S. J.

MR. HENRY JAMES' STORIES.*

Even the title, "The Finer Grain," has the character of acuteness and delicate perception which is one of the properties of Mr. Henry James' work. It describes with a sort of imaginative preciseness the impressions which are the subject of the five longish stories which compose this book; for their concern is with those subtle elements in encounters and situations which are interpretative and illuminating, with the spirit and implication of facts and

* "The Finer Grain." By Henry James. 6s. (Methuen.)

events rather than with their practical consequences and outward show. For instance, in the second of the stories here collected, "Mora Montravers," there is a curious marriage, followed by a rather more curious separation: but the events in themselves are not salient in the narrative: it is only their aspect which counts, when Sidney Traffles and his wife view them and are wrought upon, intrigued, and set wondering by the changing shapes which the affair assumes. Their wonder, their apprehension—these are the story, and the marriage and its sequence are merely pins that peg it down to the page.

In short, it is "impressions" which form the staple of these stories—impressions chiefly of situations rather than of people or things, and Mr. James employs them for his purpose as other writers use characters and events. For him, indeed, the ripe fruit of any transaction or encounter is never its mere result: it is the flavour and sensation of the moment, inexhaustible and welcome in the memory. In the tale, "The Velvet Glove," there is one John Berridge, an author of recent but wide fame, whose appetite for impressions is that of Mr. James himself. There are a dozen pages of delicate and infinitely detailed writing to set forth his meeting with a "young Lord" in Gloriani's studio; and this quite trivial intercourse has an almost breathless quality at last, a savour of adventure, not by any virtue of its own, but merely by "what his (Berridge's) intelligence poured into it." It is because Mr. James' intelligence pours so profusely into his inventions that those who fail to discover and adopt the author's viewpoint find his method unilluminating and his style obscure.

The first of these five stories is one of the most charming and perfect examples of Mr. James' work with which I am acquainted. Here the fine, full "situations" follow close upon one another, each distinct and complete in its effect, yet adding itself towards the single clear impression which the reader gains from the whole. Good composition, and that less deliberate and conscious thing, good art, alone achieve this result. There is no story which the reviewer can summarise, for even the most ample summary would necessarily omit matter vital to the effect which Mr. James has designed to produce, and the mere current of happenings is the slightest factor in it. For even the least adequate appreciation of its quality the whole must be read, and the reader will gain thereby the additional relish of apt and enlightening phrase and a certain vein of humour.

"Mora Montravers" is not without its element of pain, a comedy with a sting to it, but this is for the reader to realise: the author requires him also to pour something from his intelligence into the tale. In "A Round of Visits" there is the suicide of a discredited financier, but here again the actual event is inconsiderable. "Crapy Cornelia" is a subtle and dexterous piece of work, and perhaps because the dexterity which goes to the achievement obtrudes itself, it succeeds to a less degree than its companions, save, possibly, the last, "The Bench of Desolation." In this alone, one detects, here and there, a hint of perfunctoriness, as though Mr. James for once had extracted more from his contrivances than he had previously placed there.

The book, in its sum, is fine. Mr. James is one of those great and steadfast figures of our literature—Mr. Hardy is another and Mr. Joseph Conrad is a third—who have never stooped below the full stature of their powers and purposes. There is never the fear, in opening a new book from his pen, that one may find a lapse from the standard which he has set up and imposed upon his public. His work is great or less great according to the measure of his success in carrying out his intentions, but the intentions themselves are always set for good art and its due performance. Those who hesitate to read him, daunted by the difficulties which met them at the brim of "The Golden Bowl," will do well to make his acquaintance in these

stories. They are written lucidly and with simplicity, and each sentence in each one of them is a stimulant to the understanding.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

Poe has now been dead sixty years, and the controversy which meanwhile has been raging about his claims as a writer appears to be as far from settlement as ever. There is nothing surprising in this, for it is a controversy which ultimately turns upon fundamental questions of literature and its meaning. Critics who adhere to the purely æsthetic point of view, and think of the art of literature as an end in itself, naturally regard Poe as almost the only poet yet produced by America who is really worthy of the name, and the theory upon which he worked—that poetry has "no concern with duty or with truth"—and his emphatic repudiation of the didacticism of the New England school, are loudly applauded by them. To those on the other hand, who hold that one essential element of greatness in all great literature is its moral and spiritual power, Poe can be little more than a supremely clever craftsman, and while his skill in manipulating his material is not denied, what impresses them most is the comparative worthlessness of that material, his narrow range, his want of wholesome human feeling, and the morbid tone of his writings. As is usual in cases involving such radical opposition, the dispute has been accompanied by a good deal of loose talk, and extravagant things have been said on one and the other side. But meanwhile, the striking fact remains that more perhaps than any other American writer, Poe has kept a prominent place in the attention of European critics, English and continental; and such a fresh study of him as that contained in Mr. Arthur Ransome's volume is therefore welcome.

The tone of Mr. Ransome's criticism deserves high praise. His book is not a polemic, nor is it even an *écumenicon*. It is written from the standpoint of a detached and impartial student whose purpose is "to discover what it is in Poe that stimulates such violence of praise and blame, alike insecurely founded." It contains indeed the record of an effort on the part of the author to satisfy himself. An admirer of Poe's work, he had come to realise the difficulty of accounting for, and justifying, his admiration, which, as he most felicitously expresses it, seemed always to be "for something round the corner or over the hill." In this volume he gives us the result of his chase after this elusive something. He finally discovered, if I understand him rightly, that the essential greatness of Poe must be sought in what lies behind his achievement, and is only dimly shadowed forth by it, rather than in the actual achievement itself. "It became clear," he writes (and I quote his words because the point made is not so manifest to me as it is to him), "that Poe's brain was more stimulating than his art, and that the tales and poems by which he is known were but the by-products of an unconcluded search. Throughout Poe's life he sought a philosophy of beauty that should also be a philosophy of life. He did not find it, and the unconcluded nature of his search is itself sufficient to explain his present vitality." Mr. Ransome admits that Poe's circumstances and training were extremely unfavourable to the development of the philosopher and æsthetic theorist; he notes towards the end of his study that his equipment in the way of scholarship was of the poorest and that the learning he so loved to parade, and which, as Briggs once wrote to Lowell, was "very much like that of the famous Mr. Jenkinson

* "Edgar Allan Poe: A Critical Study." By Arthur Ransome. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

in 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' " was largely second-hand in character and had been very imperfectly assimilated by him. But he believes that while the many disadvantages under which he laboured "made his building impossible, his efforts towards a system, embedded as they are in all kinds of other work," must be held to constitute Poe's real contribution to literature and life.

Starting with this thesis, Mr. Ransome proceeds "to trace Poe's thought by discussing in the most convenient order his various activities or groups of ideas." He opens with a biographical chapter in which he gives an excellent summary of the chief facts of Poe's life, though he does not appear to have quite made up his mind whether he ought or ought not to use these facts in the elucidation of his author's work. He then passes on to consider Poe's criticism, his "self-conscious technique" (and in his artistic self-consciousness he finds the key to his writings), his tales, his poetry, his analytical power, and his metaphysics; and he closes with a postscript on the French view of Poe. Speaking of these chapters in their inter-connection, and as parts of a systematic inquiry, I can only regret that Mr. Ransome has not bound his scattered threads together a little more firmly. His closing pages leave us rather unsatisfied; we carry away the impression that the promise of the introduction has not been altogether redeemed, and that Poe's unconcluded philosophy of beauty and life has not been brought out so clearly in its general outlines as we could wish. We are told, however, that the "ideas sown" by Poe in the "various activities" of his mind "carry us further than Poe carried them"; that "the temperamental character of Poe's writings is less important than their 'fundamental brain-work'"; that "the Poe who thrills us is less exciting than the Poe who thinks"; and that "even the tales and poems are of more than their face-value on that account." But again the unfinished character of Poe's philosophy is emphasised: "His temperament often found expression, his brain was seldom able to reach its goal. He left us weird and shapely works of art but, in the realm of thought, how much more often a blaze on a tree-trunk showing that he had passed than a clear path showing that he had passed with ease and been able to make a road." None the less, Mr. Ransome contends, "these blazed tree-trunks are the achievements that should keep his memory alive." Many readers will, I believe, feel that the elusive thing which Mr. Ransome went out to pursue remains somewhat elusive still. But, we are told while Poe made a few beautiful things, unlike most makers of beautiful things he tried to teach "the way not to their making only, but to their understanding." Poe, it appears, is to be held in special esteem because in the field of aesthetic theory he pointed forward to Pater in England and to Baudelaire in France. His influence in France is dealt with in the postscript. This is most valuable historically; but undue importance seems to be attached in it to the work of such men as Baudelaire and Mallarmé, who surely do not represent the main trend of literary evolution.

I should add that my slight strictures on the chapters which compose this book have reference to them only as essays towards the establishment of a rather paradoxical thesis. As separate studies they are in every way admirable. They are throughout marked by independence of judgment, keen insight, breadth, and suggestiveness. No one can read them without profit, and the pleasure of reading them is enhanced by their delightfully fresh and felicitous style.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.



"You'll open a road from the East
unto the West and back again."

From "Rewards and Fairies," by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan.)

MR. KIPLING, MAGICIAN.*

There are few literary events which excite the same feeling of vivid anticipation as a new book by Mr. Kipling. Lovers of "Puck of Pook's Hill" will rejoice to meet again those delectable and singularly lucky children, Dan and Una. It is true that they are older by a year and already verging on the conventional, since Una and Dan now wear shoes, with "cold iron" in them, to be discarded, however, as often as maybe, but Puck is immortally young and wise withal.

We meet our old friend Hal o' the Draft, who learned his craft on Magdalen Tower, worked under Torrigiano on Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and was knighted by the King as Sir Harry Dawe for a reason with which children at least will find no fault. Sir Harry found the Guilds of his time as great an impediment to artistic endeavour as Mr. Springett finds the Trade Unions of to-day. Hobden the hedger is as hearty and as incorrigible a poacher as ever. With these old friends we meet others that are new.

In Willow Straw, the little wood which had been given to Dan and Una as their very own, a notice was hung up on the biggest willow, "Grown-ups not allowed in the Kingdom unless brought." Notwithstanding this fearsome warning it was in Willow Straw that Puck presented to the children Queen Elizabeth, the Belphebe, the Gloriana of the poets and courtiers, so that she may tell them how

* "Rewards and Fairies." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s (Macmillan.)

she danced Philip of Spain out of a brand new kingdom, after the banquet at Brickwall, and burst out of her shoe stamping for louder music in the gallery, and how she sent two gallant lads for love and loyalty to die for her upon the Spanish main.

The end is told in a fine, spirited poem called "The Looking-Glass," when the Queen "was middling old." The spirits of Queen Mary and Leicester haunt her, compelling her to face the tell-tale glass.

"Singing, 'Backwards and forwards and sideways may you pass,
But I will stand behind you till you face the looking-glass.'"

But, withal, she remembers that she is Harry's daughter and England's Queen.

"The Queen was in her chamber, her sins were on her head;
She looked the spirits up and down and stately she said:
'Backwards and forwards and sideways though I've been,
Yet I am Harry's daughter, and I am England's Queen!'"

"And she faced the looking glass (and whatever else there was),
And she saw her day was over, and she saw her beauty pass
In the cruel looking-glass that can always hurt a lass
More hard than any ghost there is or any man there was!"

The magic of Puck so arranged things that when the spell was broken, the children forgot the visions which they had seen in dreamland. So they were easily transported from one place and period to others without confusion of time or place.

In "Marklake Witches" Miss Philadelphia Bucksteed, the daughter of a Sussex landowner of a hundred years ago, shows how local witchcraft and recent French medical science were in agreement as to the deep-breathing treatment of consumption. "You know the names of the Twelve Apostles, dearie?" says Jerry Gann the Witch-master to her. "You say their names, one by one, before your open window, rain or storm, wet or shine, five times a day fasting. But mind you, 'twixt every name you draw in your breath through your nose right down to your pretty liddle toes, as long and as deep as you can, and let it out slow through your pretty liddle mouth. There's virtue for your cough in those names spoke that way." Towards the end the Duke of Wellington makes a shadowy and, one cannot help but think, unnecessary appearance.

The children are next transported to the seaside, and there on the chalk downs of Sussex they meet with an ancient flint-cutter who tells them a beautiful story of the way in which he won the magic knife from the Children of the Night so that his people might have mastery over the wolves which preyed upon them and upon their flocks. And his people worshipped him as a god when the wolves fled from the magic knives, so much more potent than the arrow heads of flint, and the maiden who had been wont to watch for his coming by the Dew pools, and for whose sake he had really sacrificed his eye so as to win the magic knife, besought him to bless the children of her and another man. And his heart grew little and cold, the wind shouted in his ears, and he fell into darkness full of hammer noises.

We get vivid pictures of Washington dealing with the Indian braves, of the great Napoleon in his hot-blooded youth, of Talleyrand in exile, and the author revives the old legend which, in defiance of history, represents Harold to have escaped from the fatal field of Senlac to live on into the reign of Henry I., a tragic figure, childish and witless through great age, journeying without rest to all the shrines of England.

At times Mr. Kipling's grip seems a little less sure than of old, his point of view less defined, and one is conscious of a feeling of overstrain. His meaning is not infrequently obscure and with difficulty we disentangle ourselves from the meshes which he has woven for us. His onomatopœic spellings are often wanton and produce a feeling of irritation.

But throughout the book breathes the spirit of the woods and meadows in the beautiful country where Mr. Kipling has made his home, and even the commonest

materials, the most ordinary tools of the craftsman, acquire a new and poetic significance under the magic of his touch. The keynote of the volume is service—service constant and strenuous whereby man shall become the earth's master.

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my Son!"

H. A. HINKSON.

TEMPERAMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.*

Mr. Benson's philosophy is temperamental and eliminative. It is caviare to the general, just as Wordsworth's was. To him, as to the Lakeside seer, "the world is too much with us." Like Maurice Hewlett's Jack Senhouse, he teaches that the less you have the more you are. To use his own words, the worst kind of mischief is to fill life with useless occupations. Possessing something of the art that one associates with Mérimée, with the introspective habit characteristic of Montaigne, he is yet no sceptic. Repeatedly he declares his faith in a Divine Purpose, in human progress. He is no St. Bernard, bending a thought-burdened forehead over the neck of a mule, blind to the beauty of Nature around him. Nature to him indeed is the outward and visible expression of an inward and spiritual loveliness that enthralls, whilst it baffles his comprehension. Where his faith fails is in regard to the younger and rising generation—the self-confident, "brilliant" young men of whom he gives us a somewhat contemptuous sketch; and the "Christian teachers" who "pursue wealth and preferment, indulge ambition, seek the society of the respectable, practise pharisaical virtues." Should we, he asks, work harder than we need for luxuries that we do not want? Why do we attack the faults of the weak and neglect those of the strong? Why do our schools fortify the strong, and tacitly accept the view that the weak must turn out moral and mental failures?

This contemplative philosophy is expressed with the art of the born essayist. It recognises life's many facets: the grotesque, the bizarre, the beautiful, the simple, the complex. But it is largely concerned with self-expression, and, therefore, to a certain extent, egoistic; and necessarily, perhaps, lacking in humour. "A man or a woman," writes Mr. Benson, "may be quite able to perceive the nobility, the solemn splendour of a perfect love, and yet be incapable of either feeling or inspiring it." As with love, so, possibly, with humour; though the implied limitation of love within the confines of physical and social conditions seems at first sight at variance with the author's denial of the all-formulating power of surroundings upon the human mind and character. From the philosophical standpoint there is this very direct and helpful teaching in "The Silent Isle": that experiences of a tragic quality, however depressing they may be, have a vaguely sustaining power about them. All who have, with Mr. Benson, reached middle life, will agree with him here. He confesses that he had the opportunity of shaping his career within certain limits. He admits failure and hints at an experience which may explain much. Yet he does not hesitate to affirm that what ought to be possible to every one is to arrive at a sort of harmony of life, to have definite regions in which to desire to advance. In which connection, bearing in mind his indictment of our scholastic methods, it is a little curious to observe his apparent lack of sympathy with "those drifting people whose only rooted tendency is to do whatever is suggested to them."

* "The Silent Isle." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Certainly, the bookman, *qua* bookman, will not be ungrateful for "The Silent Isle." He will treasure it, with its fellows, as sincerely conceived and as sincerely written; as an intimate confession of the author's mind at the moment in which it was written— if not after, for Mr. Benson emphasises the inevitable changing of the point of view, within even such narrow limits as those that bound the period of writing and that of publication. But the book has a greater claim than this. It is concerned, more or less directly, with the art of authorship as well as with that of right living. It takes cognisance of the friendship that is made by books: of the sacrifices that must be made, and made willingly, by those who make writing the business of their lives. Peculiarly stimulating is the vision of the future of prose, suggested by the example, premature and self-mutilated, of Walt Whitman. "What I am daily hoping to see," writes our essayist, "is the rise of a man of genius, with a rich poetical vocabulary, and a deep instinct for poetical material, who will throw aside resolutely all the canons of verse, and construct prose lyrics with a perfect mastery of cadence and melody." The references to Shelley, Byron, Keats, Leigh Hunt, and J. H. Shorthouse: the homage paid to the spirit of place in the chapters on Wells and Peterborough; and the note of self-defence apropos to "The Upton Letters," must also be mentioned. Whilst "The Silent Isle" will be, probably, the most widely read of all Mr. Benson's books, it is one that, probably, will arouse the keenest criticism. Some will never understand it. It is just a matter of temperament.

W. F. A.

A QUAKER POST-BAG.*

A post-bag which contains several letters from the noted Quaker, William Penn, would attract lovers of literary history in any case. But—and it is, perhaps, this volume's greatest triumph to declare the fact—the letters in it which bear Penn's signature are among the least interesting of the collection.

We do not know too much about Quakers. Indeed there are scores of men and women at this present day who think of Quakerism as a past creed, picturesque but dead; and of a Quaker as a dainty lady clad in dove-coloured silk; or a sturdy gentleman in brown cloth, with a broad-brimmed hat which he never takes off. To those men and women, as, also, to the present-day Quakers themselves, the "post-bag" which Mrs. Locker Lampson reveals in these pages will prove an instruction and an amusement.

Most of the letters in the bag are addressed to Sir John Rodes, of Barlbrough Hall, Derbyshire; some few others are from Quakers to Quakers of the period, and fit well into the collection. Sir John himself was a Quaker. He was, as Mr. Birrell quotes in his Preface, "convinced when young and held his integrity through many temptations." In the letters which follow we gain an attractive but faint picture of this refined, retiring, fastidious, courteous and high-minded baronet. He was the friend of Penn, who wrote to him lovingly, and gave him advice on matters concerning his faith, the employment of his time, and his general reserve. We like to see, incidentally, that the founder of Pennsylvania, and author of "The Fruits of Solitude," was not above mentioning his toothache, in a postscript; or of giving practical instruction to another preacher on the best treatment for jaundice. "If thou canst drink Garlick boyled in milk, or an handfull of Ivory shaveings—boyled in clear whit wine posset, drink it, and, then drink the posset drink (a pint)." Penn was at times concerned about the inactivity of Sir John, his

friend. "The Lord that found thee out and called thee, intended thee other work than to spend thy Youth, the cream of thy time, in a retired unconcerned silence." But other of his Quaker friends seemed to be more concerned about Sir John's state of bachelorhood. "A frd or two of thine have thought of a person to be thy wife," writes John Tomkins, "if thou shall think so. She is young and hath a great deal of mony, and it's beleeved her Parents would be easy to consent. . . . I mention it because am desierous to see thee well maryed, that thou might enjoy the comforts of that relation wch by the blessing of God, is certainly the happyest on Earth." And again, "A friend lately recommended to me a daughter of Isaac Hemming as a person suitable for thee if thou shall think so also." John Tomkins really worried himself over the matter; and returned to it again and again in his letters. We ourselves like Henry Gouldney as well as any of Sir John's correspondents. He seems to us to be one of those persons of whom, perhaps, Lamb's friend, George Dyer, is among the chief, men who without being greatly famous are the most lovable as they are the most engaging of friends; lending colour and life to volumes which are nominally concerned with persons more celebrated than themselves. We want to know more about Henry Gouldney, although his letters tell us much. "Excuse my immethodical scribble," says one of his postscripts, "'twas ruff as it ran" and we thank Mrs. Locker Lampson for introducing us to a man who could write two hundred years ago, not only of his faith, and the vicissitudes of life, but of his friend's "wigg"—"Couders in the fancy are variable" and of his own figure and need of a horse—"I grow to fatt: and stirring being good to preserve my health, the worthy, honest Doctor was always pressing me to riding. . . . Trot and Walke is all I want of a horse: the trot *easy*. As to price, I leave it from six to twelve pounds"—who wrote a bad hand; sent barrels of oysters, carriage paid; and could chuckle quite humanly over John Tomkins himself and his conjugal felicity. "Our frd, J. Tompkins is so ingaged wth his spouse that his evenings are spent in amours, modestly but fondly pscuing it."

Whether we turn to Penn's advice on the choice of books, or Gouldney's stream of kindly gossip, or Tomkins's domestic sorrows, or Martha Rodes' instructions for the buying of a grave coloured silk coat, because Camlit was too thick for the hot weather—the volume is a kindly, homely picture of Quaker life two hundred years ago and a reminder of that simple creed. From Sir John himself we get no word, but we close the book with a full appreciation of the friends who loved him and cared for him, body and soul.

L. QUILLER COUCH.

E. V. LUCAS AS A LITERARY CRICKETER.*

There was something so irresistibly droll in the comical side-cock of a puppy's head, as I saw him sitting up—solemn as a judge, or as a drunkard who hopes to convey the impression that he is sober—in a doorway, this morning, that I was minded to laugh softly to myself, and to be glad that I was alive.

Too foolish for recountal as the incident may be, some at least of my readers will not misunderstand me when I say that the reading of Mr. Lucas's new novel continued in me the same happy and contented frame of mind. Briefly, his book made me glad to be alive, and more genuinely grateful to him than I have been to a novelist for a very long time.

That same morning I had seen, in my newspaper, a weighty and learned criticism, in which the writer wrung metaphorical hands over the fact that "Mr. Ingleside"

* "A Quaker Post-Bag." Edited by Mrs. G. Locker Lampson. With Preface by Augustine Birrell. 8s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

* "Mr. Ingleside." By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

is not a work of "fictive art." So far from agreeing, I am of opinion that infinitely more art went to the making of "Mr. Ingleside" than goes to the construction of a score of novels of the day.

That which is seemingly artless is often better art than that which is merely artificial. Your machine-made novels, with their "faked," forced, and artificial openings, crises, and climaxes, are, nine-tenths of them, infinitely inferior, either as art or as life, to such a work as "Mr. Ingleside." The characters of your conventional novelist often remind one of the mechanical toy figures we buy from the street hawker. The novelist takes his mechanical figure from the box where it is lying inert, winds it up and sets it going to walk, to caper, or to waltz, until such time as the machinery has run down, and it can be placed back in the box. Then he makes a bow of the kind which invites applause, and says: "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Art. Here you have the life-story of a human being, rounded and complete." Mr. Lucas makes no such pretence. He says in effect: "I am not an angel of Life and Death who proposes, while you wait, and in the time which it takes to re-sole a pair of boots, to show you the whole cycle of human existence, as astronomers show stars through a telescope. But if you are really interested in life as seen, not from a star, and in the company of an angel, but from its human and its humorous side, I will do my best to entertain you, and to introduce you to company which I hold to be pleasant."

If you take Mr. Lucas at his word, you will find that there is no better judge of good company than he, and when at last you reluctantly bid him good-bye, you will have seen more of life, seen it in truer perspective, and have made the acquaintance of more real women and men, than if you had read a score of novels patterned on the familiar lines. If, as Emerson says, a foolish consistency is the bugbear of little minds, an equally foolish conventionality appears to be the bugbear of little novelists. Why certain critics demand that the novels of any particular period should be constructed, like rifles, on one plan, I fail to see. On the contrary, the novelist who, like Mr. Lucas, has the courage and the originality to improve upon the old pattern, and to strike out a line of his own, is a benefactor to the reading public and to his art. All that we ask is that he have a story to tell, and that it be interesting. Mr. Lucas has a good story to tell, and a story which is not only interesting but fascinating. Were I writing as a cricketer, instead of as a critic, I should say that he has sent down a "maiden over," by which I mean that his book is as innocent of villainy, incident, murder, and intrigue as a "maiden" is innocent of runs. Yet just as by the excellence of his cricket, a bowler can send down an over which, if only for the reason that every ball is "dead on," is infinitely better worth watching than some fluke, flashy performance that *may* get an occasional wicket, but is more likely to prove a high factor in the piling up of runs, so Mr. Lucas by the sheer excellence of his cricket keeps every watchful sportsman tense and eager, and every skilled eye fixed upon the ball.

Deliberately to discard all adventitious aid in the shape of incident, sensation, and sentimentality; deliberately to elect to write of the everyday life of everyday people, depending for success entirely upon oneself, requires courage on the part of a craftsman. Yet that is what Mr. Lucas has attempted, and in his courageous and sportsmanlike attempt he has entirely succeeded.

To return to our cricket metaphor. "Every run is scored off Mr. Lucas's own bat." With the material at his disposal, not one novelist in fifty would have made anything but a dull tale. That there is not one dull page, not one dull line, in the whole of "Mr. Ingleside," is sufficient witness to the author's wit, humour, humanity, observation, and art.

I have compared Mr. Lucas to a bowler sending down a "maiden over." As a batsman he is hitting, and hitting

brilliantly all the time. It was my intention when I began this review to keep, for the purpose of quotation, a "score-sheet" in which to set down a record of these "hits," but, before I was half through, I was well on the way to compile another "Wisdom While you Wait" and so gave up the task in despair. It is a wonderful innings, this of Mr. Lucas. He has carried out his bat for another century, and never given so much as one chance to the men in the field—his critics—all the time.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

CAGLIOSTRO.*

The charlatan, though his fashion may vary from age to age, will reappear until the extinction of human credulity. Cagliostro did not greatly differ from other adventurers who have claimed the power of healing the sick or of transmuting lead into gold or of making diamonds. But he had the ill-luck to be involved in the portentous scandal of the "Queen's necklace" the necklace the Queen never had and which she refused to have. This brought to Cagliostro an attention which would not otherwise have been bestowed upon him and made him the hero of Goethe's drama and Dumas's romance. For whilst he was basking in the patronage of the Cardinal de Rohan that marvellous prelate was being fooled to the top of his bent by pretended messages, letters, and even a pretended interview with the Queen of France, all manufactured by Madame Lamotte. That de Rohan, a member of the proudest family of France and a Prince of the Church—though an unworthy one—should have been deceived by such clumsy forgeries and devices is wonderful, and when the sordid swindle came to light the scandal was so exploited by the enemies of the monarchy that the trial of the Cardinal, of the Comtesse de Lamotte, and of Cagliostro became—as has been said, the Prologue of the Revolution.

Mr. Trowbridge claims, but surely without any just reason, to be the first who has treated the subject "honestly." Yet few who have waded through the welter of books and pamphlets about Cagliostro in English, French, German, Italian, Dutch, and Latin will think Carlyle's estimate dishonest or differ greatly from the judgment there recorded. The new contention which Mr. Trowbridge brings into the discussion is a strong doubt as to the identity of Giuseppe Balsamo and Alexandre, Comte de Cagliostro. Although he does not absolutely assert their separate identities, the idea that they were not one and the same person runs through and colours the whole work. He has

* "Cagliostro: The Splendour and Misery of a Master of Magic." By W. R. H. Trowbridge. With numerous illustrations. 16s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)



Count Cagliostro.

From "Cagliostro," by W. R. H. Trowbridge. (Chapman & Hall.)

against him the consensus of all the authorities. Giuseppe Balsamo's relatives at Palermo, the French police, an English law-court, the Italian biographer who is supposed to have written under the inspiration of the Roman Inquisition, all believed in his identity with Cagliostro. No doubt Theveneau de Morande, who in his newspaper mercilessly pursued Cagliostro, was a blackguard, but in the drama of the Queen's necklace the actors seem all to have been either knavish or foolish. Even Marie Antoinette's righteous indignation was so unwisely directed as to increase her own unpopularity and to shake the very throne.

There are some misprints, of which one may be named. Mr. Trowbridge rightly says, "dates are important factors in the evidence," and in the same sentence there is a date into which the printer's devil has inserted an error of nearly a century (p. 11). The bibliography is incomplete, and does not comply with the best rules of art.

Mr. Trowbridge has bestowed industry upon his task, and the illustrations he has selected are excellent. But he has not succeeded in modifying the unfavourable portrait of Cagliostro drawn by Carlyle and other historical artists.

WILLIAM F. A. AXON.

RECENT POETRY.¹

Think clearly, express clearly, arrange well; these were Walter Headlam's golden rules for writing. Golden rules are usually a saddening deposit found slumming in the refuse of experience, and every man must look for his own. Even the Ten Commandments are a warning rather than an aid. None the less, this life of a very rare scholar and of a true, if somewhat restricted poet, besides giving the reader a very clear and delightful realisation of its subject is full of really serviceable counsel and criticism. "Headlam's idea was to invade every province of knowledge." It was Napoleonic; but only by so doing did it seem possible to him to become master of any particular one. He had the scholar's piercing diligence and unflinching patience. He could wait long for truth, and when at length truth came she was sure of an unwearied and vivid welcome. An ineradicable tendency to become separated from one's luggage, a theory of domestic coloration, a self-appalling intimacy with the gropings of obscure diseases, a horror of humbug, and a zest for riding, running water, and the Pianola, need none of them be actual hindrances to becoming a Bentley or a Poison. But great learning is not always endeared to the multitude by such humanity. All these things, besides Greek, were Headlam's holds on youthful life, and he died still young, still ardent, at forty-two.

An opinion is expressed in this book that had Headlam devoted more of his life to poetry and less to Greek scholarship, he would have written better even than he did. It is a debatable question. His was a natural as well as a practised love for reticence and restraint. Every line of his poems has been under the file of mind and eye and ear. They have many a rare turn of phrase, a quiet beauty, a quiet intensity of feeling, and occasionally a cadence that is the more charming for being rather seldom present in English verse. But rarer yet is that last fine fragrance, touch, music, passion, whose presence alone can lift the most exquisite verse into poetry. Shelley and Campion echo in Headlam's poems. And now and then, simply because both Headlam and she arrived at a

finished art, though by different paths, we recall in reading them Christina Rossetti. But these are never more than echoes. It is their lucidity, their "brain-work," and their restraint that are the chief delight of his poems. And to turn from reading them to Oscar Wilde's early poem, "The Sphinx," is obviously to turn from art to artifice.

Wilde's poem tells of an erotic series of might-have-beens in the history of the Sphinx. And one needs to be adolescent really to enjoy such things. Her amours will move the middle-aged little more than the loves of the triangles.

"Lift up your large black satin eyes which are like cushions where one sinks!"

Fawn at my feet, fantastic Sphinx! and sing me all your memories! . . .

"Who were your lovers? who were they who wrestled for you, in the dust?"

Which was the vessel of your Lust? What Leman had you every day? . . .

Sphinx and monsters alike were once the offspring of man's wonder and imagination. Here they are the rather languid sport of an ingenious, skilful, and conscious fancy. Wilde's heart, his whole mind, could not possibly have been in such verses. The marvel is that he could have had the patience and have spared the pains to "polish and improve" the poem, as Mr. Ross tells us he had, when he was of the comparatively mature age of thirty-four. The imaginary bear under the little boy's bed is a monster that could devour this adult menagerie of horrors at one mouthful!

Mr. Aleister Crowley's "Ambergis" and Matthew Johnson's poems have little of Headlam's punctilious restraint and nothing like Wilde's craft and dexterity. Mr. Crowley is in a sense *hors concours*. This is his twentieth published volume; none the less it is only, as he describes it in his ultra modern preface, "an unrepresentative selection" a remark that cannot be else than intended to silence his critics. Matthew Johnson, says Mr. Robert Elliot in an interesting Introductory Note, "was quite prepared to admit his sentimentalism." Sentimentalism, however, is the last charge one would think of bringing against the author of "A Poet of Words." His work can be extravagant, articulate, and careless, but there is life and vigour and reality in it, and a personality sincerely expressed in spite of what appear to be wilful eccentricities.

Mr. W. W. Gibson's little volumes, entitled "Daily Bread," contain a series of "dramatic poems," most of which present a tragic crisis, rather than a dramatic climax, in the lives of men and women whose existence at first sight seems to be little else than an enslaved struggle to live. But in the eyes of the imagination as well as in the eyes of charity all men alike are the sport and adversaries of fate. Pierce deep enough into any life, and beneath the ceremonies of circumstance lies concealed a humanity old as Nineveh, new as daybreak, which only sympathy, true humour, and insight can understand and portray. In this sense we are all poor sailors in an old ship tossed on an unknown sea, and whether turtle or weevils be our lot, the mystery of the deep, the fear of shipwreck, the reiterated irony of "Land ho!" haunt every heart. The poet must indifferently search out the whole truth if poetry is his aim. Mr. Gibson, feeling deeply, has allowed feeling to load the dice. His portrayal of the poor is, we think, heroic, a little too much in the literary sense. In very few of these poems is the calamity or tragedy other than what may happen to all mortals alike—sickness and death, slander, brooding care and failure, loss of lover, child and husband, hated toil. But ennui, sourness and blindness, too, are evils. Stone-breaker, fisherman, pitman, slum-dweller—all those with whom Mr. Gibson sympathises so deeply and keenly are not so reiteratedly the rather monotonously long-suffering, too-patient, overwhelmed, tragic figures these poems have

* "Walter Headlam, Life and Poems." By Cecil Headlam. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth).—"The Sphinx." By Oscar Wilde. 2s. 6d. net. (Lane).—"Ambergis." By Aleister Crowley. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews).—"Matthew Johnson, Poet, 1888-1898." With Introduction and Notes by Robert Elliot. 2s. 6d. net. (Maunsell).—"Daily Bread," Books I, II, and III.; "Akra, the Slave." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 1s. net each. (Elkin Mathews.)

the effect of suggesting that they are. No life has only a seamy side. Nor is there any conceivable adversity out of which man cannot lift an undaunted head. The effect of these poems is sometimes that elaborately unreal thing, the effect of "realism." They are too monotonous, unrelieved, passive. Their language is rather wan and marrowless, the rhythm too insistently a dying fall. All this becomes more conspicuous when compared with the life-giving, imaginative touch of "The House of Candles," the beauty and freshness and light of "Akra the Slave." Here, in this last poem, is a slave who, having outlived the loss of home, kinsmen, freedom, and peace, now sits musing just this side of death; and to death he goes, undismayed and jubilant, obsessed with the ecstasy of the vision of perfect beauty.

"With waking eyes that yet seemed dream-enchanted
I looked upon the Queen,
Where, in a secret close,
Set thickly round with screens of yew and ilex,
She stood upon the dark, broad brim
Of a wide granite basin, gazing down,
With dreaming eyes, into the glooming cool,
Unraimented, save of the flickering gleam
Reflected from the lucent waters,
That flowed before her silently;
And slowly, from her feet,
The cold light rippled up her body, till,
Entangled in the meshes of her hair,
It flooded the calm rapture of her face. . . .
I die. . . .
And yet, maybe, when earth lies heavily
Upon the time-o'-ertopped towers,
And tumbled walls, and broken gates of brass;
And the winds whisper one another:
'Where, oh! where is Babylon?'
In the dim underworld of dreaming shades,
My soul shall seek out beauty
And look, once more,
Upon the unveiled vision. . . .
And not die."

Why, we ask ourselves, this rapture in ancient, this moveless gloom in modern Babylon? Time weaves a beauty and mystery over the past that is not so easily distinguishable in the present. Mr. Gibson has seen and felt and expressed the wanton miseries of our own day. His dramatic poems are a direct presentation, and an indirect criticism of life. But poetry is a capricious mistress, and apparently no discernor of motives.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

LORDS OF MISRULE.*

Lords—and Ladies, too—of Misrule are the subject of Mr. Francis Bickley's book, and its author has spared no pains over the matter. All that can be told concerning these somewhat disreputable people has been investigated with considerable industry by Mr. Bickley and is set out in these pages in an interesting and straightforward manner. The current popular demand for the memoirs of French courtesans is only half met in this record of "Kings' Favourites," for while Charles VII.'s Agnes Sorel, Henri II.'s Diane de Poitiers, and Henry of Navarre's Gabrielle D'Estrees have their stories re-told, our own Edward III.'s Alice Perrers and Edward IV.'s Jane Shore are also included. On the male side we have, in addition, a spirited account of the life and death of Alvaro de Luna, of Castile, a good sketch of Leicester's relations with Elizabeth, a short biography of Piers Gaveston, and a substantial picture of the "minions" of Henri III. of France. Mr. Bickley does not moralise over the vices of these royal favourites and their patrons, neither does he attempt any white-washing. The latter, indeed, is an impossible task without violation to history, and the moralist is confronted with grave difficulties. If Gaveston and De Luna, whose military abilities are justly appre-

ciated by the author, end then days at the hands of the executioner, Leicester died in his bed. If Jane Shore died in poverty at eighty, Alice Perrers survived the attacks of her enemies and made an edifying conclusion to her rapacious career. Agnes Sorel and Gabrielle D'Estrees died of childbirth, and Diane de Poitiers, outliving Henri II. by some seven years, spent those years in quiet reading and meditation, and died at sixty-seven. As for the French "minions," though they mostly came to violent deaths, they slew their men before they fell in their turn. One characteristic is common to all these persons—an unbridled extravagance, an extravagance which often amounted, notably in the person of Piers Gaveston, to sheer megalomania. In a good many cases the extravagance provoked no ill-will, and often enough gave the royal favourite a popularity with the mob of lesser parasites. Robert, Earl of Leicester, was, as Mr. Bickley justly remarks, "a born lover of pleasure and luxury," and "any entertainment which he provided was sure to be on a lavish and unstinted scale." But his lavish entertainments earned neither censure from Elizabeth nor enmity from the country. Gaveston, two hundred and fifty years earlier, showed a courage and capacity for rule that Leicester never possessed, and in spite of his monstrous greed and arrogance, might have lived to a ripe old age, but for his egotism. The effusive insolence of Edward II.'s favourite was his undoing. The open contempt for the Earls of Warwick, Pembroke, Hereford, and Lancaster was intolerable. That this son of a knight of Gascony should be ennobled with the Earldom of Cornwall and given the king's niece for a bride was bad enough. But for the royal favourite to think his close companionship with the king gave him licence to insult and ridicule England's barons with impunity was to mistake the temper and power of our nobles in the fourteenth century, and the mistake cost Piers Gaveston his life. Banished to Ireland, Gaveston not only ruled well, he won a real liking from the people. In England he must needs nickname Earl Thomas of Lancaster "the mummer," call Pembroke "Joseph the Jew," and Warwick "the black dog of Arden." And so Warwick and Lancaster had Gaveston beheaded, on Blacklow Hill, between Kenilworth and Oxford, when fortune delivered the favourite into their hands. All that Edward II. could do was to give his old companion a handsome funeral, and lament his end. To the country, generally, the execution was in every way acceptable. Alice Perrers escaped a violent death by keeping out of high politics, but was involved in law suits all her latter years, and her interference with the course of justice provoked the statute forbidding women to practise in the law courts.

Two things stand out clear in the sordid annals of royal favouritism. It is always the labouring people who are paled to the quick to provide wealth and lands for the king's friends. And (in England, at least) kings and queens are ill-advised in the choice of their favourites, to the hurt of the nation. When an honest and brave man, like Sir Thomas More, incurs the royal friendship, he pays the penalty on the scaffold, loving conscience and country better than the king—an unpardonable affront, in the past at all events, to majesty.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

TOLSTOYANA.*

It happens that I read several reviews of Mr. Aymer Maude's volume before I came to the book itself; and I noted, in nearly all, some plaint about its vast proportions. That it is long must be admitted. It contains nearly seven hundred pages, and it continues a story left half-

* "Kings' Favourites." By Francis Bickley. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

* "The Life of Tolstoy: Later Years." By Aymer Maude. 20s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)



Tolstoy in his room at Yásnaya Polyana.

After a painting by Répin, 1890

From "The Life of Tolstoy," by Aylmer Maude. (Constable.)

told in a former volume just as big. Yet I am prepared to maintain that the one entirely right thing about the book is its size. Mr. Maude is not perhaps an ideal biographer. He is very earnest, even very prosaic; and I am not sure that he really has the sense of biographic proportion. But, as a matter of fact, we do not want an artistic biography of Tolstoy, just as we do not want fanciful prose accounts of Central Asia. Central Asia is still a fabulous land. We are prepared to believe anything of it. Here dwell anthropophagi, not only horrid with sub-humeral heads, but capable, as Lamb urged, of eating folk with the added malignity of mustard. All this, and much more, we know already. What we now want about Central Asia is not further fancy, but further fact. So, too, with Tolstoy. He is the contemporary Asian mystery. He is vast, unexplored, fabulous. People will believe the wildest improbabilities if they be alleged of Tolstoy; and audacious tourists, who have beheld no more than the skirt of his garment as he passed, have actually found a market for hypothetical reminiscences. What we want about Tolstoy is not further fancy, but further fact. We have heard so much about the boots that refused to go on, that we forget there was a man at the end of them; we have heard so much about the house that wouldn't stand up, that we forget there was a soul within the house. Mr. Aylmer Maude supplies us with all the facts that we desire. He makes his prophet a man, and that, since we are men, is no small advantage: "Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace." He lays small stress on the legendary, and gives us, not a fabulous Tolstoy, but what is much better, a fallible Tolstoy. He records not only the essentials but the significant unessentials, and his book, transcending the limits of biography, becomes an *Encyclopædia Tolstoyana*. It includes some trivial and commonplace details; but we want these half-tones to mitigate the violent high-lights and impenetrable shadows that make up the Tolstoy painted in popular report. Obviously, then, such a faithful chronicle must be long. Its weight is its fortune; and here is one reader prepared to swear that he wouldn't have it lightened by a page.

Extravagance of legend is one source of error about Tolstoy; another is the lack of an authoritative corpus of his work, and especially of his most recent and, in the true sense of the word, most questionable pronouncements. The Russian censorship of the Press has to be reckoned with—though it is not for Englishmen, with their totally

irresponsible and absurdly exercised censorship of the stage, to assume airs of superiority on that score. Further, there are the misdeeds of translators, some bad, some well-intentioned but not equally well-doing. I depart somewhat from my text in raising this question, but, after all, it is one of great importance to readers, and in justification I may urge that Mr. Maude says something about it in his book. A really good translation of the *omnia opera* is a great desideratum. The earlier versions, some translated out of French and into American, were frankly bad; and of certain later volumes I should like to say that, for my own part I have the strongest objection to alleged translations whose pages are so peppered with aboriginal Russian that a glossary is not only desirable but essential.

In recent years, two separate attempts, one unnecessarily grandiose, were made to produce well-translated sets, though I think neither publisher meant to include much more than the stories. The two attempts clashed; each spoiled the other's market, and the end was tragic; for, in one case, the venture failed, and, in the other, the publisher—not, I am bound to say, through any excess of Tolstoyan unselfishness. At present the field is occupied, though not very strongly, by an edition originating in America, and even this does not include the latest writings. Such a state of things is very unsatisfactory. Tolstoy is the greatest man of the age, and it is high time that we produced an authoritative, indispensable set of his works. We have some translators of proved excellence—Mr. and Mrs. Maude, Miss Hapgood, and Mrs. Garnett, whose Turgenev was so good, and whose Tolstoy (one of the extinct attempts) began to be so good. There is enough already competently rendered to make a good start, and as for the rest—the difficult, controversial rest—there is always Mr. Maude himself, breathing easily the Tolstoyan atmosphere, and thus able to give us not only the words of the master, but the fine shades of his provocative doctrines.

I have left myself little space in which to speak of the book itself. It is of course indispensable. The influence of Tolstoy, whether you like it or not, is the most significant fact in the history of recent thought; and the present volume contains much suggestive matter not available elsewhere. Earlier I spoke of Mr. Maude's comprehensiveness. Tolstoy is so great that he can bear a recital of the whole truth. You may find, as you read, this opinion excessive, that thought ridiculous, this view exaggerated, that action inconsistent: but out of all emerges the great, upstanding figure of a prophet, hated and proscribed, fearless and unashamed, communing with the infinite, challenging the deepest meditation of which we are capable, pouring out his mighty volume of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," yet able so to frame his speech that a little child may hear him.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN.*

One's first thought on opening the book of "Alexander Macmillan" may have been, as I think it was with me, that it would not prove sympathetic. As an exercise in Self-help, with a plentiful infusion of the dour and the canny, and instruction, maybe, in the art of self-elevation from £12 a year to £12 a day, its general tendency might seem a foregone conclusion. Of such musgivings one was soon to be ashamed. The theological vein in Alexander Macmillan's character is occasionally a slight stumbling-block, but one has to recognise this as an inseparable element of the Scottish character. I realised this in its entirety only last August, when in coming away from Ayr in a railway-carriage full of people returning from the races the talk seemed to settle quite naturally upon the subject of predestination. But there was in Alexander Macmillan far more than the "relegion" and the practical sagacity of the successful Scot. He had a genius for bookselling, with not merely a flair for good books, but some of that curious magnetic power which the born bookseller exercises over all those who like books; and he was not merely a desperate toiler in the book-crusade but he was a faithful friend and teacher of men.

After half starving as an usher, Alexander Macmillan came up from his native Ayrshire in 1830, aged just twenty-one. His brother Daniel (for whom Tom Hughes stood biographer) obtained him a situation in Seeley's. In 1843 the brothers had set up a small bookshop in Aldersgate, and while there Alexander wrote a little book on "The Genius of Shelley" "poor dear Shelley," as he calls him later, and published the three questions, "What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" to which we are told on excellent authority † that the caustic answer of Longman was "A beggarly Scot from the land o' cakes to the Devil!" The next step—to Trinity Street, Cambridge—was made in 1845. A visitor to the new shop was the venerable poet William Wordsworth, and an inmate of the attic was the now venerable bookseller, the doyen at least of his profession, the Hadji of the Haymarket, "Mr. Bain." Community with the Hares, the Brunleys, and "Bass" Evans led the way to intimacy with Charles Kingsley and F. D. Maurice.

About this time, in the late 'fifties, the Macmillan circle began to do more service in the cause of intellectual communion and enlightenment than almost any other institution in Cambridge. There was no tutorial staff, there were no disciples, and the bond of union was one of general sympathy in all high endeavour. The value of the influence thus exercised is well indicated by Dr. Evans.

"During my undergraduateship at Emmanuel," he writes, "not a single one of my supposed instructors from first to last ever betrayed the faintest indication of any interest in me personally. Once in the year we were invited to take wine with the Master between hall and chapel, and once in every term with the tutor. These functions afforded our sole opportunities of what was called social intercourse with these dignitaries. The men of light and leading in the college were few, and, so far as the ordinary undergraduates were concerned, they neither lighted nor led. Guidance and supervision were non-existent."

The function of kindly, informal advice given freely by a maturer mind to inquiring youth at the moment of its greatest need, left unperformed by tutors, parsons, and professors, was filled, he assures us, by a Scot, not in Holy Orders and in no way connected with the educational arrangements of the University. Mac's real faculty, Dr. Evans thought, lay in this direction of teaching by shrewd advice. The circle crystallised in 1860 about the "Round Table" of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Alexander by this time was proud to be the publisher of "Tom Brown," "Westward Ho," Masson's "Milton," and a score or so of books

almost equally well known. The inaugural dinner of the new "Maga," the close contemporary of the *Cornhill*, included Masson, Hughes, Maurice, Fitzjames Stephen, Charles Bowen, Robert Bowes, and J. L. Roget, who enlivened the occasion by his rendering of "Little Billee." Tennyson, Huxley, and Darwin were already among the clients of the firm. Woolner was soon to suggest the golden title if not the design of the "Golden Treasury" Series, while Aldis Wright and Clark did their best to deprecate the suggestion of a "Globe" Shakespeare as being rather too "clap-trappy."

In the meantime another epoch was reached in 1863, when the publishing department was removed from Cambridge to London. The letters begin to be more and more part and parcel of the literary history of the Victorian age from 1860 to 1880. Tutored in some degree by Kingsley and Goldwin Smith, "Alec" had become a sincere disciple of the national school of historians represented by Johnny Green and E. A. Freeman. How much he felt at home with these pundits is amusingly illustrated by a jocose letter written to the formidable author of "The Norman Conquest," and raising the point as to whether the mother of the Confessor, whom Freeman persisted in writing Eadward, really called him Yedward.

His critical insight is seldom seen to better advantage than in a description he gives of the impression produced upon him by the author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn":

"A younger brother of Kingsley's, Henry by name—who has spent many years in Australia, principally in the back woods, is writing a story of Australian life chiefly back-woods partly in England. I have seen about 100 pages of it, and so has Mrs. Macmillan. We are both delighted with it, and augur good things from it. He has his brother's power of describing, but he does not write in the same style at all; it is wonderfully quiet and yet powerful—a kind of lazy strength which is very charming; some of the characters too are drawn with a masterly hand. Convicts, emigrant gentlemen from decayed families, farmers emigrant for various reasons—these are characters he draws. Each one stands firm and clear on his feet, like a man in actual life."

Perception as keen is shown in the very interesting letter written to Mr. Hardy *à propos* of his maiden novel, the unpublished "The Poor Man and the Lady," and to Mr. John Morley in connection with the English Men of Letters. His desire to get George Eliot to write on Shakespeare seems to me characteristic.

Mr. Graves has done his work with the utmost skill and adroitness. In the presentation and arrangement of the various letters and documents the deftness of perfect disposition is so complete as to defy criticism and almost to elude specific praise. The interest that transcends all others in the book is of course the sense which it leaves behind it of the imperceptible but profound change which has transformed the book world since the days of Alexander's empire. The patronage of nobles and of booksellers alike was of course a thing of the past when the Macmillans commenced; but we are made to feel that publishing was still pre-eminently a partnership in the dissemination of certain ideas. A publisher worthy of the name was deemed, half a century back, to be a philosophic friend and instrument of a certain social group, the operations of which he stimulated, moulded, or restrained as necessity required. There was an atmosphere of the higher seriousness with suggestions of a theological college overshadowing the association. Production was assumed to be limited to the best books, while important books and valuable properties were accepted as synonymous terms. The doctrine of the identity of interest between author and publisher was pushed it may be a little too far. Yet there is much to linger over in the picture. The present conditions of Gargantuan production and "something for everybody" are in the main, it must be presumed, a necessary adaptation to environment. But it is hardly in human nature to repress a sigh of regret over the days when the more or less necessary conflict of interest between author and publisher was so sedulously shrouded and concealed by art and diplomacy

* "Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan." By Charles L. Graves. With 4 Portraits. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

† The authority cited is *THE BOOKMAN* for May, 1901.

as to be scarcely perceptible, and when the first authors of the day were invoked not as patentees of alimentary products but as disinterested magicians and friends of humanity.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

THE PILGRIM. By Arthur Lewis. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Arthur Lewis is known as the author of several volumes of poems that have deservedly given him place among the few who lift their heads above the crowd of present-day poets. If he has written any novel before this it has not come to our notice; if he writes any novel after this—and it will be strange if he does not—we shall look forward to having sight of it. For "The Pilgrim" has all the freshness and morning glow of a first novel without the crudity that too often accompanies these; instead of praising it for what it promises, one can judge of it as in itself a considerable achievement. It is a romance of the eleventh century, and opens at "the dawn of a November day, and in the heart of old Genoa." Here are the pilgrims of various nationalities gathered in the kitchen and courtyard of the "Leathern Bottle," setting forth to continue their journey towards the Holy City of Rome. Among these pilgrims are the man and the woman on whom the whole story centres; among them, too, the guide of the party, is the mean rascal who is to play an important part in the later developments of it. The story is just such a tale of love and mischance, ideal passion, jealous hatred and the mad desire of vengeance as would have come fittingly from the lips of some great troubadour; it is picturesque, brilliantly imaginative, alive with stirring incidents, and the very spirit of old romance breathes through it all. Mr. Lewis has no little skill in characterisation, and writes with a charm of style and a quiet narrative power that make "The Pilgrim" an attractive and quite uncommonly interesting book.

ENCHANTED GROUND. By Harry James Smith. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Smith is another new writer of promise, and his first novel shows no traces of the amateur. In some ways this is even a disadvantage, for the reader is apt to forget that the book is not the work of one who is skilled in the production of fiction, and to become impatient of its few faults. Of these the worst, to our mind, is that the book is too long—although a bare three hundred pages—for its story. Mr. Smith should have made up his mind either to develop his situations to the utmost of their capacity—which would have been a risky proceeding—or to have been content to omit certain rather irrelevant episodes. Nevertheless there is a good deal of freshness in this study of modern life in New York, and the book is very readable. We shall be disappointed if Mr. Smith's next book is not very much better, for he possesses senses of drama and of character which should be capable of considerable development.

THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has a knack of making one see a thing from half a dozen different points of view. She gains our sympathy for one character after another in "The Girl from Nowhere," by quietly explaining and accounting for their faults and showing us things from their standpoints. The plot is a strong one and so deftly handled that it keeps the reader keenly interested through-

out. When the curtain goes up we find the hero, Felix Vanston, just about to commit suicide. He is fresh from prison, having served a two years' sentence for being connected with a Dynamite Club, and in utter despair he has smuggled into his lodgings a supply of laudanum. He pens a letter to his wealthy half-brother, who has refused to have anything more to do with him unless he shows signs of "real effort to improve," writes a note to the coroner "to be read at the inquest," and burns the MS. of his book, which has been rejected. He then proceeds to pour out the laudanum—raises it to his lips—when the Girl from Nowhere suddenly appears; and her entrance into the story is one of the strangest "first appearances" of a heroine that we have ever met with. The story is written in an easy, unaffected manner; it has some thrilling dramatic moments, and will be fully appreciated by the large and increasing public to which Mrs. Reynolds appeals.

A ROYAL STORY BOOK. By H.M. the Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva"). 6s. (Digby, Long.)

Royal authors are necessarily scarce, and we have none living who challenges comparison as poet or novelist with "Carmen Sylva." In this new book of hers the Queen of Roumania has gathered together nine stories of her own country. "The Dacian Virgin" is a tale of the far-off heroic days when the Romans were bent upon the conquest of the land, and the Dacians, the original possessors of it, were opposing them, and dying valiantly in the hopeless effort. "Bucur and Hena" is a charming love-story, racy of the soil; and "The Poet" is an apocryphal romance of Ovid's exile and an adventure that befel him in the



"Ovid seized the reptile with all his force."

From "A Royal Story Book," by H.M. the Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva." (Digby, Long & Co.)

Isle of Serpents, "to which are banished all those who have spoken untruths in their lifetime." The stories are all of Roumania, ancient or modern—all are of love, war, and adventure; they are always interesting, and are told with a simplicity and attractiveness of style that make delightful reading.

DIVES AND SON. By Ernest Davies. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

A third first novel of last month, and perhaps the ablest of the three, is Mr. Ernest Davies's "Dives and Son." The characterisation is remarkably good; the men and women are natural human beings, and the cleverness of the dialogue lies in its simple, almost perfect truth to the manner of speech of actual people. Mr. Davies knows how to say much in a few lines; there are no superfluous passages. His Prologue is a wonderfully brief and vivid bit of writing; here in the space of eleven pages you make the acquaintance of William Payning, the inventive and irrepressibly sanguine engineer; his patient wife; their son Arthur; the charming little girl Leonie Vidal and her father who live next door,—you are made to know them all as intimately as if you had read a full book about them; you realise their surroundings; breathe the very atmosphere of their everyday lives. In this lies the strength of the whole story—without apparent effort it stamps its characters upon your comprehension, not by giving them eccentricities or personal peculiarities, but by the very quality of their naturalness; you are interested in them at once, and your interest is easily retained throughout. Payning's belief in himself is justified, and he rises out of his poverty and becomes one of the wealthiest men in London. His wife dies, and he has social ambitions for his son; at one time it looks as if the son would wreck both his own life and his father's, but a quite natural course of events evades that ending. In an average novel Arthur would have married the delightful little girl who lived next door to him when he was poor; in this novel, though she plays an important part when she reappears in Arthur's life, he does not marry her—he is saved from that mistake at first by the girl herself, then by the tact of his father, and then by the awakening of his own better judgment. This is a clean, wholesome, realistic novel; one of the pleasantest as well as one of the strongest stories we have read for a long time. A delightful love idyll runs through it of which Arthur is the hero, but the girl who used to live next door is not the heroine. The man who could write such a first novel as this should go far, and our own feeling is that Mr. Davies will.

MAX. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Thurston's latest novel is reminiscent—in its definite, somewhat simple plot, unencumbered either with too much detail or too many characters—of the various other stories with which she has delighted the reading public. The Russian boy, flying forward in the train to Paris, is soon revealed to be no boy at all, but a princess escaping, not from Siberia or prison, but from the bondage of a hateful marriage. There on the journey, Max the boy-girl meets the cosmopolitan Irishman, Ned Blake. Whether the dainty, the amusing, or the sentimental is the chief quality of the book, it is difficult to say, but we are impressed with all three; for Max the boy is a really wonderful presentation of a delicately nurtured woman whose mind has outgrown the bonds imposed upon it, and who demands the friendship of a comrade rather than the sentiment of the conventional lover; while Blake, believing thoroughly in her masculinity, yet betrays a sentimentality which puzzles himself and annoys her. This causes various quarrels which are amusing, for though the girl loves Blake with a woman's love she yet resents the fact that he does not feel that a boy's affection should fill his life. The artistic, Bohemian side of Paris is drawn with a knowledge which is informed with sympathy and insight, indeed some will look upon this as the best part of the book, for towards the end Max seems to be a little too exacting and subtle

to be quite well drawn. The transformation of the boy into his sister Maxine quickens the interest, for it causes the sudden birth of passionate love in Blake and jealousy of herself in Max. We get a little annoyed with the reiteration of the word "Boy" as a form of address; it comes so often that we get to expect and shrink from it, wishing the Irishman had a better faculty for remembering names. Mrs. Thurston has made a delicate psychological problem the real subject of her story and has managed it with skill, grace, and thoroughness.

ANGELA. By St. John Trevor. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Imagine a typical "man about town," wealthy, cynical, and *blasé*, with no illusions and no untasted pleasure to anticipate, believing in nothing and caring for nobody. Transplant such a man from Piccadilly to the Alps, to a remote mountain village, and there leave him constantly in the company of a young and beautiful girl, incredibly innocent and absurdly childish. What will happen? That is the question which Mr. St. John Trevor sets himself in "Angela." Of course they fall in love; that was inevitable, not on psychological grounds, but because obviously there would otherwise have been no story. Such a situation, the gradual development of the relations between a pair seemingly so ill-matched, demands delicate handling. Mr. Trevor is not wanting in courage, but he has shirked the simple issue by introducing accidental complications of a melodramatic sort. Circumstances precipitate the marriage, which is soon followed by an estrangement due to a chance misunderstanding of which the wife is wholly innocent. The husband, on the strength of evidence which ought never to have misled so experienced a man of the world, believes that his wife has deceived him, and with amazing callousness leaves her stranded. In the end the two come together again, and though it would hardly be fair to Mr. Trevor to recount the means by which the reconciliation is effected, it is enough to say that the long arm of coincidence is longer even than usual. It is a pity Mr. Trevor has given his theme such a melodramatic ending. He carries the narrative along rapidly, but fails to conceal the inherent improbability of his plot. It would have been far more interesting and also far more difficult to have allowed the relations between the two to have developed in more normal conditions. Mr. Trevor handles a delicate situation with discretion, and he has a decided instinct for the dramatic. But his dialogue is often stilted and unnatural, and he would do more justice to his narrative gifts if he refrained from describing sections of society with which he is clearly not very familiar.

THE BROWN MASK. By Percy Brebner. 6s. (Cassell.)

From the beginning of English fiction the highwayman has been beloved of writers and readers, and he has outlived the ridicule of many satirists, including Fielding and Thackeray. Age has, in truth, a little staled his variety, but it is only fair to say at once that Mr. Brebner has surprises for us. The pictorial wrapper of his novel suggested the traditional Turpin and the unwearying Brown Bess, but the story had not proceeded far when we found ourselves embarked on a semi-historical novel of engrossing interest. Barbara Lanison is a delightful heroine, and her home at Aylingford is such a centre of wickedness and intrigue as to provide an ideal field for a romantically inclined gentleman of the road. Fitly enough, Barbara meets her future lover first at Newgate, during the trial of Galloping Hermit, who was supposed to be the famous highwayman, Brown Mask. Soon after this she is beset by two equally undesirable lovers, Judge Marriott, a friend of Jeffreys, and Lord Rosmore, a very imperfect and ungente peer. From many dangers, including trial for complicity in Monmouth's rebellion and abduction by Rosmore, she is saved by the intervention of the intrepid Brown Mask, as to whose identity she is quite uncertain. Almost to the end Barbara, with reason, suspects him to be her

lover, Gilbert Crosby. But the lucky Barbara had three gallant knights, and it was the least likely of the three who proved to have taken the road "all for the love of a ladye." And Brown Mask was no common robber. He merely relieved of their ill-gotten spoils the revellers who had won from her scandalous uncle Barbara's own patrimony. The secret of Brown Mask's identity is a well-kept one, and maintains at a high level the interest of a capital and thrilling story.

THE NOISE OF LIFE. By Christopher Stone. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Winford is a quiet town somewhere in the country, but at the time of Mr. Stone's story—about ten years ago—it was the scene of some very dramatic incidents. We do not wish to give the impression that "The Noise of Life" is a sensational story; it has at least many moments of comedy, and almost of tragedy. The central figure is that of Owen Craven, a drug-taking poet, who has deserted his wife under a misapprehension. Not that Mrs. Craven is at all a pleasant or at all a good woman, but she has been rather widely misjudged. "Has it never occurred to you," says Mr. Stone, "how impossible the majority of these great men were? Have you never cast a thought of pity on Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. de Quincey and the rest of them? Have you ever tried to live in the same house as a genius, especially an unrecognised genius?" Mrs. Craven has found consolation for her husband's desertion, and this has hardened her. She is anxious to get rid of him, and when he places himself in her power she makes a very determined attempt. This is the story of how she failed, and it makes a remarkably interesting story. But "The Noise of Life" is also notable for a large number of characters which are among the most lifelike of any which we have encountered in recent fiction, and which are worthy of more praise than we can give them in this brief note. With this book Mr. Stone has made secure for himself a high place among present-day novelists.

A CORN OF WHEAT. By E. H. Young. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The subject of this story is not particularly pleasant. There are too many pages devoted to the experiences and emotions of a young woman, a vicar's sister, who finds herself about to have a child, and yet who has no longer any love for the man with whom she has sinned. In a fit of sentimental remorse, she marries an evangelistic draper just before her child is born. The vulgarity of the life into which this plunges her proves too much for her instincts, and the book ends with her flight for freedom. Her first lover and his affairs are more interesting, though he does not cut a very tragic figure. The writer begins the story so well, and shows such power of drawing character, both in its conventional and independent phases, that one regrets the main topic of the story is so unattractive. A book which begins so freshly and which contains women so various as the vicar's wife, Nell and Mrs. Bulstrode, only required a lighter touch upon the sexual problem to make its descriptive ability and psychological insight command a wide appeal.

TALES OF THE TENEMENTS. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (John Murray.)

Mr. Phillpotts has not deserted Dartmoor, as his title might suggest, to add to the already abundant and depressing literature of the slums. He is not trespassing on the preserves of Mr. Arthur Morrison and other explorers of the mean streets, and the tenements of which he writes are the old homesteads on the borders of Dartmoor, which lie chiefly in the fertile region beside the Dart. Many of these mediæval farmsteads date from Tudor times, and their names alone are a delight to those who have once come under the charm of the West Country. Where else are names so musical as Runnage, Walna, Bellaforde, Babenay, Dunnabridge, Sherberton, or Brownberry? The book is a collection of short stories, each woven about one of these old farms. How far these stories are an

expansion of legends long current in the district, Mr. Phillpotts does not say. Except for an occasional bit of word-painting they read exactly like the stories of an old village wisacre, and if they are indeed all Mr. Phillpotts' invention, he has shown amazing skill in throwing them into the form of legends of the countryside. The medium of the short story presents many difficulties, but it is peculiarly suited to Mr. Phillpotts' method. In a full-length novel he is apt to be over-conscientious; his descriptions become too studied and elaborate, and his psychology is emphasised to the verge of weariness. But in the short story he is perfectly at home; and its limits, which cramp so many more fluent writers, save him from a tendency to burden his work with excess of detail. The bulk of these "Tales of the Tenements" are told in the first person, and so Mr. Phillpotts has an opportunity of introducing many picturesque turns of phrase in which the Devon vernacular is so rich. But while he is a master of dialect, he is too fine an artist to write dialect for its own sake. The phraseology is vigorous and often pungently graphic, but never unintelligible. There is no need for a glossary. Only a Devon man could have written the book, but anyone can enjoy it. Two of the stories are sombre little tragedies, but for the most part they are comedies, though the humour is often of a grim, ironic sort, the humour of a people whose lot is never easy, and often desperately hard. But all, tragedy and comedy alike, smack of the soil. "Tales of the Tenements" is racy and virile work, with just an occasional echo of Thomas Hardy, and none the worse for that. Mr. Phillpotts perhaps has done other work as good, but he has certainly done nothing better.

The Bookman's Table.

FOUR FASCINATING FRENCHWOMEN. By Mrs. Bearne. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Mrs. Bearne's latest book is an industrious and interesting compilation covering a considerable period of French history. Adélaïde Filleul, Comtesse de Flahaut, Marquise



La Princesse Mathilde Bonaparte, Comtesse Demidoff.
(Fournier.)

From "Four Fascinating Frenchwomen," by Mrs. Bearne. (Fisher Unwin.)

de Souza, was born at the end of the reign of Louis XV., while Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, Countess Demidoff, died a few years subsequent to the fall of the Second Empire. Claire de Kersaint, Duchesse de Duras, and Marie Caroline de Bourbon, Duchesse de Berry, connect the two former in Mrs. Bearn's study of the manners and inner history of the French nation. The book perhaps suffers to some extent from compression, but Mrs. Bearn has a considerable knowledge of her subject, which is rather historical than biographical. At the same time we wish that a few irrelevancies could have been omitted. Nevertheless the book gives a good idea of French society during its most brilliant epochs, while it contains a large number of anecdotes, which, though not always closely connected with the four subjects of the author's memoir, make exceedingly good reading. There are a number of interesting illustrations.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE BRITISH ISLES. Illustrated and written by H. Isabel Adams, F.L.S., revised by James E. Bignall, A.L.S. Vol. II. 30s. net. (Hememann.)

This, the second volume, completes "Wild Flowers of the British Isles," illustrated and written by Miss H. Isabel Adams. It contains sixty-two full-page coloured plates, and is equal in quality as in size to the first volume. We cannot give higher praise, for the coloured pictures of plants and flowers, with separate pictures of the parts of some, are better than any others which are at present to be had. The faults are very slight: the greens are sometimes too pale and bluish, and the natural attitude of a plant is sometimes sacrificed to decorative appearance upon the page. At the same time it ought to be said that the pages are almost all charming, even apart from their accuracy. As a rule the choice of plants for illustration has been wide, though we should have been inclined to substitute less common ones for the most common, in spite of the fact that these make some of Miss Adams's best subjects. To give an idea of the large proportion of plants to be found depicted in the book, it may be mentioned that of the orchids she gives the bird's-nest, butterfly, bog, fan, fly, spider, bee, frog, man, sweet-scented, spotted, early purple, green-winged, crimson marsh and broad-leaved marsh, lizard, monkey, pyramidal, dwarf dark winged, great dark-winged, lady's slipper, orchis, together with the tway-blade, autumn lady's tresses, long and broad-leaved helleborine, red helleborine, and creeping Godyera. The illustrations are all life-size and always include a reasonable number of flowers and leaves and fair length of stalk. The omissions are water-plants, grasses, and trees. If Miss Adams cannot be persuaded to add all of these, at least we shall hope to see the grasses in supplementary plates from her brush. Her volumes are to be prized by all kinds of lovers and students of English wild flowers.

THE STORY OF PADUA. By Cesare Foligno. (Mediæval Towns Series.) 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

One is a little inclined to quarrel with the author for not presenting his picturesque material with a more adequate sense of romance; for from the first stage in its history when the commune waged war on its feudal enemies, and gradually drew those turbulent neighbours within the city walls, the story of Padua is one of high romance like that of all mediæval Italian cities. In Italy, Front-de-Bœuf's castle was exchanged for a palace in the city, but the palace retained such uncivilised accessories of the castle as its dungeon and fortified tower, and the lord with his warlike followers maintained his ancient strife with other noble houses; so that a vendetta once fought in the wilderness and along the forest side now raged in the narrow alleys of the town. It must be conceded that the material for any history of mediæval Italy, though picturesque, is formidable; and that it is not an easy task, for instance, to treat of the appalling tragedy of Eccelino da Romano's domination in Padua. Symonds said of a similar legendary tyrant, he gained

thus much with posterity that his worst qualities must be passed by in silence. Venice, in her necessary communication with the mainland to find markets for her oriental imports, and draw from the continent a food supply for her ever-growing population, pursued a policy of "commercial penetration": and upon this Venetian policy hangs the tale of these last lords of Padua which makes the ill-fated name of Da Carrara ring as romantic and hopeless in our ears as that of Stuart. The author has endeavoured to make clear what we may call the economic history of Padua. Necessarily, in speaking of art, he quotes Ruskin about Giotto; and mentions the literature that has grown up around the Arena Chapel. But in his account of the University of Padua, he does not quote authority for the assertion that Oliver Cromwell was a student there. Nor does he mention that, undoubtedly, Frank Leigh did go to Padua, where, it will be remembered, he talked with Tasso over the art of sonnetteering.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF LORD BYRON. By Francis Gribble. 15s. net. (Nash.)

"Whether," says Mr. Gribble, "a book is called 'The Love Affairs of Lord Byron' or 'The Life of Lord Byron' can make very little difference to the contents of its pages. Byron's love affairs were the principal incidents of his life, and almost the only ones." Perhaps this statement is a little sweeping, but all the world knows that it is substantially true. This book, therefore is a biography of the poet omitting practically all reference to his poetry. Some stress is laid upon the charges brought by Mrs. Beecher Stowe in "Lady Byron Vindicated" and again by Lord Lovelace in "Astarte," to which Mr. Gribble supplies as complete a refutation as can possibly be desired. Otherwise we must confess that there is nothing fresh about the book except its author's particularly happy style. Of course there is a great attraction about Lord Byron, and we shall be surprised if the book is not a popular success. Certainly its purely literary merits have anything to do with the matter it will be. There are half a dozen distinguished-looking illustrations, but it would have been an advantage to have printed them if possible on rather thinner and more flexible paper.

PROMENADES OF AN IMPRESSIONIST. By James Huneker. 6s. net. (F. Werner Laurie.)

"I tell this tale vilely," says Borachio, and really so does Mr. Huneker in a book that represents the very last "thing" in Art Criticism, and ought to have had for an alternative title, "How to Hustle through the European Galleries." He quotes, "Let us promenade our prejudices," but by no means conveys the impression of a promenade; rather, he flings about his notes on pictures and painters as if he were uttering whoops of excitement the while he is impelled down a water-chute, or is clattered backwards and forwards on the switch-back in some "scenic railway" of a "world exhibition." Thus: "Rembrandt's brother (study of an old man's head) shows a large old chap with a nose of richest vintage." "David is not so striking" (full-stop). "From afar the canvas glows" (full-stop). "And the chiaroscuro is miraculous" (full-stop). And thus: "Of the Rubenses it is better to defer mention until Antwerp is reached. They are of unequal value. The same may be said of the Van Dyckes. Look at that baby-girl standing by a chair. A Govert Flinck. How truthful!" There is very little in literature to compete with the breathlessness of these pages but the colloquial style of Mr. Jingle's anecdotes. "Take care of your heads," he cried as he sat with Mr. Pickwick on the coach, and they came out under the low archway; "terrible place—other day—five children—mother—tall lady eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in hand—no mouth to put it in—"

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

There is one thing which Myrtle Reed never fails to bring into her books, and that thing is atmosphere. There is atmosphere in her new story, *Master of the Vineyard* (6s.), but there is much else besides. Charm, sympathy, humour, poignant feeling, refinement: all these are in it, and it is a good story in itself. It tells of a man, one might call him a discontented man, the master of the vineyard, and of the good, hitherto unloved girl he asked to be his wife. Then it tells of the coming of the other girl, good too, but so different, and the wife of another man. This may seem trite, but nothing of it is trite in Miss Reed's story; and the ending is quite unusual, and quite happy. This is a book that can be recommended to readers of widely different tastes. It is strong yet it is gentle, it is vivid and forceful, yet it keeps an old-world picturesqueness and charm.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

Mr. Max Pemberton is himself a great motorist, and in his latest book he lets himself go on his favourite amusement. *The Man Who Drove the Car* (2s. net) consists of a series of stories centring round a rather self-conscious but highly attractive chauffeur. The hired motor-driver's business seems to be exciting, and Mr. Britten's stories make very good reading. Without being violently sensational the book moves very briskly, and the character of the supposed narrator of the tales is very cleverly sketched.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Oxford Colleges (1s. net), by Elsie M. Lang, is a little book to slip in one's pocket on a visit to Oxford. It is illustrated by photographs, and a brief but sufficient history is given of each college. The author loves the old grey walls, and writes so pleasantly of her impressions of Oxford that we would not wish her introductory chapter other than it is; but we may regret space could not be found for some more lively mention of "the great sons of the University and a more general history of "that sweet city with her dreaming spires."



"In their tiny open boats the Phœnicians braved the dread 'levanter,' a wind which even modern sailors dread."

From "The Sea and its Story." (Cassell.)

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

The Sea and its Story, from Viking Ship to Submarine, Edited by Captain Frank H. Shaw and Ernest H. Robinson (9s.), sufficiently indicates the nature and scope of its contents in its title. It treats of everything connected with the sea from the venturings forth of prehistoric seamen to the launch of the latest liner; from the science of navigation to Channel swimming; shipbuilding, the invention and use of nautical instruments, gunnery, signalling, wireless telegraphy—it covers the whole ground in an admirable collection of articles and pictures by various authors and artists. A volume of uncommon interest that should be one of the most popular gift-books of the season.

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.

A noticeably powerful collection of stories has been published by Mr. Francis Griffiths. It is the work of L. N. Andreyev, translated by the Rev. W. H. Lowe. The title of the volume is *Silence, and other Stories* (3s. 6d. net). In the whole volume there is scarcely a happy page; the men and women of the tales are mostly coarse, dirty, sometimes brutal and villainous; the scenes are often ugly. And yet there is so much quiet force in the writing, so vivid and unsparing a delineation of the thoughts of men and women, both good and bad, both mad and sane, that the effect is impressive and lasting. Melancholy, and even morbidity, mark these stories, the melancholy of the Russian and the morbidity of the decadent; but they should be read, and read carefully; and the excess of suffering will be forgiven for the sake of the genius which describes it. A word of sincere praise goes out to the translator.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

Mr. F. Berkeley Smith seems to be anxious to change the venue of the traditional last resting-place of the good American. He would not move it out of France, certainly, but *A Village of Vagabonds* (6s.) is a strong plea for the abiding charms of the Norman coast. The book consists of a dozen attractive sketches of the simple life as it may be lived in Normandy. The author knows his business well, and has much sympathy for the types he portrays. Moreover, he is the master of a fascinating, though rather peculiar, style.

Another welcome American book hailing from the same publishers is Annie Payson Call's *Nerves and Common Sense* (3s. 6d. net). Miss Call's style is a great contrast to that of Mr. Berkeley Smith, but it is admirably suited to the subject of her book. Common sense, indeed, underlies every one of the brisk and chatty directions she gives to those who are suffering from nervous strain.

A well-managed romance of the Salvation Army is Mr. Sydney Watson's *By Order of the General* (3s. 6d.). The subject is original, the movement of the story brisk, and the author has an eye for character. It is a story which manages to be at once improving and amusing—which is not so easy as it sounds!

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Mr. Rowland Thomas tries to evade the unhappy fate which is said to dog volumes of short stories in this country by endowing *The Little Gods* (6s.) with a shadowy central idea. The excellence of the stories, however, makes resentment impossible. All deal with the East (which to Mr. Thomas usually means the Philippines) and they range from the broadly farcical as in "A Little Ripple of Patriotism"—to the frankly tragic—as in the front and best story, "Fagan." Mr. Thomas has a strong sense of the dramatic and a fluent style. All lovers of good short stories (and we believe there are more of them than most publishers imagine) will thank us for calling their attention to this book.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Messrs. Greening & Co. continue their admirable series of "Popular Shilling Editions." Three of the latest which have reached us are *The Sword Decides*; *Sir Walter Raleigh*; and *Moon of Valleys*. The first named, by Miss Marjorie Bowen, rivals that writer's own popular forerunner "The Viper of Milan" in vigour and excitement. The second, by William Devereux and Stephen Lovell, is a romance of Queen Elizabeth's time such as delighted the playgoing world a short time ago, when Miss Winifred Emery played the part of Queen Elizabeth. And *Moon of Valleys*, by David Whitelaw, is as thrilling and lively a modern story as one could wish to read.

The Homeland Association sends us another edition (the third) of their valuable and suggestive little volume, *Where to Stay in the West Country* (6d. net and 1s. net). We can speak from experience of the usefulness of this book; it gives concise and helpful descriptions of places big and little; it neglects no necessary practical details concerning the size and expanse of each town and village mentioned, the best way to get to it, and the benefits to be found when reached. This edition is revised and improved, it is well illustrated, and contains a capital map.

New Books of the Month.

FROM SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ALEXANDER, S. A., M.A.—*Progressive Revelation: Lectures to the Clergy given in St. Asaph Cathedral, June, 1910.* 2s. 6d. net (Murray)
- ARDIGÒ, ROBERT.—*An Inconsistent Preliminary Objection against Positivism.* Translated from the Italian by Emilio Gavirati. 1s. net (W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge)
- B., J. S.—*The Later Gospel.* 6d. net (Watts)
- Before the Altar (Abbreviated Edition): *The Devout Christian's Manual, for Attendance and Communion at the Holy Eucharist, Sacrifice, and Sacrament.* Compiled by the Rev. Robert J. Wilson, D.D. 1s. net (Mowbray)
- BELL, LETTICE.—*The Boiling Caldron.* With Introduction by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. With 4 Illustrations in Colour. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- Break up Your Fallow Ground: a Help to Self-Examination. Edited by the late Most Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, D.D. (Mowbray)
- BUDIBENT, G. B., M.A.—*Meditations on the Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ.* With Preface by P. N. Waggett, M.A., S.S.J.E. 1s. 6d. net (Mowbray)
- DEBENHAM, AMY.—*Suffering with Him.* With Introduction by the Rev. Canon A. H. B. Brittan, M.A. 2s. 6d. net (Mowbray)
- DOBSCHÜTZ, ERNST VON, D.D.—*The Eschatology of the Gospels.* 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- Expositor's Greek Testament, The. Vols. IV. and V. By various writers. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. 28s. each (Hodder & Stoughton)
- FIELD, CLAUD.—*Mystics and Saints of Islam.* 3s. 6d. net. (Francis Griffiths)
- FORSYTH, PETER TAYLOR.—*The Work of Christ.* 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- GAIRDNER, W. H. T.—*Edinburgh, 1910: an Account and Interpretation of the World Missionary Conference.* With 6 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net (Oliphant, Anderson)
- GARVIE, ALFRED E., M.A., D.D.—*The Christian Certainty amid the Modern Perplexity: Essays, Constructive and Critical, towards the Solution of some current Theological Problems.* 7s. 6d. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
- HAGGARD, WILLIAM N.—*Creation according to the Hebraic Cosmogony.* 1s. post free (The Author, 5, Selwyn Avenue, Richmond, Surrey)
- HEGEL, G. W. F.—*The Phenomenology of Mind.* Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by J. B. Baillie. In 2 Vols. 21s. net (Sonnenschein)
- HOLE, REV. CHARLES, B.A.—*A Manual of English Church History.* With Preface by the Very Rev. Henry Wace, D.D. 3s. 6d. net (Longmans)
- KNAPP, ARTHUR W., B.Sc.—*Friedrich Nietzsche: a Plain Account of the Fiery Philosopher, read before the Birmingham Rationalist Association.* 3d. net (Watts)
- LOISY, ALFRED.—*The Religion of Israel.* Translated by Arthur Galton. 5s. net. (Unwin)
- LUDOVICI, ANTHONY M.—*Nietzsche: his Life and Works.* With a Preface by Dr. Oscar Levy. 1s. net (Constable)
- MACY, S. B.—*From Slavery to Freedom.* With 8 Coloured Plates and 60 other Illustrations by Tony Sarg, and 9 by Charles Heath Robinson. 3s. 6d. net (Longmans)
- MORE, SIR THOMAS.—*Utopia* (Ralph Robinson's Translation with Roper's Life of More and Some of his Letters). Edited by George Sampson, with Introduction and Bibliography by A. Guthkelch. With a Portrait. 5s. (Bell)
- MORE, SIR THOMAS.—*Utopia and The Dialogue of Comfort.* With Introduction by Judge O'Hagan. (Everyman's Library, No. 461.) 1s. net, 2s. net, 2s. 6d. net .. (Dent)
- Old Testament Story in New Testament Words, The. Compiled by M. F. Outram. With Note by the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D. 1s. (Wells Gardner)
- PARKER, E. H., M.A.—*Studies in Chinese Religion.* With 14 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net (Chapman & Hall)
- SEWALL, FRANK, M.A., D.D.—*Swedenborg and the "Sapientia Angelica."* 1s. net. (Constable)
- STOCK, ST GEORGE, M.A.—*Looking Facts in the Face.* 3s. 6d. net (Constable)
- TARRANT, W. G., B.A.—*The Story and Significance of the Unitarian Movement.* 1s. net (Philip Green)
- Things New and Old: Religious Essays. By Eight Authors. 2s. net (British & Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall, Essex Street, W.C.)
- VIROLLEAUD, CH.—*The Legend of Christ.* Translated by F. C. Ritz. 6d. (Watts)
- WELLDON, JAMES EDWARD COWELL, D.D.—*The Gospel in a Great City: Sermons Preached Chiefly in Manchester Cathedral.* 6s. net (Smith, Elder)

YORKE, H. LEFROY, M.A., B.D.—*The Law of the Spirit: Studies in the Epistle to the Philippians.* 3s. 6d. net (Charles H. Kelly)

NEW EDITION.

GORE, CHARLES, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.—*The Sermon on the Mount: a Practical Exposition.* 1s. net (Murray)

FICTION.

- AINSWORTH, W. HARRISON.—*The Tower of London.* Retold for Boys and Girls by Alice F. Jackson. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. 1s. 6d. net (Jack)
- ALBANESI, E. MARIA.—*The Glad Heart.* With a Frontispiece. 6s. (Methuen)
- ANDRÉYEV, L. N.—*Silence, and Other Stories.* Translated by the Rev. W. H. Lowe. 3s. 6d. net (Francis Griffiths)
- AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—*Mezzogiorno.* 6s. (Chatto & Windus)
- BAGOT, RICHARD.—*The House of Serravalle.* 6s. (Methuen)
- BAILLIE-SAUNDERS, MARGARET.—*The Bride's Mirror.* 6s. (Hutchinson)
- BARCLAY, FLORENCE L.—*The Mistress of Shenstone.* 6s. (Putnam's)
- BARING, MAURICE.—*The Glass Mender, and Other Stories.* With 12 Illustrations in Colour. 6s. (Nisbet)
- BEGBIE, HAROLD.—*The Shadow.* With 8 Illustrations by J. Finnemore, R.I. 6s. (R.T.S.)
- BELL, J. J.—*Dancing Days.* 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- BELLOC, H.—*Pongo and the Bull.* 6s. (Constable)
- BENSON, E. F.—*The Osbornes.* 6s. (Smith, Elder)
- BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—*Alison's Adventure.* 6s. (Long)
- BONNER, GERALDINE.—*The Emigrant Trail.* 6s. (Hutchinson)
- BRADDON, M. E.—*Beyond These Voices.* 6s. (Hutchinson)
- BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND.—*The Island of Regeneration: a Story of what Ought to Be.* 6s. (Greening)
- BROUGHTON, RHODA.—*The Devil and the Deep Sea.* 6s. (Macmillan)
- BROWN, ALICE.—*John Winterbourne's Family.* 6s. (Constable)
- BROWN, VINCENT.—*The Great Offender.* 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
- BRYANT, MARGUERITE.—*Anne Kemphurn, Truthseeker.* 6s. (Hennemann)
- BULLEN, FRANK T., F.R.G.S.—*Fighting the Icebergs.* Illustrated. 6s. (Nisbet)
- BURNHAM, CLARA LOUISE.—*Clever Betsy.* With Illustrations by Rose O'Neill. 6s. (Constable)
- CARR, MRS. COMYNS.—*By Ways That They Knew Not.* 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
- COLVILL, HELEN HESTER.—*The Incubus.* 6s. (Chatto)
- CONYERS, DOROTHY.—*Two Imposters, and Tinker.* 6s. (Hutchinson)
- COOKE, GRACE MacGOWAN.—*The Power and the Glory.* Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- COURLANDER, ALPHONSE.—*Uncle Polperro.* 6s. (Unwin)
- CROKIER, B. M.—*Babes in the Wood: a Romance of the Jungle.* 6s. (Methuen)
- CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—*The Trail of the Axe: a Story of the Red Sand Valley.* 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
- DANBY, FRANK.—*Let the Roof Fall In.* 6s. (Hutchinson)
- DAUDET, ALPHONSE.—*A Passion of the South.* Translated by Henry Beauchamp. With Frontispiece. (Lotus Library.) 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net (Greening)
- DAWSON, A. J.—*The Land of his Fathers.* 6s. (Constable)
- DICKENS, CHARLES.—*Dombey and Son.* Retold for Boys and Girls by Alice F. Jackson. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by F. M. B. Blaikie. 1s. 6d. (Jack)
- DICKENS, CHARLES.—*Oliver Twist.* Retold for Boys and Girls by Alice F. Jackson. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by F. M. B. Blaikie. 1s. 6d. net (Jack)
- DUNSANY, LORD.—*A Dreamer's Tales.* With 9 Illustrations by S. H. Sime. 6s. (Allen)
- DURRANT, W. SCOTT.—*Cross and Dagger: The Crusade of the Children, 1212.* With 8 Illustrations by Arthur H. Buckland. 3s. 6d. (Methuen)
- ECCOTT, W. J.—*A Demoiselle of France.* 6s. (Blackwood)
- EDGEWORTH, MARIA.—*Simple Susan.* Retold by Louey Chisholm. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by Olive Allen. (Grandmother's Favourite Series.) 2s. net (Jack)
- EVANS, REGINALD.—*Dear Loyalty.* With Frontispiece. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
- EVERETT-GREEN, E.—*Ursula Tempest.* With 4 Illustrations by Victor Prout. 6s. (R.T.S.)

- FOWLER, ELLEN THORNEYCROFT (The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Felkin).—The Wisdom of Folly. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
- FOX, ALICE WILSON.—Hearts and Coronets. 6s. (Macmillan)
- FOX, MARION.—The Hand of the North. 6s. (Lane)
- FRASER, MRS. HUGH, and J. I. STAHLMANN.—The Golden Rose. 6s. (Hutchinson)
- Gates, The: a Study in Prose. 6s. (Murray)
- GLYN, ELINOR.—His Hour. With Frontispiece. 6s. (Duckworth)
- GOODNOW, ELIZABETH.—The Soul Traders. 3s. 6d. net (Frank Palmer)
- GRANT, MRS. COLQUIHOUN.—Their Heart's Desire. 6s. (Long)
- GRIERSON, ELIZABETH W.—The Scottish Fairy-Book. With 100 Illustrations by Morris Meredith Williams. 6s. (Unwin)
- HARRIS-BURLAND, J. B.—The Torhaven Mystery. 6s. (Chapman & Hall)
- HAYENS, HERBERT.—Beset by Savages. Illustrated. 5s. (Nisbet)
- HOPE, FLORENCE.—The Two Powers. 6s. (Long)
- HOWARD, LYDE.—For Home Service, and Other Stories. With 8 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net (Pitman)
- HUTCHINSON, M. F.—Captain Ferrercourt's Widow. 6s. (Longmans)
- JONES, MORGAN.—The Stars of the Revival. 6s. (Long)
- KAUFFMAN, REGINALD WRIGHT.—My Heart and Stephanie. With 2 Portraits in Colour by A. G. Learned. 6s. (Pitman)
- KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA.—Spell Land: the Story of a Sussex Farm. 6s. (Bell)
- KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—Hereward the Wake. Retold for Boys and Girls by Alice F. Jackson. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by Monro S. Orr. 1s. 6d. net (Jack)
- KIPLING, RUDYARD.—Rewards and Fairies. With 4 Illustrations by Frank Craig. 5s. net, 6s., and 10s. 6d. net (Macmillan)
- KNOTT, STEPHEN.—The Affairs of Ashleigh. 6s. (Melrose)
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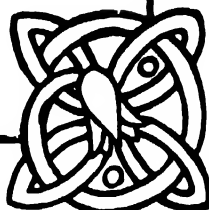
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News Notes.

We mentioned in our last year's Christmas Number that it was the largest Christmas Number we had ever issued. But it is so no longer, for this year's is larger still. We present with it a portfolio of beautiful colour-engravings by Mr. W. G. Simmonds illustrating scenes from "Hamlet," and an unusual number of full-page colour-plates by J. M. W. Turner, Ford Madox Brown, Arthur Severn, Hugh Thomson, Florence Harrison, Frank Reynolds, and other well-known artists. The three-colour picture on our cover is from one of Frank Reynolds's illustrations to "Pickwick." With its numerous illustrated articles and reviews and two

large illustrated Supplements we think it will be found that we have amply justified our announcement that this Number of the BOOKMAN would form the most reliable and exhaustive guide available to the books of the season.

The January BOOKMAN will be a Joseph Conrad Number and will contain a special article on Joseph Conrad and his work by Perceval Gibbon. Other important articles in that number will include "Robert Browning," by Professor Saintsbury;

"The Greatest of the Governor-Generals," by Dr. George Smith, C.I.E.; "Spell-Land," by Coulson Kernahan; "An Englishman in Ireland," by Shan F. Bullock; "Problems of To-day," by Y. Y.; "Good Gossip," by Walter Jerrold; "The Nature of Freedom," by Stephen Reynolds; "Average Humanity," by Professor Adams; "Lord Rosebery's Chatham," etc.



From a drawing by Joseph Simpson.

Whose life and art are the subject of Mr. Shaw's new book, "Frank Brangwyn and his work," published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. with whose permission we reproduce this portrait.

Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

thirty years. Mr. Sergeant was assistant editor of the *Outlook* when it started; in 1900 he went to Hongkong and for four and a half years edited the *Hongkong Daily Press*; and it was then, after he came back from China, that he began to write books. He has been accused of writing only about Empresses; this is not strictly true, though he holds a theory that a book about a celebrated woman attracts more readers than one about a celebrated man—with the exception of Napoleon. So far he has not

"The Great Empress Dowager of China" (Hutchinson) is Mr. Philip W. Sergeant's sixth biography, the more successful of the others being "The Courtships of Catherine the Great" and "The Empress Josephine, Napoleon's Enchantress." Mr. Sergeant was educated at St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Oxford, and after a period of taking private pupils he turned to literature, first as occasional contributor to the *Daily Chronicle*, with which his late father, the well-known journalist Lewis Sergeant, was connected for over



Miss Mary L. Pendered.

Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

written a novel, but he has given advice on many, for in addition to being author and journalist, Mr. Sergeant is a literary agent.

Miss Mary L. Pendered is well known as the author of some dozen novels and of many excellent short stories and articles for the magazines. Her new book, "The Fair Quaker," is a new departure for her; it is to some extent a biography, but is perhaps more accurately described as an inquiry into one of the most fascinating mysteries in English annals. It deals with the love story and remarkable disappearance of Hannah Lightfoot, known as the Fair Quaker, and declared to have been the legal wife of George III. One of her sons called himself "the rightful King of England." Certain documents referring to her lie impounded at Somerset House, and to this day nobody is allowed to examine them. Miss Pendered has been working on this book for eighteen months, aided in the necessary researches by her nephew, Mr. J. H. Pendered, and by several prominent writers who have afforded her valuable assistance.

Miss Pendered has also finished a novel, "The Secret of the Dragon: A Romance Ancient and Modern," which Messrs. Harper are publishing early next year. She spent several years in writing this story; it follows somewhat the lines of one of her most charming tales, "Musk of Roses,"

having a garden atmosphere, but this is mingled with alchemy, magic, and mystery, and it has more plot than has been usual with her stories. She has another novel, to be called "The Ankle-Biter," about half-finished. This again is a country tale, for Miss Pendered feels most at home in country scenes and especially in a garden. She has a good many short stories of country life (all placed in Mercia) in readiness and hopes shortly to collect these in a volume that shall be illustrated with dainty pictures.

Although the Thackeray Centenary does not occur until July of next year, the Titmarsh Club has appointed a committee to take charge of the celebrations. There will be a public dinner on the day of the anniversary, and a few days earlier the Titmarsh Club will invite to dinner the Brethren of the Charterhouse in honour of the author of "The Newcomers." Further, during July a Thackeray Exhibition will be held at the Charterhouse, and Mr. Lewis Melville, the Hon. Sec. of the Committee, will be glad to hear from the owners of Thackeray MSS., portraits, relics, etc., who will be willing to allow their treasures to be shown. The Committee is representative of many interests, and its members are his Excellency the American



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss May Morris,

Who is editing in twenty-four volumes the Collected Works of her father, William Morris, for Messrs. Longmans.



Photo by Moya, Putney.

Mr. Starr Wood,

The well-known black-and-white artist, who has this Christmas published the first number of a humorous *Annual* of his own, which is reviewed in the Supplement.

Ambassador, Mr. W. Laurence Bradbury, Dr. W. L. Courtney, the Master of the Charterhouse, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Walter Jerrold, Mr. Sidney Low, Mr. Lewis Melville, Mr. Thomas Secombe, Mr. Reginald J. Smith, K.C., and Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

"The Mulberries of Daphne," just published by Messrs. Stanley Paul, is the third of "Kate Horn's" books, and bids fair to be the most successful of the three. Her first, "Ships of Desire," was issued by Messrs. Cassell, and her second, "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," by her present publishers. In private life "Kate Horn" is Mrs. Weigall. She is the daughter of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and her earliest recollections are of the vast Lincolnshire cornlands, of the interest she took in the village people, and of the wide and varied reading she enjoyed in the well-stocked library of her father's rectory. As a child she won prizes in the *Boy's Own* and the *Girl's Own* papers; but her first real success came with the publication of a serial, "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," in *Cassell's Magazine*, nearly twenty-one years ago, and from that time she has worked hard in journalism, and has made a comfortable income by the writing of short and serial

stories. Her methods of work are methodical, but peculiar. She wakes at five in the morning, and writes for two hours before getting up, and finishes her day's work between breakfast and noon. But she finds her chief interest in her three children; "even when I am busiest," she says, "they are never shut out of my room, lest I, in turn, should be shut out of their hearts." She married when she was one-and-twenty; her husband is an officer in the artillery, and soon after marriage they went with his regiment to Malta for five years, and the scenes of many of her stories are laid in that island. Life in the big garrison of Malta was so amusing that she felt keenly the dulness of English life on first returning home, but that she has since found enough of humour and interest in it is sufficiently clear from her books.

Messrs. Cassell have issued in pamphlet form the address on "The Premature Cheapening of Copyright Books" that was delivered by Mr. Arthur Spurgeon at the International Publishers' Congress at Amsterdam. Mr. Spurgeon takes a somewhat pessimistic view of the state of things that is resulting from that cheapening; publishers may not suffer from it, he thinks, but authors will, and the new author will find it more difficult than ever to get a start, since the public will not buy, even at sevenpence, a novel by an author they have never heard



Mr. Arthur Ransome,

Whose new "Life of Poe" (Martin Secker) was reviewed in last month's *BOOKMAN*.



MR. JINGLE 'AND THE SPINSTER AUNT

'Licence, dearest of angels - give notice at the church - call you mine, to-morrow' - said Mr. Jingle, and he squeezed the spinster aunt's hand.



Photo by W. L. Appleby, Sydney.

**The Rev. E. A. D'Alton,
LL.D., M.R.I.A.**

A third edition of whose important work, "The History of Ireland" in 6 volumes, is published by the Gresham Publishing Co.

of, and the popularity of these cheap books is affecting the sales of the six-shilling volumes to the libraries as well as to the general reader. It is true that a good many who now write novels might be of more real use to society if they were forced to do something with a pickaxe or a spade, but the craze for cheapness that suppresses these will also suppress the Merediths and Hardys of the future, and it is better that fifty worthless novelists should flourish than that one great one should be nipped in the bud.

The success which many reviewers foretold for Mr. C. E. W. Bean's interesting volume, "On the Wool Track," has been more than realised, and we understand that Messrs. Alston Rivers are issuing a second impression.

Mr. Arthur H. Adams, whose "Galahad Jones," published recently by Mr. John Lane, is one of the cleverest and most humorous novels of the year, is a New Zealand journalist. He was born in Otago in 1872; took his B.A. and LL.B. degrees at the Otago University, and left there to take a position at thirty shillings a week on a Wellington paper. Three years later he became literary secretary to Mr. J. C. Williamson, an Australian theatrical

manager, and whilst working with him wrote a comic opera which was produced with great success. When the Boxer rising occurred he was sent by a syndicate of New Zealand papers as war correspondent to Peking, but had a bad attack of enteric and was invalided home. He afterwards came to London and spent three years here, not quite starving, but making a precarious living with the greatest difficulty. During his stay here he contributed an article to the *Nineteenth Century*, and his novel, "Tussockland," was published in Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel series. He also published two volumes of verse, "The Nazarene" and "London Streets." All three books got plenty of good notices but, he says, "no large sales." As a result of the hard times he endured he had a nervous breakdown, and after a trip to the Mediterranean borrowed the money to return to Australia. On arrival in Australia he was offered the associate editorship of the *Wellington Times*, and went from this to edit the "Red Page," the literary portion of the *Sydney Bulletin*. He gave this up to take the position he now holds as editor of the *Lone Hand*, the National Australian Monthly.

Now-a-days, Mr. Adams is more interested in writing plays than books. His editorial duties do not leave him much leisure for literary work, but he has already had several plays produced by amateur companies, the latest scoring a success in

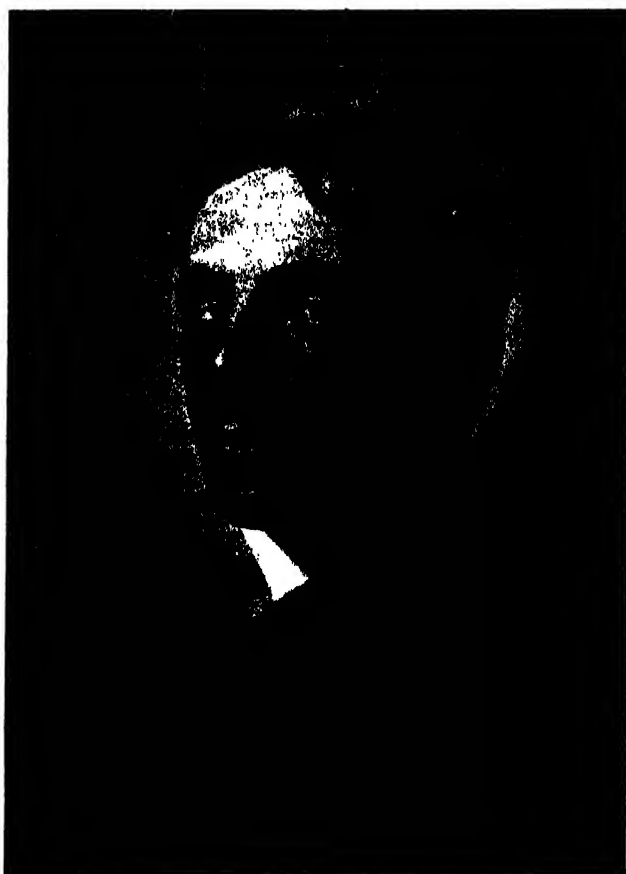
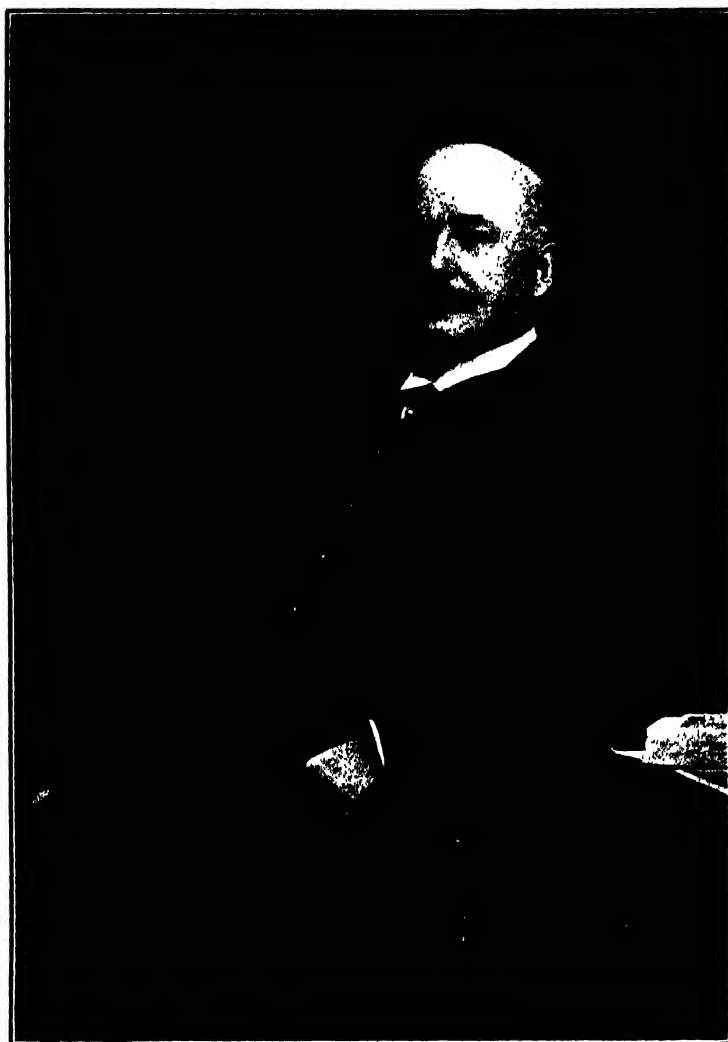


Photo by L. W. Appleby, Sydney.

Mr. Arthur H. Adams.

Adelaide, where it was put on by the Adelaide Literary Theatre, an organisation somewhat similar to the London Stage Society. He has another novel now in the hands of his publisher, one in a much more serious vein than "Galahad Jones," and he is at present engaged on another in the manner of "Galahad." Moreover, he has a book of plays and three books of verse waiting to be published. Mr. Adams has contributed a number of short stories to the *Sydney Bulletin*, the *Lone Hand*, and to the American and English magazines, but he is probably known best in Australia as a poet, his first book of verse there having had an unusually large sale.



Lent by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

Mr. Arnold White.

Whose new volume of essays "The Views of Yarrow," has just been issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

and D. Y. Cameron. The letterpress, too often overlooked in volumes of this nature, is written in a pleasant vein, and what is of more importance, is accurate and reliable as to the facts. In former times the Foulis press of Edinburgh bore a reputation second to none in the annals of Scottish printing, and in the Foulis press of to-day that reputation is signally maintained.

Mr. Arthur E. Baker, the Librarian and Secretary of the Taunton Library, has prepared a "A Complete Concordance to the Poetical Works of Tennyson" which Messrs. Barnicott &

Pearce are publishing. The volume will consist of about 500 pages and contain 87,000 references.

Mr. T. N. Foulis of Edinburgh, one of the younger publishers, has been doing admirable service in re-issuing some of the more notable Scots classics. This winter he has added to his list John Galt's happy pioneer of the Kailyard School, "Annals of the Parish," now beautifully illustrated in colour by Mr. Henry W. Kerr. As a painter Mr. Kerr has long come to his own, and he has probably no equal as a delineator of those rare old face-types common to the quiet corners and cosy ingle-nooks of the land. Another of Mr. Foulis's re-prints is "Jupiter" Carlyle's "Autobiography" (edited by Hill Burton), with photogravures of the Eminent whose names flit through the great Moderate's pages, and useful, up-to-date notes. In "Arran of the Bens" by Mackenzie MacBride, and "The Pageant of the Forth" by Stewart Dick, we have two very excellent colour-books. In the one, the illustrations are by Lawson Wingate, R.S.A.; and in the other, the diverse scenery of the Firth is depicted by such masters as Sam Bough, Sir W. Fettes Douglas,

Referring to our last month's notes on Mr. Algernon Blackwood, it is interesting to add that "Jimbo," which in the opinion of many of his critics is his best book, went to every publisher in London, "except," says Mr. Blackwood, "Macmillan and Hodder & Stoughton," and was rejected everywhere. It was written in his youth, when he wrote solely for the pure delight of writing it; and after its many rejections he left it lying neglected in a cupboard for many years, assuming that it was of no value.

Mr. Victor Cook, of Chichester, a gifted young author, who is already known to many by the delightful stories he has contributed to *Chambers's Journal* and other periodicals, has just published through the S.P.C.K. a capital boys' book entitled "Odin's Treasury." Mr. Cook is a brother of the Congregational Minister at Sandbach, Cheshire.

Although he did good service to scholarship, the real greatness of the late Dr. Furnivall lay in his vivid and charming personality. Early in the year, therefore, under the direction of Messrs. J. J. Munro and L. A. Magnus, a volume is to be issued which will contain brief appreciations by a representative number of those who knew him or shared his various activities. The list of contributors is a distinguished one, and includes Dr. Henry Bradley, Professor Brandl, Mrs. Laurence Gomme, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Professor Ker, Dr. Sidney Lee, Mr. William Poel, Mr. Francis Bickley, Mr. A. W. Pollard, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, and Mr. Richard Whiteing. Subscriptions or orders will be willingly received by Mr. L. A. Magnus, 9, Grays Inn Square, W.C. The volume is to be published at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., and the proceeds are to be given to the Furnivall Sculling Club, the characteristic institution to which the Doctor gave almost his last conscious thought.

The Christmas Number of the *Art Journal* deals with the later work of Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, as its 1886 Christmas Number dealt with his earlier work. It gives many beautifully reproduced examples of the artist's work, and contains an admirable critical article by Rudolf Dircks.

Miss Annie Matheson has written a very thoughtful and earnest booklet, "A Christmas Message," which the Almond Tree Press, Maybury, publishes; it is touched with a broadly but deeply devotional spirit and very charmingly written, and should serve as an excellent substitute for the conventional Christmas card.

"A Bibliography of Periodical Literature" has been prepared by Mr. H. G. T. Cannons, the Finsbury Borough Librarian. The book deals exhaustively with Library Economy, Printing, Methods of Publishing, Copyright, Bibliography, etc., and should be of special value to librarians. It has been a heavy undertaking, but as the compiler is not seeking profit, the book, in spite of its size and the vast amount of labour expended on it, is to be sold to subscribers at 5s. net. It will be published by Messrs. Stanley Russell & Co.

As we go to press comes the news of Tolstoy's death. He has been described

as at once the greatest Apostle of Peace and the greatest Rebel the modern world has known. With his passing the cause of humanity loses one of its most fearless and powerful advocates, and the world of letters one of the few men of to-day who are not for to-day only.

NO. 4, MAIDS OF HONOUR ROW, RICHMOND.

WHEN Charles Garvice shows you over his new house in Maids of Honour Row, Richmond, the first thing he does is to open a door on the right of the panelled hall and say, "Now, that is my study; it used to be the Powder-closet." You know at once where you are. The early Georgian atmosphere of the old house is re-created for you on the threshold. You see in that Powder-closet the vivacious belles of two centuries ago, in their hooped petticoats and brocaded saques, preparing with pomander and powder puff and rouge-pot and patch-box for the conquests upstairs. The hall fills with the magnificent shades of forgotten macaronis, and you find yourself moving among curled perukes and flowered waistcoats and lace ruffles and diamond sword-hilts and shoe-buckles. The illusion is helped by the tasteful reverence with which Mr. Garvice has restored

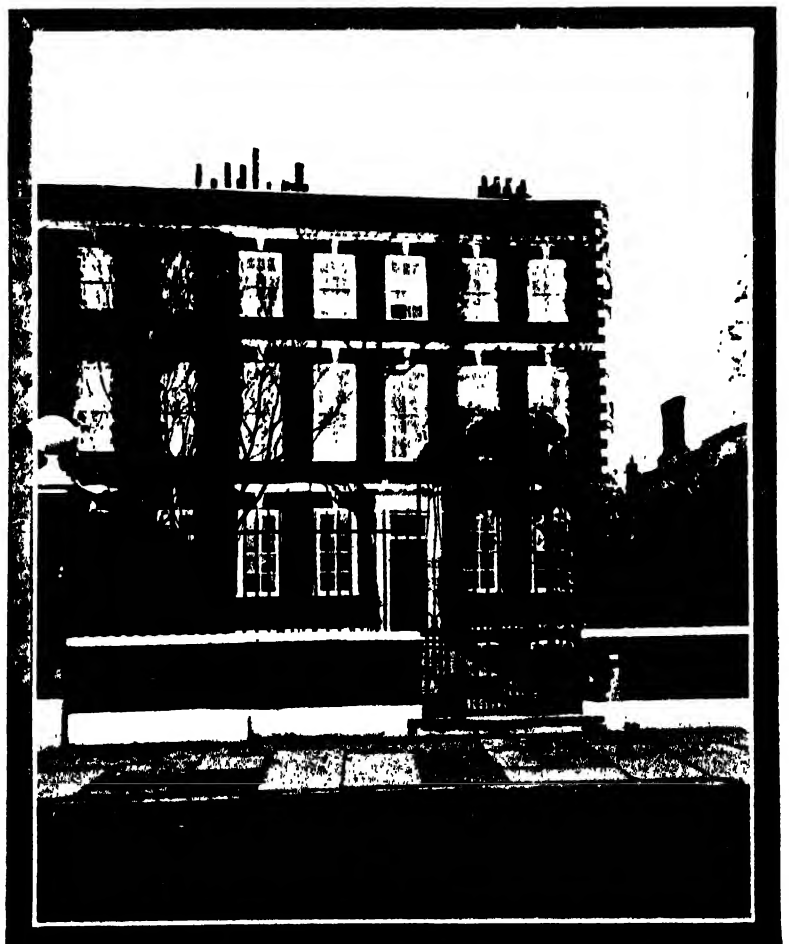


Photo by Richmond Camera Co.

No. 4, Maids of Honour Row.

the old house, which a long interregnum of Victorian vandals had draped in hideous wallpapers set off with brummagem gas-fittings. It is helped still further if you know anything of its history.

The house is one of a row of four red-brick mansions facing the Green and overlooking the old Palace Gardens with their tall hedges, pergolas, and quaint devices cut in yew. They were built by George I. soon after his accession to accommodate the ladies-in-waiting of the Princess of Wales, who was then in residence at Richmond Palace. Of this early period in their history I am afraid little is known, but any one who likes to delve in the Household accounts of Caroline of Anspach will perhaps find clues to many a fascinating intrigue of which they were the setting. What the local guide-books call "a rich galaxy of beauty" attended the Court of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Richmond, and it was in Maids of Honour Row that the said galaxy spent its unofficial hours, dreamt its romances, and did a good deal of its love-making. Its bright particular stars were the famous "Three Marys"—Mary Lepell, Mary Bellenden, and Mary Farington—around whom fluttered all the beaux of the Court. Thus it came about that in Maids of Honour Row the elegant Lord Hervey courted Mary Lepell and carried her off to a secret wedding, in spite of the florid toasts of Lord Bath and the ardent verses of Lord Chesterfield. Somewhat in the same way Mary Bellenden became Duchess of Argyll and Mary Farington married the father of George Selwyn. Another of the Maids of Honour of this period was Mary Bellenden's saucy sister Edith, whose piquant beauty attracted the handkerchief of her Royal mistress's inconstant husband. The trick with which she routed the amorous Prince and covered him with ridicule was long the sniggering talk of the coarse gallants of the time.

How the four houses were distributed among these fair ladies there is nothing to show, but any one of them will suffice to invest No. 4 with romantic distinction.

The most famous of the ascertained predecessors of Mr. Garvice was John James Heidegger, the greatest impresario of his time, whose partnership with Handel in the management of the Italian Opera in the Haymarket constitutes an important chapter in the history of music in England. He was also the inventor of the scandalous masquerade or *ridotto* which Hogarth so mercilessly satirised. Heidegger, though the ugliest man in England, was a favourite of George II., who, in defiance of the Bishops and Mrs. Grundy, created him "Master of the Revels." Perhaps this royal favour had something to do with his tenancy of No. 4, Maids of Honour Row, whither he moved in the early thirties from Barn Elms. One of his first tasks, on taking possession of the house, was to bring down some of his best scene-painters from the Haymarket and commission them to decorate the panels in the hall with a series of views of Italy and Switzerland. These paintings may still be seen, though the colours are somewhat faded. Heidegger kept open house in Maids of Honour Row. George II. visited him there, and the music of Handel and the singing of Cuzzoni and Faustina are among the delightful memories with which the old wainscoting is indurated. Heidegger died in the house in 1749.

He was succeeded, a few years later, by Mrs. Judith Levy, a wealthy Jewish widow who had a town house in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, and who had previously lived in Welclose Square. Her husband's father was founder of the *Ashkenazi*, or German section of the London Jewish community, and her father built the first synagogue in Duke's Place. The present structure the Cathedral Synagogue of London, was built chiefly at her expense in 1790. She was a generous benefactor of her co-religionists in many ways, but she was also popular in society and was a veritable heroine in Richmond. Her house in Albemarle Street seems to have been quite a centre of fashion, and the social gossips of her day have much to say about the half-guinea quadrille she was in the habit of playing with Lady Yarmouth, Lady Holderness, Lord Stormont, and other persons of quality. In Richmond she was known as "The Queen of Richmond Green," and it was under this title that her portrait was engraved in



Photo by Richmond Camera Co.

Entrance Hall,
No. 4, Maids of Honour Row.

Grainger's *Wonderful Museum*. She died in Maids of Honour Row in 1803 at the great age of ninety-seven. Since then no one of any exceptional interest seems to have lived at No. 4.

The house does not appear to have had any direct literary associations previously to the advent of Mr. Garvice. It is true that Heidegger signed some of the dedications of the *libretti* of the operas he produced, but it is very doubtful whether he had anything to do with their authorship. Judith Levy lived to see some of her relations achieve literary fame. Her nephew, Joy Adolphus, was physician to Frederick the Great, and afterwards wrote and published in London some curious satires in French. His grandson, John Adolphus, was the eminent lawyer, politician, and historian, and his great-grandson, John Leicester Adolphus, was scarcely less distinguished as a critic and the friend of Sir Walter Scott. John Adolphus, the elder, often visited his great-grand-aunt in Maids of Honour Row, but this was the only contact the house had with literature. Mr. Garvice consequently brings a new distinction to its many charms, and I do not doubt he will find in the grateful reaction of its romantic associations a fresh stimulus for his always delightful fancy.

LUCIEN WOLF.



Mrs. Judith Levy.

The rich Jewess, usually called "The Queen of Richmond Green."
From an old colour-print, published by Alex. Hogg in 1803.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best poem on "London" in not more than sixteen lines.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to the REV. F. HERN, of Rowlands Castle, Hants, for the following:

BY ORDER OF THE GENERAL (Stories of the Salvation Army). BY SYDNEY WATSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"It cannot be - it is - it is -

A hat is going round."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *The Music Grinders*.

We also select for printing:

SEEING THE INVISIBLE. BY JAMES COATES.
(L. & M. Fowler.)

"The cure for this ill is not to sit still
Or frowst with a book by the fire,
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also
And dig till you gently perspire."

RUDYARD KIPLING, *Just-So Stories*.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, nr. Dartford, Kent.)

LET THE ROOF FALL IN. BY FRANK DANBY.
(Hutchinson.)

"'But please,' said I, 'to recollect
'Twas fashioned by an architect
Who pinned his faith on Ruskin.'"

LEWIS CARROLL, *Scarmoges*.

(Kitty Gallagher, 9, Risca Road, Newport, Mon.)

A DREAMER'S TALES. BY LORD DUNSANY.

"Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard grey leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing."

RUDYARD KIPLING, *La Nuit Blanche*.

(Miss B. W. Ramsay, Dyke, Forres, N.B.; William Morriss, 15, Wilkinson Street, Sheffield.)

FOR EFFICIENCY. BY ARNOLD WHITTE.

"'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.'"

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland*.

(Miss B. M. Bennett, "Harewood," Stubbington Avenue, Portsmouth.)

THE FOOD REFORMER'S COMPANION. BY EUSTACE MILES, M.A. (Mills & Boon.)

"But oh, my spirit cannot rest
In Davy's Jones's sod,
Till I've appeared to you and said—
Don't sup on that 'ere cod!"

TOM HOOD, *The Supper Superstition*.

(Bertram Lister, 15, Russell Street, Bolton.)

II.—This Competition would seem to have been too difficult for most of our competitors. Not more than a dozen have attempted it, and of the papers sent in, that by Mr. Herbert J. Aylmer, of 90, Somerleyton Road, Brixton, S.W., is easily the best, but he is unfortunately disqualified, because the prize was offered for "the best burlesque on the Bacon-Shakespeare theory to prove that the work of some well-known living author was really written by a contemporary," and Mr. Aylmer has set himself to prove that the works of Charlotte Brontë were written by Shirley Brooks. The next best paper (though it is not quite up to publication standard) is sent by MISS KITTY GALLAGHER, of 9, Risca Road, Newport, Mon., to whom the prize of THREE NEW BOOKS has been awarded.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to J. RICHARD ETTAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, for the following:

BRACKEN. BY JOHN TREVENA. (Alston Rivers.)

"Bracken" exhibits again Mr. Trevena's striking virility, scorn of convention, and fine writing; but a certain elusiveness and unready obscure the leading characters, and the book, though powerful and passionate, fails to hold and grip. From the creator of the dainty Pixy and the ever-bewitching Arminell, great things are expected; here, however, the magic of his delightful earlier volumes is somehow missing. We still await a book that shall be as the wind on the moor—strong and pure and free—a book John Trevena can write, and which shall assuredly be the Epic of Dartmoor.

Among the best of the many other reviews received are:

THE SILENT ISLE. BY A. C. BENSON.
(Smith, Elder.)

The best appreciation of this book can be given most worthily in the words of Wordsworth, for its contents are in truth well fitted "to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel." Best of all, the writer succeeds in bringing hope and encouragement to the ordinary wayfarer by his tactful and comprehensive sympathy, and by the intimate knowledge he displays of the needs and weaknesses of human nature. All honour is due to the writer of such a book!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MORE PAGES FROM A JOURNAL. BY MARK RUTHERFORD.
(Frowde.)

This book, like all Mark Rutherford's, seems to have come from the writer's heart and to throb with human feeling. The stories are simply chapters from life, and demonstrate again the author's power as the inspired historian of humble and lonely souls. He reminds us again of the ineffable balm of a deep affection, and that this is a cordial which money cannot

buy, and that the otherwise poverty-stricken may possess in its fullness. Another story of an unhappy marriage is a further commentary on this theme. The miscellaneous Notes often strike home as only Rutherford can.

(W. Kent, 4, Victoria Parade, Norbury, S.W.)

THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN GALLEON.

BY LUCAS MALET. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lucas Malet writes a straightforward and very simple story. The drab life of two ladies is enlivened by a young man, who brings a whiff of the outside, busy world and its doings into their quiet lives. The dear old ladies are unconsciously acting as receivers of stolen goods for the young man in whom they put such implicit trust. It is the romance of everyday persons in an everyday street, one which must appeal to a large circle of readers by its simplicity and directness, and the sympathetic manner in which the commonplace and apparently unromantic surroundings are treated.

(Miss B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

MY GERMAN YEAR. BY I. A. R. WYLIE.
(Mills & Boon.)

The Teutons form at the present time an absorbing topic of interest, in view of the general spirit of apprehension abroad as to their ultimate intentions and imperial expansion. This volume, therefore, dealing as it does with various aspects—both military and pacific—of German life comes at an opportune moment. Miss Wylie evidently has for our neighbours a warm admiration and sympathetic affection; indeed her pen-pictures are often so *couleur de rose* that one feels they can hardly be perfectly accurate and unbiassed. Nevertheless it is a book well worth reading and one, moreover, illustrated with excellent photographs.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, nr. Dartford, Kent.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent by J. P. Thomson (St. Andrews), Ethel M. Kempson (Birmingham), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), James A. Richards (Tenby), Dorothy K. Milum (Acton, W.), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss van der Pant (Folkestone), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), G. M. Ellwood (Grimsby), Thos. A. Baggs (Birmingham), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Lydia Dean (Wishaw), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Adam H. Robson (Gateshead), Miss C. Ryan (Belfast), Joan Harvey Hall (Aberdeen), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Thomas G. Tibbey (London, N.E.), Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Frimley Green), E. Rippon (Hull), Florence G. Fidler (London, N.W.), Beryl M. May (Sandown, I.W.), Effie Lane (Hampstead, N.W.), Miss Perks (Norwich), and Annie E. Higgins (Hoylake).

IV.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to E. A. MITCHELL, of 15, Nicholson Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.

V.—The SPECIAL PRIZE OF A HANDSOME CHRISTMAS BOOK for the best Christmas Greeting in eight lines of original verse is awarded to the REV. E. C. LANDSOWN, of The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E., for the following:

"Heaven's benison upon you rest,
Sweet peace unfold your dwelling.
A light divine around you shine,
All shadows dark dispelling;
To-day, despite the changeful years,
My heart with yours is meeting,
And Friendship brings upon its wings
This tender Christmas greeting."

Very good verses have also been received from D. Whitelaw (Paisley), Miss Clarke (High Wycombe), William Morriss (Sheffield), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), T. D. Turpin (Portadown), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Beryl M. May (Sandown, I.W.), Miss B. W. Ramsay (Forres, N.B.), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), William Tranter (Manchester), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Herbert Wilfrid Roe (Coventry), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), Emily L. Court (Halifax), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Caroline Coxan (New Malden), Miss K. Blaxill (Streatham Hill, S.W.), J. Herbert Brown (Hull), Rev. F. Balch (Montrose, N.B.), Percy W. Wilkinson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), and Vera Charlesworth Barclay (Hertford Heath).

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE, it is still perhaps necessary to say, is the author of "Songs of Childhood: by Walter Ramal" (Longmans, Green & Co. 1902), "Henry Brocken: His Travels and Adventures in the Rich, Strange, Scaree-imaginable Regions of Romance: by Walter J. de la Mare" (John Murray, 1904), "Poems" (John Murray, 1906). His novel, "The Return" (Arnold, 1910), and his narrative of the adventures of "The Three Mulla-Mulgars" (Duckworth, 1910) are the first books he has published since he passed from the almost twenty-years-old bondage of the City to that of Fleet Street. Apart from a few stories, not to be forgotten by readers of the *English Review*, *Cornhill* and other magazines, his work has been reviewing, and that chiefly anonymous, though not the less glaulysought, distinguished, and admired. Writing for a living has not made, and could not have been expected to make, any difference in his writing except that the prose has increased in quantity. He writes, as he has always done, airily but securely perched on a single tower whose foundation is English literature and his own personality in the proportion of one to three. He is connected with no party, school, tad, clique, or movement, but nourishes, to the satisfaction of those who know him, a curiosity, a discontent, and an optimism all equally boundless. In one thing, it only in one, he resembles many other poets of to-day—and probably most original poets of any day at their first rising: in his apparent isolation. He speaks as a solitary individual who might perhaps not write at all were it not for this solitude. He does not speak as a member of any class or body, or on behalf of anything or anybody. He has written one of the truest and least rhetorical of poems on England, and a beautiful one, called "The Englishman"; but this visible England of the map-makers, politicians, naturalists, and tourists could not easily be proved from his poetry to have had much to do with his composition. Of the current conventional writing on "Nature" he has not pro-

duced any specimens. His country is the one known to English faeries—not, however

"Young Gam and Wern and Olf and Dru and Knop;
Trippe, Ban and Bolt, and Clum and Pust and Tarpe;
And Robin . . ."

but the less rustic and more pastoral of them, by whom in all probability he was changed at his birth. He has not bought land, nor inherited, nor rented, nor

cultivated, nor gone out to admire it, but is the master of an immeasurable strange tract. He might be thought to describe himself when he writes, in "Poems," of a little child talking to himself at night:

"In his dark eyes lay a wild universe—
Wild forests, peaks, and crests,
Angels and fairies, giants, wolves and he
Were that world's own guests. . . ."

Only this "wild universe" seems something grander and more gigantic than Mr. de la Mare's. His world has all these things in it, and very many more, yet it is also a little world, such as Cherry of Zennor saw, with her charm-anointed eyes, under the waters. His peculiar faculty makes it so—a kind of faculty with half the power of fern-seed which confers invisibility.

In the best of his short stories, called "The Almond-Tree," the lonely house standing upon a heath covered with snow really was not large enough to contain the enormous cakes which were set upon its tables. But it is legitimate magic, and it is alive; the story is a kind of microcosmography of Mr. de la Mare's world, with all its loveliness, its calm and mystery, overclouded and glimmeringly candle-lit amidst the snow.

This magic is—or was until "The Three Mulla-Mulgars"—most effective and unquestionable in his poetry. For example, he gives in a few stanzas, without any deliberate aim at that, an extraordinary feeling of the great age, the smallness and insignificance of some isolated man or woman; his words, rhythms, and images combining indescribably to produce an effect as powerful as the sense of infinity which we



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Walter de la Mare.

experience between sleeping and waking or in trance. By his sincerity, by the appropriateness of his words, he at once throws open a lattice for us to look out upon this "wild universe." "The Three Cherry Trees," for example, which appeared lately in the *Saturday Review*, needs no comment or context to admit us, though for a moment only, into the privacy of a world which is not the world of many of us. He has a sonnet in "Poems" called "Messengers," where he speaks of certain things heard or seen which stir the spirit, and then asks :

"Whence are they in a world so alien ?
Are they the water-drops of that vast flood
Death shall unloose ?"

And his own poems are full of these things, of images which are certainly "water-drops of that vast flood," such is the unstrained force in their suggestions of a world not alien to their beauty. It is a world of childhood, of morning freshness, of springs lovelier than are known to mortal senses, of a beauty which is capable of afflicting the beholder with keen remorse. Every one will recognise in it some elements familiar to himself. Here, for example, in "Songs of Childhood," are elves, fairies, gnomes, ogres, dwarfs, witches, witch-hares, wolves, and marineres, not carefully thought out and purged of what serious people think theatrical imperfections, but the elves, etc., of ordinary books, with only this difference—that they are made alive and in place by the synthesis of genius. Nor is there any exaggeration or emphasis, and repetitions are very few. In six lines or in sixty the effect is equally complete and independent. These elves and the like live here as in the minds of some children, and you accept the poems sometimes against the weight of your traditions and intelligence, not only because they are so gay with things like this in "The Three Beggars" :

"... The sweet feast was enough for nine,
But not too much for three."

not only because of these, but because the poems are lovely and enchanted.

The enchantment is not easily explained. It is, however, easy to see in Mr. de la Mare a man with a deep love of living things, of English lyrics, ballads, and nursery rhymes, of Herrick, Coleridge, and Poe, of fairy-tales, of nonsense, of music, of the sound and mystery of names. In him these things have mingled in an unprecedented and happy manner to form, with the help of his genius for words, a new beauty. His people humanise his fairies, his fairies bewitch his old men and women, his young women and his children, as in the poem where he prays the elves to care for a child :

"Ye little elves, who haunt sweet dells,
Where flowers with the dew commune,
I pray you hush the child, Cecil,
With windlike song.

"O little elves, so white she lieth,
Each eyelid gentler than the flower
Of the bramble, and her fleecy hair
Like smoke of gold. . . ."

At moments it might even be felt that the fairies are the stronger, and that they overpower the human beings even in poems where they do not openly appear, such as "The Christening," with its diaphanous humanity :

"The bells chime clear,
Soon will the sun behind the hills sink down ;
Come, little Ann, your baby brother dear
Lies in his christening-gown.

"His godparents
Are all across the fields stepped on before,
And wait beneath the crumbling monuments,
This side the old church door.

"Your mammi dear
Leans trail and lovely on your daddie's arm. . . ."

In the same way, perhaps, the goblins and ogres have tenderly corrupted or lessened the natural things with which they mingle in the world of such a poem as "The Child in the Story awakes." But this is less noticeable in "Poems," where much of the work is more intellectual, and partly given up to reflection and curiosity, to dread of "Time—with a popped hand stealing thy youth's simplicity." We see the author not merely by what he cannot hide, but by what he tells us openly, as in the poem called "Myself," where

"Forlornly, silently,
Plays in the evening garden
Myself with me,"

and where he addresses a child :

"O sweetest, stay !
One moment in thy lonely play
Turn, child, and look
Even but a little on that great-leaf book,
Whose hvelong record when thine eyes are old
Will seem, how lovely a tale, how briefly told !"

in the noble "Keep Innocency," and in the poem on ambition, which gives a good example of his style in the stanza :

"Ever the heavy billow rears
All its sea-length in green, lushed wall ;
But totters as the shore it nears,
Foams to its fall ;
Where was the mark ? on what vain quest
Rose that great water from its rest ?"

Though blank verse and the sonnet form are much used in "Poems," and their rhythm does not suit Mr. de la Mare and makes him eloquent, this volume succeeds in adding an intellectual element without losing the magical—which is no little thing. All the best work in "Poems," and even more so the poems in "Three Mulla-Mulgars" and those which have been appearing periodically in the last few years, show that Mr. de la Mare is still moving onward, achieving beauty in new as well as in the old kinds, always original and instinctive, and producing effects beyond his calculation and probably beyond our explanation, except that they proceed from the alchemy of a spirit which can dissolve the earth, like a mere pearl, to sweeten a song.



NURSE'S SONG

Specimen Illustration from W. Blake's "Songs of Innocence."

(Herbert & Daniel, 5s. net.)

THE READER.

SCIMITAR AND BROADSWORD:

DISRAELI AND BRIGHT.*

BY WALTER SICHEL.

SUCH is the rough-and-ready distinction between two remarkable personalities. Mr. Monypenny's official presentation of the young Disraeli is naturally the most absorbing. Some will differ from some of its perceptions and hold that he has not always quite got inside the man. Others may wish for a more literary treatment of a theme so romantic. But on the whole it is a difficult task well performed, revealing clear material for the psychology of its subject. Mr. O'Brien's "Monograph" is written from the reasonable standpoint of an Irish Nationalist acquainted with Bright in his later years. Though one-sided it is intimate, and its familiarity breeds respect. It is a genuine impression. In speeches, recollections, and letters, we discern the broadsword that so often clashed with the scimitar. We see the direct and dogged tribune contrasting with the fantastic, far seeing ruler. One, the "alien," who like other great "aliens" (Bonaparte included) became identical with the country that he loved and exalted; the other, an insular reformer, who could seldom realise Great Britain. One, the Cavalier who impressed and commanded a nation; the other, the Puritan who stirred and embodied a class. Yet both, with separate standards of greatness, were themselves great, and Bright was king and interpreter of the "Nonconformist conscience."

It is true in various ways that Disraeli brandished the scimitar of Saladin which cleft many a silken cushion in twain, while Bright wielded the broadsword of Cœur-de-Lion—or occasionally, maybe, the bludgeon of Cleon. But Disraeli, for all his grace of gyration, was an armed seer. And when he entered the lists he could, if he chose, use the broadsword also. Under the arabesques of the Saracenic arch stood a solid keystone,

and as his father early wrote of him, though his ideas were vast, they were always based on good sense. He was a dramatic hero, at once dreamer and doer, relating himself in several affinities to that Chatham whom he has well likened to "a forest tree in a suburban garden." He was a great diviner, a great nationalist, and a great imperialist. Literary to the core, he enacted what he wrote. Bright, on the other hand, save as regards Ireland (and to Ireland he too was an "alien"), cannot be called a statesman. He seldom discerned the whole or the distance; he had all the concentration of the near-sighted. Disraeli was a man of ideas, a genius to whom ideas gravitated. They were his living company and environment. He projected them into action, and from ideas he derived his mental ideals. Bright was not a man of ideas at all. A few strong ideals of life and conduct—moral rather than spiritual—generated his fervour, his substitute for ideas. Some of them were prejudices, not even when they were not were those ideals always such as his fame implies. He stood surely more for the small commercialist than for the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Nor was there a trace in him of the yeoman spirit. His vantage ground was that of transparently, triumphantly sincere antipathies.

The constructive elements, the faculties for vision, the imaginative insight, were scanty. Disraeli was a temperament. Bright was not, and on his own political side he was long dwarfed by the preponderance of Gladstone.

In few things only can these extremes be said to have converged. Both were eminently courageous. When Bright voiced Cobden for the repeal of the Corn Laws immense courage was needed, and it was equally needed both when he denounced the rankling injustices to Ireland and when, in much riper years, he set his face to uphold Gladstone's remedies of coercion. Disraeli, too, needed more courage when he broke up his "Young England Party" on the Irish question than



Benjamin Disraeli, 1828.

From a drawing by D. Maclise, R.A., at Hughenden.

From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," by William Flavelle Monypenny. (Murray.)

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By William Flavelle Monypenny. Vol. I. 12s. (John Murray.)—"John Bright: A Monograph." By R. Barry O'Brien. With a Preface by the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

when, conscious of superb powers, he pitted himself against Peel. Not only was his "Maynooth" speech (in an episode unreached by the present volume) a signal instance of the courage displayed earlier in his advocacy of the Chartists, but that eloquent summary of "a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church; and in addition the weakest executive in the world," was a conspicuous example. Bright quoted it with sour approval, and the regret that his penetrative discernment never embodied itself in action. Gladstone quoted it years afterwards with austere irony, and Disraeli commented that what he had then thought water dropped on to the sand seemed to have fallen from "a golden goblet." If those literal views be accepted, it was a case of immoral courage. But Disraeli never believed that confiscation was the remedy for an "alien Church," dislocation for absentee landlords, or severance for a "starving population," still less that alternate fits

blunders. He urged an "inquiry" and pressed the precedent of Walcheren. That course he justified (in 1854) by repeating Canning's answer to Sheridan, who had taunted him with joining critical mistrust to patriotic concurrence.*

Courage, then, in countless instances was a common endowment. Another shared endowment was the sense of reserved force, and still another was artistry. Here, however, a distinction arises. Disraeli was a conscious artist; he subdued the web to the dyer's hand. Bright was a great, a discriminating orator, but he was not a conscious artist. Neither was Carlyle. Carlyle, like Bright, always regarded himself as an overwhelming moralist, but his artistry often went ahead of his ethical perception. When in his youth he approached the encyclopædic Goethe, it was the ethical side of Goethe that he revered. What Goethe admired in Carlyle was his powers as artist. Strange irony! What Goethe thought artistic in Carlyle was a by-

product, yet it has endured. What Carlyle respected in Goethe as ethical was really didactic, yet that aspect has not persevered.

Disraeli, as a true lover of phlegmatic Great Britain, may be said to have eloped with her: Britannia ran away with Saladin. Of Bright it was said, "If he had not been a Quaker he would have been a prize-fighter." "We want to drag the delinquent before the public," he exclaimed of Palmerston in 1861. The broadsword was always threatening "delinquents" with condign punishment, and justifying its moral indignation by



Bradenham Manor.

From a water-colour by Mrs. Partridge.

In the summer of 1829 Isaac D'Israeli and his family gave up their London residence and moved out to Bradenham, an old manor house a few miles to the west of High Wycombe.

From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." (Murray.)

of bullying and vacillation would strengthen an executive or revive confidence. He considered (and he said so) that wise policy could effect the aims without incurring the risks of revolution. He detested revolutions, which were usually due, he thought, to cliques. He sought to graft the new ideas on to old institutions, to develop, not to uproot.

There was another occasion when Disraeli and Bright were still more at one. Disraeli parted from his party by refusing to think that the Southern States of America ought to be acknowledged in the great civil war which was to found a modern world-Power, and for this discernment he received the stoic's praise. And there was yet an earlier meeting-ground—that of the Crimean War. Both agreed in holding that we became the cat's-paw of Louis Napoleon, that the war was a blunder, and perhaps a crime. But Disraeli's criticisms were constructive; he outlined an anti-Russian policy. Bright's were those of "peace at any price." Disraeli wished to strengthen Britain by counteracting the

something of self-righteousness and self-complacency. But Bright was honest as the day, and if charity was not his strongest point, he could be as hard to himself as to others. More than this, whenever pity came into play, his compassion was most sensitive and generous. If his intellectual imagination was unsympathetic, his moral imagination was fine. He had something of the imagination that Addison had—the imagination for justice, for humanity, pure, crystal, circumscribed; unironical, dare we say it, unoriginal imagination. And, curiously enough, the resemblance is heightened by the fact that Addison and Bright both touched the confines of poetry in two differing similes of an "Angel." "Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm," says the first: this is how the second, in a memorable passage, spoke of the Crimean War on February 23, 1855:

* "It would be much more uncandid and unfair to conceal our general sentiments at the moment of expressing our approbation."

"The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land: you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

Here Bright reached the height of his terse, human, eloquence, yet the plea, it should be noted, is not one against a particular war, but against all wars, although he once averred that violence was justifiable if it rested "on a moral basis." The horrors of war are a misery,



Benjamin Disraeli as a Child.

From a miniature by Cosway in the possession of Mr. Comingsly Disraeli.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." (Murray.)

but their self-sacrifice is their blessing, and Bright could rarely recognise that to die for one's country was a Christian act: he had what Matthew Arnold called "the bloodthirsty clinging to life." It is interesting to learn from Mr. O'Brien's pages, that this famous trope of the Angel, which had come to Bright "very simply and naturally," while he lay "awake in bed in the morning," surprised him by its success. He had small personal ambition, and his title to greatness is that with strong prejudices (not always wholly unselfish) he struggled for causes. Another fine piece of direct oratory was his speech in 1875 on the Burials Bill, when he described with touching solemnity the "case" of his "own sect." It is too long for quotation, but the writer may be pardoned for alluding to what he heard; and none who heard it can ever forget those musical tones and enthralling pauses. Looking back, perhaps, over the gulf of years, the cause appears more one of party than of absolute oppression, and who can forget Disraeli's refined scorn on that occasion: "I must confess, sir, that were I a Nonconformist contemplating burial, I should do so with feelings of the utmost satisfaction?"

Bright was a born orator, and he spoke in the "grand



Isaac D'Israeli, 1834.

Lord Beaconsfield's father.

From a drawing by S. P. Denning in the possession of Mr. Comingsly Disraeli.

style," eschewing everything grandiose. Half-cultivated as was his mind, it had nourished itself on Milton, Wordsworth, and the Bible. He was never insignificant, and the march of his words was through the fields and under the skies. It is curious to compare the excellent advice given by him to young speakers which is repeated



Maria, Wife of Isaac D'Israeli, 1805.

From a picture by J. Downman, A.R.A., at Hughenden.

From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." (Murray.)

in these pages from Mr. George Russell's remembrance with that given to the youth, then obscure, after his first public appearance (in 1832) at the Rochdale Bible Society by a Mr. Aldis, a Baptist minister. The meaning is practically identical.

Bright's great fault was, if it may be so described, a sort of inverted snobbery. He paraded his beginnings and justified, nay, hallowed, his prejudices by them. Yet he did not spring from "the people" strictly so called: he belonged to the lower middles, and his business became a thriving concern. He was nursed in prejudices—although he early travelled abroad—and those prejudices were sometimes thick as Goliath's thumb. His father had been distrained upon for tithe-rates, so straightway the son abominated the clergy and especially the Bishops. He hated what he styled the "governing classes," and one wonders if he would so have hated them had they been of his own order, or of ranks below it—the Trade Unions, for example. His invectives are not, it seems to me, without some spice of envy, and he could be unamiably obstinate. Quite late in life he seems to have put an agreeable host to inconvenience because he would not call on a lady of rank. Yet ladies of rank he liked and knew, and there is no reason why any charming lady should not be liked, save that of aggressive uneasiness. Shakespeare he disliked as well as the "aristocracy." We are not told whether he disliked squires and shooting, but he was a keen angler, and apparently he could land a salmon. He disliked most things which he could not understand and most spheres where he was ill at ease. He had strong attachments as well as strong aversions. He had a great simplicity and he loved to play with children. His affection for Cobden was pathetic and beautiful, and they strove side by side without rivalry in a cause which was then a great benefit to the poor in towns. But Bright's outlook and sympathies and knowledge and wisdom were imperfect. He was not a "clubbable" man. He seems to have understood no question fully but the Irish question. His project for Indian decentralisation appears almost childish, and if Britain had been led by Bright, she would have committed suicide before her time. His history was most defective, and he never seems to have known that the English Revolution was engineered by the aristocrats



Benjamin Disraeli, 1834.

From a portrait by Count D'Orsay.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." (Murray.)

whom he denounced. His work was to bring the feelings of "the people" into action. He ranged them on narrow ground and led them into battle. He was a brave general of the passions; but the passions were good passions, and he made for righteousness.

Too little space is left for Disraeli, but he is more vividly remembered. This first volume unfolds the pageant of a childhood conscious of superiority, a boyhood fretting against environment, a youth confident yet despairing, affected, not from predisposition, but from the sublime impertinence of bewildered effort. The "morning and evening cane" of his travels, the green trousers of his dandy-days in London, the fire,

the colour, the failure of his early hopes to be a great poet—all these made him insufferable on the surface, but irresistible directly his rich nature did itself and others justice.

We mark his placid, prosperous home, its pleasant surroundings, his precocious talents, all the shining background for the thunder-cloud of an overmastering ambition and an inextinguishable will. We see him as a boy, waywardly roaming through the classics, always poetical, never a pedant; we watch his broodings over the future, his large schemes, his realisation of the picturesque, and his picturesquing of reality. We trace him as fantast and unlucky financier, chained as secretary to a leading lawyer's desk, a lonely student, a dashing conversationalist, yet never satisfied with the heights attained, always thirsting with energetic indolence for dominion—now the genius of the lamp, now the genius of a limitless dreamland, now the natural, boyish, playful genius, yet ever the genius bent on escape from the confining bottle—an individualist to the core. Years before his Eastern tour with Meredith (the affianced of that dear sister "Su" who was his understander, inspirer, and consoler) he had journeyed in Germany with his distinguished father, and in Italy with his sparkling appreciatress Mrs. Austen and her husband. Then came "Vivian Grey" with its sad vaticinations of what might happen if his father's warnings against his mad ambition for political supremacy were disregarded; he had already pioneered the *Representative* newspaper for Murray, had visited Scott and Lockhart—and failed: Murray

had lost £26,000. He too was in debt, and strangely ill. And then followed the turning-point, the travels round the Mediterranean and Ægean, the stay in Jerusalem, "a city of stone in a valley of iron under a sky of brass." In Antwerp, in Venice (as his earlier letters—a master's letters—attest), he had found his mind; in Syria he found his soul, in Egypt he retired into the back-scenes of life and destiny. That destiny he always felt compelling. Its hour struck, after Meredith's death, in the stirring peal of the Reform Bill. He hastened home, fired with his old political musings from Bolingbroke and Burke in his father's library. Four times he assailed constituencies, but in vain. He conquered society, was beloved of Lady Cork and the Sheridans, became "the Ion." Every one (except those haunting bailiffs) felt his genius. D'Orsay regretted in French that for the moment he could not oblige, but he lives immortalised in "Henrietta Temple," while "Venetia," one of Disraeli's finest novels, embalms the traditions of Byron (his father's honourer) and of Shelley, of whom Burton told him. He becomes the close associate of the great Lord Lyndhurst. At last he succeeds and is returned the member for Maidstone—the future Prime Minister of England, as he had assured both Mrs. Austen and Lord Melbourne. His ambition was not merely personal. He felt that he could make England great, that, as he confessed, he had a "continental,"

"revolutionary" mind. His private diaries excerpted in this volume are of exceptional interest, and supplement the self-revelations of "Contarini" and "Alroy." One excerpt must suffice, and it is not in the jaunty mood:

"... How long will these feelings last? They have stood a great test, and now absence, perhaps the most fatal of all. My life has not been a happy one. Nature has given me an awful ambition and fiery passions. My life has been a struggle with moments of rapture—a storm with dashes of moonlight—Love, Poetry... achieve the difficult undertaking. With fair health I have no doubt of success, but the result will probably be fatal to my life. My disposition is now indolent. I wish to be idle and enjoy myself, muse over the stormy past and smile at the placid present.... Alas! I struggle from pride. Yes! it is pride that now prompts me, not ambition. They shall not say I have failed."

Two years later, when he had written his fine essay the "Vindication" of the British Constitution and inscribed it to Lord Lyndhurst, his once perplexed father thus addressed him:

"... You have now a positive name and a being in the great political world which you had not ten days ago. I never doubted your powers—they were not latent to me. With more management on your side, they would have been acknowledged long ere now—universally. You never wanted for genius, but it was apt in its fullness to run over. You have now acquired, what many a great genius never could, a perfect style, and that's a pickle which will preserve even matter less valuable than what you, I doubt not, will afford the world.... Should you ever succeed in getting into Parliament, I well know that your moral intrepidity and your rapid combinations of ideas will throw out many a 'Vindication' in the brilliancy and irresistible force of your effusions."

Yes! that was the spark that Bright lacked, and there, at the end of one career and on the threshold of a greater, we must leave the young Disraeli. Did space permit I should like to have given his own picture of Bright as Job Thornberry in "Endymion." Bright is said to have relished Disraeli's early and anti-utilitarian satire "Popanulla." Disraeli certainly appreciated Bright's lofty eloquence, though he had a much greater regard for the more sympathetic Cobden. Perhaps Bright thought of Disraeli as of Julian the Apostate, while Disraeli may have looked on Bright as a plebeian Gracchus. Let me add two eulogies by Bright, one duly qualified, of the genius who, he said, had lugged the stupid squires in their omnibus up the hill:

"... Is there in any legislative assembly a man leading an Opposition of more genius... who has given proof in every way but one in which proof can be given, that he is competent to the highest duties of the highest offices of the State?... Now Mr. Disraeli is a man of brains, of genius, of great capacity for action, of a wonderful tenacity of purpose and of a rare courage."

So far, homage from the broadsword to the scimitar. But, Bright continues, "He would have been a statesman if his powers had been directed by any noble principle or idea." For "noble" perhaps read "Liberal," and let the world judge between them. As for ideas, there is no question now.

Would not Bright have acknowledged that the "economic frenzy," which Disraeli foresaw would lead to huddled, congested urban populations, has at length claimed the victims of "unrestricted competition"?

Bright had nobility of soul. He was a great, if sometimes blind, force. Disraeli remains in the realm of ideas—an enchanter.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

John Bright.

THE PAINTER COLLABORATES.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE NEW COLOUR-BOOKS.

"'Tis not so plain as the old hill of Howth
A man has got his bellyful of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth,"

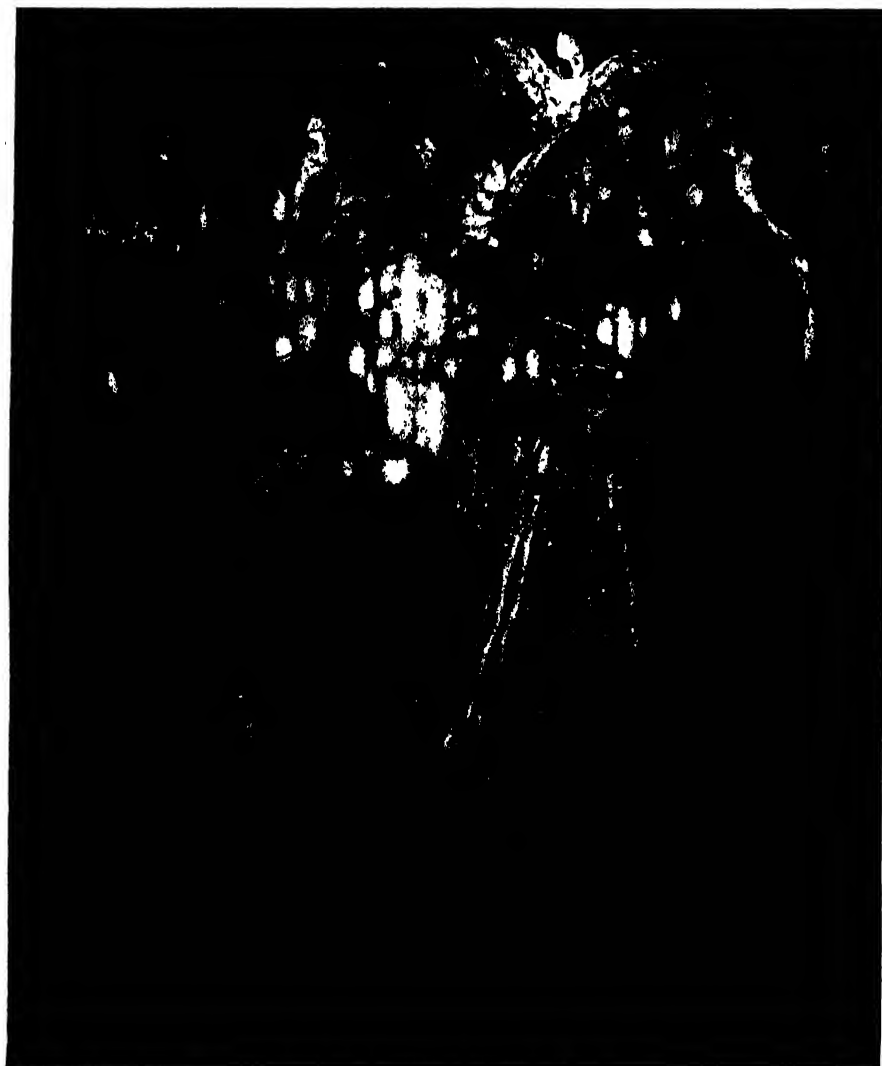
says Hood, and few things are easier than to prime yourself with the current cant of art criticism and pass for an art critic. There is no particular harm in your doing this so long as you are not misled by your apparent cleverness; but once you grow too confident of your own opinion in such matters you become an unreliable guide, and rather a nuisance to your friends. For when every possible word has been said, even the most innately artistic and carefully cultured taste is liable to err, and the certainty of this should keep us all wisely humble, but does not. Some of us still agree with what Ruskin thought of Whistler's views on art, and some of us with what Whistler thought of Ruskin's; but it has always puzzled me that a man who could so finely appreciate the realism of the Pre-Raphaelites and the impressionism of Turner could have had such

a very blind eye for the kindred impressionism of Whistler.

That sort of partial blindness, however, often afflicts great critics when they set up to dogmatise on such questions; and the smaller ones are invariably afflicted with it. On the whole, the continual practice of art criticism would seem to have a stultifying effect on the human mind; it narrows a man's outlook instead of broadening it, and he presently attaches himself to some special school or schools of painters, and thereafter dies to the merit of many others. Raphael may be spiritual, and Rembrandt coarse; Teniers may be unidealistic and of the earth earthy; Fra Angelico and Giotto may jewel their canvases with saintly beauty and the dazzling splendours of heaven; Correggio's men and women may be grossly mortal; but I as a humble human being, willing to be pleased, can take a differing pleasure in each, without caring over much which is the greater or the less. Art unlocks a hundred doors into

a hundred various worlds of beauty, and I trust I shall never be so self-confident and arrogantly eclectic as to bolt any one of them against myself.

No doubt I have my dislikes. There was a time, I confess, when I was influenced by superior critics to look down upon the type of picture that "tells a story"; but it was not long before I realised that every picture tells one, and if it tells it really well, it is a good picture. You may read more in the face of some revealing portrait, in some unpeopled landscape under a sunset or clouded for rain, than in many a big canvas crowded with notable figures enacting historic scenes. And it pleases me to play with a notion that the greatest pictures are built upon the sure foundation of some great idea: they draw something of their greatness from the harmony and approximate perfection of their colour scheme, but if wonderful and most beautiful colour effects are their highest merit, they fall short of greatness. Colour is to the picture what metre and rhyme are to the poem—only the vehicle of thought and emotion, "the golden chariot wherein king-thoughts ride"; and, for my part, I am stirred to but a cold admiration when the chariot goes by empty. This, of course, is



"These no sooner saw Beauty than they began to scream and chatter."—*Beauty and the Beast*.

Reduced from one of the colour-plates by Edmund Dulac illustrating "The Sleeping Beauty, and Other Fairy Tales." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

only what I think ; you may think otherwise, and if you do I shall not argue the point ; I shall hear you respectfully and be glad to acknowledge that you are as likely to be right as I am, and meanwhile I naturally prefer what pleases me to what pleases you.

After all, the art of the painter is really no hole-and-corner mystery not to be understood or valued except by the critical expert and the connoisseur ; it draws its inspiration from the depths of the life we all live, and it fulfils its highest mission not when it fully satisfies the student of technique, but when it is strong enough to walk freely among the multitude and speak to them intelligibly in the large and nobly simple language that may not content a mortal expert, but is good enough for the gods. You need not be an art critic, or skilled in the technique of colour and line, to have your emotions touched to awe and worship by the sight of a miraculous sunrise ; nor need you be in any peculiar way one of the initiated before you can rightly admire the great but smaller miracle of a beautiful picture. You might as well say that a perfect lyric is less than perfect to you and appeals to you less profoundly because you do not happen to know a dactyl from a spondee. The end of art is to give pleasure, and for different reasons I am as grateful for Phil May as for Rubens ; neither could have done the other's work, and I should have missed much happiness if either had left his work undone.

Away ! there needs no words nor terms precise.

The paltry jargon of the picture mart

Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes."

and the best way to enjoy life is not to shut them and believe blindly in what is seen by the eyes of others, but to keep them open and to see things for ourselves.

When I was a boy (not such a dreadful number of years ago either) picture galleries were not so plentiful, nor so easy of access as they are nowadays, and colour-books were expensive and their average of artistic merit was not a high one. So far as I remember, there was frequently a disquieting uncertainty about the colour coming down in the right place ; and I vividly recall a picture of a decorous gentleman entering a room with his complexion on his shirt-front and the hue of his hair festooned across the middle of his countenance. We have made great advances since then in colour-printing and the whole art of book illustration, and publishers, printers, and artists between them have spoiled us for such monstrosities as that. Not a little of which improvement is due to George Baxter, whose life and work are the subject of Mr. C. T. Courtney Lewis's new book,

"The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century,"¹ an able and acutely critical volume in which many excellent examples of the Baxter prints are reproduced.

Each winter latterly has brought us more colour-books than the last, and their general artistic excellence seems to increase with their numbers and popularity. Our tables are at present piled high with every description of them : children's books, boys' and girls' story-books, reprints of classical poets, dramatists, novelists, romancers, essayists—all of them illustrated in colour, and nearly all of them so admirably produced that in their varying kind and degree one has little but praise for them.

Three of such books that have come my way cannot of course be counted among those that contain examples of the book-illustrator's art. These are "The Louvre,"² "One Hundred Popular Pictures,"³ and "Turner's Golden Visions,"⁴ each of which is illustrated with

reproductions of world-famous paintings. In "The Louvre" Mr. Maurice W. Brockwell and Mr. Paul G. Konody give a valuable critical survey of the paintings that are enshrined in the great National Museum of France. The book could not possibly have been more simply or lucidly arranged. Its opening chapters deal with the various Italian schools represented on the walls of the Louvre, and it passes to a study of the Flemish, German, Spanish, Dutch, and earlier and later French schools, and closes with a chapter on the inadequately represented British school. The "One Hundred Popular Pictures" are selected from the great galleries of the world, and it is agreeably clear from the comprehensive introduction of Mr. M. H. Spielmann that some of the



The Sea-Maidens teasing Alberic.

Reduced
Rackham

il by Arth
Niblun

am)

greatest art of all ages is also the most popular. For the third of these books—turn over its pages and enjoy the beauty and the wonder of its fifty of Turner's "golden visions, glorious and beautiful." "They are only visions, but still they are art," as Constable said, "and one could live and die with such pictures." To most art-lovers these magic sunrises, gorgeous sunsets, and marvellous, shimmering dreams of land and sea, wreathed in mists of storm or sleeping under quiet moons,

¹ "The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century." By C. T. Courtney Lewis. Illustrated from prints by George Baxter. 21s. net. (Sampson Low & Co.)

² "The Louvre." 50 plates in colour. By Paul G. Konody and Maurice W. Brockwell. Edited by T. Leman Hare. 21s. net. (Jack.)

³ "One Hundred Popular Pictures." Facsimile reproductions in colour of popular pictures selected from the World's Great Galleries. Introduction by M. H. Spielmann and Notes by Arthur Fish. 12s. (Cassell.)

⁴ "Turner's Golden Visions." By C. Lewis Hind. With 50 of the Paintings and Drawings of Turner reproduced in colour. 21s. net. (Jack.)

will be familiar enough ; no reproductions could possibly render them quite adequately, but I have not seen any more adequate or more satisfying than these. With Mr. Lewis Hind's scholarly estimate of Turner's incomparable achievements and an interestingly written record of his career, this book forms an introduction to the greatest of English impressionists that will not soon or easily be superseded.

Of the numerous other colour-volumes that are not devoted to the old Masters but to those new Masters who genuinely collaborate with authors, living or dead, and who have made the art of book illustration in colour peculiarly their own, I think I should without hesitation place first "The Sleeping Beauty"¹ and "The Ring of the Niblungs."² The former presents "The Sleeping Beauty," "Blue Beard," and other such of the world's inimitable fairy-tales newly translated out of the old French by Sir A. T. Quiller Couch and illustrated by Edmund Dulac ; and surely they have never before found an artist who has so exquisitely captured the spirit of them, and given visible shape to their people with such a sensitive, subtle appreciation of the quaintness, the daintiness, the drollery and ineffable fascination that made them dear to us at first and keep them so. Tastefully and artistically printed and bound, the elegant simplicity and whole outward appearance of this volume is in harmony with its contents. Fittingly handsome

¹ "The Sleeping Beauty, and Other Fairy Tales from the Old French." Retold by Sir A. T. Quiller Couch. Illustrated in colour by Edmund Dulac. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

² "The Ring of the Niblungs: 1. The Rhinegold. The Valkyrie." By Richard Wagner. Translated by Margaret Armour. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

of appearance, too, is Wagner's "The Ring of the Niblungs," which has offered such limitless scope to the play of Arthur Rackham's genius for the elvish and bizarre. I should have said at a venture that Wagner needed in his illustrator a robustness of treatment, a breadth and vigour of line and colour that were alien to Mr. Rackham's methods, but in that I should have been wrong ; Mr. Rackham's delicate, strong line and cerie, subdued colour effects, his freakish, airy nymphs and

fine-drawn hideous gnomes for all their delicacy are all vividly alive with that pulsing energy and eager intensity that inhere in whatever was Wagner's.

If nobody were to write new fairy-tales till we tired of the old ones, what scores of pleasant authors would be following other professions ! Mr. Walter Jerrold has gathered into his "Big Book of Fairy Tales"¹ the lovely, impossible romances which every child loyally believes in, or ought to believe in, and is always ready to hear retold—"Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Aladdin," "Blue Beard," "Beauty and the Beast," "Little Red



"There's lots of good fish in the sea." *The Mikado*.

From one of the colour-plates by W. Russell Flint illustrating "Iolanthe and Other Operas." (G. Bell & Sons.)

Riding Hood," and over a score of others whose names laugh to us with memories of our own childhood—tales that live for ever in the nursery, and they are here illustrated anew by that facile and fanciful draughtsman, Charles Robinson, with some thirty delightful colour-plates and more black-and-white drawings than I have stopped to count. And here is Kingsley's dainty fairy-tale for a land baby, "The Water Babies,"² a comparatively new fairy-tale still, but fast taking

¹ "The Big Book of Fairy Tales." Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

² "The Water Babies." By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated in colour by Warwick Goble. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

place among the old ones as one of their immortal family, and it is saying much to add that Mr. Warwick Goble's colour-pictures are in every way worthy of it. The same artist has cleverly and beautifully pictured the pretty fancifulness, the curious, elusive charm and grim grotesquerie that fill the dreamland of the child of Japan as it is opened to you in "The Green Willow, and Other Japanese Fairy Tales,"¹ tales that have an odd fascination of their own, though they are slighter, more naive, more compact of nightmares and the extravaganza of dream-life than our English fairy-stories are. There is something especially mundane and homely about the brief legend of "Old Mother Hubbard,"² for example; it is neither magical nor unreal, yet it appeals to all our children irresistibly; it isn't even a fairy-story, or has not been until now, but now Mr. Ladbroke Black has set himself to inquire into the family history of Mother Hubbard and has written "her complete story, together with the fullest recorded account of her Wonderful Dog," and a joyously humorous book it is, humorously illustrated by Dudley Tennant. Yet another modern fairy-book and one that soars above them all and is surer than any other of its welcome is "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens,"³ with Arthur Rackham's graceful and fantastic illustrations; for wherever Peter Pan goes, he is irresistible—he wins the love of the children, delights them with the quaintest and tenderest of fancies and moves them to happiest laughter; and the best of it is that adults read the book too, and are so taken with it that they forget it was not meant for them.

Last year Mr. Russell Flint illustrated four of Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Savoy Operas," and for this Christmas in "Iolanthe and Other Operas"⁴ he illustrates another four, the three others being "The Mikado,"

¹ "The Green Willow, and Other Japanese Fairy Tales." By Grace James. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

² "Old Mother Hubbard." By Ladbroke Black. Illustrated by Dudley Tennant. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

³ "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." By J. M. Barrie. With 24 plates in colour by Arthur Rackham. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁴ "Iolanthe and Other Operas." By W. S. Gilbert. With illustrations in colour by W. Russell Flint. 15s. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)



With the slow, short-measured step of thoughtfulness.

From one of the colour-plates by Everard Hopkinson illustrating "A Sentimental Journey" (Williams & Norgate.)

"Ruddigore," and "The Gondoliers." It were superfluous to praise the operas, and Mr. Flint's colour-plates catch the tone and movement and manner of them with unerring cunning. Nothing could be more piquant than his Japanese maidens for "The Mikado," and if the peers and fairies of "Iolanthe" might sometimes have been touched in with a lighter hand, they are always adequate and instinct with the wry humour of the play. Moreover, the peers just now are no light matter.

Talking of plays, here are two of Shakespeare's—"The Merry Wives of Windsor,"¹ with the virile, breezily humorous drawings of Hugh Thomson, and "Hamlet,"² illustrated from the striking water-colour paintings of W. G. Simmonds. I don't like Mr. Thomson's first presentment of Falstaff, in the scene where

¹ "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

² "Hamlet." Illustrated by W. G. Simmonds. Introduction by Sir A. T. Quiller Couch. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

he enters with Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph; here the fat knight has a stagey suggestion about him—he is too light for his girth and looks as if he had been stuffed by Sir Herbert Tree's ingenious basket-work arrangement; but every other drawing of him shows him the very swollen, jovial, swaggering, grossly witty rascal that Shakespeare drew; and everywhere Slender and Simple, sweet Ann Page, and all the women of the play are depicted with a drollery and grace and easy naturalness that exactly chime with the merry riotous spirit of the comedy. If I were to select what seem to me the best of the "Hamlet" pictures, they would be the one in which the Ghost first appears to the watching soldiers—an impressive, imaginative piece of work; the scene in which the mad Ophelia appears before the Queen; that in which she wanders by the stream with her arm full of flowers; and that which shows the Ghost again eluding the startled vision of Hamlet and his mother. The face of Hamlet in the illustration to the second scene of the first act is a very subtle study in expression, and almost always Mr. Simmonds succeeds

in getting into his paintings the sombre, supernatural, poignantly tragic shadow and feeling that gloom and glow through every page of Shakespeare's supreme creation.

To their "Queen's Treasures Series" Messrs. Bell have added a new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers,"¹ with Miss Wheelhouse's charming illustrations and a long and scholarly introduction by Thomas Seccombe, who has spent some time at Whitby, where the principal scenes of the novel are laid, and has gathered a good deal of new and interesting information about the originals of its characters and the places they lived in. "Cranford,"² the work which has given Mrs. Gaskell most of her popularity, appears also among the colour-books in the "Burlington Library" of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who include in the same attractive series "The Vicar of Wakefield," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "The Essays of Elia."³

It is so many years since I read "Robinson Crusoe"⁴ or "The Pilgrim's Progress"⁵ that I am ashamed to say I have forgotten ever so much of both of them, but glancing over Mr. W. B. Robinson's illustrations of the one and Mr. Frank C. Papé's of the other I can feel again something of the absorbing interest and excitement with which I once dreamed through both of them and could find it in me to envy the boys who still have such glorious hours ahead of them. Sterne's "Sentimental Journey,"⁶ too, comes to me with a fragrance of yesterday's memories about it. I read it first, I remember, in a dumpy, shabby, leather-bound edition, picked up on a second-hand bookstall, and here I have it transfigured, dressed in the finest of bindings and rich in Mr. Everard Hopkins's beautiful colour-pictures, with their fastidious, ruffled, fine gentlemen, the sweet femininity of their women, and the glamorous atmosphere of old France brooding restfully over them all. As typical of a bygone England, as those of a farther bygone France, are the colour-plates from water-colour drawings and the hundred black-and-white sketches of Hugh

¹ "Sylvia's Lovers." By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Thomas Seccombe. Illustrations by M. V. Wheelhouse. 3s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

² "Cranford." Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. "The Vicar of Wakefield." Illustrated by Margaret Jameson. "A Tale of Two Cities." Illustrated by Sep. E. Scott. "The Essays of Elia." Illustrated by Sybil Tawse. 3s. 6d. net each. (Chapman & Hall.)

³ "Robinson Crusoe." Illustrated in colour by W. B. Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

⁴ "The Pilgrim's Progress." Illustrated by Frank C. Papé. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

⁵ "The Sentimental Journey." By Laurence Sterne. Illustrated by Everard Hopkins. 10s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)



"Building a house for Maimie."

Reproduction from one of Arthur Rackham's colour-plates illustrating "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Thomson that embellish Miss Mitford's "Our Village,"¹ the quietly humorous, quietly realistic stories of English rural life that have gone through edition after edition and been illustrated by many artists, but never more delightfully nor more faithfully than in this, the latest edition of them. Mr. Walter Raymond's new collection of stories, "English Country Life,"² is appropriately called by its publisher the "Our Village" of the twentieth century. They are tales and sketches of life in Surrey and are written with all the truth, the keenness of observation, and imaginative insight that have given Mr. Raymond a niche of his own among authors who write of the character and manners of rural England. Two other living novelists who have books among these that have found their way to me are Lucas Malet, whose delightful new romance, "The Wreck of the Golden Galleon"³—the wistful, poignant, exquisitely sympathetic "middle-aged maiden romance" of the little "pony built" Miss Miranda Povey—is cleverly illustrated in colour by C. E. Brock; and H. de Vere Stacpoole, whose novel "The Blue Lagoon,"⁴ unquestionably the most original and most brilliant thing he has yet done, appears in a new edition with characteristic illustrations by Willy Pogány.

Nothing could be more sharply in contrast with the warmth and glow of the South Sea scenes of "The Blue Lagoon" than are the hazy, cold greys and blues, the blind suns and mystic lights and shadows and eerie figures of the living and the dead and the dead-alive that go to the making of the same artist's wonderful pictures for "The Ancient Mariner."⁵ And, if you are for contrast, pass from these to the bizarre and haunting beauty of Jules Guérin's illustrations to "The Holy Land,"⁶ paintings that are magically steeped in the sensuous purples and blues, the golden breathless days and still, clear nights of the Orient. The Pool of Hezekiah at Jerusalem, shut in by a square of houses and dark with the shadows of them; the sacred Garden of Gethsemane; the Temple of Bacchus—these and other the like historic scenes that lie about Damascus, Nazareth, Jericho, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the Holy Sepulchre are not more powerfully and vividly described in Mr. Robert Hichens's nervous, richly pictorial prose than they are reflected in M. Guérin's paintings. The

¹ "Our Village." By Mary Russell Mitford. With 16 coloured plates from drawings and 100 illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

² "English Country Life." By Walter Raymond. Illustrated in colour from water-colour drawings by Willrid Ball. R.E. 5s. net. (Foulsh.)

³ "The Wreck of the Golden Galleon." By Lucas Malet. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁴ "The Blue Lagoon." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

⁵ "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." With 20 plates reproduced by the four-colour process by Willy Pogány. 15s. net. (Harrap.)

⁶ "The Holy Land." By Robert Hichens. Illustrated by Jules Guérin, and with photographs. 25s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



"Dick and Emmeline stole up to him."

From one of the colour-pictures by Willy Pogány illustrating "The Blue Lagoon."
(Fisher Unwin.)

lights and gorgeous hues of the Orient shine also through the pages of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,"¹ for which Mr. A. C. Benson supplies a preface; but here there is more of glitter and brightness and less of atmosphere, for the illustrations are mainly decorative. The volume is a facsimile reproduction of a manuscript written and illuminated by F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe and makes an uncommon and luxurious gift-book. Mrs. Meynell has written an admirably sympathetic introduction for the "Poems by Christina Rossetti,"² that Miss Florence Harrison has illustrated. Miss Harrison is herself a poet of true inspiration, and she has brought to her work as a painter a sensitive understanding and poetic insight that have enabled her to reveal in her pictures something of the pensive introspection and religious mysticism that are the soul of Christina Rossetti's poems. In technique and composition Miss Harrison's work here is curiously reminiscent of that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and so seems in the more perfect communion

¹ "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Translated by Edward FitzGerald, with an Introduction by A. C. Benson. Illustrated and illuminated by F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe. 11 net. (Siegle, Hill & Co.)

² "Poems by Christina Rossetti." With 36 plates in colour, 36 full pages in black-and-white, and other illustrations by Florence Harrison. Introduction by Alice Meynell. 15s. net. (Blackie.)



"The Gypsy tells their fortunes."

From one of the colour pictures by Margaret Jameson illustrating "The Year of Wakefield." (Chapman & Hall.)

with the work it illustrates. "A Picture Song Book"¹ does not pretend to be anything more than a charming Christmas gift-book, and it more than fulfils its modest pretensions. It contains forty-six old ballads and songs, giving both music and words, and to each song there is a full-page coloured illustration by the Earl of Carlisle. These pictures were painted by the Earl when he was staying in the country; they were intended only for the amusement of his grandchildren, and at the time he had no thought of publishing them. "I hope," he says in a brief and whimsical preface, "that this may be considered an extenuating circumstance." But no extenuation is necessary; those who

¹ "A Picture Song Book." With 48 Illustrations in colour by the Earl of Carlisle. 21s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

know the distinguished work the Earl of Carlisle has already accomplished as a water-colour artist would be very greatly surprised if it were.

We reviewed last month Miss Marie Corelli's prose poem, "The Devil's Motor,"¹ and I refer to it again here chiefly that I may have my personal say about the set of remarkable colour-plates with which Mr. Arthur Severn has illustrated it. There are six of these, ranging in style from the grim Dantesque vision of London at midnight—its dim row of roofs and spires and towers stretching into the black distance, its lamps and lighted windows glinting sleepily in the dark waters of the Thames, and high overhead the lurid, flashing car of the Arch-Fiend sweeping athwart a lowering sky, the clouds that are billowing after him breaking into hints of pursuing angels—to the pale tenderness of an evening landscape crossed by a moon-grey stream, and full of a sense of "the murmur of cool grasses waving in the fields of peace." For boldness and originality of conception, the effectiveness of their colour-schemes and their imaginative forcefulness, these pictures will unquestionably rank with the most memorable book illustrations of the day. It is interesting, by the way, to notice how many reviewers of "The Devil's Motor" have missed the obviously dramatic intention of the author and have ascribed to Miss Corelli herself the scorn and ironic denunciation of mankind that are expressed by the great sinister figure who dominates her tragic vision of the doom upon which the world is rushing headlong. It is the usual fate of the author to be thus credited

or discredited with the sentiments and opinions of his characters, but it has happened so often that surely by now we ought to have learned the error of our ways.

"What if our dull forefathers used that cry?
Can we not let a bad example die?"

But I have already over-run the limits of my space, and must leave a multitude of other colour-books to be dealt with on other pages; in the meantime, here at all events are enough and variety enough to choose from and to suit almost every variety of taste.

PHILISTINE.

¹ "The Devil's Motor." By Marie Corelli. Illustrated with plates in colour by Arthur Severn, R.I. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

By PERCY WHITE, MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS, ARTHUR RACKHAM, G. B. BURGIN, JOHN HASSALL, H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, AND MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

EVERY one has some ideal of Christmas—the Christmas he used to keep; the Christmas he would like to keep; the Christmas he feels he ought to keep but knows that he never will. We have been favoured with the following opinions from well-known authors and artists on Christmas as it is and Christmas as it should be:

PERCY WHITE
makes a suggestion.

The recurrence of Christmas always leaves on my mind the impression that we have become so feverish in our efforts to preserve it that we have made it the most fatiguing season of the year. The poetry of the tradition seems to have been so crushed out under the materialism of the display, that there is a real excuse for the selfish people who run away to escape the strain. A simple and charitable festival has grown over-costly and lavish, till, in too many cases, it is more of a saturnalia than a holiday. The only suggestion that I can make is that we should slacken the pace of "Yuletide" jollity and increase our charity in wiser directions.

PERCY WHITE.

MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS
on the keeping of Christmas.

One must begin with a truism. Christ-Mass is a Christian festival. The Mass of the Infant Jesus is its highest and most fitting expression; but, like all the great Christian festivals, it has assimilated a number of heathen customs. The cult of the mistletoe, which is admittedly Druidic; the Was-Hael bowl, which is Scandinavian; the Christmas tree, which (I am told) is Saxon—these were all bits of ritual which were observed long before

the Holy Birth. Whatever their origin, we love them now. They are like an old English house which has the remains of a Norman keep, a timbered gable, a Tudor frontage, perchance a Jacobean porch. They carry the silent eloquence of history, they are sanctified by centuries of Christian association, and we would not willingly surrender one.

But these are only symbols. There is one Christmas



"I wash, wring . . . and do all myself."

From one of the colour-plates by Hugh Thomson illustrating "The Merry Wives of Windsor." (Heinemann.

custom which is not only entirely Christian, but which is an intrinsic part of the keeping of the festival. This is its social aspect. Parties of friends at Christmas are indispensable. They are the necessary and correct form of observance of that Goodwill towards Men which the Baby Guest in the Manger taught so forcibly.

In this respect, I regret the modern tendency. The irreligious say that the idea of Christmas sociability is an exploded bit of mid-Victorian sentimentalism. One hears religious people object to conviviality as something derogatory to the spiritual aspect of the feast. Both are wrong. Christmas is the feast of Goodwill towards Men, the feast of reconciliation, the day on which all who have no gathering at their own hearth should find a welcome at some one else's.

Whether we celebrate it with British, Danish, or Saxon rites, let us do so, as far as we possibly can, in community and reunion.

GERTRUDE M. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

ARTHUR RACKHAM

wants to alter the date.

I'm really afraid I have nothing to say on the subject of Christmas. It is one of the institutions I have taken for granted as I found it. If one is forced to consider it, one might suggest that the date of the celebration of Christmas should be moved to a pleasanter time of the year.

ARTHUR RACKHAM.

G. B. BURGIN:

His wants.

No, I do not consider that Christmas is kept in an ideal way nowadays. The "good old Charles Dickens Christmas" is deadlier than the proverbial doornail. It had its drawbacks; there was an overpowering amount of conviviality of a more or less arduous nature in it; but it certainly kept up the best traditions of Christmas, made people more charitable, more kindly disposed to one another, more willing to bury the hatchet and to remember the season of universal peace and goodwill. The children revelled in it—now they want to play Bridge; the young people kissed beneath the mistletoe—now they say, "Kiss her under the mistletoe and be hooked by the old birds! Eh, what?"; the old people sat and thought of the days of their youth, of those loved and lost—now they drink equally hard and lie about their prowess at golf; in the old times the servants loved their master and mistress and were the first to wish them happiness on Christmas Day; now, they wonder how soon they can decently give notice because they are expected to carry coals upstairs.

On Christmas Day I want those I love and who love me, in spite of my errors of omission and commission, to write and tell me so. I want to sit and think of the swiftly flying years and what yet remains for me to do. Then thank the Power which has helped me over life's thorny path. I want to meet old friends and find them younger; I want to lay in a stock of hope and courage

for the next twelve months; and, lastly, when we are sitting at our comfortable Christmas feasts, I want to think of those who "broken by Fortune dwell in Alsatia."

GEO. B. BURGIN.

JOHN HASSALL

has it.

So far as I am concerned I am quite incompetent to judge of whether Christmas is kept in an ideal way by the general public, because the festival starts with my family three or four days before the 25th unofficially. All the stockings are filled on Christmas Eve; the Christmas tree is decked from top to bottom, and the house more like a wood with the amount of foliage that is put up. On December 25 itself we are so busy that I've no idea how other people spend the day. With us it couldn't be more ideal.

JOHN HASSALL.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

and his Ideal.

You ask me whether I think Christmas is kept in an ideal way nowadays. I think it is when the keepers of it conform as far as possible to the old kindly traditions.

Here is my formula for an ideal Christmas: *Make it a happy time for children.* That includes every ingredient necessary, in whatever station of life we are.

I do not know how it is with others, but in my own case Christmas induces a kindlier feeling towards mankind in general, and I am sure that extra warmth of feeling comes from the embers of old Christmases; the recollection of the kindness of grown-up people experienced in childhood.

It is really the great children's festival—long may it flourish.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK

praises the German way.

I naturally think that Christmas is kept in the ideal way by Germans and that it hardly counts anywhere else. Christmas is the tree and the tree is Christmas, but you must have it as Germans do on Christmas Eve in the seclusion of the family. How can a country be said to keep Christmas that has a tree any day and hangs presents on it and asks a juvenile party to it? The presents must be on little tables and never on the branches of the tree. That is hung with lights and sweetmeats and small fantastic toys and tiny red apples, but no one strips it. For days before Christmas you watch the streets and market-places of your town, wondering which tree the Christ Child will bring to you, and on the Eve, with none but your own people by, you find it lighted and trimmed, scenting the room. All your life you remember the moment when you see it, as the glowing one to which the other days of the year lead. In Munich people take a tree to the grave of their beloved dead and light it there. Then they go back to the one waiting for them in their home.

CECILY SIDGWICK.

WHAT WAS THE ENGLISH REFORMATION?

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

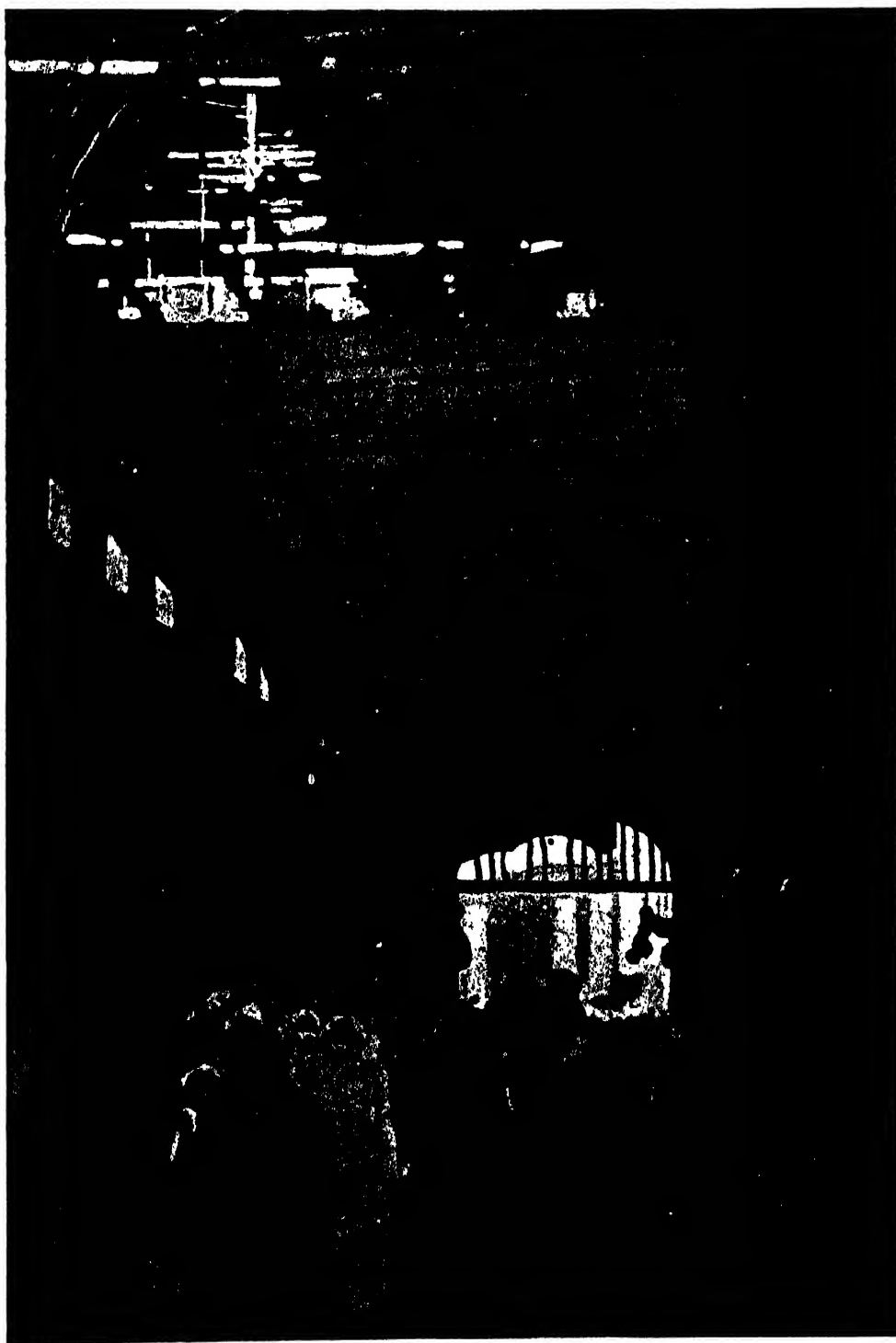
ANY writer deserves congratulation who will undertake the study of a seemingly worn-out problem in the light of new ideas. All the more if his subject chances to be English history. For reasons which lie deep in the national character, that history, as read and taught in our schools, remains a "fable agreed upon," mostly of a Whig or Macaulay-like pattern, and in the main political, touched up here and there with picturesque incidents. The late Professor Freeman did all that eloquence and learning could attempt, to break the barrier which divides the story of these Islands from that of Europe at large. But our schools remain doggedly insular still, nay something less, for they seldom hear even of Scottish or Irish events, except as bearing on the Englishman's adventures abroad. To elementary and public-school education Europe may be known as a geographical term; but as the subject of a development which connects the Roman Empire with our twentieth century it is a land unexplored by teachers "as they make them."

No Catholic would ever take so contracted a view; for, by definition, his Church is international; its outward shape during a thousand years was called Christendom, and England was one of its provinces. Down to the year 1534 Englishmen were members of a vast federation, over which the Pope ruled by means of his Canon Law. The Act of Royal Supremacy meant nothing else than a revolt from this Latin Union, the beginning of a self-centred *Orbis Britannicus*, and a start on original lines of enterprise, ending in the Empire of to-day. Merely to outline these undeniable facts will suggest a philosophy of the Reformation which, in our schools at any rate, is overlooked. Yet we can scarcely now fail to perceive that religious controversies do not explain

the events of the sixteenth century, as neither do they exhaust them. What larger principle, then, shall we take to guide us? What, after all, was the English Reformation?

Mr. Lumsden* proposes to follow up this surely most absorbing inquiry from original documents and the evidence of contemporary literature, not without help where it is given by thinkers of our own time. His first volume may be described as a prelude or intro-

* "The Dawn of Modern England: A History of the Reformation, 1500-25." By Carlos Lumsden. 98. net. (Longmans.)



The Sweetmeat Bazaar, Damascus.

Front one of the colour-plates by Jules Guérin illustrating "The Holy Land." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

duction, and its opening chapter strikes the warning note. He is a Catholic, therefore likely to furnish a point of view to which readers are not accustomed, and so far an advantage when we are breaking fresh ground. He has read a portentous number of books—his bibliography extends over twenty-one pages—and if he can digest them all he is a miracle of learning, an orthodox Henry Thomas Buckle. Indeed, his great undertaking reminds us of Buckle's too ambitious effort, which would have discovered a formula not unequal to the civilisation he surveyed on all sides. To condense Calvin's "Institutes" and Henry's Acts of Parliament; to sum up in luminous periods after the manner of Gibbon the confused and shifting politics of an age when every little Italian Court had its secret intrigues and its public "orators"; to trace the beginnings of the capitalist régime as it emerged from the ruins of Feudalism—who is sufficient for these things? They have not been successfully brought out in the "Cambridge Modern History," though its merits as touching the general account of the Reformation are conspicuous. Perhaps the task lies beyond man's power. If in any degree feasible we may attribute our surer grasp of the phenomena to the increase of documentary knowledge, and our better insight to the laws of perspective. For the Reformation as a whole lies behind us; it is something complete and, in a sense, finished. All that lay in it had been pretty well realised when the "Rights of Man" in 1789 gave political expression to the "Right of Private Judgment," proclaimed at Wittenberg in 1517. Disentangled from the mightier movement in which it was an episode lasting nearly three hundred years, the strictly religious programme of Luther, Zwingli, or Calvin may be studied by itself. As for the Royal Supremacy, dear to England, it was destined to give way before a popular Constitution and the reign of law, with a tendency ever growing towards the pure secular State. Undoubtedly such results were contained from the first in the breaking-up of Christendom. But once more we find ourselves in front of the question, "What caused that breaking-up?" Bishop Creighton held that all attempts to account for the change we know as the Renaissance had been unsatisfactory. In that case a new attempt may be pardoned. Even the statement of the riddle would, let us hope, yield some not unworthy consequences. I think Mr. Lumsden has a claim to so much recognition as this, if to nothing more.

But his preliminary chapter—a bird's-eye view—discloses many fields of interest, while the last sixty pages, dealing with economical statistics under Henry VIII., are well worth reading. I wish the author had expanded these parts and ruthlessly sacrificed the details of European politics which lie huddled between them. Mr. Lumsden has neither Macaulay's vivid style nor Gibbon's genius for condensation. He writes carelessly, and he believes that "facts" are "dull." Now to most of us facts are interesting and principles are dull. The infallible receipt for composing a dull

history I take to be this, that we should keep our eyes exclusively fixed upon the inferences we are going to draw from the facts we narrate. Froude is the master whose enchanting touch Mr. Lumsden recalls by contrast, and whose example might have taught him a lesson in the magic art of presenting past events as though we saw them on the stage. It was not impossible to tell us all we needed in a few clear chapters, as the foundation for Mr. Lumsden's reasoning. But he is at once too particular and too hurried; we lose the philosophy without gaining a definite picture of the world it is called upon to explain. Had there been misrepresentation of facts which later intelligence might correct, well and good; but we are all now agreed on the chief points of the history. It does little credit to any of the great persons concerned. Virtue, public or private, was not common in those days of a new-found freedom. Let us turn to the secret yet decisive motive-power which King and Kaiser, Pope and Reformer, alike obeyed, and which fully warranted the name of Renaissance or new birth ever since bestowed on it.

English Whig historians never have grasped any but party principles, and those political; hence the inadequate treatment of history in our text-books. I should much have preferred an account of the Renaissance by Adam Smith to one by Macaulay. For Adam Smith would have reduced its phenomena to their economic basis; and whatever else we do, this must be done. Our present author, transcending the Whig low levels, takes his prospect-glass where he can perceive the changes in land-tenure, in enclosures, in commerce, in capital and enterprise, in the standard of living, in luxury and labour, that brought about a fresh grouping of rulers and ruled. The Catholic indictment of these changes, so far as they made against the old religion, is confirmed by the Socialist. Karl Marx and Mr. Hyndman agree with Sir Thomas More, with the defenders of monasticism, with writers like the German historian Janssen, who declare that the Reformation confiscated the patrimony of the poor and labouring class in favour of a new rich caste, whose wealth was gradually divorced from all idea of social service. Feudalism went out with Catholic dogma; Capitalism took the place of both and holds it to this hour. In the Middle Ages freedom was severely limited by duty towards the commune; property was a trust, usury a sin; private means paid taxes in the shape of charity; and the individual could not plead against Church or State that he was free to do as he liked with his own. The basis of society was an ordered communism—trade-guild, town-corporation, monastery, feudal tenure—elected Emperor and Pope at the head of the system. Absolute private capital was unknown and inconceivable. The last word of this legislation we may read in the sumptuary laws which regulated the price of commodities, the food and raiment of the various orders which made up the social hierarchy. No man was supposed to live or die to himself. In religion such is the Catholic idea; in morals the French call

it solidarity; in politics it should furnish principles for the just distribution of wealth and transform the licence now enjoyed by riches to definite public obligations.

But the idea which inspired Renaissance and Reformation alike was, in Mr. Lumsden's rendering, exactly the opposite of all these things. It substituted the individual for the commonwealth, the Ego for the brotherhood. The Reform justified by faith and without works, and accordingly works of beneficence were no longer done from a sense of duty, if at all. It overthrew monasticism and transferred to private plunderers the lands which had been left, on socialised terms, mainly to the lower classes. It made poverty no longer a Christian virtue but a crime, and stigmatised it as pauperism. Interest and self-interest became leading motives, acknowledged now to be legitimate and in fact supreme, whereas the medieval faith sacrificed this world to the next. At length, although Mr. Lumsden has not arrived within centuries of the great

anarchist development under Bentham and the preachers of Laissez-faire, it was held that the one duty of government consisted in the defence of free private contract. The State was a policeman; the cash-nexus became the only bond of society; economics were a matter of bargaining without reference to ethical or humane considerations. Such was the conception of the Liberal State, atomic not organic, not a divine institution but a free-will association, limited in its outlook to the present world. In short, and perhaps all too sharply, we may affirm that the medieval order was framed in view of the "Beyond," as a pilgrimage to eternity; the modern, which began with a revolt from the Papal "Kingdom of God," rests on man himself, the creature of a day, and leaves religion to our particular thoughts, while founding culture, civilisation, commerce, art, and government on freedom of contract or the "voluntary system." But here I must break off, commending Mr. Lumsden's volume for its bold and suggestive treatment of a subject so vast.

FAIRYLAND.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

"Oh, let's away to Fairyland,
To Fairyland, to Fairyland;
Oh, let's away to Fairyland,
Where all the woods are merry."

THERE was once a little girl who went to school to a very, very old-fashioned convent-school in Ireland. At home she had been used to browse at will on books, for though she had a pious mother who said "Don't!" when it was a question of her little girl reading books not pious, she had a big-ninded, kind father who said, "Let her, it will do her no harm." So she had read everything, from the Family Bible to "Lady Audley's Secret," with some very queer things in between.

Figure to yourself, then, this small person of eleven tied down to a convent-school library, which, however, contained "The Heir of Redclyffe" and a volume of religious poetry—Anglican—which had a great vogue in the—oh, ever so long ago, and was called "Ezekiel, and Other Poems." There were also the religious novels of the late Lady Georgina Fullerton, "Fabiola," "Callista," and "The Last Days of Pompeii" in a French translation.

Out of these the young person who had been accustomed to browse wrung a quite extraordinary amount of sweetness. But perhaps dearest of all was some collection which included within its borders "The Ugly Duckling" of Hans Andersen, and a bit from Kingsley's "Water Babies." Since then these have represented fairyland to her; and now that she is quite old she could almost repeat "The Ugly Duckling" verbatim for her children. She did indeed introduce her own

children to it at a tender age, with the result that a sensitive boy of five, at the glorious ending, which yet



From "The Scottish Fairy Book." (Fisher Unwin.)



They sported in this charming way.

From "Folk-Tales of Many Lands." (Harrap.)

makes her ancient heart swell within her, where the poor brow-beaten Ugly Duckling turns into a most beautiful Swan, suddenly burst into tears. "It isn't the top," he sobbed, "nor it isn't the bottom; they're all right; it's the middle where he was so mis'able."

A good deal of water has flowed under the bridges since Andersen's Fairy Tales were first sprung on a happy world of children. So beautiful and ever fresh are they that one thinks of a most wonderful rose-tree in a glorious forest, and all the children sitting down under the sweet shadow of the roses reading "The Ugly Duckling," and "The Tin Soldier," and "The Red Shoes," and "The Wild Swans," and ever so many more delectable things. And, oh yes, that blessed miscellany of the convent-school also contained "The Pine Tree" and "The Daisy." Over "The Daisy" the little girl of long ago nearly broke her heart.

And here is Hans Christian Andersen,¹ the dearest friend of the children of the world, brought out in a most lovely new edition by Messrs. J. M. Dent, and illustrated by that delightful and most imaginative artist, Mr. Maxwell Armfield. I think Mr. Armfield

¹ "Stories from Hans Andersen." Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent & Sons.)

must have loved Hans Andersen very much when he was a little boy, or he would hardly have been able to produce such illuminating pictures of the stories. It is a ticklish thing to illustrate such a one as Hans Andersen, for every child will have just its own pre-conceived idea of how things looked. I turn to my dear "Ugly Duckling," and I find a most delightful picture of the old mansion, with its moat under the spreading dock-leaves, in the shade of which the Ugly Duckling was born. It isn't exactly as I saw it; but then I saw it as the haggard, or stack-yard, of a long, low thatched farm-house in Ireland, behind which was the pond tangled over with weeds, with the little island in the middle, which, if you watched it very patiently and quietly, might yield up the wonderful sight of a water-hen and her little brood swimming out on the waters of the pond and scurrying back to shelter if one but moved. Happy, happy country children who make their own *milieu* for the stories they love best! Mr. Maxfield Armfield must have been a country child. But for the children even the town has its "deare secret greenesse"; and I must ask the next town child I meet to give me his or her *milieu* for "The Ugly Duckling."

And now another Grace after Meat—meat eaten so long ago, but so filling and fattening to the child's imagination. Here is Kingsley's "Water Babies," of the immortalities like Hans Christian Andersen. Kingsley was a lucky man. There was hardly anything he touched in which he was not brilliantly successful. What with "The Water Babies" for the children and the "Heroes" for the boys and girls, what with "Alton



"He was too fat to walk."

From "Gervas and the Magic Castle." (Duckworth.)

Locke" for the young man bent on re-making the world and "Hypatia" for the serious, and "Westward Ho" for the adventurous, to say nothing of the poetry—"The Sands of Dee," and "Oh, Sweet it was in Avis," and that very mid-Victorian "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," which, *mirabile dictu*, is not yet out of fashion—he was an uncommonly lucky man. And here we have "The Water Babies" brought out beautifully by Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, with coloured pictures by Katharine Cameron, who by this time must be a great favourite with the children, seeing all the lovely books she has illustrated for them. If anything could make "The Water Babies" more delightful and acceptable to children, it would be these pictures by Miss Katharine Cameron.

There is always, or nearly always, a poet locked up in the heart of a child. One remembers Swift's tale of the Irish bishops—how they set out from London holy and reverend men, but on Hounslow Heath, Boxmoot, or some such place beloved of highwaymen, they were seized upon by the Knights of the Road, who changed garments with them and rode away to Ireland and took their sees, which transaction to Swift's mind was fully explanatory of their later actions. Well, somewhere between childhood and manhood some brigand, or else some dull and commonplace person, turns the poet out of the heart that had housed him and takes up his own habitation therein. Here is a book which will appeal to the poet not yet dispossessed, Mr. Maurice Baring's "The Glass Mender, and Other Stories."¹ Mr. Baring

has a beautiful prose style, and he has not waited for this book to tell us that he has the mind of a poet. He has the clear and lucent imagination which shakes down, as it were, myriads of flowers in a green and golden forest, so that he is of the authentic company of those who are born to write fairy stories and not made to write them. The coloured illustrations have a certain Japanese oddity, and one is pretty sure the children will like them; but if they don't they can listen to Mr. Baring's "Song of Spring" with their eyes shut and imagine the rest.

"The Scottish Fairy Book," by Elizabeth Grierson,

¹ "The Water Babies." By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Jack.)

² "The Glass Mender, and Other Stories." By Maurice Baring. Illustrated. 6s. (Nisbet.)

son,¹ is the third of an excellent trio, of which the other two are "The Welsh Fairy Book" and "The Irish Fairy Book." One rather wonders how they kept from overlapping, for certainly some of these Scottish Fairy Tales were familiar to my Irish youth. "The Black Bull of Norrway" is one dearly beloved of my childhood. The collection is full of the Celtic imagination. The very titles will fill the poet in the child with thrills and shudders of anticipated delight. What about "Gold Tree and Silver Tree," "The Well o' the World's End," "The Milk-White Doo'," "Courteous King Jamie"? Is there not a world of promised delight in these? The book is profusely illustrated with a wealth of fancy by a new artist, Morris Meredith Williams, and will bring untold delight to the child who is happy enough to receive it as a Christmas gift.

And here is "The Book of Betty Barber,"² illustrated by that king of them all, Mr. Arthur Rackham. Certainly we give the children of our best in these happy days for children. No more crudities, no more carelessness, but the most airy and delicate imagination among our draughtsmen. One wishes that Mr. Rackham would illustrate the poetry of Mr. W. B. Yeats. "The Book of Betty Barber" is published by Messrs. Duckworth, and if it were not that the children like colour one would say it was a pity to colour these precious drawings.

"Gervas and the Magic Castle," by B. V. Harvey,³ is another of Messrs. Duck-

worth's publications, and one marvels at the cheapness of the price, for the stories are good, the verse gay and deft, and the illustrations charming. One need not be a very good boy or girl, or one's friends very rich, to be rewarded by this delightful book.

And here are "Celtic Fairy Tales,"⁴ in Messrs. Jack's charming "Told to the Children" Series. The stories are of the best, the format dainty and delicate, and the price moderation itself. In the children's Valhalla,

¹ "The Scottish Fairy Book." By Elizabeth Grierson. Illustrated. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

² "The Book of Betty Barber." Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

³ "Gervas and the Magic Castle." By B. V. Harvey. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

⁴ "Celtic Fairy Tales." Retold by Mrs. Louey Chisholm. Illustrated. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Jack.)



*She came on tiptoe across the fl
stealing towards Clark*



From one of the colour pictures illustrating "Santa Claus's Parin" (Chatto & Windus.)

Mrs. Louey Chisholm, Messrs. Jack's particular wonder-worker, has an assured place.

"Santa Claus's Partner," by Thomas Nelson Page,¹ although it is published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, has a transatlantic origin. Perhaps the "onlie beggetter" of a book in this delightful vein is our own particular Charles Dickens, and here is a book which one might keep on one's bookshelf side by side with "The Christmas Carol." Among the multitude of fairy stories, this fairy story, which any man of moderate wealth might make come true, is very welcome. There is here the true spirit of Christmas, warming and expanding, and the book with its delightful American illustrations, deft and brilliant, will be enjoyed by the elders before being passed on to the children.

"Little Lady Grimgruff," by Marie Bayne,² is of obviously Celtic origin. The writer, whose name we do not remember to have heard before, asks in a foreword where the fairies have gone to. Well, the question has been asked before.

"But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James, came in,
They have not danced on any heath
As in the time hath been."

They have not danced—perhaps—to mortal eyes often. But there are still eyes anointed so that they can see the fairies. I could and I would quote you a recipe to anoint the eyes so that the fairies would be visible. Said a small boy of my acquaintance, on being told that if he fasted three days he could see the fairies, "H'm! Could I eat a fairy, then?" Some of the

¹ "Santa Claus's Partner." By Thomas Nelson Page. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

² "Little Lady Grimgruff." By Marie Bayne. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Sands.)

fairies, and the most delightful ones, have been caught fast between the pages of this book.

"Aunt Maria's Dressing-Table," by Helen Reid Cross,¹ consists of the tales Aunt Maria used to tell her little niece, of the Golden Pig who was a Tape Measure, the China Hen, the Scissors who was a Crane, and all the other creatures of the Dressing-Table. The book has a certain old-fashioned fragrance, and the pictures are outlined so that the children may colour them for themselves. This is sure to be a popular book.

"Fairy Tales from Many Lands," by Lilian Gask,² has things new and old, gathered at sweet will from the fields of many countries. Here is Canon Schmidt's "Basket of Flowers," dear to my childhood, as well as the legend which has often been told of the monk who listened to the White Bird's Song the length of a day as he thought, not realising that it was his whole life that sped by. These and very many others from France, from Spain, from Russia and Italy, from the frozen lands and the sunny lands. Miss Gask has the Golden Key.

Last, but not least, of these Guides to Fairyland comes dear Mrs. Ewing, who deserves her immortality as a school-room classic. "The Brownies, and Other Tales" is published by Messrs. Bell at 2s. 6d. net, and it is cheap at any price.³ I really envy the little girl who is given this book for a Christmas present. Dear, delightful, fragrant Mrs. Ewing! What thronging memories she brings back! We, too, have been in Fairyland.

¹ "Aunt Maria's Dressing-Table." By Helen Reid Cross. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

² "Fairy Tales from Many Lands." By Lilian Gask. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

³ "The Brownies, and Other Tales." By Mrs. Ewing. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Geo Bell & Sons.)

New Books.

THE NEW MAETERLINCK.*

For some years the genius of Maurice Maeterlinck has been testing itself against what is foreign to the essentially Maeterlinckian drama—that compact drama of spiritual force which was so rare at its best that it had almost to abandon the human and find expression through the soul of symbolic creatures which even their creator called marionettes. The first complete sign of this variation from an accepted dramatic tradition was "Monna Vanna." In this play there was little of the old Maeterlinck, little, indeed, peculiar to any one dramatist. Excellent as it is, it is excellent because of Maeterlinck's skill as an artist and not because of any distinction of vision. "Monna Vanna" is the sort of play the late Wilson Barrett might have written had he possessed the necessary skill. In "The Blue Bird" Maeterlinck returns somewhat to his earlier vision. Here are all the themes of the plays for marionettes, but popularised and prettified. "The Blue

* "Mary Magdalene." By Maurice Maeterlinck. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Bird" is, however, the real thing garnished for human nature's daily food; or rather it is Maeterlinck peptonised.

In his latest play, "Mary Magdalene," he once more enters a new realm. There is nothing remote about this remarkable work, remote as its theme may be. Every action rings with reality, and if the movement of the earlier acts is somewhat slow, ample amends are made in the fine crescendo of the climax. As one reads the play, such musical comparisons force themselves upon the mind; indeed, "Mary Magdalene" is a symphony upon the theme of Christ and Mary, beginning in quiet statements of the circumstances surrounding the immortal story, and gradually accumulating force until, culminating in the full movement of the last acts, it reveals the eternal tragedy of man's relation to God. In this play Maeterlinck is more realistic and more modern than he has ever been, but the very modernity of his language helps him in visualising for us that vague Roman-Judaic civilisation in which the religion of modern civilisation was born.

With superb skill and an almost entire absence of archaeological reference Maeterlinck re-creates the atmosphere of

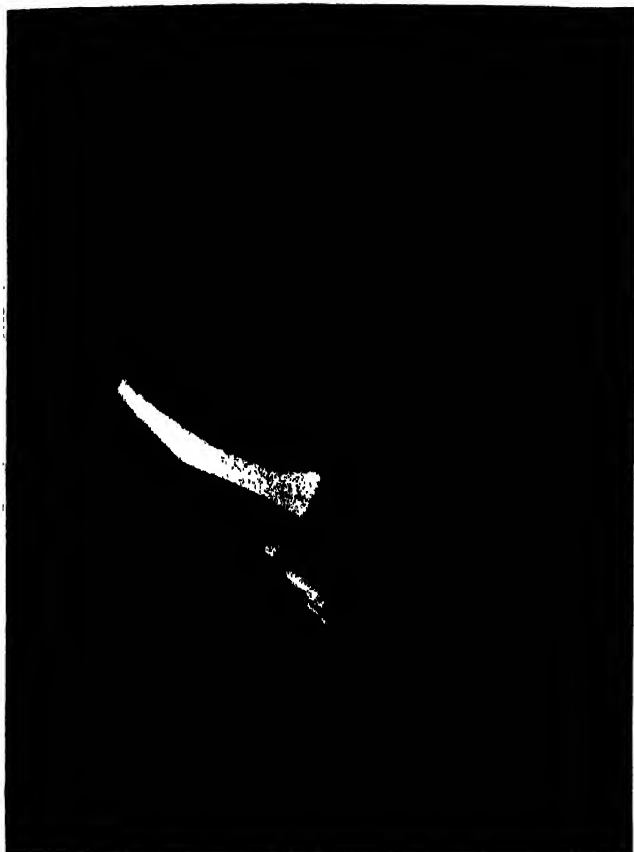


Photo by Hoppe.

M. Maurice Maeterlinck.

Judea during those days of unrest which surrounded the first preaching of the Christian Gospel. Christ never appears upon the stage in person, but only as an influence and a voice. At the close of Act I, this voice commands the stage like the symbol of a new faith. Mary Magdalene is with Lucius Verus, a military tribune of Rome, and Annæus Silanus, an old Roman philosopher, on the terrace of the latter's garden at Bethany. Near by is the house of Simon the Leper, who has been miraculously restored to health by a certain Nazarene. They discuss the circumstances surrounding the coming of the strange Preacher whose influence upon the weak and the poor is already beginning to disturb the tranquillity of the authorities. Presently a noise is heard from the terrace, at first it is dull and confused, but gradually it grows louder and more definite. "Sounds of a crowd forming and hurrying, stones rolling, children crying, dogs barking; shouts that grow more and more distinct." These resolve themselves into cries to bring the sick and announcements that He is going to speak. The Romans realise that it is the Nazarene in Simon's garden. There are cries of "Hosannah!" and "Master! Master!" Then "An incomparable silence, in which it seems as though the birds and the leaves of the trees and the very air that is breathed take part, falls with all its supernatural weight upon the countryside; and, in this silence, which weighs upon the people on the terrace also, there rises, absolute sovereign of space and the hour, a wonderful voice, soft and all-powerful, intoxicated with ardour, light, and love, distant and yet near to every heart and present in every soul—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!" The Romans listen enthralled but irritated, and Mary rushes down the garden towards the speaker. She is reviled by the mob, who prepare to stone her, when the voice is heard once again: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her!"

The climax of the play is reached after the arrest of Christ when Mary is asked by Verus to renounce her new-found faith in Christ and follow once more her old life by giving herself to him; in return he offers to set

the Nazarene free. The final act in which Mary struggles with the demands and taunts of Verus rises to the highest point of dramatic art. Maeterlinck has never done better work. Then Verus turns to the converted, to Joseph of Arimathæa, the blind, the halt, the leprous who have been cured, and each in turn reviles her for not giving way. A voice outside is again heard, Christ is being led to Pilate. Verus pleads. The Saviour can be saved if Mary will give the Roman her promise. Throughout that last scene she remains silent and impassive, deaf to all pleadings, until the end, when the blind man of Jericho calls. "He falls! . . . He has fallen! . . . He is looking at the house! . . ." Verus makes one more effort: "Magdalene, I still promise you . . ." But Mary Magdalene, without stirring, without looking at Verus, in a voice from another life, full of peace and divine certainty, refuses the bargain. "Go!" she cries. Verus goes out as the voices in the street shriek "Crucify Him!" and Mary remains motionless "as though in ecstasy," illumined with the light of the departing torches.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

MR. NOYES'S COLLECTED POEMS.*

Turn up the name of Mr. Alfred Noyes in "Who's Who?" and you will find his age given as exactly thirty. "No more?" you will ask. Yet so young a poet as this is to be seen issuing, and finding a publisher of note for, a collected edition of his works. Who with such a case before him will venture to deny that some men can make poetry pay? For it is not as if Mr. Noyes had ever sacrificed his ideals to any pursuit of popularity. It has been his good fortune to voice the imperialistic spirit in an age enthusiastic for empire, but his has been no mere banging of the big drum, and though the long epic of "Drake" stands to his credit, it is his lyrics that have won him, and rightly won him, his large circle of admirers. Melody and imagination are his in no common degree, and it is on the one hand the colour, on the other hand the lilt of his verse, which have charmed his contemporaries. We do not go to Alfred Noyes for a profound philosophy of life or expect him to throw light on the problems of man's relations to Nature. We turn to him to be transported from reality, or rather to be shown the world transformed and lit with magic light and flowering with romance. Mr. Noyes may not plumb deep into life's mysteries, but he retains the child's sense of wonder; he has vision, as we say, and a fancy that runs riot and a sensitive ear; he can wed words that call up the loveliest of scenes to most fascinating harmonies of sound. None of our younger men has experimented so freely in prosodic directions as he—the variety of his rhythms is remarkable; none has been so prolific alike in musical and pictorial invention. Mr. Noyes walks through our town thoroughfares or country lanes and sees enchantment everywhere. The news boy darting through the traffic and illumined by the flare of the street lamp is for him a modern Hermes. The hansoms and motor-cars are strange monsters with diamond eyes that run errands in the service of love and beauty. His very tramps figure in extraordinary adventures as they doze on the turf under the mid-day sun. His sailors are "singing seamen" who have caught a Greek god in their nets or have met Prester John on their voyages. It is just this glamour Mr. Noyes can throw over every-day conditions that makes him so true a poet, for in our most exalted, that is to say our best, moments we know full well that this world, which often enough we move through so listlessly, is a perpetual miracle, that the sun's daily rising and the glories of the stars, the pageant of the seasons and the discoveries of science, are

* "Collected Poems." By Alfred Noyes. 2 Vols. 10s. net (Blackwood & Sons.)

marvels that should hold us agape with delight and gratitude. They grow too familiar and we become purblind, and the poet's function is to clear our eyes of the dust of use and wont and remind us that we live in fairyland. Mr. Noyes has fulfilled this duty with a sincerity and a sustained passion about which there can be no mistake.

The title, "Collected Poems," has a note of finality about it. But we need hardly fear any exhaustion of this writer's Muse, though he may have chosen—and very naturally—to revise and bring together compositions many of which are now out of print. When you come to think of it, his is a very considerable output for a man of his years and fully justifies the publication of the new edition. These two handsome volumes represent a dozen years' work, and a fine record it is. "Drake," of course, fills more than half of one volume. Still, we have here too not only the more familiar poems that were issued along with "The Enchanted Island," but also the "Forty Singing Seamen" and those two delightful fantasies, "The Flower of Old Japan" and "The Forest of Wild Thyme." A re-reading of those only confirms the impression originally produced of the intensely lyrical quality of Mr. Noyes's verse. "Drake" is a wonderful *tour de force* and compels admiration for the vigour and the high spirits with which its narrative is maintained. But after all it is the more pictorial passages that stay in the memory, and it is curious to note how skilfully and inevitably the poet makes his blank verse sing: take the description of Drake's crew, collecting treasure from a prize ship:

"The naked-footed seamen bathed sea-deep
In gold and gathered up Aladdin's fruit—
All-coloured gems—and tossed them in the sun.
The hold like one great elfin orchard gleamed
With dusky globes and tawny glories piled,
Hesperian apples, heap on mellow heap,
Rich with the hues of sunset, rich and ripe,
And ready for the enchanted cider-press;
An emperor's ransom in each burning orb;
A kingdom's purchase in each clustered bough;
The freedom of all slaves in every chain."

Purely lyrical, you must confess, some of those lines, and it need hardly be said blazing with colour! There we hit on one of Mr. Noyes's weaknesses. He is so fond of elaborating his pictures that he cannot resist an epithet that suggests colour. He is also rather too much inclined in the narratives he assigns to characters to forget their idiosyncrasies and speak through their mouths. Thus in the tale of "The Tramp Transfigured"—which proves, like "Bacchus and the Pirates," his possession of that rather rare gift in poets, humour—he makes his hero talk too much like a scholar:

"Don't you make no doubt of it! The deeper that you look,
sir,
All your ancient poets tell you just the same as me.
What about old Ovid and his most indecent book, sir,
Morphosising females into flowers and stars and trees?
What about old Proteus and his 'ghly curious 'abits,
Mixing of his old grey beard into the old grey sea?
What about old Darwin and the hat that brought forth rabbits,
Mud and slime that grew into the pomp of Nineveh?
What if there should be
One great Power beneath it all, one God in you and me?"

And in "The Forest of Wild Thyme" you will find him crediting the children who tell the story with phrases and thoughts only possible to maturity.

It is in the ballad and kindred metres that Mr. Noyes is irresistible. Let him get a good swinging tune, as he has never any difficulty in doing, and his words take step, as it were, without any word of command. Listen to this:

"And still of a winter's night, they sing, when the wind is in
the trees;
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding,
Riding, riding,
A highwayman comes riding up to the old inn-door."

Or this again, which is none the worse for having an echo of William Morris:

"You that have seen the world and its glory
Change and grow old like the love of a friend;
You that have come to the end of the story,
You that were tired ere you came to the end;
You that are weary of laughter and sorrow,
Pain and pleasure, labour and sin,
Sick of the midnight and dreading the morrow,
Ah, come in; come in."

Would you have a different strain?

"All along the purple creek, lit with silver foam,
Silent, silent voices cry no more of home!
Soft beyond the cherry-trees, o'er the dim lagoon,
Dawns the crimson lantern of the large low moon."

And Mr. Noyes can sound a graver music, as in "Mount Ida," an elegy written like "Lycidas" and "Adonais" to commemorate the untimely end of a life full of promise and cruelly cut off:

"For thou wast ever alien to our skies,
A wistful stray of radiance on this earth,
A changeling with deep memories in thine eyes,
Mostly gazing through our loud-voiced mirth
To some fair land beyond the gates of birth;
Yet, as a star thro' clouds, thou still didst shed
Through our dark world thy lovelier, rarer glow;
Time, like a picture of but little worth,
Before thy young hand lifelessly outspread,
At one light stroke from thee
Gleamed with Eternity;
Thou gav'st the master's touch, and we—we did not know."

"Mount Ida" is a new one, it will be seen, for all its indebtedness to Shelley, a beautiful poem specially contributed to this edition.

F. G. BRETANY.

THE HISTORY OF COLOUR-PRINTING.*

Colour-printing is enjoying an immense vogue, and, applied to books, its success, great as it is, has certainly not reached its full development. The aristocratic coloured mezzotint and line-engraving of two hundred years ago originated a popular demand; later on, the wood-block and the lithographic stone met the more insistent requirements of the public, until at last, now that the demand has developed into a loud and increasing clamour, the three colour process, and kindred methods, are scarcely sufficient to satisfy the voracious appetite. From books and magazines, colour-printing has spread to the weeklies, and although a first attempt in a daily newspaper did not succeed, the time will surely come when coloured "pictures" will replace the half-tone illustrations in the dailies, which we all thought so wonderful when they first appeared. It must be six or seven years since the late Mr. Pulitzer of New York consulted me about starting such a venture in London, in happy ignorance of the obstacles that barred the way. But things are moving fast, and while in one direction we witness technical improvements, in another we see the democratisation of a movement in which high quality is certainly not of the first importance. The story of the great development which has been built up out of thousands of details and accumulated inventions has never hitherto been told in a consecutive and compendious form; Mr. Burch's book, therefore, deserves respect for its originality and even more for the skill with which it has been put together. In certain directions it is not exhaustive, but as a conspectus, packed full of information, it is valuable and interesting, while for the general reader who is alive to the significance of the subject it is instructive and entertaining as well.

This history of the art of colour-printing goes back further than most people have any idea of; a chapter is devoted to that which was produced in the fifteenth century, when the object sought was, within limits, to imitate illuminations. The reader may here be warned

* "Colour-Printing and Colour-Printers." By R. M. Burch. Together with "Modern Processes," by W. Gamble. 12s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

that Mr. Burch uses freely the sixteenth-century term "Chiaroscuro," as indicating colour-work (as it certainly was sometimes used), and not merely in its true meaning of light and shade work. It is a little arbitrary, but only needs to be understood to be accepted for the purposes of exposition. This early history is curious and interesting, but attention is most keenly aroused when we come to the first three-colour process—the process of Le Blon in the early years of the eighteenth century. It will come as a shock to many people to know that the present popular method of picture reproduction in its chromatic essentials—bar only photography—was known and practised by an artist of French extraction born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and was worked by a commercial company in this country close on two hundred years ago. Le Blon's method was to engrave in mezzotint three plates of the same subject, one for the yellow ink, one for the blue, and one for the red; and, what is more, in the old days they printed in the same order as now, even to the occasional use of a fourth block, in this case black, which was printed last. The results Le Blon obtained were so fine that copies have been varnished and mounted and were mistaken for the originals—just as Vincent Brooks's miraculous oil-colour print of the Lumley portrait of Shakespeare (mis-called by Mr. Burch "the Chandos portrait") has to my knowledge misled not collectors only but -- strange as it may seem—even the heads of art galleries.

The work of Le Blon's brilliant successor, Edward Kirkall, is accorded the recognition that is its due as well as that of the numerous French and German inventors who, during the eighteenth century, carried on the development, each in his own way and method, whether of etching, line-engraving, mezzotint, xylography, or lithography, or a combination of any of these. These were the fore-runners of George Baxter (who does not arouse the author's enthusiasm in any marked degree) and his licensees, of that vigorous and "brammy" editor-publisher-colour-printer Charles Knight; of Edmund Evans, whose genius—for it was little less—is best remembered by his facsimiles of Kate Greenaway's drawings, and of the others who maintained the qualities of relief-printing against the advancing development of chromo-lithography. The many horrors produced by some of these processes, commercially used, have prejudiced the public against them; yet when we look at the finest results with which they are to be credited, we are fain to admit an excellence which modern days find it hard to beat.

The work of to-day is treated here with a fullness and thoroughness, as to both the historical and technical sides, that render the chapter a trustworthy encyclopædia of the subject. The various phases are bewildering in number as they are in process; and as we consider the inventiveness that has evolved so startling a change not in important art-reproductions only, but in book-illustration, our admiration grows for the wonderful ingenuity and scientific resource with which artistic results have been obtained. There is greater accuracy and there is a diminution of that vulgarity which to so great an extent

marked the middle period of the history of colour-printing. The art is no longer a mystery; any one may now learn to appreciate the mechanics of it, and become something of an expert in judging of rival claims and of individual performances.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE WHITE, WHITE LURE.*

Times without number, particularly of recent years, the questions have been asked: Is all this Polar exploration worth the candle? Will the result pay for the lives and the money spent on it? And we may talk ourselves black in the face about its helps to science, to geography, meteorology, tides, currents, magnetism, etc.; its stirring of that emulation, indomitableness and thirst for knowledge without which man would be much further below the angels than he is; and of its proof that man can still be, personally, as profitlessly self-sacrificing as ever he was in the so-called heroic times of past centuries—in spite of all this and all that could be argued therefrom, the man in the street will doubtlessly keep his own opinion that the whole business is merely a gross waste of time, money, and life. Well, let him think so. The wheels of the chariot of progress will never be spragged, either by the contentions of the backward or the terrible privations of the wilderness and its tremendous calls on the highest forms of courage and endurance. So it is that we find a man like Commander Peary returning from ultimate success after twenty-three years of continual effort and seven previous failures. But were they failures, now that the total is cast up and the sum is totted? No, decidedly not. Singly and in the aggregate they formed that massing of experience without which even this last venture would have been futile. And he who doubts this has but to read that finesse of detail with which the Commander laid his minute yet flexible plan, which has proved to be the foundation of his success. As for the wonderful pull of it all; in one of the many paragraphs where the truly intrepid explorer shows his quality as a writer he says:

"It is a strange and powerful thing. More than once I have come back from the great frozen spaces, battered and worn and baffled, sometimes maddened, telling myself that I had made my

* "The North Pole." By Robert E. Peary. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. With 116 Illustrations from Photographs. 25s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Deck Scene on the Roosevelt.

From "The North Pole," by Commander Peary. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

last journey thither, eager for the society of my kind, the comforts of civilisation, and the peace and serenity of home. But somehow, it was never many months before the old restless feeling came over me. Civilisation began to lose its zest for me. I began to long for the great white desolation, the battles with the ice and the gales, the long, long Arctic night, the long, long Arctic day, the handful of odd but faithful Eskimos who had been my friends for years, the silence and the vastness of the great, white, lonely North."

His general appreciation of the Eskimos and their value in Arctic exploration is seen all along this fascinating and vivid narrative that crowns the polar efforts of three centuries. Chapter VII., which deals with "The Odd Customs of an Odd People," is an addition to Rasmussen's classic of its kind, "The People of the Polar North." But perhaps one of the most impressive features of the whole is his repeated feeling that this was, indeed, his last venture; that, come failure or success, his fifty-three years of life, twelve of them spent inside the circle of that luring bluey-white desolation, would prevent another essay. Here it is that we see the intensity of the drama. And it is easy to realise how this thought pressed on him during the great struggle of working the vessel to Cape Sheridan, where she would be left, while the much greater sledge journey was made over those 400 odd miles of rough ice, hummocks and lanes of open water caused by the heaving-up of tides.

Yet all was not sadness, privation, and dreary humdrum. Witness the sheer joy—and the danger—of hunting walrus, bear, and musk-oxen, all so simply and realistically done, and ever with an eye to the telling details of the scene and the affair. Witness also what Commander Peary says of the North Grant Land char, "a beautiful mottled fish, weighing sometimes as much as 11 or 12 pounds. I believe that the pink fibre of these fish is the firmest and sweetest fish fibre in the world. During my early expeditions in this region, I would spear one of these beauties and throw him on the ice to freeze; then pick him up and fling him down so as to shatter the flesh under the skin, lay him on the sledge; and, as I walked away, pick out morsels of the pink flesh and eat them as one would eat strawberries." Every land has its indigenous pleasures. Then there was the keeping of the fifteenth birthday of Marie Ahnighito, the Commander's daughter (who was born farther north than any other white child known), when fifteen candles blazed on the supper-table, where fresh bear steaks and a special cake were the *pièces de résistance*. Then came the oppressive silences of the long, long night, when you could hear a marble fall a hundred yards away; Christmas and its simple feasting; and the dawn of the long, long day, and away went the great party of seventeen men and 140 dogs on their thirty-seven days' journey to the Pole. How it was all accomplished—how one assistant after another turned back with a couple of Eskimos and a practically empty sledge, after doing his share to help the main party forward by carrying supplies for it; till Captain Bartlett reached latitude 87° 47', and there, grieved that he had not gained the 88th parallel, left the Commander, his negro servant Henson, and the four Eskimos to make the Pole itself; how all this was done in the face of gales, great ice-pressures, the impressive ghostliness of that occasional, grey, shadowless light, ice that crunches and divided at the very entrances to their igloos and left wide lanes of black water—for all this the reader must go the book itself. No review could do it justice.

But one interesting and perfectly human point may be noted; it needs no explanation:

"We were now at the end of the last long upward journey. Yet with the Pole actually in sight I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, constant peril and anxiety, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realise at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved."

But a little sleep; and there came fresh mental bearings of the situation, and the glory and the glow of it all was

felt. When soundings had been tried, observations and photographs taken, and mementoes left, the return journey began, and was done in sixteen days; for which remarkable speed, largely made possible by following the old trail, Ootah gave his own explanation: "The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife." Then, as they came within sight of

"the little black ship lying there in its icy berth with sturdy nose pointing straight to the Pole—I thought of that other time three years before, when, dragging our gaunt bodies round Cape Rawson on our way from the Greenland coast, I thought the *Roosevelt's* slender spars piercing the brilliant Arctic sunlight as fair a sight as I had ever seen. As we approached the ship I saw Bartlett going over the rail. He came out along the ice-foot to meet me, and something in his face told me that he had bad news even before he spoke. 'Have you heard about Marvin?' he asked. 'No,' I answered. Then he told me that Marvin (the meteorologist, who was the last lieutenant but one to return to the vessel) had been drowned at the Big Lead coming back to Cape Columbia. The news staggered me, killing all the joy I had felt. . . . It was indeed a bitter flavour in the cup of our success."

And there was the drama again—a sounding in that well of human feeling, futility, and impotence, whence comes all that makes life worth living, gives it grip, and cannot be eliminated either in the most frozen or the most torrid of the earth's corners. Marvin's sterling qualities had endeared him to all. Such is the price of our advancement, no matter in what direction we push forward—sacrifice: Nature demands it, and sees that her altars are ever hot and smoking under its Zoroastrian supplies. And this is what Commander Peary saw when his grief had somewhat subsided.

As for Mr. Roosevelt's introduction, well, "good wine needs no bush." Moreover, the bush is nothing to the wine in this case. The illustrations are excellent, and the same must be said of the appendices and index.

J. E. PATTERSON.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ROMANCE.*

Those who remember Mr. de la Mare's "Henry Brocken" will not be prepared for "The Return" or even for "The Three Mulla-Mulgars." In "Henry Brocken" the hero was an enchanted reader, and his adventures were among the men and women of his books, with Annabel Lee, Dianeme, and Jane Eyre. All the adventures were distinct from one another and many were charming in themselves, but they were hung upon a thread which was strong enough only for an essay or single story. "The Return" is a closely knit novel of modern life. The chief character, Mr. Arthur Lawford, formerly a fair-haired and commonplace man, has been changed in a churchyard into a dark, altogether different type, to his own surprise and dismay. The churchyard evening is described with sufficient magic to cover, perhaps, an even greater change. From that point Mr. de la Mare sticks closely to his business of showing the gradual change in Lawford's character and the attitude of his wife, the servants, and his acquaintances. The wife, whose first step is to have a bed made up in the spare room for Lawford, is a very subtle study, and wherever she appears she is at once a living presence, visible and spiritual. Such is his new character that Lawford, with most un-Lawford-like agility, pretends to be a strange Dr. Ferguson, in order to quiet the servants' suspicions. But nothing else in the least extraordinary takes place. There is no sensationalism and no farce, though there is a certain mystery over the common things, and an effective glint of humour. In a few days Mrs. Lawford leaves him alone in the house; he spends most of his time with two new-made friends, a

* "The Return." By Walter de la Mare. 6s. (Arnold).—"The Three Mulla-Mulgars." By Walter de la Mare. 3s. net. (Duckworth.)

brother and sister, inhabiting an old mill-house which has an atmosphere not altogether of this world and yet a great reality: he falls in love with Miss Herbert, and his talk with her and her brother makes the second part of the book as fascinating as it is uneventful. He takes leave of us at the moment when he is recognised without misgiving by an old friend of his mother's, whom he had tricked only a few days before in his involuntary disguise: his return has been made, and we are left to imagine him going on with his Lawford life, not without hauntings from the face and personality which he had endured in the churchyard. It is an honest and brilliant book, worked out with equal skill, scrupulosity, and temperament.

It is difficult to be moderate in speaking of "The Three Mulla-Mulgars," it is so singular and so beautiful. It might tempt a reader to enumerate all the few good stories for children, simply to say that this is different and as good. It is at least an excellent achievement in an altogether unexpected kind. A definition of it is not easy. It bears signs of having grown out of a tale told to children: the language of the Mulla-Mulgars, or royal monkeys, for example, is in part a child's perversion of English, but in part a suggestive and delicious instrument far beyond the researches of layman or philologist. Possibly the outline of a great part is due to improvisation, or a series of improvisations. It has that freshness, but no flimsiness or mere liveliness. The adventures grow out of one another as they might have grown in a happy and fruitful mind that knew Mandeville, Purchas, and children and their folk-tales and nursery rhymes, familiarly. But it must not be supposed that the adventures form a disconnected series like those of *Brocken*. They make a continuous whole, where every part is delightful in itself as well as in its promise and retrospect. It would be possible to quote a score of different pages for the charm of their beauty, their wonder, their exuberance, or their humour, and these qualities would be telling even in isolation: but in then setting the charm is doubled. The three Mulla-Mulgars were born in the tumble-down hut long ago built by a Portuguese traveller "lost in the forest 22,007 leagues from home." The Portuguese's skeleton was left untouched - "the Portuguese dangling with his bunch of wild-cats' tails in the corner." And when then mother had died and the hut was burnt down by too glorious a fire one winter's night, the three, Thumb, Thumble, and Nod, set out to find their father, who had gone back far over the mountains of Arakkaboa to his brother "Assassimon, Prince of the Valleys of Tishnar." How they travelled through the frosted forest, how they were captured by the burrowing Minimus, who bind and fatten their prey, how they fought with eagles on the mountains, how Nod's wonderstone was lost and found, and how Nod dwelt as a pet with the shipwrecked sailor, old Andy Battle, who taught him English, the story tells. Not only are the brothers three, but the youngest is the most important: wherein Mr. de la Mare, original as he is, shows that he abides by the old laws of the folk-tales. He has a Mulgar journey-song in English, and a song in the original Mulgar tongue. Andy Battle's two songs are among Mr. de la Mare's best verses, and in their place they have an exquisite added delicacy of effect, as poetry perfectly quoted always has. Every rift of the story, of its little de-

scription and its much narrative and dialogue, is loaded with fairy gold and wondrous and quaint gems. Nor must it be thought that it is the work of mere fancy. It has imaginative truth. It satisfies the mind while it astonishes. That it contains no natural history and might have been written before Darwin, though not before Garnier, does not detract from its truth. There is as little condescension to probability as to mere improbability. In the world which Mr. de la Mare creates these things are the facts of life: probably he has the history and geography, as he certainly has the ornithology, of the Mulgars' Land at his finger tips. He has been those 22,007 leagues to the Portuguese's hut and beyond Arakkaboa with the three Mulla-Mulgars, or "Mulgars of the Blood Royal." He has put upon his title-page the words: "What pleasure have great princes?" and in spite of many precedents we cannot but believe that the pleasure of the author was also great, so happy and beautiful is his book.

EDWARD THOMAS.

OUT IN CHINA.

Mr. Johnston has produced a really valuable work, a book not only to read and to read carefully, but to possess and refer to again and again.* If some eighteen or twenty books like this could be produced about different parts of China, we might really get to know something of this huge country and the millions that inhabit it. Mr. Johnston, who has lived for years at Wei hai-wei as District Officer and Magistrate, is evidently not only a most careful but a sympathetic observer. Chinese might read his book with as much pleasure as Europeans, and probably learn almost as much - as, having told us of the geography of the district, the writer proceeds, in 140 well-printed pages, to tell us of its History and Legend; Chinese Chronicles and Local Celebrities; British Rule; Litigation; Village Life and Customs; its Women, Widows and Children; Family Graveyards; Dead Men and Ghost lore, and all the different religions of the district, reserving one chapter for its

c.

The most interesting parts are possibly where he gives instance upon instance to show how afraid Chinese men sometimes are of their wives, and where he describes the marriages between dead people - a custom we have not come across in Western China. But how often have we not heard of a sorrowful mother wandering through the evening darkness calling to the soul of her child to come back - come back! He becomes poetic as well as exact, telling how the girl, Chang Shih, had been betrothed since early childhood to a youth who lived in a neighbouring village, and, although he died, yet would marry him, and was buried in his grave. The Chinese shield their corpses from cats, as do the peasants in the Orkneys and Shetland, where, when a death takes place, all cats



Li Hung Chang in 1900.

A photograph taken when he was seventy-eight.
From "The Great Empress Dowager of China," by Philip W. Sergeant.
(Hutchinson.)

* "Lion and Dragon in Northern China." By R. F. Johnston, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.G.S. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

are locked up. At the great Conference in Shanghai in 1900, when women from all parts of China compared notes, Lady Blake, the President, again and again told us of Irish customs that were identical with what the speakers called "curious Chinese customs."

Some of Mr. Johnston's judgments with regard to Chinese usages are delightful reading, and I wish I had room to quote his beautiful and solemn warning to those who seek to change China altogether, in which case "she will have left behind her very much that was good and great, she will have parted with much that was essential to her happiness and even to her self-respect, she will be a stranger to herself." In place of beautiful ancestral temples he predicts we shall then see "thousands of village police-stations." But does he not forget that those working amongst Chinese will, like himself, learn tolerance, insight, and sympathy?

Like all Mr. Parker's books, there is much original research in this volume,* much matter, therefore, for other writers upon China to draw upon. It consists chiefly of the original studies from which his more popular work, "China and Religion," was compiled. It will repay study and careful reading, and for purposes of reference will be most useful. Type, paper, and get-up are excellent. I am precluded from saying much about the illustrations by finding my own photograph the solitary illustration to the chapter "Chinese Literati and Religion." The picture appears flattering, but the exalted position is even beyond flattery. The others, however, are more appropriate, and have the great merit of not being such as one could buy of any photographer.

It is always a difficult task to make bricks without straw, and Mr. Sergeant has really very little to tell us about the late Empress Dowager.† He has found no private Chinese Diary, like Messrs. Bland and Backhouse. He went out to edit the *Hongkong Daily Press* in 1900, and he tells quite pleasantly what he, as a Hongkong editor, was able to learn. He does not succeed in explaining the wonderful influence the late Dowager Empress had upon the destinies of her country. He protests a good deal that she was not as bad as some of us, he thinks, believe her to be. At the same time he demurs to the pictures drawn of her by Mrs. Conger, Miss Carl, and Mrs. Headland. As the two first ladies could not speak Chinese, and Mrs. Headland, who did, frequently served as their interpreter, this may rather be called her view, and the picture of the late Dowager Empress that she, a favourite doctor among the grand Chinese ladies of Peking, thinks it most expedient should be given to the world.

If, as Mr. Sergeant would have us think, Tse-hsi was born and bred in Peking, one of my prettiest stories about her is untrue. Curiously enough, it is again from the United States Legation that I heard it, from the at that time Chinese Secretary. Tse-hsi's father had died, and she and her sister and widow mother, very ill supplied with food and funds, were making their way down the over-crowded Han river on the long journey to Peking, when one night a present of food and money was sent to their boat by a Chinese official. Their profuse thanks awoke him to the mistake his servant had made, but he thought it best to let the mistake stand, saying to the youthful Tse-hsi: "Do not thank me. Now my old friend, your father, is dead, you must look upon me as your father." Then, in the congestion of boats, departed, as he had come.

Years afterwards, to his intense astonishment, he received some high promotion, and, going to Peking to thank for it, was about to prostrate himself before the then Empress Dowager, when, to his yet further surprise, she caught his hands, saying, "Fathers do not kneel to their

* "Studies in Chinese Religion." By E. H. Parker, M.A., Professor of Chinese at the Victoria University of Manchester. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "The Great Empress Dowager of China." By Philip W. Sergeant, B.A. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

daughters," and recalled to him the incident of his very practical help in their time of need.

Whatever was Tse-hsi's true character, according to stories told of her she never forgot a service. Her character has once, at least, been told from her handwriting by Mr. Dimsdale Stocker, who, however, only saw a photograph of it on that occasion. He pronounced her "Cultured, with considerable force of character, decidedly go-ahead, and with concentrative ability, and persistent; decidedly scheming, with great capacity for being very merciless outside her own circle. The reverse of extravagant, inclined though to spend large sums of money within her circle; decidedly artistic." He repeated, "Very artistic, ambitious, *must* rise to the top of the tree, with the force begotten of destructiveness. Where ambition is concerned, the reverse of scrupulous."

Mr. Sergeant's volume is eminently readable, and well got up and illustrated. It would be interesting to know who photographed the late Emperor, the unhappy Kwang-hsi, at the age of three. The child looks so energetic, and there is no indication of the long chin of later years.

We should like to know why this very slight volume,* compiled from letters and diary matter in 1900, was not published then and is now. It reads a little as if—now that good, kind Mr. Conger is dead—it were an attempt to establish Mr. Squiers of the United States Legation, the lady's host, as the man of the siege, or at all events of the United States Legation, and indicates a very unpleasant state of friction there, on which no previous author has touched. The writer says in her preface, "I have endeavoured to avoid all that can give offence or displeasure to those mentioned." One wonders what the volume would have been like if this endeavour had not been made. No account of that wonderful siege can possibly be uninteresting, but flippancy and bad grammar are not pleasant, and, whilst we can fancy the writer lively enough company, our heart smarts for Mrs. Conger, recently left a widow. Were this not so indeed one feels several of the incidents and statements made could hardly have been published. In all the many talks with Americans who had been through the siege, and in all the many accounts written of it, we cannot recall any similar exaltation of the First Secretary of Legation in 1900 at the expense of the United States Minister to China. It is popularly supposed that our characters are greatly formed by our circumstances, yet those who go through such a remarkable experience as the Peking siege seem for the most part unchanged by it.

ALICIA LITTLE.

WAGNER.†

When a man's work is the direct expression of his life, the raw material of his art and the records of his private affairs may well be considered together. This satisfactory translation of Madame Gautier's vivid book takes us into the comparative calm of Wagner's home at Triebtschen, while the beautiful edition of the Tristram legend leads us to the quarry from which he hewed the elements of his great music-drama of personal passion at a period when he was wracked with an unhappy marriage and torn by longings for the intimate, complete union which was denied to him. In his music-dramas Wagner does one of two

* "Behind the Scenes in Peking. Being Experiences during the Siege of the Legations." By Mary Hooker. (John Murray.)

† "Wagner at Home." Translated by Effie Dunreith Massie from the French of Judith Gautier. 12s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)—"The Romance of Tristram and Isolt." Translated from the French of Joseph Bédier by Florence Simmonds. Illustrated by Maurice Lalau. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

things: by the force of his music and poetry he pours out the lava of his own emotions in "Tristan and Isolde," the universal struggle between pure love and sensual passion in "Tannhäuser," the ultimate faith to which he attained in "Parsifal": or, with all the accessories of tone, scene, and song, he sets forth his political beliefs and world-philosophy by means of the national legend of the Nibelungs. If we consider "The Nibelungs' Ring" as being to Wagner what "Faust" was to Goethe, "Tristan and Isolde" finds its analogy in the relationship of the Sonnets to Shakespeare rather than in the less mature ritual of love contained in the fragrant pages of the "Vita Nuova." As composer Wagner has been excelled in impressionism by Debussy, as a complex wielder of the orchestra by Strauss. But as poet, lover, and as mystic he stands beside Shakespeare, Goethe, and Dante. In this mood one takes up Madame Gautier's book without fear of being disconcerted by the free use of the term "Master," or out of sympathy with the painful suspense with which she and her party, including Villiers de l'Isle Adam, approached the railway station at Lucerne. Here they were met by the Master in person, and conducted to the Hôtel du Lac, where they stayed as his guests, paying daily visits to the villa at Tribschen. Here Wagner was living with Cosima and their children. The "sturm und drang" of the "Tristan" period was past, and the "Ring" was in process of composition. Madame Gautier watched him, stepping tiptoe, as it were, to behold genius in the throes of creation. As he composed, "his face with its aureole of silvered hair was calm, and still more luminous than usual were the rays that beamed from his large eyes." He wrote in a little curtained shrine perfumed with rose extract, an atmosphere very different from that of his wretched Paris rooms where he transcribed music for the street-organ. Already the young King of Bavaria had sought him out, bidding him write the masterpiece of which he dreamed. And Madame Gautier was able to nurse "Fidi," the baby whose birth caused Wagner to write the famous "Siegfried Idyll," which a little band played beneath the mother's window. The unruly Fidi of these pages is the typical young German artist whom I met at a recent Bayreuth Festival. Madame Gautier was, of course, the daughter of the poet Théophile. Liszt, half priest and half magician, passes like a shadow through these pages, and one of the most interesting stories in the volume is that of his reconciliation with Cosima, his daughter, who still lives at Bayreuth and at her home on the Grand Canal, Venice, where Wagner died.

Cosima Liszt has been blamed by many for leaving her first husband, Conductor von Bulow. But this volume shows that she brought Wagner a little of love's sunshine, and supported him through the trials that beset the production of "The Rhinegold." Liszt forgave her, and she has always found in Hans Richter a supporter. As a young man he entered Wagner's household in the strange manner described in these pages, and year by year he is to be found at Bayreuth conducting the works whose very creation he shared.

The love that Wagner bore for Cosima is indeed the spiritual passion that one would expect from the composer of "Tristan." Yet it was not so always. His student days were given up to excesses. His first wife, Minna Pläner, was an actress, ambitious, irritable, and jealous. And Wagner's habit of platonic friendship made matters worse. The first studies for "Tristan" took the form of five songs, written in 1857-8, to poems by Mathilde Wesendonck. At that time the Wagners were living in a house provided for them by Mathilde's husband. This passionate friendship is written on all the pages of "Tristan," and a story akin to it is mirrored upon the deep waters of the legend to which we must turn. But it is impossible to leave this study of "Wagner at Home" without thanking the author for the pictures of the composer as practical joker, tree-climber, generous host, and vigorous leader of picnics.

Hero-worship is so much happier if an occasional smile interrupt the devotions.

The new illustrated edition of the legend is founded upon a fragmentary twelfth-century romance by Bérout. But it has been welded into organic form by Bédier, a man steeped in ancient mystery, with a mind coloured by modern thought. Working upon his material much as did Wagner, the result is homogeneous, and forms the best narrative version that I have seen.

The illustrations by Maurice Lalau show Wagnerian influence to such a degree that the book may be regarded as a commentary in black print and by coloured plate upon the drama of "Tristan and Isolde." The work is accessory to Wagner, both before and after the fact. It is a link that binds the old bards and jongleurs with the new. Not only has the illustrator caught that gorgeous, almost exotic ecstasy that the subject demands, but, with one or two exceptions, he has kept the central figures heroic. The picture of the marriage of Marke is full of ceremonial splendour. The drinking of the potion and the death scene convey the simplicity of a tragedy, which in its main outlines has the religious austerity of the "Oedipus."

Tristan, the nephew of King Marke of Tintagel, slew in equal combat Marhaus, the Irish hero, who held Cornwall in fee for his king. Later, when Tristan went to Ireland to claim Iselt as his uncle's bride, to seal a pact, he was wounded while slaying a dragon. He is nursed by Iselt, who is a magic maid as well as a beautiful. But she discovers that it was he who slew Marhaus, her lover, and is about to kill him with the pointless sword (the point of which she found in Marhaus' body), when he looks into her eyes.

The tale from that point follows the well-known version of Wagner's music-drama. Its very style is in keeping with the archaism of the German master, who, as Nietzsche well observed, "constrained our language to revert to its elementary state, in which abstractions have as yet no place, but where poetry, imagery, emotion, take on a concrete shape."

The present figure of Tristan differs from that of Malory's mad tilter. Indeed I love my "Morte D'Arthur" so well that I seldom read the pages which travesty the hero of song and sword. As King Marke says in Bédier's book, as he blesses Tristan: "Blessed be the master who taught thee, God loveth good singers. Their voices and the voice of the harp pierce the hearts of men, awaken their beloved memories, and make them forget many a grief and many a misdeed." Tristan is the warrior and the harper: Iselt the inspirer and healer. There is an equality between this heroic pair as of gods mated, rather than as among mortals, married and hampered by custom or habit. Need one wonder that Wagner took them as symbols of elemental Man and Woman in his drama of physical and spiritual Love?

The tale is full of Love's perfume. The rose and its thorns are there. And when Tristan, wounded by Life, "laid him down with a will," Iselt turned toward the East and prayed to God. "She laid down beside her lover, kissed him on the mouth, and clasped him closely in her arms: mouth to mouth, and body to body, she gave up the ghost and died beside him for grief."

Thus again was Love crucified, and Marke caused to be made a coffin of chalcedony for Iselt, the other of beryl for Tristan. "And he carried their beloved bodies back with him in his ship to Tintagel." And fair flowers grew over the tomb, and a green and leafy brier. Nor did Love die when the petals were shed.

REGINALD R. BUCKLEY.

LAFCADIO HEARN.*

How can one define the peculiar charm of this book? Much of it, perhaps most of it, arises out of the unique and fascinating personality of Hearn himself; but not a little of it comes from the style in which Mr. Yone Noguchi and Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn have written it all—a style that is so beautifully simple, so vividly expressive, so sensitive and entirely native to the writers that you hear the voice speaking in it, and of remote quietness breathe through it, its pleasant word-pictures are touched in with delicatest blues and greys, and exhale elusive, exotic Japanese fragrances. It is scarcely likely that we shall ever get any more intimate and finely sympathetic account of Hearn's life in Japan than is given in these pages. You see him at work in his study, or wandering in his garden, treating his trees and flowers almost as if they



Lafcadio Hearn.

* Portrait, by Shoshu Saito, from "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan" by Yone Noguchi. (Elkin Mathews.)

had human feelings and affections—"He laughed with the flowers and birds, and he cried with the dying trees"; you see him sitting with his wife, that gentle, patient woman who was the happiness and the inspiration of all his later years, listening eagerly to her stories of her own people and commenting on them with the whole-hearted interest of a child; you see him teaching his children to be kind to animals and insects, himself attending to their general education and assisting their understanding with drawings of his own; and at night when they look into his study to say "Good-night, Papa San," you hear his answering good-night, and "Have a good dream."

There is an amusing and slyly satirical record of the revolt among the students when Hearn was dismissed

* "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan." By Yone Noguchi. Frontispiece portrait by Shoshu Saito, with sketches by Genjiro Kato and Mr. Hearn himself. 6s. net. (London: Elkin Mathews; Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.)

from his post as teacher at the University; they were all keen to have him back, but some were afraid of having to suffer for their loyalty, and some were delightfully reckless and extravagant in their determination to keep him. "They thought at once," says Mr. Katsumi Kuriota, one of Hearn's students, "that there was no greater teacher of literature than Hearn in Japan." And in an extract from the diary of another student, Mr. Kaworu Osanai, you have these little personal sketches of him:

"I sat by the window of the class-room, and looked out when the rattling sound of a jurikisha was heard, in which I saw a little man somewhat stooped, wearing a hat which you might see in one of the pictures of the age of Cromwell—that high hat with a large brim, such as a Korean might wear. There he was—Mr. Hearn. . . ."

"He walked round the garden pond as usual after one hour's lecture; and I saw him sitting on a rock by the water, and he began to smoke. He loved solitude; I wished I could approach him, but I looked upon him with the utmost patience from a distance."

Mr. Noguchi, too, and Mrs. Hearn emphasise his love of solitude; self-exiled from his own race, living in seclusion far in Japan, he shrank from visitors, and loathed and ignored all formal social observances; he was always happiest shut in with his books, his work, his devoted Japanese wife and his children. When he was away on a holiday with his little son living in the squalid fisherman's hut by the sea, he enjoyed himself greatly, yet you find him in the frequent letters that go home to the "little Mama" saying, "I feel lonely at times. I wish I could see your sweet face," and "Mr. Papa and others wish to see Mama's sweet face." There is something very winning and very tender about these half-playful, half-earnest letters to his wife; one is thankful for every one of them that is given, and wishes there were more. It is clear that to Mr. Noguchi this writing down his own knowledge of Hearn and getting together the memories of others has been a labour of love; it is strange how the shy, solitary man made friends of all with whom he came much in contact, even of the old fisherman who was landlord of that hut by the sea where he passed his annual holidays, and who said when he was told of his death, "He was the only perfect man whom I ever came across. But he is no more now. I feel almost like crying when I think of him. I am extremely lonesome for him, when, as now, the summer is approaching speedily. My heart is sad."

It is a beautiful book beautifully produced; as unconventional in its inward and outward appearance as was the life of Hearn itself, and the living spirit of Hearn is as surely enclosed in its pages as it is in the lovingly tended shrine that still stands in the Japanese home that was his.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

GEORGE III. AND HANNAH LIGHTFOOT.*

The principal interest of this book is not its matter but the light which it throws on the working of the human mind. It is not evidence or reasoning or even credulity which induces belief, but simply the desire to believe. Miss Pendered is quite shrewd enough to perceive the glaring absurdities of the "evidence" which is brought forward to "prove" that George III. either eloped with or married Hannah Lightfoot; she points out many of the absurdities herself; but she loves her romantic story, and even though she refutes it herself she is not going to abandon it. By way of adding unexpected delight to the discerning reader she begins her book under the auspices of Anatole France, and ends it with a quotation from Cardinal Newman! Anatole France is quoted: "The embarrassment of the historian increases with the abundance of documents"; and Newman: "Conviction is

* "The Fair Quaker: Hannah Lightfoot and her Relations with George III." By Mary L. Pendered. 16s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)



From a mezzotint by Garford after a painting by H. Hyssing.

Prince George.

A very early portrait of George III, taken during the lifetime of his father, Frederick, Prince of Wales.

From "The Quaker" by Mary L. Pendered. (Hurst & Blackett)

based not upon absolute proof but upon implicit conviction." The abundance of documents never yet seriously embarrassed the historian guided by implicit conviction. Another characteristic origin of human belief is repetition. "What I tell you three times is true." Miss Pendered finds the same legend repeated by a copyist, and the mere repeating increases her implicit conviction.

Very little is really known about Hannah Lightfoot. She was born in 1730 in Wapping, and lived with her mother's brother, Henry Wheeler, a linen-draper, in St. James's Market. Her family were Quakers and worshipped at the Westminster Meeting. In 1753 she was married to Isaac Axford at Keith's Chapel, Mayfair; in 1756 she was "disowned," or excommunicated, by the Quakers' Meeting. Miss Pendered prints a facsimile of this minute, which has already been printed by the Friends' Historical Society. It is an interesting document:

"Whereas Hannah Lightfoot, a Person Educated under our Profession and Who for several years past resided within the compass of this Meeting, did then Enter into a State of Marriage by the Priest with one not of our Society which is directly repugnant to the good Rules and orders well known to be Established amongst us on w^h this Meet^s appointed Friends to visit her who Several endeavoured to find where she was in order to speak with her But to no Purpose nor could they obtain any intelligence where she is. We therefore being desirous (as much as in us lies) to Clear the truth which we Profess and our Selves from any Aspersions w^h through the Misconduct of the said Hannah Lightfoot may be cast upon Friends do hereby testify against Such her Proceedings as aforesaid and disown her for the Same as one with whom we can have no fellowship untill from a penitent Mind and true Contrition of heart she shall be induced to specify her unfeigned Sorrow for her Offence and that this may be the Case is what we truly desire."

This excommunication demonstrates no offence by Hannah except that of marriage otherwise than by the

Quaker ceremony, but an earlier minute shows that she was suspected of living apart from her husband: "Informed by Her Mother that She was Married by a Priest—but was not fully Satisfied she was Absented from her Husband." The only other certain fact is that Robert Pearse, by will dated 1757, left £40 a year to the sole use of "Mrs. Hannah Axford, formerly Miss Hannah Lightfoot, niece to the late Mr. John Jeffreyes, watchmaker in Holborn." It is not known when Hannah died, but Isaac Axford married again in 1759. A portrait, said by tradition to be of the Fair Quaker, is at Knole, but the tradition is a vague one.

The earliest mention of the George III legend in print dates from 1770, when the *Public Advertiser* hinted that the king might publish "Letters to a Fair Quaker"; in 1776 the *Citizen* announced that it would publish the history and adventures of Miss Lightfoot, with "some striking pictures of female constancy and princely gratitude." These are some evidence that the legend began reasonably early, but at that period the years of Wilkes and the quarrel between the City and House of Commons—every possible libel was being circulated about the king. When we consult the more trustworthy chronicles of social gossip we find Wraxall dismissing the affair as one of innocent gallantry, and Horace Walpole making no mention of it at all, although such a story would have been grist to his mill. Mrs. Prozzi, in a note to Wraxall, said that George's son by Hannah was yet alive; but Mrs. Prozzi would say anything. The legend gained new life in the 'twenties and 'thirties of last century, and it is then that the preposterous story that George married Hannah was invented. There is absolutely not a tittle of evidence in favour of this story: the mad case of *Ryder v. Attorney-General* contained nothing madder than the "certificates" of this marriage. There are two of them, one showing the marriage in April 17, 1750, the other showing the marriage on May 27 of the same year. Each is signed J. Wilmot, but the earlier one is signed by George P., the second by George Guelph! Each purports to be witnessed by W. Pitt. Imagine the great Commoner, engaged in 1759 in winning Canada and India, witnessing this marriage twice in one year, first at Kew and afterwards "at their residence at Peckham." He appears again as witness to Hannah's will in 1768—at a time when he was so ill that he could not see his most intimate colleagues in the Ministry.

Miss Pendered has a delightful phrase: "the giddy waltz of interrogations round this mystery of the Fair Quaker." Nothing could more aptly describe certain methods of investigation. The question which she herself finds more persistent and baffling than all the rest is, Why did Hannah disappear? At the risk of making the waltz still more giddy we ask one more question, Did Hannah disappear?

WALFORD D. GREEN.

DEAR LOYALTY.*

It is to Mr. Austin Dobson, not to Lord Byron, that we owe the true interpretation of a great Spanish classic. When, in "Don Juan," the latter said:

"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,"

his understanding of chivalry and of Cervantes was less than that of Mr. Dobson, whose familiar sonnet on Don Quixote concludes:

"Alas! poor Knight! alas! poor soul, possess!
Yet would to day when courtesy grows chill,
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still;
Ah! would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest were it but a mill!"

* "Dear Loyalty." By Reginald Evans. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In Mr. Reginald Evans's novel, appropriately named "Dear Loyalty," these same "fine loyalties," of which Mr. Dobson so eloquently sings, are made to live for us once again, and once again in a Spanish setting. That chivalry and quixotic devotion to ideals—so far from having been "smiled away" either by Cervantes or by Byron—survives in Spain to-day. Mr. Evans has made very clear in the best picture of Spanish life and character of which I am aware in the pages of a modern novel.

Reading "Dear Loyalty," one asks why—outside the opera—one so seldom finds the scene of a play laid in Spain. And, speaking of plays, let me add that managers, on the look-out for a novel that has not only the necessary dramatic situations, but also a picturesque, unhackneyed, and beautiful background of stage scenery, would do well to cast a considerate eye over the pages of Mr. Evans's book.

The plot I do not propose to outline, for the laying bare of the bones of a plot conveys as little idea of the symmetry and subtlety of a story as the exhibition of a skeleton in a case can convey any idea of the warm colouring and contours of the human form. But Mr. Evans's story is vertebrate. He has studied the anatomy of his art to purpose, and it is because the underlying skeleton of his story is so carefully and so skilfully constructed that the clothing of flesh and blood, with which he has thereafter endowed it, makes so harmonious a whole. That the early work of a writer who is "strong on plot" should incline in parts to melodrama is not surprising. In the early work of many novelists who have since attained to eminence, the situations are often more lurid, and the characters more sharply silhouetted in shadow, or more generously flooded with light, than in their later work. Yet, as Stevenson has reminded us, when speaking of his "Travels with a Donkey," these early works possess a simplicity of treatment which, afterwards, often passes out of their author's reach.

Mr. Evans's novel, though occasionally decorative to the point of glitter, is never obscured by detail; and the plot—his elaborate descriptions notwithstanding—is worked out with the directness and simplicity by which Stevenson set such store.

As a novel, not by a professional man of letters, but by a busy financier, as I understand Mr. Evans to be, "Dear Loyalty" is a remarkable book, and himself one of the most remarkable men whom finance has produced. I use the last word in the sense in which it was used by Leslie Stephen, who once remarked that "when one of our great public schools is said to have produced one of our famous men, the word 'produced' means 'failed to extinguish.'" Finance has very evidently failed to extinguish romance in the person of Mr. Reginald Evans.

COLLISON KERRAHAN.

ALONGSHORE.*

Sonorous and beautiful in its apt title, the book in hand must needs be a good one to live up to the great meaning of that fine word. So that I almost dreaded to open it, but sat as if fascinated by the magic word, with it echoing through my soul like the thunder of the surf and the hollow murmur of the rising gale. And indeed there was some ground for dread. For even in reading works that rise like beacons amid a dreary flood of salacious drivel one is often brought up with a crash as of a stone between the teeth unwittingly at some piece of clotted nonsense born of ignorance and reared upon conceit. How great then the relief to come upon a clean and honest record of life lived here in England under primitive conditions and in contact with primeval verities, yet in nothing ignoring the present. How good

* "Alongshore." By Stephen Reynolds. 6s. (Macmillan.)



Our own Beacon Light.

From "Alongshore," by Stephen Reynolds. (Macmillan.)

to listen to a man who knows and has an almost uncanny power of imparting what he knows—of putting the matter so rightly and certainly before a reader that his immediate surroundings fade and only the story is real.

These bits of life (for it would be an impertinence to call them essays or articles or reports) are of the nature of the highest type of war correspondence. Only they are better because they are written by a unit of the forces in action. Yet there is an unconscious *insouciance* (not to be pedantic) about them as if it mattered very little to the writer whether anybody read them or not so long as he recorded faithfully what he knew to be the facts about the life he was living, and what he could see and believe about those matters external to himself: the age-old, day-young, changeful yet changeless sea, with its faithful servants, the winds, weather and men.

And while he is thus recording events in a strong simple English that bites into the memory, he makes us all his debtors, especially those who through the happenings of nature or advancing years can only enjoy the deep fierce thrills he makes so real by proxy or vicariously. In spirit he carries us with him and his fellows, these fine wholesome men whom the winds and waves have moulded to much of their own primeval naturalness. It is not until, as occasionally happens, he expresses his opinions, that one is compelled sometimes, however reluctantly, to disagree with him. As for instance where on p. 75 he eulogises the practice of babes sleeping between their parents and, as if reminded of one of the dangers attaching to the bad practice, asks "Shall not these who gave life sometimes also crush it away?"

Among other things for which this book is extremely noticeable are two important omissions. The first is that

nowhere except in the *Phantasy* (24) is the sexual side of life obtruded. In works of this kind (but oh! how far behind it) unfair advantage of the reader is often taken to slip in, as it were, a mass of nauseating detail such as would be entirely suspect in a work avowedly fiction. It is hardly too much to say that in many cases foulness is thus instilled before the reader is aware. As for the exception mentioned (story 24) it is, I doubt not, very beautiful, but I do not understand it. Only I am certain it can do no one any harm.

The second omission is of a different character, and I leave it an open question whether it is good or not. It is the utter absence of any attempt on the writer's part to exploit the religious side of life in connection with humble conditions. In the work of a writer for whom I have a great love, Mr. Norman Duncan, there is brought out while dealing with the lives of the Labrador fisher-folk a terrible picture of added torment through their religion. They do not merely live lives of almost incredible hardship, but they have ever present before them the dread of an unspeakably horrible hell after those lives. Without intending it even, one feels fiercely resentful of such a needlessly superposed cruelty upon those sadly overburdened folk.

From anything of this kind Mr. Reynolds's book is free. His friends may live hard lives, but the note of them is brave enjoyment, comradeship with their surroundings and an easy ability to make the best of everything:

"I've lived rough; I've been hungry, I've gone barefooted; and I'd wear down you youngsters yet. Just you come 'long wi' me . . . But they don't go; they don't take up the challenge. Benjie would win. He has won already. After a long life, which no one would call successful in the worldly sense, he finds it in him to say often, 'If I lives to be a hundred, an' I hope I may. . . .'"

That is the spirit of the book, and I venture the opinion that it is a high and splendid one, worthy of all honour.

In another direction, hardly to be expected, but none the less welcome and valuable for that, this book is to be welcomed. It imparts a great deal of information upon many subjects whereof the majority of us are sadly ignorant and conveys intensely valuable hints in almost insensible fashion. I would especially note the sections "*Winds and Waves*" and "*Longshore Fishing*." But I find with acute regret that I have exceeded my allotted space and conclude with the deliberate conviction that this is the best work on the topic that I have ever read.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

A POLICEMAN'S LOT.*

Was Falstaff in repentant humour when he told the frowning Justice he had lost his voice "with holloaing and singing of anthems"? He was chuckling in his great throat. Is Sir Henry Smith, who also has dwelt in the heart of the world, knelling the woe of years when he makes abstract of a round sixty as "most of them misspent"? He is thinking—as his closing pages witness—that there was much of June in those years, and that age is not always the worse for having heard in youth the chiming of midnight. There is now quite a series of Memoirs, beginning perhaps with Serjeant Ballantyne's, which throw for our generation a few shy beams on the Haymarket and Piccadilly of the 'fifties, what time the theatres were closing, and in places licensed and unlicensed shows of other sorts were opening. All or most of these books have come to us from men who were afterwards pretty well forward in their generation, and the Adam unregenerate in the reader of a later day rather approves these veterans

* "From Constable to Commissioner: The Story of Sixty Years, most of them Misspent." By Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B. With a Portrait. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Recollections of Forty Years." By L. Forbes Winslow, M.B., D.C.L., LL.D. 12s. 6d. net. (Ouseley, Ltd.)

who review their frolics with serenity and commit them remorselessly to print.

But what an opening is this for the commendation of a book about criminals and crime! It is Sir Henry himself who pulls me up. "The burden of my song," he somewhere says, "is crime and criminals." Happily, however, for those to whom crime and criminals are not everything, Sir Henry is by no means exclusively concerned with the froward and their goings on. He is still, he tells us, "desperately keen on racing." He recalls with enthusiasm "many a grand day" with hounds, the Tyndale in Northumberland, the North Cheshire, and other packs of note. He has shot partridge and pheasants and grouse, and had his share of deer-stalking. He has played golf, and enjoys the distinction of having given up the game. He has soldiered with the Suffolk Artillery Militia, whose colonel, because of his admiration for Mr. Gladstone, found it next to impossible to get officers in the county. In fine, Sir Henry has lived in deeds as well as years, and clear it is that life has never staled for him. He writes with a native heartiness, gives thanks to heaven, and cracks his friends to the skies. A capital and refreshing book, not in the least spoiled by its discursiveness.

Sir Henry, whose "father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather were all ministers of the Church of Scotland" (Burns touched up his grandfather in "*The Holy Fair*"), was cousin to R. L. Stevenson, but seems to have known this delicate magician only in his sixes and sevens. He remembers little Stevenson, with an air of the child Samuel, creeping downstairs in his nightgown to the room where prayers were being read, with this expostulation to his father: "Why don't you speak louder? I can't hear a single word." He speaks of Stevenson as "ill-fated," but within its span his life was not incomplete; and if his death were in some degree a sacrifice, the gods threw incense on it.

Sir Henry's first taste of police work was in "one of the largest Scotch counties," where he was associated with a Chief Constable whose mornings were despatched with method. Arriving late, the Chief would ask for letters, and receive the stereotyped reply that there were none. He then proposed to his assistant an adjournment to the club, where he called for whiskies. These disposed of, billiards or a stroll improved the hour until lunch-time, and after lunch the Chief repaired again to the office, to learn with surprise that there were still no letters. "In fact, there seldom were any. I can honestly say I have seen more work done in my office in the City in one day than you would see in that office in a year." The whiskies eventually ended the Highlander, but before this Sir Henry had shifted to Newcastle, where he saw some rough and dangerous work about the Quayside. He was well toward in his forties when he found settled employment at the Old Jewry, which is the Scotland Yard of the City. In time he succeeded Major Bowman as Chief Superintendent, City of London Police, under that gifted officer, Colonel Sir James Fraser. Six years later, Fraser retiring, Sir Henry Smith (not as yet answering to that style) was appointed by the Corporation to the high office of Commissioner. Perhaps not every one is aware that the metropolis owns two police forces. The Metropolitan Police is commanded from the Home Office, the Commissioner being directly responsible to the Secretary of State. The City Commissioner, on the other hand, is a regular autocrat in his way. He chooses "fit and able men" who "shall obey all such lawful commands" as they may receive from him; and, within the Act, he handles this force as he thinks fit. Sir Henry Smith is the only man who has commanded both police forces of London on the occasion of a signal function of State.

This was the second or "Diamond" Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and concerning the laborious making of this splendid and tremendous pageant Sir Henry leads us a

little behind the scenes. He served on the St. Paul's Committee (entrusted with the details of the service on the Cathedral steps) and on the Procession Committee. One of his colleagues on the first of these was Dean Gregory, who wanted the Aldermen to face the royal carriage, with their backs to Ludgate Hill, where they would "look so well in their robes" and enjoy "a beautiful view of the cathedral." Sir Henry politely observed that in his opinion the Mansion House was for the civic fathers the ideal situation. From there, he said, "they will have a beautiful view of the Bank of England, an institution in which they take a far deeper interest." Dr. Temple laughed for all the committee, and Sir Henry had his way. Queen Victoria was anxious principally on two points: that all her subjects in the streets should get home unscathed, and all her guests in the procession get back to Buckingham Palace without taking a wrong turning. Most of us probably remember how sublimely well the consecrated day was ordered, how nobly the people marshalled themselves in millions, and what an immortal time the pickpockets had. One reward was greatly earned: Mr. Henry Smith, C.B., became Sir Henry, K.C.B.

The Jubilee pickpockets remind me that thus far I have scarcely allowed Sir Henry to breathe a hint of criminals or crime. He and his detectives, to whom he gives such handsome eulogy, have hunted rogues the length of Europe and America (those are good tales concerning Athens and a wayside station out West), and he himself has been often on duty in Newgate on mornings when the hangman has had to make an early breakfast. He draws a strange, pathetic picture of the last moments on the gallows of the girl-murderess, Ellen Pearcy: half-standing, half-swaying on the drop; wan, fragile, dazed, and quiet as a stone.

One dreadful memory is here awakened. In the falling 'eighties, beginning with the Christmas week of 1887, we had Jack the Ripper. Phantom like, he pursued, until July of 1889, the pariah women of East London. Eight murders, signalised especially by nameless mutilations, were to his credit. For a year and seven months the deeds of this dark assassin were the nightmare of London. No incubus or demon accepted in the middle ages by the church and law spread a wider terror over any given area. Appearing suddenly in midwinter of 1887, he as suddenly vanished in midsummer of 1889.

"There is no man living who knows as much of these murders as I do," says Sir Henry Smith: and one night he was almost certainly within a bare five minutes of the Ripper. This was the Ripper's gala outing, distinguished by a twofold murder, September 30, 1888. Disturbed, it would seem, in the slaughter of Elizabeth Stride in Bernard Street, Whitechapel, he fell maniacally upon the next woman he met, the Catherine Eddowes whom he accounted for in Mitre Square. He himself, upon Sir Henry's showing, must on that crowning night have had a sniff of death—the death that in the moment of inflicting it, he was eight times marvellously shielded from. The Ripper baffled Sir Henry, as, with accustomed candour, he acknowledges.

To the same problematic murderer, who worked as easily and securely as a thug (and seemingly with equal consciousness of salvation for an artist at the game), Dr. Forbes Winslow devotes a chapter filled with curious suggestion. Dr. Winslow's Ripper is a well-to-do homicidal maniac, with religious views and of an epileptic habit, who forgets the murders as soon as he has committed them and attends the early Sunday services at St. Paul's Cathedral. It is entirely possible. Dr. Winslow is at this moment pursuing the Ripper into South Africa, with a heat for the chase that palliates his large indifference to grammar. He has stood up for women under sentence of death, and this shall count for him.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

A MODERN SADDUCEE.*

There is something strangely pathetic in the appearance of Mr. Podmore's last book at a time when the very question he disputes with such skill in its pages has been finally settled for him. Engaged for many years in sifting the evidences for man's personal existence after death, he acquired a reputation as the most formidable and aggressive of sceptics. Yet at the outset of his career his attitude was that of a believer in psychical phenomena and its implications. It was a remarkable metamorphosis. Perhaps it may be explained in part by reference to the puerility of much that passes as Spiritualism. His mind loved a "nipping and an eager air": it could not long endure a sickly atmosphere.

"The Newer Spiritualism" is the phrase he employs to denote the later phases of investigation into the occult. The 'sixties and 'seventies of the last century had produced a large and varied crop of spiritualistic wonders. Tables had floated in the air; concertinas had discoursed music without visible agency; there were trances and "speaking with tongues"; Katie King had materialised in the presence of Sir William (then Mr.) Crookes, and Mrs. Guppy had been waited through space from one part of London to another in the twinkling of an eye. It was all inchoate and very bewildering. Spiritualists hailed it as the beginning of a new dispensation, but theologians talked gravely of new and crafty devices of the Enemy of Souls; the man in the street scoffed, and scientists (with one or two notable exceptions) treated the whole business with disdain or indifference. Then came the work of Psychical Research proper, with Mr. Podmore in the rôle of candid friend. Methods of investigation were systematised, séances organised, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers gave valuable aid by devising a new vocabulary of technical terms adapted to the needs of the inquiry.

It is with these later developments that the book is mainly concerned. It opens with an able résumé of the "Older Spiritualism" (which is subjected to remorseless analysis and dissection), and then passes to a consideration of the results tabulated by the new school. Negative in outlook and almost wholly destructive in tendency, the volume is yet a scholarly and thought-provoking contribution to psychic literature. It is the utterance of a writer with a point of view, and moreover of one who was too acute a reasoner to present his conclusions as final. He is the shrewd advocate, not the judge. Withal his case ends on a marked note of indecision: "If we reject, for the present at any rate, the explanation suggested by many of the trance utterances themselves, that of communication from the dead, we must seek for some other cause adequate to the effects." That cause, he concludes, may lie in telepathy—"communication [between embodied minds] apart from the recognised sensory channels." And so the issue is left—"Telepathy *v.* the Spirit Hypothesis." Here, surely, are all the materials for a metaphysical version of "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce." But in the meantime the opposing side has lost its ablest advocate.

D. G.

THE SLOPES OF PARNASSUS.†

One of the causes of the present neglect of the Muse is not far to seek. He would be a rash man who denied

* "The Newer Spiritualism." By Frank Podmore. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

† "The Hours of Fiammetta." By Rachel Annand Taylor. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Pietro of Siena." By Stephen Phillips. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.) "The New Inferno." By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics." By Bliss Carman. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Wild Fruit." By Eden Phillpotts. 5s. net. (John Lane.)



FIRST IMPRESSIONS

(From a print by George Baxter.)

that the age is scarcely in the mood to hear poetry with avidity and attention. But to find in this the answer to all things is rather too comfortable a faith to bear much resemblance to truth. For there never was an age anxious to hear poetry. It is the essential business of poetry to testify to certain elements of eternity in man that man's sloth is only too anxious to forget. Now and again, however, a poet arises, or a generation of poets, whose voice on these matters is so unmistakable, so high, so earnest, that men are bound to hear, their own souls compel them to hear, if not to heed, and we speak of this as a poetical age. Such voices are lacking now, and in consequence the present age wins the contrary title. But the truth is rather that no poet has the faith or the courage to ring out a clear piercing voice on the things his instinct teaches him.

Mrs. Taylor herself does not lift this reproach. Readers of "Rose and Vine" will know that they have to expect of her a verse beautiful but intricate and exotic. Nor will they err. In "The Hours of Fiammetta" she has found a theme that peculiarly lends itself to intricacy. "There are two great traditions of Womanhood," she says in her preface. "One presents the Madonna brooding over the mystery of motherhood; the other, more confusedly, tells of the acolyte, the priestess, the clairvoyante of the unknown gods. This latter," she continues, "exists complete in herself, a personality as definite and as significant as a symbol," and it is to this latter family that Fiammetta belongs. Sixty-one sonnets, cast in the Shakespearean mould, are given up to the exposition of her moods. Mrs. Taylor will probably expect the criticism that some of them defy meaning, and her response would probably be that some important moods of the soul are as meaningless but as entirely significant as a colour. She would probably say that to portray such moods is essentially within the proper function of poetry, and that therefore any such portrayal can only serve to convey the fit and proper hue. Which is a resolute belief but she must not complain if her poetry thereby wins its way rather to a conservatory amid rare exotics than touches the deep heart of man. Given this limitation (and limitation it is) her book is noteworthy, putting her unquestionably among the great sisters of song. She has not aped masculine achievement; she has uttered out her own heart, and the result is, in its own cloudy and intricate way, superb and worthy of all praise. It leaves us further advanced in the things of the heart. Take these lines, addressed to her own soul (it is noteworthy that their excellence is their simplicity):

"Yet, fierce insurgent, cease vain wars to wage!
Art thou so pure as to decline, forsooth,
These penitential usages of age
That expiate proud cruelties of youth,
And bring thee to the last and perfect art
To love the lovely with a selfless heart."

or the complete sonnet "Hypnerotomachia."

With "Pietro of Siena" Mr. Stephen Phillips returns to poetry after a long silence, and the return is not happy. This is a drama, and neither Mr. Phillips's instinct nor versification is dramatic. His instinct is theatrical but this is quite a different thing. Over and over again in this play situations are arranged before us (obviously arranged), and we know that their intention is to arouse us; but, unfortunately, they do not. And the cause is very simply explained. Mr. Phillips's characters possess no psychology at all; in other words, they do not work themselves to their situations by force of their own natures and in virtue of their own vitality; they are puppets whom Mr. Phillips places deliberately in such and such positions. There is no development, no sequence, no cause and effect, and the result is not only that we are not touched, but, furthermore, we are exasperated. Such a scene is that between Pietro and Gemma! He has lusted after her, promising her her brother's release (whom he has just consigned to

death) as the price of her submission. So she has come to submit. But because she chooses to speak nearly forty lines in contempt of him and the dead, Pietro, whom we last heard in cynical dispraisal of moralities, is won to such a love for her that he would make her his wife. And, more wonderful still! no sooner has he done so than she consents to wed him, kissing him in pledge of it. And they straightway rank as firm and noble-minded lovers! So it is with the conclusion. Gemma's brother, released from prison, has come hotly to demand death rather than acquittal with dishonour (which his previous conduct would not have led us to think it likely he would do); and Pietro's soldiers come to be avenged on him for holding truck with the enemy. He tells them that he intends to wed Gemma. This, we might have thought, would have further complicated the situation; but Pietro says:

"A golden morning on us all descends,
And I foresee a golden morning wax
Into a deeper life between us two,
Bringing not bloodshed nor old enmity,
But on our houses and Siena peace."

We are bound to accept his statement; for with this the play ends—ends, but not concludes, for there is no conclusion. His style too is undramatic. Verse, to serve drama, must be supple and flexible; neither of which his is. His characters all speak in lines that are stiff and awkward, resounding with Shakespearean and Tennysonian echoes. After reading this play the reader will turn with some refreshment to "Measure for Measure," the plot of which has served as inspiration for "Pietro of Siena."

In "The New Inferno" Mr. Phillips is more successful. In a poem entitled "Cities of Hell" in his New Poems he found Hell to be a continuation of earthly conditions of unhappiness in the incorporeal Beyond. "The New Inferno" is a deliberate expansion of this, taking the first book of Dante's "Divine Comedy" as model. He sketches the parallel even so far as to imagine the messenger, that comes to escort him through his new Inferno, as sent from another Beata Beatrix, who thinks he has better to do

"Than still to rail on at the world's neglect;
Than still to coarsen what was once so fine."

All subjects are open to a poet's treatment, irrespective of previous handling; while some subjects offer themselves naturally as a perennial theme to the poet. But in breaking a new lance at Dante's theme Mr. Phillips starts off with a heavy disadvantage. For it is obvious that Dante verily believed in his inferno; and therefore gave it a terrible reality that holds the imagination spellbound. But the New Inferno is to its author an insecure speculation; and therefore it is to the reader a thing difficult to grasp. As an idea it fails of entity and cohesion; in a word, conviction. Nor does the versification aid us. The poem is in blank verse stanzas of four lines apiece, which is an artificial device that meets its own exposure in the two stanzas in the poem that arrest the ear as having their even lines rhymed, for the movement has not the paragraphic quality of blank verse. But take these two lines:

"That most conspicuous catastrophe,
No change or alteration ever brings."

Mr. Phillips wrings a reluctant, and cloying, sweetness from syllabic insistence. It is the same everywhere, and becomes an uneasy device of words. Cantos II. and III. are undoubtedly the finest in the poem, and deal with "The Corsican who shook and lost the world":

"All motionless, upon a frozen Alp,
With dreary stare and hands behind him clasped."

It is ambition, pitiless power, and ruthless will that have created for Napoleon this frosty splendour of a world; and it is his Inferno. He is to remain thus till Josephine shall melt it with the love she shall re-create in him. The thought is finely conceived, though the conception surpasses the achievement.

Mr. Bliss Carman's "Sappho" is choicely bound, exquisitely printed (at the Florence Press) on paper it is a pleasure to look at and handle. And its contents are equally worthy of praise. Purporting to be imaginary translations of Sappho's lost works they are unrhymed, to their inestimable loss. For lyrics in English demand rhyme: without it they are amorphous and incomplete. That Mr. Bliss Carman should have done so well without it is to his praise. They have all of them the flavour of Greek verse; and their colour, balance, passion in dignity, and marmoreal exquisiteness give just the charm that is demanded. They are for the few, these lyrics, for their charm is remote; but by those few they will be read and re-read. Take this poem - and think, too, what it gains from the accidental rhyming of the last lines of the two stanzas:

"Once you lay upon my bosom,
While the long blue silver moonlight
Walked the plain, with that pure passion
All your own.

"Now the moon is gone, the Pleiads
Gone, the dead of night is going
Slips the hour, and on my bed
I lie alone."

It would be churlish to find fault with Mr. Phillpotts, for he tells us in the outset of his book that

"Mine's but a syrinx rough,
Won from a reed-bed by an unknown river.
Would that it were enough
To make one heart throb or one eyelid quiver;
But here's no song of might,
No thunder from the height."

Moreover, it might be difficult to disagree with him. Yet this book is an index to much that is perplexing in modern poetry. For here is a man of earnest thought and some power over words that strangely fails to move us; and furthermore, is content at that. Most of these poems are dialect songs (that give dialect the go-by now and then, for euphony's sake), and heavy elaborate scenery painting, such scenery painting as Mr. Phillpotts gives us in his novels, only in metrical arrangement. They lack the transmuting touch of imagination—as distinct from a limiting optical perception. Why is that? Mr. Phillpotts comes to us with his own avower. After having, in "Apennine Nights," described a supreme night and dawn, he says:

"And I win nothing from this vision. Mine
No song of triumph not for me to turn
The poet's raptured, ever-living line,
And wet man's eyes and make his spirit burn.
My humbler part to tell the mystery,
Not knowing whether any meaning be."

A spirit more deadly to poetry can scarcely be imagined. It is not thus that the great compelling song shall come. For the Poet is the Seer and Prophet of Eternal Beauty. His theme is urgent with conviction in him. Mr. Phillpotts himself proves it. For the finest poem in this book is transcendental: it is entitled "Lamia of Sunset."

DARRELL FIGGIS.

THE LITERARY TAIN.*

One undeniable quality in "The Creators" is its amazing cleverness. The characterisation is clever; the dialogue is clever; the style throughout has a hard-cut brilliance that is admirably suited to its theme. You are puzzled at first as to the spirit in which the story is written; Miss Sinclair seems to take her chief characters seriously and to believe in them, as they believe in themselves. But by degrees you come to a realisation of the fact that "The

Creators" is a subtle and illuminating essay in ironic comedy, and you go on to admire what Laura, talking of the cheap fiction with which she deliberately fooled the inferior public, describes as "the splendid, the diabolical irony of it."

Here is presented a wonderfully, almost cruelly lifelike group of those fussy, self-complacent, amusingly conceited little literary people who are so sure that they are great literary people and meet to talk of their own genius, the genius of each other, and to pour contempt on the mere outside public and the paltry critics who intrude upon their obscurity and try to mar the greatness of their souls by making them ignobly popular. They are so wrapped up in themselves; move in such a narrow circle, the limited literary circle that imagines itself so nearly limitless, that before the end you are curiously impressed with their shortsighted outlook on life; you share their feeling, and are cramped by it, that the world is made up of a number of dazzling men and women who are gloriously cursed with genius and a few common persons whom they may look upon and condescend to, thanking God they are not as those normal human creatures who are fit for nothing but to serve as foils to the bright spirits who cackle as continuously over their precious genius as any hen does over a quite unastonishing egg. George Tanqueray is a great novelist; so is Jane Holland. At the outset they are both much too great to be popular; but by degrees and to her own and Tanqueray's distress, Jane achieves popularity.

"They had found each other before the world had found her. That was the charm which had drawn them together, which, more than any of her charms, had held him until now. She had preserved the incomparable innocence of a great artist; she was free, with the freedom of a great nature, from what Tanqueray, who loathed it, called the 'literary taint.' They both avoided the circles where it spread deepest, in their nervous terror of the social process of 'getting to know the right people.' . . . Below these infernal circles they had discerned the fringe of the bottomless pit, popularity, which he, the Master, told her was 'the unclean thing.' So that in nineteen hundred and two George Tanqueray, as a novelist, stood almost undiscovered on his tremendous height."

One day Tanqueray meets Owen Prothero, a great but unrecognised poet, and Prothero reads one of his poems to him and to Nina, who is also something of a writing genius, and when the poet ceases:

"Then Tanqueray spoke one word. 'Splendid!'
"Nina turned her head and looked up at the poet. His eyes were still following his vision. Her voice recalled him."

She asks him to go and fetch the rest of his poems, and whilst he is out of the room Tanqueray asks, "How can you stand his eyes? It is like being exposed to the everlasting stare of God." And Nina admits "It is, rather."

Later, you find Nicky, a delightful person, a charming poet who is not a genius, declaring to the notable editor, Brodrick, that Tanqueray is great, and Brodrick responding, "Too great for the twentieth century." Elsewhere you have Laura, another writer and again something of a genius, talking seriously with Prothero of *his* genius. "They were both aware of his genius as a thing that was and was not his, a thing perpetually present with them but incommunicable." All the way through you have this little circle discoursing of their genius, especially of the genius of Tanqueray and Jane; Tanqueray will not marry Jane, and Jane will not marry Tanqueray for fear the influence of each should be detrimental to the genius of the other. In due course Tanqueray marries a "h"-less lodging-house servant and neglects her, though she is the most natural and most lovable woman in the book; Jane marries the famous editor Brodrick, and thereafter Brodrick and his family discuss her genius and how the exercise of it is shattering her health, and Jane takes herself as solemnly as they take her; she agonises over the writing of a new novel, and when she publishes it, it is as if a new

* "The Creators." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Constable.)

star had risen and all her friends look up at it with awe and wonder. Long before the end you glimpse the sly satire underlying that eulogy of Tanqueray's about her freedom from the "literary taint."

If this were all the book it would not be enough; but it is not all. The study of the small and very self-conscious literary temperaments of this group of "creators," the narrowness of their interests, their complacent scorn of the outer world that has other interests, their sublimely soaring conceit of themselves—it is all done with an irony and insight and easy skill that could scarcely be praised too highly, and it is all woven into a profoundly interesting story that is a masterpiece of construction and that lends itself perfectly to the full development of its characters.

A. S. J. A.

HISTORY AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.*

There may be those still living among us who will live to see a Chamber of Peers near Baker Street Station, where, annexed to the Chamber of Honours, Lord Milner, Lord Kitchener, Lord Curzon, and other notable specimens of an extinct species will stare the silly throng into a transient emotion of regret for the brave days of old. The date, November 25, 1882, upon which "Iolanthe" was first produced will then perhaps be recognised as the writing on the wall, while the year 1910 will be memorable for the amazing bouquet of literature which the House of Lords, like a Roman candle, produced before it went pop. The blood and behaviour of its Lords has naturally ever been the dotting object of contemplation in a country where snobcraft has been carried to the highest pitch of perfection yet conceived in the cis-lunar universe; but the constitution of our Lords, which many have similarly regarded as the finest in the world, has never yet been subjected to so drastic a critical method as that which we have now to record.

In the days of Elizabeth the Lords still had a kind of halo of demi-divinity about them. They were almost princes of the blood. They paid for their grandeur in a peril which kept the death-rate of peers at a level above that of the most deadly trades now in operation. There were only

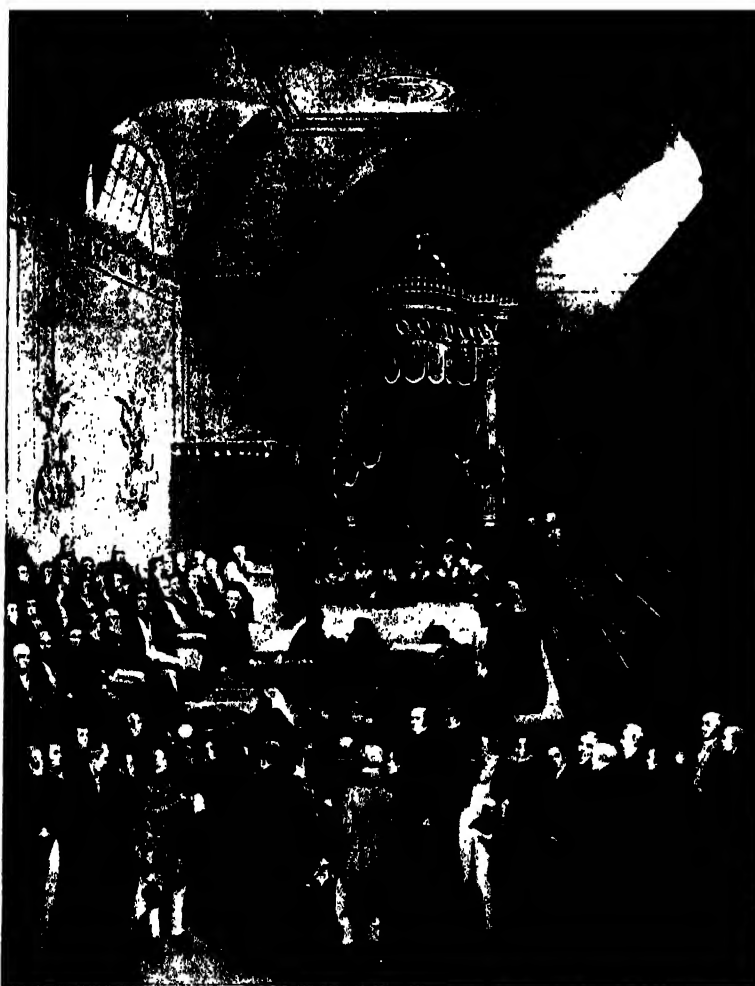
* "The House of Lords during the Civil War." By Prof. C. H. Firth. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"Second Chambers." By J. A. R. Marriott. 5s. net. (Clarendon Press.)—"Peers and Bureaucrats." By Prof. Ramsay Muir. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Senates and Upper Chambers." By H. W. V. Temperley. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Mother of Parliaments." By Harry Graham. With 20 illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

fifty-nine peers then, and they formed a powerful corporation—they appealed to the imagination; Shakespeare had represented them as the foils and chopping-blocks of a breed of native kings as jealous as Turks and as cruel as Spaniards. Under James I. and Charles I. long and distinguished service to the State came to be no longer considered a necessary condition of a peerage. The sale of peerages began. A title was regarded as a fitting consecration of wealth, and the halo which had hitherto attached to an ancient nobility of birth and service began to dissolve and to disappear. A peer who had left England in 1641 and come home with the king to sit in the restored Upper House of 1660 would have perceived the difference at once. The legal and social privileges of the peerage were now the same as they had been, but they were no longer regarded as part of the natural order of things, and had not the same support from public opinion. The old instinctive deference to rank as an indefeasible mark of ancient and illustrious birth had largely disappeared. There was less respect and more criticism. The divinity that was wont to hedge a peer had vanished.

The process of this change of sentiment is worked out in a magisterial way by Professor Firth in his new book on "The House of Lords during the Civil War." This is a timely exercise in social antiquarianism, as complete in its way as the same author's "Cromwell's Army," and a model of the perfection to which the work of historical illustration may be brought by a real master of the craft. As in the case of the two authors whose works are now to be considered, Mr. Firth writes with an academic detachment and an impartiality which render it no easy task to discover his political complexion. But Mr. Firth, Mr. Marriott, and Mr. Temperley are alike in this, that they regard a second chamber of some kind or other as absolutely indispensable. "Hard experience," says Mr.

Firth, "had convinced the Englishman of the seventeenth century of the necessity of a second chamber." All writers are agreed upon the importance of this problem, or discovery (whichever you please to regard it), and are equally agreed as to the strange lethargy with which the whole subject is envisaged by the electorate of the present day.

Mr. Temperley dwells especially upon the prevailing ignorance as to the methods adopted by foreign nations to secure the advantage of a bicameral system. He shows us Lord Morley speaking in the House of Lords and describing the Senates of Australia as purely nominated chambers. As a matter of fact, Australia affords us the most perfect examples we have of elected democratic Senates which are, in fact, so democratic as to outbid the Lower House for popularity. Alone among the Upper Houses



The Passing of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords.

From an engraving after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.
From "The Mother of Parliaments," by Harry Graham. (Methuen.)

of the world the Senate of Australia is less conservative than the House of Representatives. Nor are these mistakes by any means confined to the critics of the Lords. Both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour speak as if the only alternative to a system of two chambers is the wild-cat Government of such a State as Costa Rica. Why Costa Rica? It is selected, of course, because it suggests a state of affairs bordering on anarchy, and the implication is that such must be soon the fate of any unicameral country. Yet, as a matter of fact, Norway, Bulgaria, a fair proportion of German States, Canadian provinces, and Swiss cantons, Greece and Montenegro, are all governments with a single chamber, and serve to show that single chambers can exist in States that are relatively tranquil and well-governed. Such comparisons as these have little binding force either way. The plight of the Mother of Parliaments (of which Captain Harry Graham gives an excellent popular history, picturesque and anecdotal) would indeed be pitiful had it to go to school among the recently emancipated vassals of the Ottoman Turks. What alarms quiet thinkers at home, and shocks sympathetic critics abroad, is the discovery that our Constitution seems to have quite suddenly and unexpectedly got into an *impasse*. The traditional power of automatic adjustment which we were generally supposed to have inherited from the age of Simon de Montfort seems to have deserted us like a virtue of which the force was ultimately spent. The anomaly has not really been sprung on us suddenly, for foreign observers have long noted that the House of Lords was a piece used by the Tory party as a bishop or knight of their own colour upon the chess-board of party politics. Hitherto they have refrained from using their piece conspicuously at critical points in the game. Last year, however, this tradition was abandoned. The anomaly has been dragged out into the glaring light of popular criticism.

The consequences of this have been twofold, and neither of them reassuring. The hereditary chamber, the self-complacency of which, since its rapid recovery after the passing malady of 1832, had hardly been ruffled, sets to work in feverish haste to put its house in order. Hitherto it had listened to the cry of "Wolf" with equanimity. Now it scented danger on the breeze. Regardless of appearances, the majority in the Lower House decided to treat the second chamber not so much as a problem as an obstacle. To this obstacle they propose to apply the vulgar blasting apparatus of the party system. The result will probably be unexpected. But in the meanwhile the would-be reformers have sacrificed a permanent and national to a merely temporary and party advantage. The House of Lords is probably the weakest second chamber in the world already. It is also the most hereditary: it is weak because it is "hereditary." It has long outgrown the old families who had already under Edward I. a mysterious right to the direct summons to the Magnum Concilium. An hereditary chamber of successful tradesmen has no earthly claim upon our respect. The hereditary element has become a complete anomaly. To cut it away would have revived the credit and reason of the second chamber to an almost miraculous degree. Instead of resorting to this necessary surgery the Lower House, in an unworthy spirit of malice, have decided to let the disease be, but to tie the Upper House up, and to confine it with bonds so that it can move neither hand nor foot, reduced to the pitiful condition of a mummy in a museum.

As I have said, our historical guides are all agreed as to the necessity of a second chamber. For my own part, I cannot see that their arguments are absolutely conclusive; apart from the break with historic tradition, the added weight of responsibility and the fear of a referendum would possibly work wonders with a Lower House. But continuity is a valid argument, and, granted the need of a second chamber, the question how to constitute it is

threshed out in these books with great industry and acumen. Mr. Marriott's is primarily an historical essay on the subject, with numerous object-lessons. Mr. Temperley has delved deeper, and furnishes a thorough survey of the bicameral institutions of the modern world. It embodies a vast amount of research, and forms an invaluable reference-book to the whole subject, with valuable notes and bibliography. Mr. Ramsay Muir's "Peers and Bureaucrats" will appeal to a much larger public. It is a rousing and rhetorical call to arms, a rallying cry to all who wish to imbue in the blood of the Lords. It is full of admirable instances and ingenious proposals. A second House, chosen by proportionate representation for a longer term, with an age limit, and representing many more shades of opinion than is possible under present conditions, seems to be his main remedy. All four books deserve careful attention: Mr. Muir's and Mr. Graham's to read, Mr. Marriott's to mark, and Mr. Temperley's, if not to learn, at least to preserve carefully as a work of reference.

The conclusion derived from a careful perusal of these works, whose deductions are at times not a little distracting, is one to which I should like to direct the attention of all fellow-Conservatives, the great desirability, namely, of getting rid of the peerage altogether—as at present forming the greatest possible impediment to a finer and fuller freedom of action within the Conservative party. Conservatism cannot possibly stand alone. It must draw to itself new principles of reform, upon which it can react with a wise spirit of conservation. Alliance with the House of Lords is like being tied to a corpse, by which the vitalising elements are continually and for ever being obstructed. Property, like Labour, is sufficiently represented in the Lower House; what is needed in an Upper Chamber is pre-eminently brains, capable of sifting social ideas. To create such a House would be possible enough, if we may judge by the Benthamite capacity for constitution-mongering shown by these writers. To preserve peers as a pre-historic caste under glass and to give them nothing whatever to do would be to constitute a danger—a constant thorn, at least, in the side of the commonwealth. Noble blood, if it means anything, would make itself felt in the *ex-officio* portion of the Upper House. Had its owners any capacity for reform they would have shown it before the crisis began to concentrate their intellects. As it is the *ex-officio* element is choked by hereditary titles, not three per cent. of which go back beyond Pitt; just as the Conservative party is asphyxiated by the stifling fumes of ancient wealth and hereditary beliefs. Peers and veto alike should be swept into limbo. Both are relics of barbarism. What we want is a strong Upper Chamber based upon brains. What we shall get is first a paralysis of the peers, by means of either swamping or veto-limit. For this we shall have to thank the Radicals. Then, when the peers are quite powerless, and have lost even the semblance of being a protection to the State, they will be carefully reformed by the Tories.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A NOVELIST'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

"A group of very little children, all dressed up and starched out, were being shepherded along the corridor of an English country house, to be ushered into the dining-room with dessert, according to the fashion of a bygone period—when one of them, the youngest, called a halt outside the door, and lifting up her face to the solemn butler in charge, demanded of him to blow her nose for her."

This is Mrs. Walford's earliest recollection; she was three years old at the time, and on a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller-Maitland, near Henley-on-Thames. English on one side and Scotch on the other,

* "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist." By L. B. Walford. 10s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Mrs. Walford, however, knew far more of Scotland than of England in her younger years. Her father, John Colquhoun, author of "The Moor and the Loch," good sportsman and clever naturalist, had a fancy for indulging both of his tastes, and where better could he do it than in his own country?

Mrs. Walford writes with a light and pleasant pen. The ordinary doings of a Scottish household become quite entertaining as she tells of them, and she has glimpses of notable persons to give us, too. At one time the "Residential Tour" led the Colquhouns to a home on the Dee-side, and here is a homely picture of the greatest lady in the land as she passed along that way:

"Prince Albert, ever courteous and kindly, and on the look-out to acknowledge loyal greetings, laid his hand on the Queen's arm to draw her attention to our little assemblage; but at the moment her Majesty was taken up with tying the Princess Royal's bonnet-strings, which she was tugging at in the fashion peculiar to arbitrary mothers. The little Princess was holding back pouting; and as the carriage slowed down . . . we had the satisfaction of seeing our gracious Sovereign Lady obliged to postpone her maternal inclinations, and bestow the light of her countenance elsewhere. Her face, we then saw, was radiant with sweetness and happiness. She wore a dark blue 'Ugly' a concoction of silk and wire, supposed to be a protection from the sun, and it did not misbecome her. She also wore a tartan cloak, and the little Princess wore the same."

Later in the book there is a somewhat loosely written but interesting reference to Sir Walter Scott:

"We Colquhouns have been asked over and over again 'How is it that there is scarcely any mention of your family in Scott's famous novel "Rob Roy," which is cast in your own country, and wherein the best scenes take place on your own lands?' The same inquiry has been made respecting 'The Lady of the Lake,' wherein the solitary reference to us is scarcely polite and certainly not true . . . But Sir Walter had his own reasons for putting such statements into the mouth of our hereditary enemies, the Macgregors. When engaged on the novel—which preceded the poem—he travelled down to Loch Lomond side to collect material and obtain local colour and presented himself at the then Sir James Colquhoun's door, confident of welcome and assistance. But he had reckoned without his host. That Sir James was my grandfather, and as stupid a country magnate as existed, though perhaps it is not for me to say it. Truth, however, will out, and we descendants of the worthy gentleman—and no one more than his own son, my father—had cause to rue his pride and pompous stupidity as regards the famous author. Who and what was a mere Edinburgh lawyer to the Chief of Colquhoun? Mr. Walter Scott—he was not yet 'Sir Walter'—might be a clever man of letters, but he was a person of no consequence, and he slunk out by a back way to avoid an intrusive, prying body, having ordered *the butler* to show him round! Such an affront was never forgotten nor forgiven."

Mrs. Walford's own literary beginnings and later experiences are full of interest. She herself has worked hard and conscientiously at the grind work of writing as well as in her deservedly successful novels, and she never practised or approved of carelessness or untidiness. It is a goodly list of novels which stands against her name—books which brought her into pleasant intercourse with the firms of Blackwood and of Longmans. As journalist too, she met, and wrote for, many a distinguished editor; and it is with the skill and charm of both novelist and journalist that she has written this bright and anecdotal volume of "Recollections."

L. QUILLER COUCH.

Novel Notes.

THE LITTLE WIZARD OF WHITE CLOUD HILL. By F. E. Crichton. 3s. 6d. (Arnold.)—**LITTLE JENNY JARROLD.** By S. G. Arnold. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

Two clever books about children, "The Little Wizard of White Cloud Hill" and "Little Jenny Jarrold," are fortunately published this season when one is casting an eye round for suitable gifts to give as Christmas presents.



Photo by Francis Beine & Co

"Kate Horn"
(Mrs. C. E. C. Weigall).

The first of these two would be a doubly useful book to buy. It would not only be read with keen enjoyment by children themselves, but by all grown-ups who care for true-to-life studies of children. The story is simple and straightforward and told with a quaint charm and a sympathy that unquestionably prove Mrs. Crichton's understanding of children to be far from a surface one. Her children are no pen-and-paper puppets, but real live little people whom it is a delight to become acquainted with. "Little Jenny Jarrold" would appeal more to grown-ups than to children. It is not so much a story for children, but a story about children. The author has a distinct and vivid style, and writes in a skilful, easy manner of the doings of Jenny, "one of nine"; not a book with a plot, but just a glimpse into a few years of Jenny's life that holds one interested from first to last. Both books are admirably illustrated: the former by Dorothy Foulger, and the latter by Florence Meyerheim.

THE MULBERRIES OF DAPHNE. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Daphne runs away. She wins our sympathy at once, for she is being sold into a marriage with the wealthy Sir Lewis Salmon by her impecunious mother, Lady Lemprière, whose establishment in Mayfair is threatened with a financial crisis, in spite of an income derived from the fashionable hobby of collecting secondhand furniture and disposing of the same at greatly enhanced prices. Leaving behind her the life of Mayfair, with its aimless round of pleasure-seeking, its shams and its shallows, Daphne buries herself in a little village in the heart of Surrey, there to meet life and love under less artificial conditions. The change of scene gives the author the opportunity for some vivid studies of the types of countryfolk still to be found in our old-world villages. Better still is the picture of Major Trent's household in Aldershot, the carelessness of his listless invalid wife, and the laughable struggles of Terence Sullivan, his soldier-servant, to perform the part of an Admirable Crichton by acting as mother, nursemaid, and

cook to the numberless children. Eager for experience and anxious to earn a living, Daphne takes this impossible household in hand, and is working wonders when her furious fiancé, Sir Lewis, runs her to earth. The story tells how Daphne averts the ruin which Sir Lewis is preparing for the brother of the man she loves by revealing a shameful skeleton in the rich Jew's cupboard. Mrs. Solomon, the skeleton in question, is the most remarkable character in the book. The plot, for the most part, runs on rather well-worn lines, but the characterisation throughout is decidedly original and effective.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA. By Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This novel ends with the question, "Did she or did she not?" Did Miss Susan Field stick to a man whom she had discovered to be a liar, a libertine, and a swindler, but who said he loved her? Miss Broughton does not often leave her readers in such perplexity, but most of them will guess that "Mr. John Green" succeeded in his suit. The book revolves around two people who chanced to meet in a Riviera hotel, and the slow growth of a warm feeling between them is cleverly analysed by the authoress. She has relieved the situation by introducing three delightful characters in Mrs. Pattison, her son, and her son's irrepressible, vulgar, and unselfish fiancée, Miss Jessica Bodger, but the absorbing interest of the book lies in Miss Field's relation to a man whom she discovered to be a rascal. The strong emotional pulse of Miss Broughton's stories is felt in this novel; in addition, there is a sympathetic sketch of love touching a forlorn lady in the semi-comfort of hotel life. The restraint shown in handling the situation at the close is, perhaps, the chief artistic flaw in the book, but, as a story of temperament, it is decidedly ingenious and attractive.

THE BUNGALOW UNDER THE LAKE. By Charles E. Pearce. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

"The Bungalow Under the Lake" is a thrilling story of plot and counter-plot. Even the most exacting and blasé of sensation-lovers will be unable to repress a gasp now and again. The idea of a man paying a doctor (for private reasons) to drug him so that he will appear as if dead for a week seems excellent material to begin work upon; at any rate Mr. Pearce has found it so. The doctor, who proves to be the villain of the piece, alters the drug and keeps up the feigned death for longer than he promised, until he finds a hiding-place for the "dead" man in a bungalow that is built under a lake; and there he keeps his victim to further his own plans. The author makes his story entirely convincing until he comes to describe poor people. He is not at his best when dealing with these. But he knows how to tell a good tale, and no one who starts reading this one is likely to lay it down until he has come to the end of it.

THE McARDLE PEERAGE. By Evelyn Tempest. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In "The McArdle Peerage" Miss Evelyn Tempest has proved herself a novelist with an excellent sense of character and no mean literary ability; the book is conspicuous for its originality of plot and its humorous and gently ironical treatment of a burning question. Mr. McArdle, a genial middle-aged Scotchman, who has made his millions in Burma, returns to England to spend them. True to his race, he has his ideal still before him, and starts in a very business-like way to secure a peerage. He interviews the Government on the subject and is informed that the Premier is interested in an experiment in practical Socialism which a certain Mr. Purefoy is anxious to carry out, and that he would consider very favourably any capitalist who cared to finance the scheme. Mr. McArdle knows nothing and cares less about "So-

shalism," but this does not affect his purpose, and the "Dawnland" colony is founded with his guarantee of fifty thousand pounds behind it. Incidents in the life of "Dawnland" make up half the book, and the attempt and failure to force communistic ideas on a collection pretty equally composed of purposeful and characterless men is dealt with in the spirit of good-humoured chaff. The only force which keeps the settlement together is provided by Mr. Purefoy, and his pathetic attempts to carry out the principles of true communism against hopeless odds only end with the breakdown of his own health. The strong and purposeful gradually constitute themselves the supervisors of the weak and characterless, and the triumph of individualism is complete when the whole farm is bought up by a Scotch giant whose thrift and energy have made him master of the situation. The experiment fails, but McArdle gets his peerage. A general election is imminent, and the Opposition, returned to power purely on the failure of the "Dawnland" scheme, show their gratitude to their greatest benefactor, the man who has unwittingly proved practical Socialism a delusion. Miss Tempest has a shrewd understanding of the Scottish temperament, and her sketches of McArdle and Duncan Bell rank high amongst character-studies.

THE TORHAVEN MYSTERY. By J. B. Harris-Burland. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Harris-Burland's latest book is one of the best mystery stories we have read for some time--until we get to his explanation. It was rather too bad of him to spirit a young lady out of a railway carriage which is occupied also by her father, her lover, two friends, and a queer stranger; then to have her body washed up by the tide on her father's property; and to permit the stranger in the railway carriage to be mysteriously murdered, and to find that he was carrying a very large sum of money in his bag to do all this, and then to allow a large number of police and private detectives to discover that the young lady committed suicide, and that the mysterious stranger was murdered by - , but that is the real crux of the mystery. There is no reason why we should spoil the book by giving it away altogether, for, as we have already said, the story is developed with great skill, and it will keep any reader guessing. Mr. Harris-Burland is already in the first rank of sensational writers, and "The Torhaven Mystery" presents many of his best characteristics.

THE GLAD HEART. By E. Maria Albanesi. 6s. (Methuen.)

Ellen Milner is a beautiful, well-nurtured girl whose father dies suddenly, leaving her with what her author seems to regard as a useless pittance of £100 a year, and who, thus thrown upon the world to work for her own living, develops rare virtues. She is a delightful heroine, fresh, sincere, and endowed with a pluck which most older women would lack. Both the glad heart and the sad heart are exemplified here; the one is Margaret Marillier, an authoress and the mother of three quaint children; the other is Lady Norchester, who from being a beautiful village girl deeply in love with Harry, Lord Norchester, is, even against her will, persuaded to accept his name. The marriage is disastrous for both, for Miriam is so slighted by his relations and is so sensitive to public opinion that she rapidly deteriorates, indulges in paroxysms of rage, uses bad language, and takes to brandy occasionally for support. To this impulsive creature Ellen goes as guide and companion, and for a time seems to work wonders. This is really the most interesting part of the book. Though the number of characters somewhat complicates the plot, it is an extremely good story; Miriam and her husband are very difficult people and are drawn with subtlety, while Dick Framley, the good angel to everybody, deserves all the happiness he gets in the end.

THE GREAT OFFENDER. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Great Offender" is a domestic novel written with a simplicity of style and idea that is peculiarly charming. It is ostensibly the confessions of an old lady, a clergyman's widow, who plays the part of peacemaker and guardian angel in the confined society of a provincial town. Mrs. Constance's next-door neighbour is a colourless, well-meaning widower of the name of Lascelles, who in middle-age brings a second wife to Southease. Grave doubts are expressed amongst local gossips as to the respectability of this lady, who has a theatrical temperament and a veiled past. Mrs. Constance, however, takes her under her wing, and it is not long before Mrs. Lascelles confesses to her the particulars of her several *liaisons*. One after the other her former lovers come to Southease, and Mrs. Constance deals with them personally, and by gentleness and tact induces them to see the error of their ways, and persuades them to leave well alone. The book is well written, and is easy and interesting to read. By far the most convincing passages are those which deal with the gossiping inhabitants of Southease; and here the novelist has more scope for a certain delicate humour which pervades the whole book.

THE HAUNTED ISLAND. By F. H. Visiak. 4s. (Wm. Mathews.)

This is a small book of pirate romance in the seventeenth century, "being the history of an adventure to an Island in the Remote South Sea. Of a Wizard there. Of his Pirate Gang: His Treasure: His Combustible: His Skeleton Antic Lud. Of his Wisdom: Of his Poesy: His Barbarous Cruelty: His Mighty Power. Of a Volcano on the Island. And of the Ghostly Terror." The hero is the younger brother of a Navy lieutenant who steals his ship in order to secure the pirate treasure on the island. Mr. Visiak has caught the weird romantic note of the peril, and his pages are so full of adventure and superstition that one forgets how often this kind of thing has been done already. The reader will get his fill of romance, served up geographically and freshly. It is a short book, and very few will be able to lay its crisp, exciting narrative down before the scoundrels get their desert in the closing chapter. This is largely due to the skill with which Mr. Visiak has managed to catch the antique atmosphere and dialect of the period, without allowing his style to lapse into conventional affectations.

SEEKERS ALL. By Mrs. Kenneth Combe. 6s. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.)

There is no intricate plot in "Seekers All." It is a straightforward love story told with an unaffected intensity of feeling. Mrs. Combe excels in presenting a lucid analysis of the complex feelings and motives which inspire the simplest words and actions of her characters. Barbara Lister's mother was married for her money, and the "remembrance scourged her; there was no single recollection that did not sear and wound." Fearful lest her daughter should meet a like fate, she provides that Barbara's wealth shall be kept a secret until after her marriage. Rumours of riches, however, are not easily dispelled, as Barbara finds to her cost when Arthur Graham, the man to whom she loses her heart, transfers his affections to another on being informed of her comparative poverty. The friend in her hour of need proves to be Arthur's badly used half-brother, concerning whose passion and poverty there is no shadow of doubt. His efforts to shake off the drab bondage of a bank-clerk by patenting a novel collar-stud are cruelly terminated by the discovery that his invention has been stolen by a fellow-lodger, and all hopes of securing Barbara for his wife are apparently extinguished. We say "apparently," for of course Mrs. Combe sees to it that true love wins before we come to the end of what develops into a very charming romance.

The Bookman's Table.

SEYMOUR HICKS: Twenty-four Years of an Actor's Life. By Himself. 2s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)

If one were inclined to deal at all severely with Mr. Seymour Hicks for imagining that the public desires to read a volume of something over three hundred pages descriptive of his life as an actor during just under a quarter of a century, that inclination would be disposed of by the whimsical frankness of the dedication and preface to "Seymour Hicks—By Himself." Whilst leaving to the reader the questions how far "sheer impertinence" and "a lack of humour" are responsible for his effort, Mr. Hicks pleads guilty to "the hope of advertisement." Such genial candour is very ingratiating; and it is mere justice to Mr. Hicks to admit that he has succeeded admirably in his modest ambition to supply us with "what might serve as a lyric to the music of a railway train—or haply save us buying a bromide at the nearest chemist." For his book is very readable indeed; and like his stage art it suggests here and there that behind the breezy humour and the grease-paint we may find (if we have the necessary gifts of sympathy and vision) a strong personality and a certain serious purpose. In an illuminating sentence, Mr. Hicks writes of "the body I am condemned to drag through musical comedy after musical comedy (the titles alone of which differ)"; and in his dedication, he speaks of "that half of my profession who think I can't act," and again of his "enemies who say nice things of me"; both rather poignant and significant sayings to one versed in the things of the theatre. From the pecuniary point of view Mr. Hicks has been very successful, although his managerial enterprises have not all made material additions to his bank balance. No man on our stage has worked harder or owes his prosperity more entirely to his own energy and skill.



Mr. Seymour Hicks.

Frontispiece portrait from "Seymour Hicks," written by Himself. (Alston Rivers.)

He has given innocent pleasure to hundreds of thousands of simple-minded folk, he has known on terms of intimacy many men and women worth knowing, and now he has written a merry and agreeable book of gossip, full of good stories, which is very cheap at half-a-crown.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE: A Record and a Criticism.
By P. P. Howe. 2s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

The various movements in the direction of a National Repertory Theatre reached their most notable stage in the repertory season recently organised by Mr. Charles Frohmann at the Duke of York's Theatre. The productions of this season clearly indicated the growing desire of our most serious new dramatists to escape from the limitations of the ordinary commercial drama, and to provide the public with plays which might bear examination as works of literary art as well as of dramatic effectiveness. Mr. P. P. Howe's book is convincing testimony to the vitality of this new drama, for it must indeed be in a healthy state to call forth and in every way to justify a work so full of life and constructive criticism as "The Repertory Theatre." Mr. Howe lets nothing escape him; he tells us not only about the plays themselves, but about the actors who took part in them, and the number of performances given; and all this he does with the sureness of the thorough analyst and the convincingness of the born critic. He relates, in a remarkably lucid first chapter, the story of the growth of the repertory idea; he proceeds to enumerate and to examine the various experiments made prior to the season at the Duke of York's Theatre; and ultimately he weighs with scrupulous fairness the reasons which led to the comparative failure of that season. We cannot do better than advise those who believe in the drama as an important national influence to read "The Repertory Theatre" and learn from its pages the history of that theatre so far as it can now be told.

A THACKERAY DICTIONARY. By Isadore Gilbert Mudge and M. Earl Sears. 8s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

There have been several Dickens Dictionaries, but this is the first attempt to provide a handbook to Thackeray's characters. The book would have been more valuable had the compilers cast their net over a wider range of Thackeray's works than is to be found in the Biographical Edition: it would have been better if they had taken as the basis of their work the ampler Oxford Edition, or the still more complete edition issued by the house of Macmillan. Otherwise, we have nothing but praise for the Dictionary. The work has been done with the utmost care, and, wherever we have checked it, we have found it accurate. The description of the characters is very well done, and no pains have been spared to make the entries comprehensive. There are references to where the characters appear in the various stories, and the compilers have not been content to deal only with the characters; they have included also places and books, and give the originals of the places and the prototypes of the characters, whenever these are known. The Dictionary will prove a boon to all lovers and students of Thackeray, and will take its place as a useful book of reference.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. F. WARNE & CO.

"Once upon a time there was a wood-mouse, and her name was Mrs. Tittlemouse. She lived in a bank under a hedge." This is the beginning of *The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse* (1s. net), by Miss Beatrix Potter; and every one who knows the famous "Peter Rabbit" books will know that what happens in that little house in the bank under the hedge must be known in every properly equipped nursery in England before Christmas is over. "Mrs. Tittlemouse was a most terribly tidy, particular little mouse," so it goes without saying that her dainty little home was beset by many a disconcerting visitor and intruder. The

beautiful little full-page illustrations tell the story even without words, and they are daintiness itself; and if there is one animal portrait in which Miss Potter excels above others it is the mouse portrait. Pretty, harassed little Mrs. Tittlemouse bids fair to be a real rival to even Peter Rabbit himself.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing a series of anthologies which attract us greatly by reason of their worth and their variety. The series includes new works and also reprints. It begins with *The Mount of Vision*, a book of English Mystic Verse, selected and arranged by Adeline Cashmore. To this volume Mrs. Meynell has contributed an Introduction, a piece of writing arresting, suggestive: a gift both to the book and to the reader. The collection is fresh, inspiring, beautiful, a pleasure and a comfort. Two other items in the series, which lie at our hands, are reprints. These are a *A Collection of Ballads*, edited by Andrew Lang, and two volumes of *Lyrical Verse*, selected and edited by Oswald Crawford. The appearance of the volumes, of which six have been already published in the series, is very charming, the colours are well chosen and the design in gold is



"And because the silver of the moonshine-fairies is very light he was able to carry a great deal of it."

From one of the colour illustrations by Edmund Dulac in "Fairies I Have Met," by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

tasteful and dignified. The price is half-a-crown net each volume, and as gift-books—the ballads for the boy, the lyrics for lovers, the mystic poems for those who enjoy a book of devotional poetry—they are admirably adapted.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

We are often inclined to say that modern fairy tales lack all the charm of the traditional ones, and we are not infrequently proved to be wrong. We should undoubtedly be wrong to make such a statement this season with the new volume of *Fairies I Have Met* (3s. 6d. net) open before us. Mrs. Rodolph Stawell has written a dozen fairy tales which needed only Mr. Edmund Dulac's beautiful coloured illustrations to make them perfect. We know that children will be fascinated with these stories. They are marked by originality and the necessary simplicity which goes to make the popular tale for the nursery. We have seen Mr. Dulac's talent displayed in depicting themes and scenes of several lands, but we doubt whether any land is more fitted to his brush than is Fairyland. We are inclined to wish that his colours had been more the primary colours that children love, but his knowledge of their demands in a picture is otherwise complete.

MESSRS. CASSELL.

The end of the year brings us again the familiar and ever-popular annual volume of *Chums* with its big budget of good stories and articles, and its numerous and capital illustrations. No fewer than ten serials run through the volume by such well-known authors as Captain Frank M. Shaw, Fred Whishaw, Julian Lanley, etc. From the same firm comes Cassell's *Annual for Boys and Girls*, full of first-rate reading for younger readers, and containing numerous black-and-white illustrations, and over a hundred in colour. Here, too, is the annual volume of *Little Folks*, bright and entertaining as usual, an ideal gift-book for boys and girls who are old enough to read, and lucky enough not to be too old yet to count among the children.

The Bookman Annual Art Supplement

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From "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"
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Last year Mr. Willy Pogány gave us a wonderful illustrated edition of Omar Khayyam, this year he has turned from the warmth and gorgeous hues and sensuousness and symbolism of the Orient to the grimness and cold grey eeriness of Coleridge's great ballad, and he has been as entirely successful in this work as he was in the other. His pictures have a delicacy of tone and value, a fine imaginative quality, and, where necessary, a nightmare suggestion of horror that reflect the very style and spirit of the poem: he has caught its underlying supernaturalness, its dream-atmosphere with a subtle sensitiveness and strength of feeling. The text is in a fittingly old-time letterpress with artistic borderings: every page is printed in colours, and the title-page, with its gorgeous colouring and gold, has an ornate and elaborate beauty that is reminiscent of an ancient missal. So far as we have seen, "The Ancient Mariner" has never been more imaginatively or adequately illustrated than it is by Mr. Pogány in this superb newest edition of it.



From Martha, Lady Giffard (Allen).

THE GLENBERVIE JOURNALS.

By WALTER SICHEL. With a Frontispiece and 16 Portraits. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

The two journals which make up this extremely entertaining volume came to light only recently in a London auction-room. Time has dealt kindly with them in landing them in the very competent hands of Mr. Sichel, whose knowledge of the period is once more attested in the biographical and explanatory foot-notes scattered through these pages. Sylvester Douglas, who was created Baron Glenbervie in the Irish peerage in 1800, was a pushing and tactful Scot, who abandoned medicine for politics, married Lord North's daughter, and obtained many odd-and-end sinecures. Mr. Sichel makes no attempt to pose his author as a hero or a wit, and if we have any quarrel with his judgment it is that he is too modest regarding the claims of this delightful journal. For Glenbervie is what the Scots call *pawky*, and though not witty in himself, he can tell a good story with an engaging relish, and with (as Mr. Sichel justly points out) the true Polonius unction. The book is full of exceedingly pleasant gossip and anecdote, and is not to be confounded with the ubiquitous *chronique scandaleuse*. It is so good that we hope the rest of the journals will come to light. The present instalment is complete in itself, and is the most attractive book of its kind we have encountered this year.

THE LAST STUART QUEEN:

Louise Countess of Albany: Her Life and Letters. By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN. 16s. net. (Duckworth.)

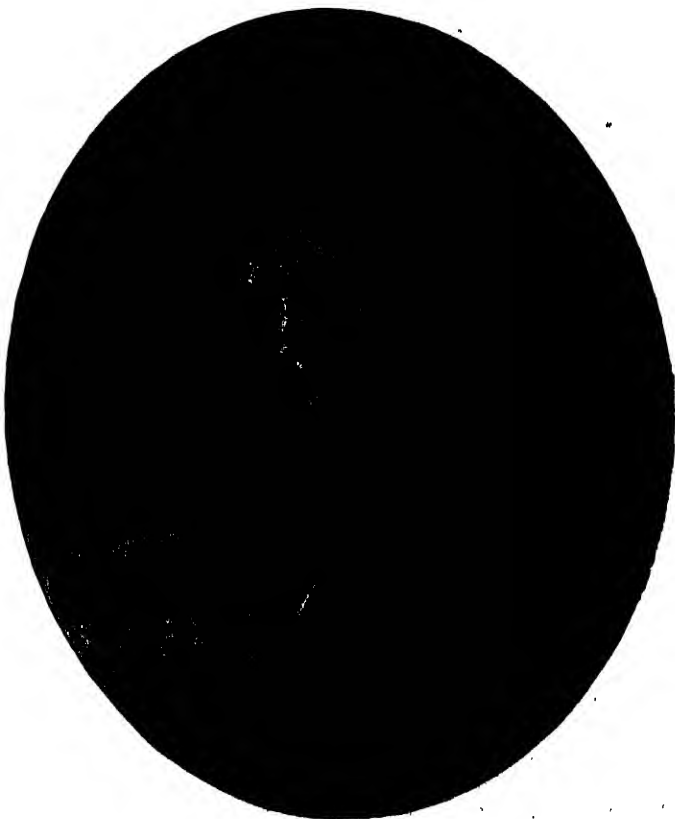
In 1772 the French Court thought that it would be well to continue the line of the Stuart Pretenders as an instrument against England, so they arranged a marriage between the Young Pretender and Louise of Stolberg, the penniless daughter of a German prince-ling. Charles Edward Stuart was then fifty years of age, and, if we may believe his wife, "the most odious man that ever existed, who united in his own person every

imaginable failing, in addition to the lackey's special vice of drunkenness." The substantial dowry given by the French was, from their political point of view, wasted. No children were born of the ill-assorted marriage. The Countess of Albany, to give "the last Stuart queen" her ordinary title, was about thirty-one years younger than her husband, and very beautiful. Six years after her marriage she became acquainted with the famous Italian poet, Count Alfieri—a man somewhat of the stamp of Byron. In a rather disgusting poem he describes how he made love to the unhappy wife while her miserably drunken husband was sleeping in a chair in the corner of the room. The upshot was that the Pretender assaulted the Countess and she fled to a convent, and afterwards became the acknowledged mistress of the seductive poet. It is a somewhat sordid story, about which many French and Italian writers have tried to get an air of romance. Mr. Vaughan relates the facts in a judicial and yet vivid manner, and gives besides a very interesting picture of the social life of the age.

FAVOURITE OPERAS

From Mozart to Mascagni: Their Plots, History and Music. By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN. With 24 Coloured Illustrations by BYAM SHAW. 6s. net. (Jack.)

Mr. Cuthbert Hadden's book appeals to that large public which has no particular knowledge of music, but a real appreciation of it. It is, in the best sense of the word, "popular." Though it is not a particularly long book, the author manages to deal more or less completely with over forty operas, and his notices upon some of the better known and more popular are detailed and exhaustive. The operas are of all periods, ranging from "Don Giovanni" to "Elektra." The author's treatment is clever, and his book makes good reading, while at the same time it conveys much sound information. Mr. Byam Shaw's coloured illustrations are a feature of the book, and show the artist at his best.



LADY CRAVEN. (From a portrait by George Romney.)
From The Glenbervie Journals (Constable).

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pression with a touch of authentic genius. He was a hard worker, and the strain of keeping up with the commissions that flowed in upon him broke down his health. He died at the age of forty-six, and two years before his death we find him writing in a note-book: "The pressure of work in portrait-painting is getting too much for my strength and advancing years." They grew old early then; curious, that now, when life is more strenuous than ever, no man of forty-four thinks of pleading his "advancing years." Mr. Arthur Lucas is to be congratulated upon having written what is certainly an im-



THE PAINTER'S WIFE AND HIS TWO ELDEST SONS, ABOUT 1845.
From John Lucas, Portrait Painter (Methuen).

son, Mr. Arthur Lucas, has written an able and interesting memoir drawn from family documents and recollections, and from the correspondence of his sitters. The ninety-four examples of his work that are given in this stately volume are excellent reproductions, and include portraits of Mary Russell Mitford and her irresponsible father, Noon Talfourd, Samuel Rogers, several of the Duke of Wellington, John Walter, Robert Stephenson, and many of the children of royal and notable persons. Perhaps John Lucas was at his best in some of his paintings of children: he catches their charm and innocence of ex-

pression with a touch of authentic genius. He was a hard worker, and the strain of keeping up with the commissions that flowed in upon him broke down his health. He died at the age of forty-six, and two years before his death we find him writing in a note-book: "The pressure of work in portrait-painting is getting too much for my strength and advancing years." They grew old early then; curious, that now, when life is more strenuous than ever, no man of forty-four thinks of pleading his "advancing years." Mr. Arthur Lucas is to be congratulated upon having written what is certainly an im-

HORACE WALPOLE.

By AUSTIN DOBSON. 5s. net. (Harper.)

Mr. Austin Dobson's fine "memoir" of Horace Walpole has been re-issued by Messrs. Harper in an attractive form and at a low price. The book may now be considered as a standard biography, and this carefully revised edition



From *Horace Walpole A Memoir* (Huffer) HORACE WALPOLE
After K. Sill

should have a larger sale. Beyond the re-editing of Walpole's correspondence by Miss Pugh Toynebee little fresh light has been thrown of recent years upon his career. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Dobson's work lists is remarkably well, and so far as we can see it should continue to do so. The book contains several interesting illustrations and the only fault we can find with the publishers is that they have not re-issued it before.

HOME LIFE WITH HERBERT SPENCER.

By TWO 2S 6d net (Arrowsmith).

There's a divinity that hedges philosophers as well as kings, and it is in some sort a test of the man's greatness



From *The Fair Quaker Hannah Lightfoot and her Relations with George III* (Hurst & Blackett) THE FAIR QUAKER
(Reviewed on page 156)

if he can come out from that encircling mystery and be seen as a mere human being without loss of any essential dignity. If this book had never been written, we should have known from other sources that Spencer was a man of marked eccentricities, crabbed, arrogant, wilful, but we should not have such an insight of the kinder, homelier, happier side of his remarkable personality. To find the philosopher in these pages cracking feeble jests, indulging in childish practical jokes, fussing about his food, bullying his patient hostesses, goading them into rebellion against his amazingly petty tyrannies, and then brusquely brushing his follies aside and starting afresh in a penitent mood, is at first rather a shock to your ideas of the fitness of things, but before you have finished reading you feel that you understand him as you never did before; he becomes a real faulty man for you, with more than all an old man's usual crotchettiness, and much more than the ordinary old man's sagacity. For eight years the authors of this



From *Recollections of a Scottish Novelist* (Williams & Norgate) MISS F. S. FULLER-MAITLAND
AFTERWARDS MRS. COLQUHOUN
(Reviewed on page 164)

profoundly interesting book shared house with Herbert Spencer, and here they give us a minute and sympathetic record of his sayings and doings under their roof. It is in the truest sense of the word a human document, showing you the philosopher as he really was when the eye of the world was not upon him and he felt he might unbend and be himself in the presence of those who would not misunderstand him—a document that you read sometimes with surprise, sometimes with admiration, often with lively amusement, but always with interest of the profoundest. One welcomes a new edition of this frank and invaluable bit of biography.

LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS.

By DR. A. S. RAPPOPORT 12S 6d net (Hutchinson)

It must have been a very difficult matter to write a life of the late King of the Belgians. Dr. Rappoport at any rate comes through the ordeal with some credit, although it cannot be pretended that his "Life" is in every way satisfactory. His introduction is remarkably promising. "It is impossible," writes the author, "to understand the life of any individual as distinct from his environment, his descent, his parentage, and epoch." Then follow half a dozen rather elaborate chapters upon the condition of

Belgium under Leopold I., and the personal character of that monarch; the early life of Leopold II. is elaborately described, and, in fact, more than a third of the book must be read before Dr. Rappoport has placed his hero upon the throne. The reader would feel no impatience of this were the remainder of the book equally detailed. But Dr. Rappoport descends to trivialities. We are informed, for instance, that the late King had only one clean handkerchief a week and that he was seriously annoyed if his valets changed his towels more frequently! No doubt all is grist that comes to the mill, but in a maze of details of this sort it is difficult to grasp the real man behind, the man who, as Emile Verhaeren said, was "almost too great for his country." Still, Dr. Rappoport has compiled an interesting and a more or less discreet chronicle of a very remarkable personage, which in the absence of an authoritative biography will serve very well.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

By W. S. CHILDE PEMBERTON. With Illustrations.
16s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Sympathy and something of resentment have always lingered in the minds of most persons when they have thought about the short, tormented life of Amelia, the youngest daughter of George III. In the midst of a respectable and commonplace Royal Family, surrounded by a profligate and coarse Court, this gentle young Princess seems to have been almost alone in possessing ideals of love, of romance, of purity of heart and thought and behaviour. George III., devoted as he was to his daughters, had an intense dislike to the thought of marriage for them; and when Amelia, the apple of his eye, fixed her young and ardent affections upon General FitzRoy, there stretched before her a dozen years of unsatisfied hope, which ended only with her life. This readable biography, by Mr. Childe Pemberton, gives not only a clear and fair account of Princess Amelia, from



From *Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie*
(Blackwood).

CHRISTIAN, COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE

(A review of which, by Dr. George Sm

the January BOOKMAN.)

birth to death, but gives also a distinct and admirable picture of England, and of the Royal Family, and its surroundings at that period. Much has been said and written regarding the love-story of Princess Amelia, and many a scandal concerning her behaviour has been granted a long life, but the author of this volume has studied his subject deeply and widely, he has had the advantage of examining much unpublished material, and not only is his opinion strongly in favour of the Princess's innocence and beauty of character, but his pen is here used strongly, yet sanely and quietly, to prove the truth of it. His book makes a charming "true story," and leaves in our mind's eye a very clear and interesting picture of what is often considered to be a dull and commonplace period of history. To make the picture even clearer and more interesting, Mr. Childe-Pemberton has included in his volume some attractive portraits of the Princess herself, her lover, and her sisters. We augur a great run upon this "Romance" at the libraries.

UNFREQUENTED FRANCE.

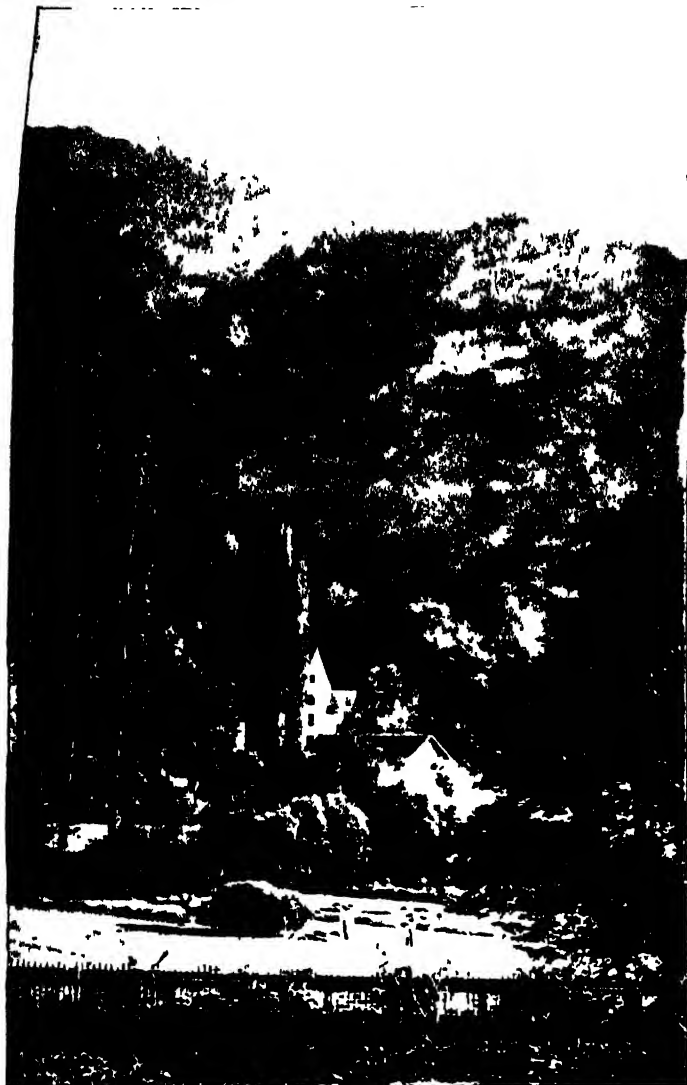
By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Miss Betham-Edwards's latest book is one of the most charming which has come from her pen. The title is sufficiently explanatory. Despite the *entente cordiale* and the large number of English travellers who now visit France, many districts of that country may still be regarded as off the beaten track. Among those dealt with in the volume under consideration, for instance, are Besançon, the Jura Mountains, the steamer trip down the Rhône from Lyons to Avignon (which the author considers perhaps the finest in Europe), the Ile de Ré, the lower reaches of the Loire, and many portions of the Vendée and Anjou. To all of these places, and to many others, Miss Betham-Edwards proves the pleasantest guide imaginable. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that she knows France better than most English people know their own country. Probably, indeed, there is no English person alive who is better informed on the subject. Besides, the author has a



From *The Romance of the Princess Amelia*
(Nash).

M.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.



*From Unfrequented France
(Chapman & Hall).*

ARCIER, BESANÇON.

pretty knack of bringing the scene vividly before the reader in a very few lines. Miss Betham-Edwards has written a fresh book upon an old subject, and she has done it remarkably well. The illustrations are numerous and well printed.

UGANDA FOR A HOLIDAY.

By SIR FREDERICK TREVES. 9s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Sir Frederick Treves' literary powers are almost as widely and as well known as his reputation as a surgeon. We are already indebted to him for two or three delightful books of travel, and his latest book falls—as its title shows—also within this category. "Uganda for a Holiday" is written from the point of view of the intelligent observer. In itself, it is a relief to have an account of this most interesting country from the pen of one who is not a big-game hunter, who is summed up rather nastily, but none the less truly, by Sir Frederick as "the would-be big-game hunter with his small-bore talk. Although his mental survey could be apparently compressed into the compass of a cartridge-case his ambition at least is expansile." The book contains, among other points of interest, a humorous account of a trip on the Uganda Railway, and what is perhaps its most striking feature—a full and admirably clear account of the campaign which has been successfully waged against sleeping-sickness. The illustrations are numerous and well printed, and the book as a whole is in every way worthy of its author.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MOUNTAINEER.

By WALTER LARDEN. 14s. net. (Arnold.)

Mr. Larden is not naturally an expert climber. He knows all about it that is worth knowing, certainly, but he is not one of those people with a genius for the sport. He can appreciate the difficulties of the ordinary man. To our mind this makes his book infinitely more valuable than if it had been an elaborate treatise written by a master of the art. Incidentally it is probably much more readable. At any rate, we have enjoyed his book thoroughly. The author has a fine appreciation for mountains and a passion for his amusement, and his book is accordingly the next most exhilarating thing after the pure air of the Swiss highlands. It contains some very remarkable photographs, one of which we reproduce.

THE HIGH-ROADS OF THE ALPS.

By CHARLES L. FRIESTON, F.R.G.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

Mr. Freeston's "High-Roads of the Alps" seems likely to take a high place in motoring literature. It styles itself,



*From Recollections of an Old Mountaineer
(Arnold).*

THE GRAND COMBIN FROM THE COMBIN DE CORBASSIÈRE.
(From a photo by Alfred Holmes.)

modestly enough, "a motoring guide to 'one hundred mountain passes,'" and this exactly describes the book. Incidentally it contains also 106 itineraries, 102 photographic illustrations, and 11 maps and diagrams. The author lays much stress on the fact that the Alpine territory is not confined to Switzerland, which country, indeed, can claim less than one-third of the ranges. The motorist who knows what Switzerland means, therefore, will take this into consideration before he dismisses the volume as one dealing with beautiful—but for him, impracticable—country. The author has a personal acquaintance with his subject and has traversed every one of the routes which he describes. The volume also contains a number of useful hints, and ingenious chapters on the ideal tour, passing the customs, and the "Grande Route des Alpes." In fact, if a motorist wants to buy a guide to the Alps, we do not see how he can possibly do better than get Mr. Freeston's book.

THE SWORD IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By ALICE MACGOWAN. With Illustrations. 6s. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It is no uncommon thing to come across fiction dealing with the American Civil War, but this book is much more than a mere story with the war period for its setting and the battlefields for its scenery. This is a story, written after much thought and many years of work and longing, by one whose father fought through the entire war, whose own childhood was spent "in camp" whose earliest recollections were of the "little battle-smitten, mud-gullied town full of blue-coated soldiers." The very spirit of the times is caught within this book, and the story reads as if it were a true chronicle of the lives and loves of Champ Seacrest and Delora Glenn, and of the stern treatment and beliefs of Vespasian Seacrest, Champ's father, and of his final yielding of honour to care for his son's safety. The tale is impressive and thrilling; it might almost be a leaf torn from actual history, so clearly do we see those Tennessee mountains and valleys, those blue soldiers and grey soldiers, the log house, and the struggle between convictions and affections.

OLD COUNTRY INNS.

By HENRY P. MASKELL and EDWARD W. GREGORY. With Illustrations by the authors. 7s. 6d. net. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

The tavern has played an important part in the social and political life of the nation; it has been the resting-place of kings, the refuge of fugitive royalties and commoners, the meeting-place of revolutionaries, and always the informal debating club of local politicians in country and in town. Any history of old country inns, if at all well done, was bound to be interesting, and Messrs. Maskell and Gregory have written this history of theirs very well indeed. They classify the inns of England according to their origin, rating them as manorial, monastic, Church inns, and so on. They discourse in a pleasant, gossiping strain on Coaching Inns, Wayside Inns, Haunted Inns, the Inns of Literature and Art—this latter a particularly



From *The High-Roads of the Alps*
(Kegan Paul).

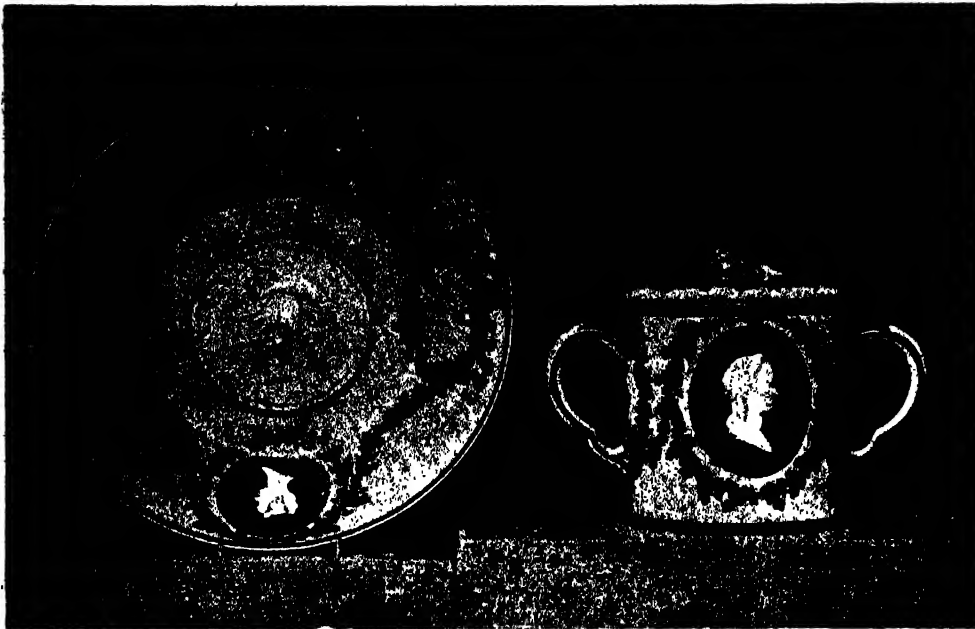
NEARING THE SUMMIT.

fascinating chapter; they tell of historic and fanciful signs and curious sign-boards; of the strange architecture of some old Inns; of Inn Furniture; of the Commercial Traveller, and of the Innkeeper himself. In a final chapter



From *Argentina Past and Present*
(Kegan Paul).

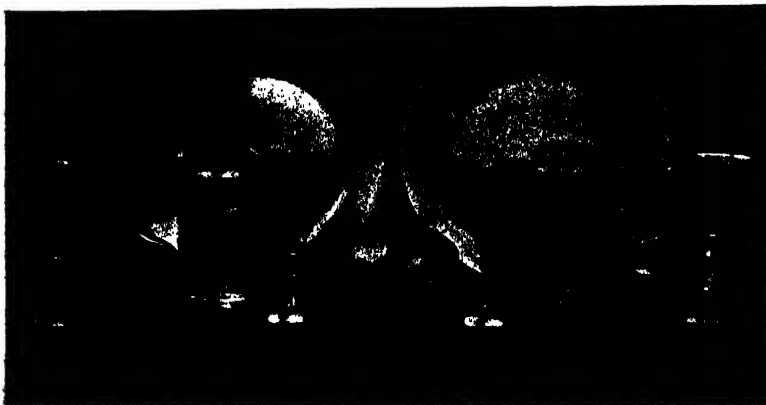
A ROCKY POOL IN THE CÓRDOBA HILLS.



*From Porcelain and How to Collect it
(Methuen).*

**SEVRES PORCELAIN: MEDALLIONS
ON "ŒIL DE PERDRIX" GROUND.**

they have some suggestive thoughts to offer on public-house reform and the possible developments of the future so far as the inn is concerned. The illustrations, from drawings by the authors, are numerous, and very delightful examples of black-and-white draughtsmanship. "Old Country Inns" is the complement of Mr. H. C. Shelley's "Inns and Taverns of Old London," and does as thoroughly



*From Chats on Old Pewter
(Unwin).*

and as attractively for the country what he did there for the town.

PORCELAIN AND HOW TO COLLECT IT.

By E. DILLON. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Edward Dillon's important book on "Porcelain," in Messrs. Methuen's Connoisseur's Library series, has taken

its place as a standard work on this subject. This new manual is to some extent founded on the larger work, but the author's aim here has been more directly to supply practical information for the collector, and he furnishes a concise account of the various kinds of porcelain, dealing exhaustively with the hard pastes of Europe and the Far East and the soft-paste wares made in England, Italy, France, and Spain during the eighteenth century. There are six chapters on the Porcelain of China, an admirable chapter on the earliest Porcelain in Europe, and others on the porcelain of Korea, Siam, and Japan. Mr. Dillon has done his work thoroughly; he writes with the knowledge of the expert, and with a pleasant, lucid style such as

very few experts are happy enough to acquire.

THE FORTUNE HUNTERS,

and Other Stories. By VIOLET JACOB. 6s. (Murray.)

Of the thirteen stories which Mrs. Jacob has collected in this volume, "The Fortune-Hunters" is certainly the least attractive. It is quite a pleasant story, but possesses few of the characteristics of its author's best manner. The book is a good one, however; the collection is admirably varied, moving from grave to gay, from the incomprehensibly supernatural to the more prosaic sentimental. We ourselves prefer "The Black Man's Hand" and "The Wythan Tree" to the others, but—with the exception of the title-story—there is very little to choose between the remaining tales.

THE A B C OF COLLECTING OLD ENGLISH CHINA.

By J. F. BLACKER. With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Blacker is a recognised authority on matters connected with old pottery and old china; he has written several useful works on these subjects, and in his new book sets himself to narrate a short history of the English factories and the china produced by them, showing how



*From The A B C of Collecting Old English China
(Stanley Paul).*

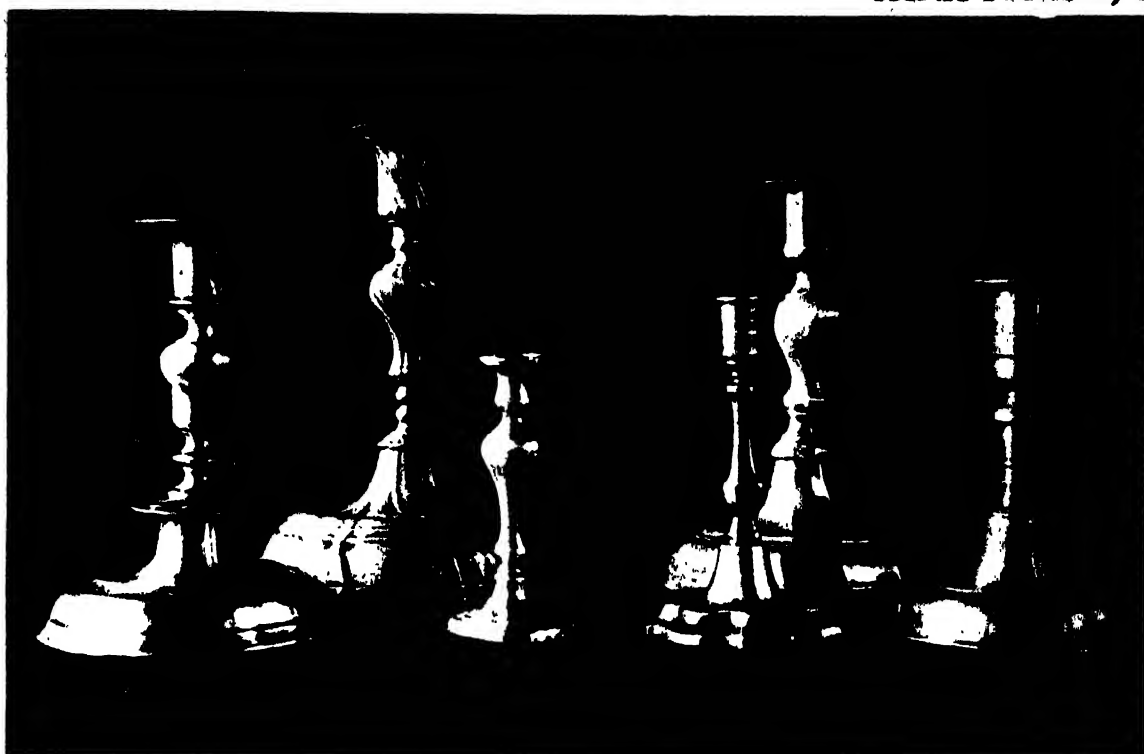
MADON'S IRONSTONE CHINA.

to apply tests for unmarked china before 1800. The volume is well and lucidly arranged, and contains a large number of excellent half-tone illustrations. Few books on old china that we have read compress so much information into such comparatively small space: it is written with an exhaustiveness of treatment, a fullness of knowledge, a care over details, a skill in comparing the products of different factories and periods and an exactness in technical description that make it indispensable to the collector and will assuredly give it a place among standard works of its kind.

THE SEA-KINGS OF CRETE.

By the REV. JAMES BAIKIE, F.R.A.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

The island of Crete offers the first example in Europe of a civilisation which may justifiably be termed such. It is remarkable that the discoveries of Schliemann and his successors have all taken place within the last forty years. That they have considerably modified our ideas of the Greek civilisation is well set forth in two pregnant sentences by Mr. Baizie: "For the historian of the middle of the nineteenth century Greek history began with the First Olympiad in 776 B.C. Before that the story of the return of the Herakleids and the Dorian conquest of the men of the Bronze Age might very probably embody, in a fanciful form, a genuine historical fact; the Homeric poems were to be treated with respect . . . as possibly representing a credible tradition, though, of course, their pictures of advanced civilisation were more or less imaginative projections upon the past of the culture of the writer's own period or periods." The aim of this book, we are told, has been to "offer to the general reader a plain ac-



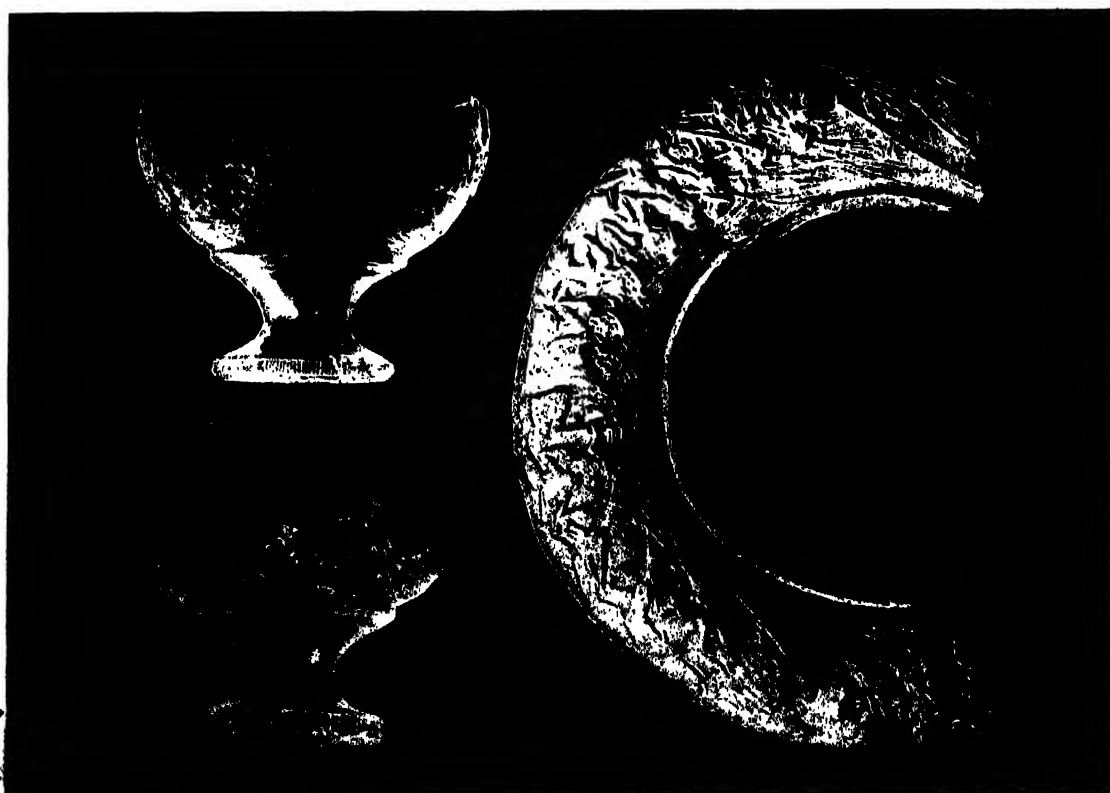
From Chats-on Old Pewter
(Unwin).

count of these wonderful investigations." In this Mr. Baizie has been quite successful. He avoids technicalities, and he writes clearly and well, avoiding at the same time all controversial questions. "The Sea-Kings of Crete," which, by the way, contains thirty-two very interesting illustrations, is well worthy of note by any reader who is anxious to obtain trustworthy information upon a rather complicated subject.

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING.

By R. C. WIRT. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Of the making of anthologies in the ordinary way there is no end, nor is there any good reason why there should be: but anthologies of paintings are scarcer—perhaps



From The Sea-Kings of Crete
(Black).

THE HARVESTER VASE, HAGIA TRIADA.



From Madame Royale: the Last Dauphine
(Unger).
(Reviewed in the October BOOKMAN.)

**MARIE ANTOINETTE AND
HER CHILDREN.**
(Photo by Neurdein.)

because they are more troublesome to make and more expensive to produce. "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting" is an anthology of this latter description: the pictures have been selected from the world's masterpieces in public and private galleries, Mr. R. C. Witt having been guided in his choice by the intrinsic merit of the paintings, and to some extent by the fact that they represent particular schools or periods of artistic activity. A brief descriptive, critical and historical account is given of each picture, and in a long and able introduction Mr. Witt applies certain broad principles of art to the examples included, and writes a condensed history of painting since the fourteenth century. It is no use criticising the collection: one might suggest that Mr. Witt should have omitted this or that picture and included this or that other instead: but it is a

matter of taste, and the compiler, as the compiler of any anthology must, has rightly consulted his personal preferences, and the result is a wholly excellent volume that will have an educative value for the general reader and serve as a popular text-book for the art student.

THE DOG LOVER'S BOOK.

Written and Illustrated by EDWIN NOBLE.
15s. net. (Wells Gardner.)

Mr. Noble's dog book is the last word in its kind, and it should in every way appeal to that large public indicated by the title. The author devotes a number of chapters to a consideration of the main breeds of dogs. He writes sympathetically and well, and clearly possesses a considerable knowledge of his subject. Here, for instance, is a piece of curious lore: "I have mentioned the name of the 'Spaniel Gentle.' In some old books he is called 'the Comforter,' because he was largely used in the place of a mustard-plaster 'to assuage ye sickness of ye stomacke, or carried in ye bosome of ye diseased and tortured person, whereupon the disease or pain doth enter into the body of the little dog, and he falls sick and doth die.' No wonder he was a favourite!" The volume has the advantage of a preface by Major Richardson, and is sumptuously illustrated by a large number of coloured plates and many very clever black-and-white decorations. It can be strongly recommended.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

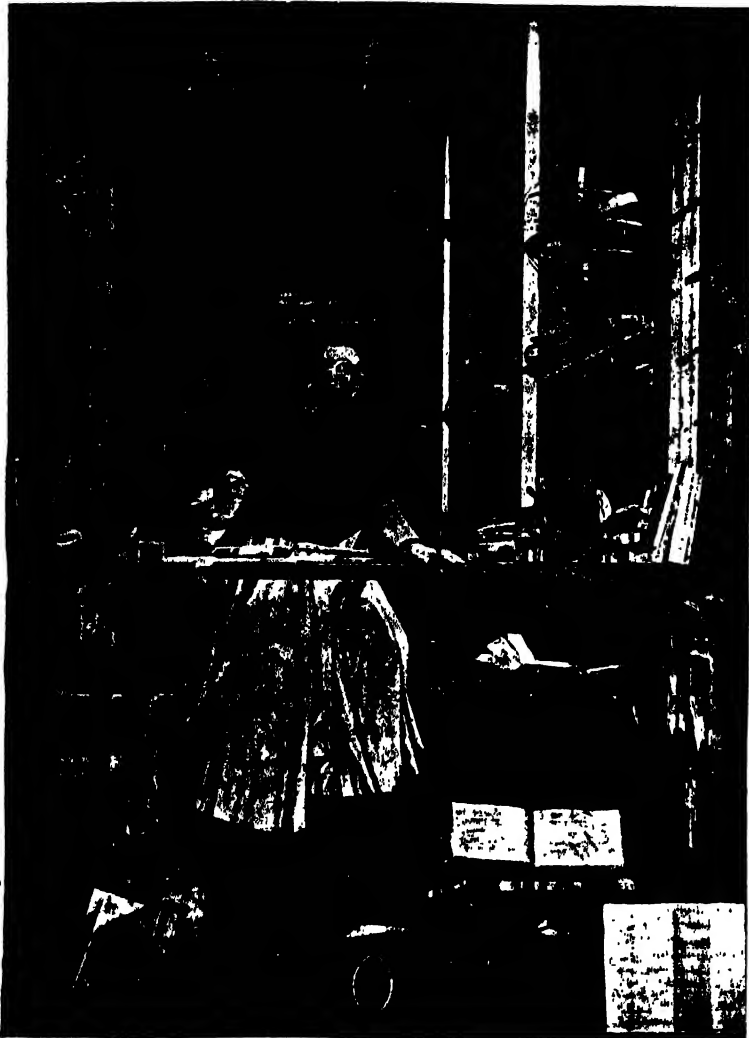
By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With Illustrations in Colour from original drawings by FREDERICK SIMPSON COBURN. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnam's.)

Tastefully bound, printed in good clear type, on large pages, and illustrated in colour by Mr. Simpson Coburn, this is quite an ideally attractive edition of Goldsmith's immortal comedy, and one of the few things it is better even to receive than give. One is glad that Mr. Coburn does not present Miss Harcastle as a perfectly pretty Christmas young lady: look at her in the frontispiece, or in the picture where she is asking "Did you call, sir?" - and you will note, in the frontispiece especially, that she has just the right hint of roguery in her attitude and expression, but that the face has more than a hint of covert mockery and is full of character, as the face of Miss Harcastle should be. The illustrations are indeed excellent: this is a re-issue of "She Stoops to Conquer" that every lover of Goldsmith will admire, and be glad to possess.



From One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting
(Methuen).

THE CUCCINA FAMILY BEFORE THE MADONNA.
By Paolo Veronese (Dresden).



From *The Saints in Story*
(Black).

ST. JEROME IN HIS STUDY
picture by Carpaccio at Venice
(Photo by Alinari)

THE SAINTS IN STORY.

By MRS. C. R. PEERS. 4s. (Black)

One of the most delightful Christmas gift-books which has come our way is Mrs. Peers' "The Saints in Story." The material of the book, we are told, is taken from Jacobus de Voragine's "Golden Legend," and to all who are in any way acquainted with that marvellous storehouse of Christian tradition little more need be said. The author has re-written her stories with great cleverness; her style is not obviously "juvenile," but it can easily be appreciated by children. It possesses the additional advantages of simplicity and dignity. Four of the stories relate to Westminster Abbey, and the others to St. Francis of Assisi, St. Jerome, St. George, and St. Margaret. The book is illustrated principally from pictures by the old Italian masters.

THE WINTER QUEEN.

By MARIE HAY. 12s. 6d. net
(Constable.)

When is a novel not a novel? When it is a romantic biography, answers Miss Hay. Without wishing to infer that the author's subject is lacking in interest, we must confess that the most striking point about "The Winter Queen" is its manner. The book is

written in what is usually known as the novel form. There is, for instance, much well-managed dialogue; events of dramatic importance have more stress laid upon them than those few (in the life of the unfortunate Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia) which are lacking in the element of drama; and so forth. In a word, the book would be excellent fiction were it not that it is fact (a little dressed up, perhaps). Such a manner must be very difficult to sustain satisfactorily, but Miss Hay comes through the ordeal with flying colours. "The Winter Queen" is a book of real force. Admirably sympathetic in the study of its heroine, vivid—yet accurate—in its history, it captures with especial cleverness the "atmosphere" of its period. Herein is a complete justification for the novelty of the writer's method of treating her subject. We may especially commend the brilliant sketch in the last chapter of the corrupt court of Charles II. of England. Altogether, this is a notable biography.

THE GIRL IN THE CASE.

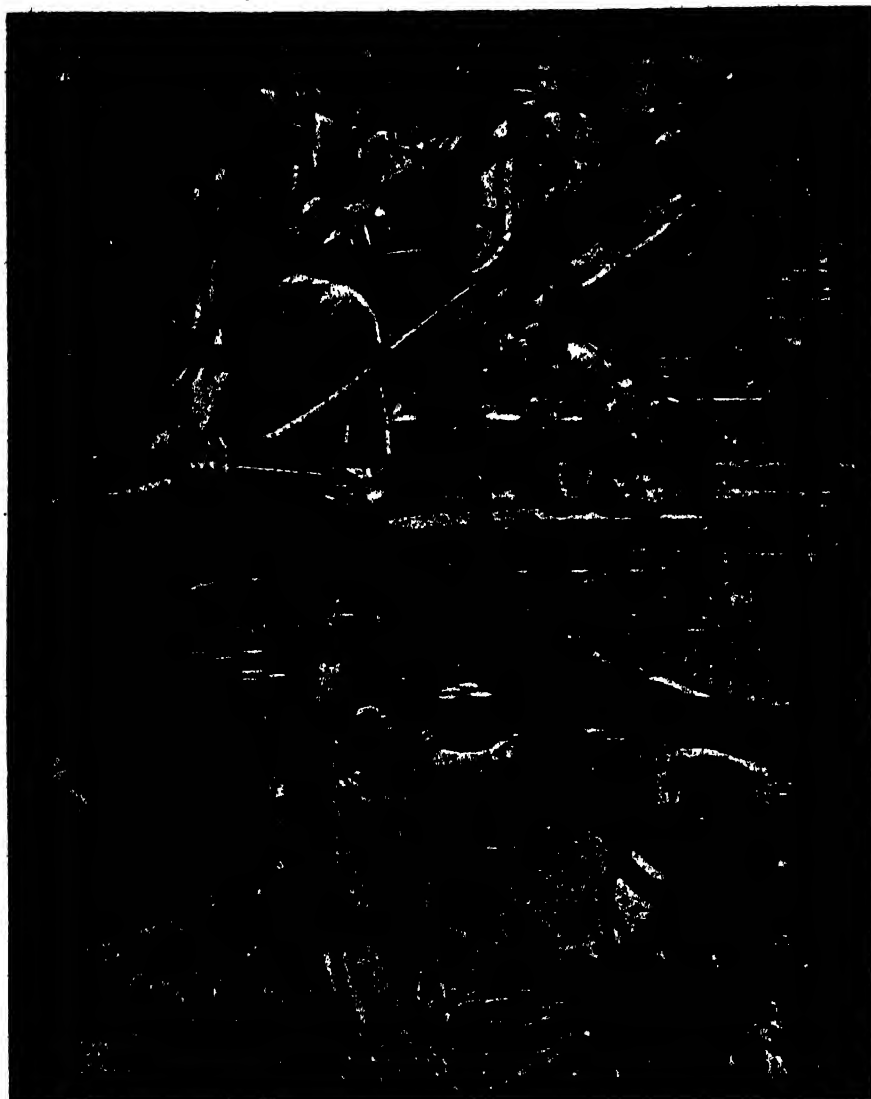
By ROBERT BARR. 2s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. Robert Barr's new book labours under rather an unfortunate title. The Girl does not much matter. She is quite pleasant, certainly, and Mr. Pepperton fell in love with her, which is rather a high recommendation. Otherwise she does not count for a great deal. Mr. Pepperton, however, does. He supplies most of the interest and the book is distinctly interesting—and nearly all the dash. Perhaps his is rather a familiar type, for he always wins through—but an unsuccessful hero means an unsuccessful book. "The Girl in the Case" consists of a series of stories around a central idea, which is rather stronger than is usually the case in this particular form of fiction. Mr. Pepperton is a financial editor, but the book deals with his adventures in the field of finance rather than of journalism. The smartness of these American business men is really amazing, and Mr. Barr's methods are almost equally smart. The reader may sometimes crave a little more of the charity which characterises the ordinary relations of humanity,



From *The Winter Queen*
(Constable).

THEIR MAJESTIES OF BOHEMIA.
After A. P. van der Venne.



From Tristram and Iseult
(Heinemann).

THE KING IN THE PINE-TREE.

(Reviewed on page 154.)

but "The Girl in the Case," taken as it stands, will shorten many a tiresome railway journey.

the Indians of the districts surrounding Peru. The subject of the Inca civilisation was exhaustively treated

F. WHEATLEY, R.A.

By W. ROBERTS. (Otto Ltd.)

The December Extra Number of the *Connoisseur* is devoted to the life and work of Wheatley. It contains an admirable biography of the artist and a critical appreciation of his art by W. Roberts, and is illustrated with over sixty excellent reproductions of his paintings, fourteen of them, eleven from the famous "Cries of London" series, being in colour. It is a beautifully printed volume and concludes with a carefully compiled list of Wheatley engravings and a full index.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH SECULAR EMBROIDERY.

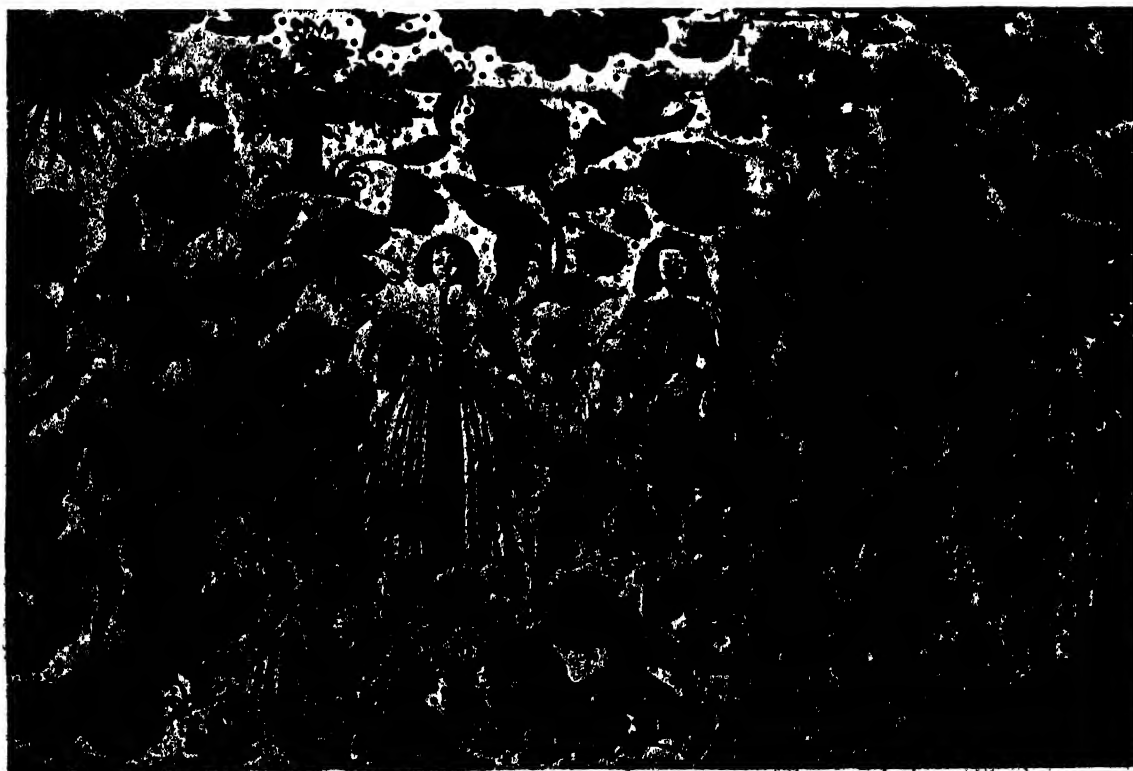
By M. A. JOURDAIN. 10s. 6d. net.
(Kegan Paul.)

Miss Jourdain's clever study breaks fresh ground. Although English ecclesiastical embroidery has already been sufficiently described, the development of secular work—which, although admittedly inferior, was nevertheless of a high class—has not yet been adequately treated. Miss Jourdain's book should meet with a warm reception from the class of reader to which it appeals. A great feature has been made of the illustrations, which bulk almost as large as the text itself.

THE INCAS OF PERU.

By SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.
10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Sir Clements Markham has long been known as one of our leading authorities upon the history of the ancient inhabitants of South America, and he has made a special study of the Indians of the districts surrounding Peru. The subject of the Inca civilisation was exhaustively treated



From English Secular Embroidery
(Kegan Paul).

STUMP-WORK PICTURE, CIRCA 1800.
In the possession of Sir Anthony Cope, Bart., of Bramhall.

by Prescott in
"The Con-
quest of Peru,"

which was published in 1843. Since that date, a good deal of material has come to light which is of considerable importance. This is included in the work under notice, which, though apparently not so exhaustive as Sir Clements Markham had originally designed, is yet of the utmost importance. The story of the Incas is one of the most romantic in the history of the world, and the author makes full use of his opportunity. The book has been written as much for the general reader as the specialist—a point which should be noticed. In an appendix the author includes a translation—by himself—of the Inca drama of Ollantay and a little love story which is the only one of its kind preserved. These curious specimens of the Inca literature add considerably to the value of the book, which also contains a number of interesting illustrations and a magnificent map, which, it is stated, took two years to prepare.

NATHAN BURKE.

By MARY S. WATTS. 6s. (Macmillan.)

It would be difficult to speak too highly of what we believe to be the most remarkable American novel we have read. "Nathan Burke" is a notable book; that is the long and the short of it. It is, by the way, a very long book—to our reckoning it contains about 250,000 words—but its



From one of Willy Pogany's illustrations to *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*
(Harrap).

"THE UPPER AIR BURST INTO LIFE."

length should not trouble the more serious type of novel-reader. The story purports to be told by the hero himself, Nathan Burke, "The Hero of Chapultepec." It is, so Miss Watts tells us, his autobiography, and she has performed only the duties of editor. The tale—if the book can be said to have a tale; tales would be the better expression—is a highly ingenious mingling of fact and fiction in such a manner that it is difficult to tell where the one ends and the other begins. A careful perusal can only leave the reader astounded at the industry and the knowledge of men and women of all types which the author displays. The book, in fact, is a sort of American "Joseph Vance," with one rather important omission—it is somewhat

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910

lacking in humour. In, we think, every other respect Miss Watts is the equal of Mr. de Morgan. We believe that we have said enough to show our readers that "Nathan Burke" is a most remarkable novel, and that it must not be missed on any account.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 18s. net. (Murray.)

Colonel Roosevelt's account of his recent hunting expedition in East Africa has already met with so wide a reception that we can say nothing about the book which has not already been said. We can, however, advise our readers as strongly as possible that it is a book which should on no account be missed. The author is entirely at his best with a subject which suits his pushtul personality "to a T." Enterprise pays just as well—perhaps even better—in big-game shooting as in politics, and everybody knows that Mr. Roosevelt is not lacking in enterprise. We have thoroughly enjoyed this breezy, good-humoured,

pillars that support the foundation in the social scale sounds meaningless in his ears. The Shepherd is to him the symbol of the true simplicity of living untormented by the curse and fret of our puny civilisation. Hard living and a happy longevity combine here to form character, self-reliant, deep in earth-wisdom, without disillusion and without regret. It is the utter sincerity of this belief that wins credence for Mr. Hudson's words in support of a faith which must, at first, to many sound like mere foolishness. But the pastorals that he writes are, above all, true pastorals, free from prettiness of sentiment, informed with hard fact. The first quality of his work is its impressiveness; the second is the realisation of an entirely new point of view. These prehistoric figures, which take their hue from the rain and dust, the turf and the soil, these gipsies with stomachs so hard that they can digest food that would kill a town-alderman, are to him the salt of the earth. He takes down the life of a long-lived shepherd as it falls disconnected from his own lips, and he finds it very good. Desolate to the casual



From *African Game Trails*
(John Murray).

THE FIRST BULL ELEPHANT.
(From a photo by R. J. Cunningham.)

well-written volume, which is crammed with information for the hunter and with interest for the general reader. Even the purely literary person will find much to interest him in the author's dissertation upon the contents of his famous "pigskin library," with its wise remarks upon the choice of the best books. A word of special commendation should be given to the wonderfully fine illustrations, most of them from the camera of Kermit Roosevelt.

A. SHEPHERD'S LIFE:

Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs. By W. H. HUDSON. Illustrated by BERNARD C. GOUGH. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hudson has seldom written anything more beautiful than this pastoral of the Wiltshire downs. He understands the country with the old-folk wisdom that goes back to the land as the first source of ancient wealth in this most ancient home of the West Saxon race. We feel blowing here the wind that has crooned in the ears of patriarchs and bedouins of the wilderness since the world began. He sees the old England apart and remote from such modern accidents as railroads and motor-roads. The wisdom of towns that put every distributor of wealth above the

eye, the solitary plain is to him absolutely homelike. The melancholy of the desert is not in this loneliness, for it is not really desolate, but inhabited, although thinly and by humble-minded men whose work and dwellings are unobtrusive. Mr. Hudson contemplates the scene and its inhabitants, and writes the history of both with a science which is beyond and above the reach of documents. It is an exquisite theophany this, of one who has known and suffered. It incorporates the substance, it distils the essence of many of the books that have already come from his pen. Happy are those who, like the writer, have the fortune to possess and to be familiar with them all!

KEARTONS' NATURE PICTURES.

Photographs by RICHARD and CHERRY KEARTON. With Descriptive Text by RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S. 15s. net. (Cassell.)

We are very glad to see the unique and admirable photographic work of the Brothers Kearton produced in a volume of such handsome size and appearance as this. Never before has it been our good fortune to see justice

so done to their wonderful nature photographs as it is in these pages. This book may truly be called "Nature Walks Within Covers," for it is not divided into sections, as Birds, Flowers, Reptiles, Animals; but its short accounts and pictures meander from stonechat to squirrel, from fox to hedge-sparrow, from snake to ptarmigan, from toad

round about us in every part of this our world. Naturally the most important part of this volume lies in its illustrations. These are a marvel to the mere amateur. The shyest, most furtive, or cunning animal or bird is photographed literally at home; we see it in its everyday life, without sign of fear or of defiance, absolutely natural,

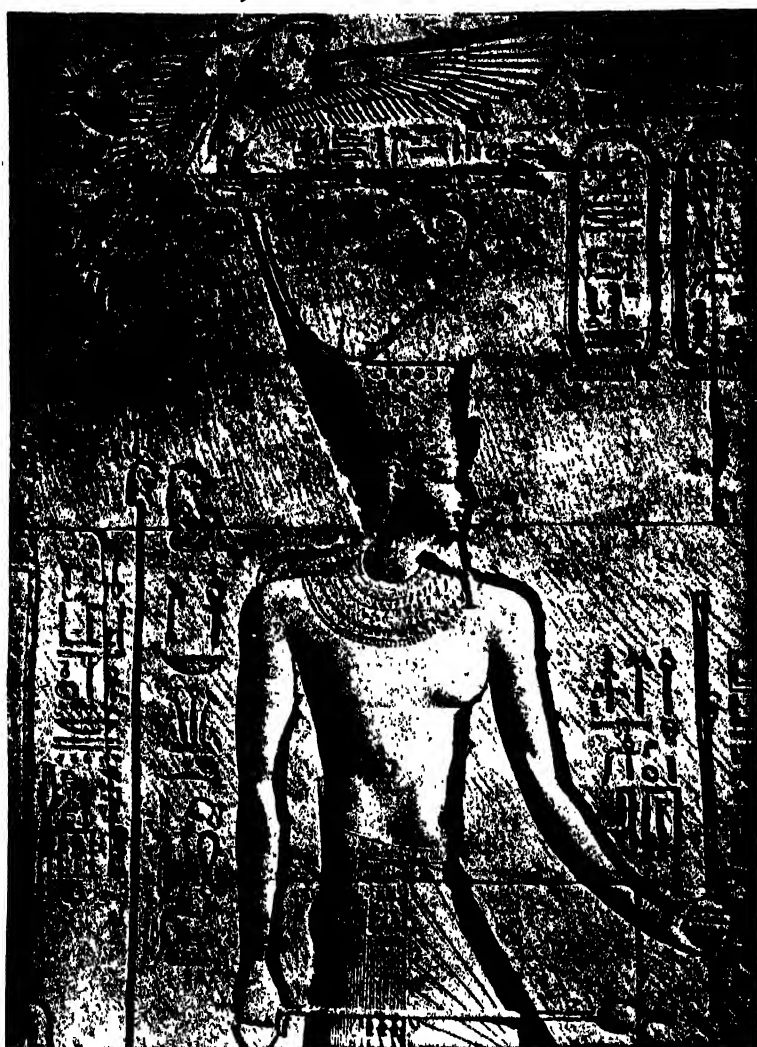


*From Keartons', Nature Pictures
(Cassell).*

THE FOX

to sea-gull, from linnet to mole, from dormouse to sand-piper, and so forth; and the variety of the entertainment makes an ideal book for the nature-lover. "The world and all that is in it belongs only to those who enjoy it," says Mr. Richard Kearton. And no intelligent person can enjoy it to the full if he is blind and deaf to the beauties and the interesting habits and characteristics of the flowers and birds and beasts and insects which are

entirely unconscious that its enemy man is anywhere near. And not only are the photographs delightful, but their reproduction here is most excellent. Besides countless black-and white illustrations in the text, there are full-page coloured reproductions, most successful in their tinting; and—what appeal to us, we confess, most of all—there is a most generous series of beautiful photogravures.



From Egypt
(Fisher Unwin).

DENDERAH: RELIEF ON THE OUTSIDE WALL.

THE TUTTLEBURY TALES.

By W. CARTER PLATTS. Eighth Edition, Illustrated.
2s. 6d. net. (Digby, Long.)

A book which has reached an eighth edition, even in these days of—sometimes—phenomenal sales is one to be reckoned with. Mr. Carter Platts, who must be tired of being called the English Max Adeler, has probably never done better work than in the volume before us. Perhaps there is nothing very subtle about the humour of "The Tuttlebury Tales," but at any rate it is of the kind that is popular. If you have not read the book we counsel you to do so at once, and attention may be drawn to the fact that it is not expensive. It contains as many laughs as any self-respecting person can want.

THE LOVELY MRS. BLAKE.

By RICHARD MARSH. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Blake has been happily married for three years to an extraordinarily beautiful woman. But one day he returns to his house in a state of some agitation. He inquires for his wife, and is told that she is in the nursery. He goes there, and finds a good deal of blood on the baby's cradle, and on the floor, but no Mrs. Blake. He enters another room and finds a "reeking" handkerchief. In short, Mrs. Blake has disappeared, leaving nothing but blood behind her. Why? That night Mr. Gilbert Watson arrives on a visit. His impulse at first is to go away again at once, but a sense of duty compels him to stay and comfort his friend. There are more mysteries, and, besides, the appearance of a girl with whom Watson falls in love. Then Blake makes a confession to Watson which hardly helps to clear the air, and the next day he has disappeared. Then Mrs. Blake's maid disappears with the baby, and the police make a tardy but welcome appearance. Besides all this, there

is the dead body of an unpleasant man which appears for about three hours, but is gone before the police can see it: "The Lovely Mrs. Blake" is an admirable story of its kind. Mr. Marsh's latest mystery is entirely bewildering, and his treatment of it leaves nothing to be desired. We are inclined to think that here he shows himself almost, possibly quite, at his best.

THE ISLAND OF SOULS.

By M. URQUHART. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Urquhart's "sensational fairy-tale" is not, perhaps, exactly the sort of book to make a great popular success, but it possesses several qualities which should appeal to the reader. It has thrills, an unusual atmosphere, and some neat character drawing. Likewise the moral is excellent and the public love a good moral—and a somewhat morbid subject is treated with just sufficient reticence to arouse interest but not curiosity. Yet the book is lacking in power of conviction, and the reader will be conscious on occasion of a sense of strain and unreality. The subject—Black Art at the present day—is a very difficult one, and has proved a cause of stumbling to many a writer. The plot is very simple, and is hardly likely greatly to appeal to the reader. The villain is a Master indeed, who has penetrated further than has ever before been reached into the mysteries of his mystic science. He has sold himself to the powers of darkness, and for reasons which are not made quite clear to the reader wishes to entangle the heroine. He fails, of course—thanks partly to the girl's innate goodness, and partly to the unselfishness of a curious and unconvincing woman who is in charge of a holy well. This, we think, is a sufficient indication of the character of a book which, for its freshness and the interest of its story, can be warmly recommended.



From Porcelain and
How to Collect it
(Methuen).

SAINT-CLOUD CELADON.

THE YELLOW AND DARK-SKINNED PEOPLE OF AFRICA SOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI.

By GEORGE MCCALL THEAL, Litt.D., LL.D. 10s. 6d. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

Mr. Theal is already well known as the historian of South Africa, and probably few persons are better qualified to write of the South African native. The chapters of this book have already appeared, in very different form, in the author's "History of South Africa" and "History and Ethnography of Africa South of the Zambesi." Now collected, they make a full-sized volume, and the amount of new matter which the author has added makes of them, as he says, "practically a new book." Pre-eminence is given to the description of the Bantu people, but four chapters are also devoted to the Bushmen and the Hottentots. Perhaps the most



From A Book of
Porcelain
(Black).

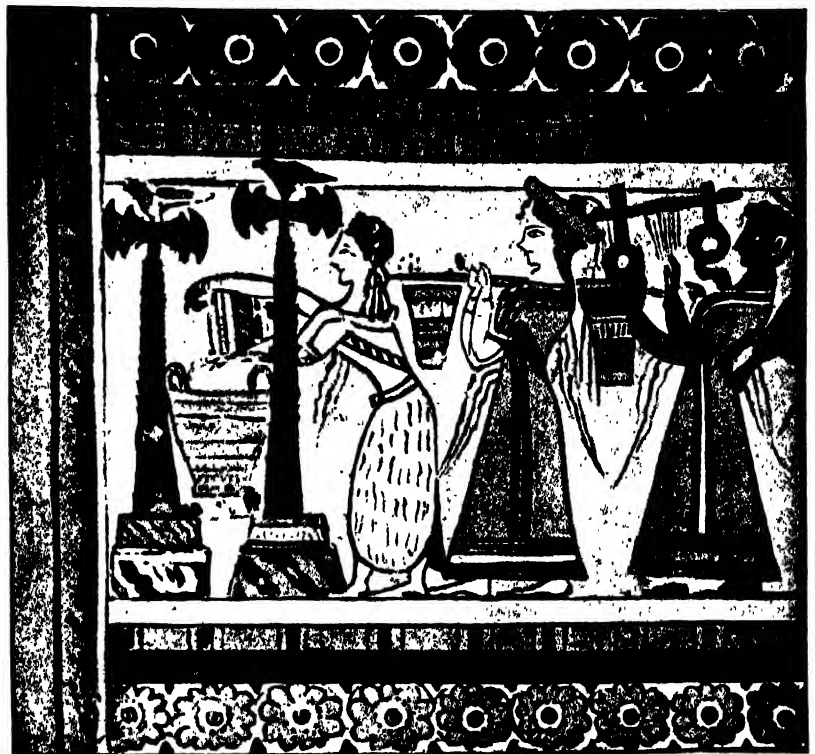
VASE - CHINESE CELADON
WARE WITH LOUIS XIV
ORNOLU MOUNT.

interesting portions of the book are those which comprise specimens of Bantu folklore, and the last chapter, which deals with "The Mystery of South Africa"—the occupation at a remote period of a portion of South Africa by a people of advanced civilisation, and that people's extraordinary disappearance, and the equally remarkable vanishing of their successors. Mr. Theal's book will, we have no doubt, soon be recognised as the standard work upon its subject.

A BOOK OF PORCELAIN:

Fine Examples in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Painted by WILLIAM GIBB. With Text by BERNARD RACKHAM, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Black.)

This fine volume—dedicated by permission to Queen Alexandra—exhibits in a most striking manner Mr. Gibb's remarkable ability in dealing with technical work. His



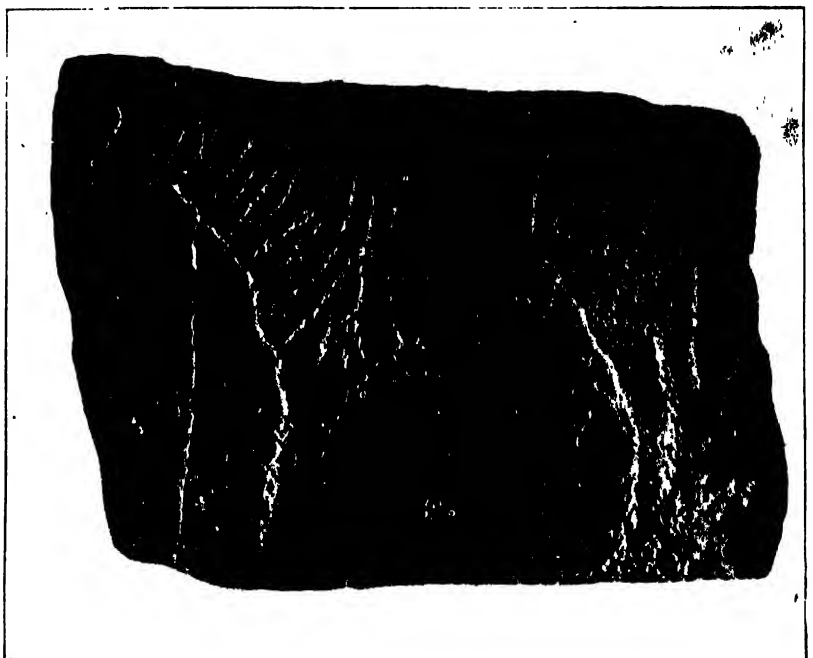
From The Dawn of Mediterranean Civilisation
(Unwin).

drawings—twenty-eight in number—are an extraordinarily clever series, and they reproduce, in a way which photography can never hope to equal, the variations in style and manner of the porcelains of various countries. His effects are admirably obtained and his appreciation of detail is remarkable. Mr. Bernard Rackham supplies an excellent text, and the book is in every way one to be remembered.

LOUIS XIV. AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

By CHARLOTTE LADY BLENNERHASSETT. 15s. net. (George Allen & Sons.)

The amount of scandal which collected about Madame de Maintenon in her lifetime was increased after her death by means of forged letters. Her name can scarcely yet be said to be cleared from the stain of the mud flung on it, and Lady Blennerhassett's impassioned vindication of the goodness and virtue of the uncrowned Queen of France



From The Yellow and Dark-skinned
People of South Africa
(Sonnenschein).

ENGRAVING OF A ZEBRA ON A ROCK
IN THE DISTRICT OF VRYBURG.

(From a photograph of a cast in the South African Museum in Capetown. The original is thirteen inches high.)



From Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon
(Allen).

LOUIS XIV

is a piece of work for which there is a *raison d'être*. He book, it is clear, has been a labour of love. She has taken remarkable pains to study the courtly life of the days of Louis XIV.; and though in a natural reaction against the French and English writers who have gone to extremes in deprecating the character and the achievements of Louis the Great, she is inclined to take rather too favourable a view of the King, her portrait of the poor, plain, middle-aged woman he married is well and fairly done. Adventures are not always to the adventurous. There were few persons at Versailles less adventurous than the widow of the poet Scarron. She was a pious, prudent, trustworthy, active body who was anxious only to earn a living. She distinguished herself by the way in which she brought up the King's illegitimate children, and it was her quietness and trustworthiness which made Louis turn to her for help and friendship when he was weary and sick of affairs of gallantry with the ignoble ladies of his court. The stern puritanical character of Madame de Maintenon won his respect, and he married her in the hope of so saving his own soul. It is a strange tale with a curious psychological interest, and Lady Blennerhassett tells it admirably.

THE ROMANCE OF BOOKSELLING.

By FRANK A. MUMBY. 16s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

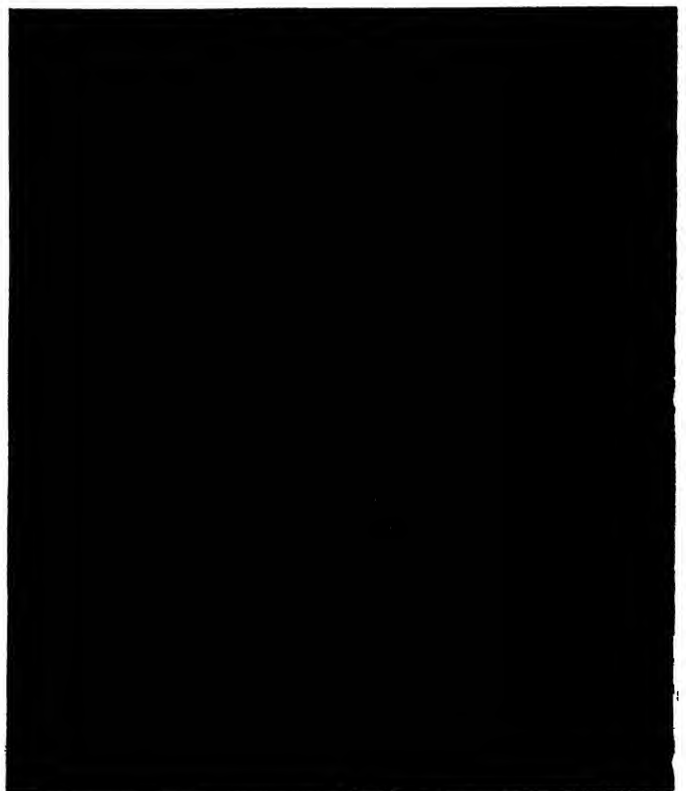
Mr. Mumby is nothing if not thorough. He starts as far back as he possibly can. In groping among the annals of antiquity it is a little disconcerting to find that the first bookseller about whom there appears to be any definite information was an undertaker as well. We had expected

to discover the beginnings fostered by some ancient seat of learning, just as the modern book trade owed its early organisation largely to the universities. The undertaker's claim, however, need not be taken too seriously. He was an Egyptian, and his bookselling was only carried on in connection with his funerals, at which he had the disposal of copies of the "Book of the Dead." Leaving the fascinating subject of the beginnings of the book trade, Mr. Mumby settles down seriously to a history of bookselling and publishing as it has been known in England from the earliest times. With the exception of Bede's "History" there is little to record until Caxton is reached. After him, as all the world knows, the story of bookselling and publishing becomes more and more intricate, the finishing touch up to the present having been supplied by the inception of the literary agent and the "war" waged by the Times Book Club. Mr. Mumby, however, with a thorough mastery of his subject, makes the crooked way as straightforward as it possibly can be made. He tells his story right up to the present day, and not a modern publisher of note escapes mention, while special notice is accorded to a number of houses, the "youngest" of which is, we believe, that of Mr. Heinemann. To anybody interested in books, their production and sale—or, in fact, to anybody in any way interested in books—this volume is indispensable.

STORIES OF THE SPANISH ARTISTS.

By SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL.
Selected and Arranged by LUIS CARREÑO.
With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Spanish art is not concerned with life in its delight, its splendid disaster, but with life shorn of everything but its



From Four Fascinating Frenchwomen
(Unwin).

MAKERS OF MAN:

A Study of Human Initiative. By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D. With 47 half-tone and other Plates. 10s. 6d. net. (Rebman.)

Dr. Whitby has chosen as the subjects of his study in "Makers of Man" the lives of forty world-famous individuals. He propounds that "the lives of great men" may be considered as "as problems capable, through and through, of psychological treatment and elucidation"; that "even their physical organisms are, from this point of view, to be regarded not as mere animated 'matter,' but each one as organised experience, a psychosis, the sub-conscious and super-conscious factors of which all play their part in contributing to the feeling-tone, modifying the opinions or determining the motives of conduct." Obviously, such a book could not be for the general reader and Dr. Whitby makes no bid for popularity. He treats biography as a science, and his studies in the personalities of certain great men of action, artists, philosophers, scientists, and moralists are strikingly subtle and suggestive. He traces their family history, parentage, constitution, and in what different measures the maternal and paternal characters are factors in the making of the character of the child. His inquiry into the nature and power of individuality is closely and profoundly reasoned. We may dissent from some of his conclusions, and fail to quite appreciate his nice reasons for including some of the great men he has studied instead of other and greater and more individual men whom he has excluded, but we fully and gratefully recognise the sound and scholarly qualities of his work and its immense value to the physician, the student of psychology, and, in fact, to every one who agrees with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man."



From *The Romance of Bookselling*
(Chapman & Hall).

ROBERT DODSLEY.

in the portrait by Sir Joshua
Kneller, now in the possession
of Yates Thompson, Esq.

force in a world haunted by the remembrance of Christ, of Christ who has been murdered." These words, written by Mr. Edward Hutton in his Introduction to this volume, give the keynote to the work of the artists whose stories are told here. There are exceptions, both in picture and in painter, but on the whole this pre-occupation with grief is strongly, often painfully, apparent. The stories which are told are of painters from the beginning of the sixteenth century till the time of Goya, who died in the nineteenth. And in this list, which begins with the melancholy Morales, we have the magnificence of Velasquez about midway, and the sweetness of Murillo at the end. To the ordinary lover of pictures and of the story of painting, however, the less-known artists will form the most interesting part of the book. The unfamiliar lives of "El Greco," painter of the marvellous "Parting of Our Lord's Raiment," on which he worked for ten years, and achieved a Titian-like beauty; of Ribera, who could not work when comfort and affluence surrounded him, but only when driven to it by want, who left the patronage of a cardinal and stoically bore poverty and worked in the streets that he might not lose his power; of Zurbaran, whose "Monk at Prayer" is such a striking picture in our National Gallery—the lives of these men, and of many another less known, are not only full of interest in themselves, but they mark the rise and the development of a school of painting which one may call unique in itself—rising out of, and concerned almost entirely with, religion. The volume is finely illustrated with excellent reproductions of characteristic paintings by the painters written of, and several of these are in colour, rich and subdued in tone, and avoiding a too-common garishness.



From *Stories of the Spanish Artists until Goya*
(Chatto & Windus).

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SON:
(El Greco.)



From *Makers of Man*
(Rebman).

HEGEL.
(From a painting.)

NAPOLEON IN CARICATURE.

By A. M. BROADLEY. With an Introduction by J. HOLLAND ROSE. 2 Vols. 42s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Broadley has already contributed a valuable book on Napoleon as derided and burlesqued on these shores at the time of his projected invasion before and after the Peace of Amiens. The two volumes of his present work cover a wider field. Between them they embrace the entire subject of Napoleon in caricature, describing no less than a thousand examples and giving specimens of about four hundred, many of them in colour. We can see here not only the English mind in defiance and derision, but we have mirrored in the form of grotesque and grimace the mind of all Europe at the time of the Napoleonic *épopée*. The most malicious, the most stinging are the French caricatures, and they represent, it must be remembered, the envenomed hate of a small anti-patriotic faction. The most horrible are the German, one of which represents Napoleon's face built up out of the naked corpses of his victims and his neck a river of innocent blood. The English, for the most part, are broad grins of derision, "Boney" being represented as a half-starved mannikin brandishing a sword many sizes too large for him. The last phase is the bitterest, as in the drawing where Bonaparte is proposing a constitution and the blessings of French rule to the rats of St. Helena. As king over them he recommends his brother—a big, fierce cat. There is nothing to vex the soul of a Frenchman so much as the French caricature of Napoleon's invasion of England—in 1815, a chained prisoner. Nevertheless, these vigorous if crude drawings by Gillray, Cruikshank, and the rest vexed Napoleon very much. He wrote to Fouchet that he must retaliate and multiply caricatures of John Bull bribing the Powers, and of Nelson with a treatise on "Love" sticking out of his pocket. The series of dissolving views of those exciting days form a delightful entertainment. With the aid of a moderate glass it is easy to decipher all the speeches, and

every student of the period will be thankful to Mr. Broadley for deciphering many puzzles and for providing a *memoria technica* by which the succession of events may be followed optically and humorously. An admirable sketch is also given of the chief caricaturists, their methods, public, market, and the place which they occupy in the history of their craft.

GEORGE ROMNEY.

By ARTHUR B. CHAMBERLAIN. With 73 Plates. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Many people know little more of Romney than that he was a great painter, that he loved Lady Hamilton, deserted his own wife, and for nearly forty years lived apart from her. This latter phase of his career has been emphasised by Tennyson's beautifully pathetic poem, "Romney's Remorse," in which, when the painter lies lonely and dying, his wife returns and lovingly waits upon him to the end. Mr. Chamberlain tries to excuse Romney's conduct in this direction and to tone down the callousness and meanness of it; he says all that can be said in extenuation, but it does not really amount to much—the story remains the chief blot on his character, the fine qualities of which do not and could not altogether atone for its littlenesses. He neglected his wife; at first because when he began to move in genteel London Society he became ashamed of the simple, ungilded woman, and later because Lady Hamilton infatuated him. These are the plain facts, and they are as well admitted. Mr. Chamberlain's study of his career is full of sympathy and understanding and of profoundest



From *Napoleon in Caricature*
(Lane).

interest; he deals very fully with Romney's habits and methods, and discusses the characteristics and value of his artistic work and the position he occupies in the English school of painting. Mr. Chamberlain is to be congratulated on having produced a biography of high and permanent importance; he has carried out his purpose painstakingly; he writes always with keen sympathy for Romney's weaknesses and failings, but never with undue bias; his book is at once good criticism, sound biography, and excellent reading. The numerous examples of Romney's work are very beautifully reproduced.

details are highly controversial, it can at least be said that we have here none of those inherently improbable theories which have been all too frequently advanced. In the second part Mr. Gardiner becomes more technical, and in a series of chapters, complete each in itself, he describes the various "events" in detail. In this latter portion, perhaps, even more than in the former, is Mr. Gardiner's combination of common sense and erudition seen to its best advantage. His chapter on "The Pentathlon" is a case in point. Indeed, we are almost tempted to wonder that Mr. Gardiner should have thought it worth while to



From George Romney
(Methuen).

LADY HAMILTON AS EUPHROSINE. UNFINISHED STUDY.
(In the collection of Mr. G. Harland Peck.)

GREEK ATHLETIC SPORTS AND FESTIVALS.

By E. NORMAN GARDINER. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

It is not often our good fortune to come across a book which combines sound scholarship and practical common sense in such a high degree as does this most fascinating volume by Mr. Gardiner. To say that it will supply a want is evident from the mere absence of any existing work in English upon this subject. Nor is it only to archaeologists that Mr. Gardiner will appeal, for his felicity of style and his intimate knowledge of modern athletics make this account of the ancient Greek games, their system of physical training, and of the circumstances in which they were practised of general interest. Mr. Gardiner's book falls into two main parts. In the first part he has written a continuous history of Greek athletics extending over some 1,200 years; and if, as he himself readily admits, many

discuss some of the inconceivably fatuous theories propounded by the pundits with regard to this competition. A special word of praise should also be given to the illustrations, which are not only well reproduced but show careful selection. In particular the reproduction, where possible, of whole scenes rather than of single figures from vases should prove of great value.

THE GLAMOUR OF OXFORD.

By WILLIAM KNIGHT. (Oxford, Blackwell; London, Frowde.)

Professor Knight's highly attractive little book is an anthology in verse and prose, the subject of which is sufficiently explained by its title. There is already a large library of volumes upon the University, but the City of Oxford in itself has received rather less attention. Pro-



From The Book of Decorative Furniture
(Jack).

WROUGHT STEEL CHAIR

fessor Knight, however, includes it in his collection manifestly fairly, for even without the University we believe that the city and its surrounding country would hold an unusual fascination. Taking into consideration the length of the book, it is without exception the most complete of its kind which we have seen. The authors range from Thomas Churchyard, who was born in 1520, to those of the present day, and there are few, if any, omissions of any considerable note. We predict a wide success for this excellent collection.

DINANDERIE:

A History and Description of Mediaeval Art Work in Copper, Brass, and Bronze. By J. TAVENOR-PERRY. With 120 Illustrations. 21s. net. (G. Allen & Sons.)

A good many books have been written in the last few years on gold and silver ornaments and utensils, on iron work, pewter and lead, but we do not remember any recent book that deals at all exhaustively with the art of the coppersmith. Mr. J. Tavenor-Perry remedies the omission in this handsomely produced volume. "Dinanderie" was, as he explains in his preface, "the name used during the Middle Ages to denote the various articles required for ecclesiastical or domestic use made of copper or of its

alloys, brass and bronze, with which the name of Dinant on the Meuse was so intimately associated." The subject is full of interest, and Mr. Tavenor-Perry has written of it interestingly and in a sufficiently detailed manner to make this a thoroughly useful handbook. The illustrations, the greater number of which are from the author's own sketches, admirably supplement the usefulness and the interest of the book.

OLD ENGLISH HOUSES.

By ALLAN FEA. With over 100 Illustrations from Photographs. 10s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

An old house, we are reminded, has been likened to a human heart, with a life of its own full of sad and sweet reminiscences. Those of us who use the summer months for the most delightful of exercises, walking, know that there are still many of these "human hearts" beating in the nooks and corners of old England. In any case, the debt of every bookman is great to Mr. Allan Fea. When, by the winter fire-side, to the session of sweet silent thought we summon up remembrance of things past, this volume will take us pleasantly over some of the less frequented paths in Bucks and Berks, Oxford and Bedford, Herts and Middlesex, Essex, Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire. It gossips delightfully of the vestiges that remain to us in these counties of the romantic life of bygone years, their legends, their traditions, and their picturesque charm. Mr. Fea is never dull, as antiquaries too often are: to him the genius of place is as dear as any gabled roof, or oriel



Cover Design of *The Glamour of Oxford*
(Blackwell, Oxford).



"IF YOU CANNOT ON THE OCEAN."
From a water-colour painting by the Earl of Carlisle

*From "A PICTURE SONG BOOK,"
(Music and Words)
With 48 illustrations in colour by
the Earl of Carlisle. (Smith, Elder & Co.)*

siderable public, supplying as it does reliable information concerning a large tract of country of which little or nothing is known. The manner in which the book is produced calls for nothing but praise. A very large number of photographs are included, together with two excellent maps. The translation is excellent.

THE OLD TESTAMENT STORY:

Told to the Young. By GLADYS DAVIDSON.
With Illustrations. 6s. net. (Laurie.)

When a child has grown beyond the pretty nursery form of the Bible's stories, he reads for himself, he thinks for himself, he criticises for himself, and he questions. It is for those who have grown beyond the nursery, who have reached the thoughtful, the questioning stage, that this book is written. It is for older children and young adults. "I have endeavoured," writes the author, "to present the stories and incidents in accordance with the views of those modern scholars who regard and teach the Bible from a wide and reasonable standpoint." We realise that Miss Davidson has had no very easy task: it is difficult to avoid the legendary and allegorical matter, as she frankly terms it, and keep the full interest of the stories. But Miss Davidson is strong and insistent upon the Goodness which runs through the whole Bible and her stories are instinct with beauty and reverence. She divides the Old Testament into eight periods, and beginning with the story of the Creation, she ends with Nebuchadnezzar's dream image and Daniel's visions. In clear, simple words (which, however, are far removed from childish language) she tells the grand stories of the Old Testament in a way which makes them alive and real, forceful and impressive. As a book to put into the hands of the older children, or as a book for teachers in Sunday-school or Bible class, it is one of the very best we have seen. Its value is increased, too, by the addition of sixteen illustrations after paintings by the Old Masters.



From *Dinanderie*
(Allen).

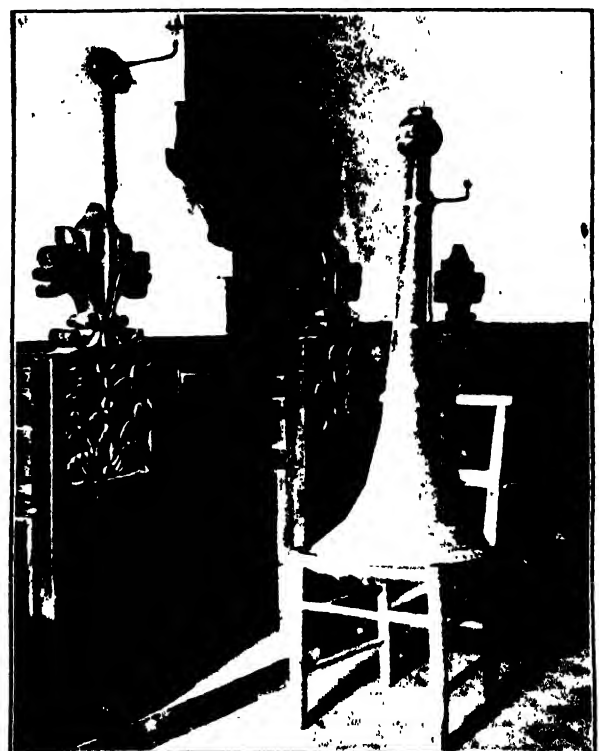
FONT, HILDESHEIM

window, or carved chimney stack. Let Audley End be taken at random as an example. Ornamental ceilings and Jacobean staircase claim their due and receive it: but mention of the fine old mansion serves to recall Pepys and the days of the Merry Monarch, and a royal and ducal escapade to Newport Fair: and reference to Newport in turn brings "pretty Nell" upon the scene. As with Audley End so with many another and less well-known building. The book is handsomely got up, and there are over a hundred illustrations from photographs by the author.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

By the DUKE ADOLPHUS FREDERICK OF MECKLENBURG.
Translated by G. E. MABERLY OPPLER. 15s. net. (Cassell.)

The German expedition through Africa of 1907-8 was generally recognised as one of much importance. Starting at Bukoba on the Victoria Nyanza, its route took it through the mountainous districts of the north of German East Africa, past the Albert Edward Nyanza, and through the largely unexplored north-eastern portions of the Congo Free State. Finally the expedition passed down the valleys of the Aruwimi and Congo Rivers to the western sea coast. We have here hinted only at the route of the Duke, but as a proof of the remarkable thoroughness which characterised the expedition, it is worthy of mention that no fewer than five parties—made up of geologists and topographers, botanists and zoologists, anthropologists, etc.—carried their investigations well away from the main line of route. African exploration has its own peculiar fascination, and the Duke of Mecklenburg's book should appeal to a con-



From *Old English Houses*
(Martin Secker).

SPEAKING-TRUMPET
CHAIRING.



From In the Heart of Africa
(Cassell).

HIGH JUMP BY A MTUBSI (2'50 METRES)

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN.

By Dr. ALBERT CHURCHWARD, M.D., F.G.S.,
etc. 25s. net. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

In setting forth to trace the religious doctrines by means of the symbols and signs of the different races of mankind, Dr. Albert Churchward has attempted an ambitious task. As every student of the prehistoric period is aware, the sacred mysteries of religion were not taught to the common people, but were reserved for the few. But these signs and symbols, whether in Egypt, in America, in Babylon and Assyria, in India, the Far East or in Africa, have meanings which can be understood by initiates in Freemasonry, as they are similar in shape and identical in meaning. This is a valuable and important fact which is now being carefully studied by students of comparative ethnology and religion. Dr. Churchward's work contains a fund of useful information to which the illustrations are a valuable adjunct. Perhaps the author assumes too easily that the Sacred Mysteries originated in

Egypt. He offers no proof in support of this theory, and the fact that he finds Masonic symbols in Egypt, Mexico, England, indeed in all parts of the world, proves no more than that these jealously guarded sacred signs must have originated from one source, and that there was an early period when Europe, Asia, Africa, and America were in the closest communion with one another, and held one identical belief. Was it necessary that Dr. Churchward should be so reticent in his references to Masonic signs? Instead of explaining a symbol he too often contents himself with saying that Masons will understand its meaning. This may be so, but the many who are not Masons remain unenlightened. But Dr. Churchward has collected a surprising number of interesting and important facts and analogies between masonry and the religions of past races, and his book will undoubtedly be very valuable for purposes of reference.

THE OSBORNES.

By E. F. BENSON, 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

It is interesting to find Mr. Benson working on such a well-worn theme as the adventures of a family of *nouveaux riches* amongst the impoverished aristocrats of Mayfair. As might well be expected, the experiment is justified by its success, and Mr. Benson's contribution to the cycle of similar comedies will hold a high place amongst them for its truthfulness, its sincerity and its vigorous characterisation. With gentle satire and highly developed literary tact, he tells a simple story of the daughter of an indigent countess, who marries for love into the family of the Osbornes, opulent ironworkers from Sheffield who have settled in the most gorgeous of the Park Lane palaces. The Osbornes, husband and wife, are vulgar and

ostentatious, though 'all manner of excellent qualities underlie their vulgarity,' but their son Claud, tarred with a different brush, has Eton and Cambridge to his credit,



From Medieval Sicily
(Duckworth).

THE BOOKMAN. CHRISTMAS 1910



*From 'An Eastern Voyage'
(Dent).*

fifteen thousand a year from a generous uncle, and is in every way a desirable match for the Lady Dora Austell. Still the marriage does not altogether prosper, for Claud has not entirely eradicated certain small vulgarities of mind and manner which in time began to grate on his cultured wife. He is patronising; he has a tendency to ostentatious display of his wealth, and he still talks of "handsome ladies" and "noble apartments." Even such slight irritations are enough to cause a real estrangement, which is only averted by what the author calls "the humorous solution." Lady Dora realises that her new relations and her young husband have a real nobility of mind, and that it is possible to laugh away their little gaucheries and shortcomings. It is in this recognition that "laughter and the biggest things in the world go together" that the story finds its conclusion. The characters of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne and their code of Sheffield friends are drawn with infinite humour and understanding, though the most original note in the book is struck in "Uncle Alf," whose curmudgeon cynicism is beautifully contrasted with the geniality and openness of his brother. "The Osbornes" will certainly be amongst the most read of Mr. Benson's works, and can only add to his reputation.

FOREST LIFE AND SPORT IN INDIA.

By SAINTHILL EARDLEY-WILMOT, C.I.E.
12s. 6d. net. (Arnold.)

Mr. Eardley-Wilmot's aim seems to be to raise an interest in the Indian forests, and, while he succeeds in this purpose, his book

appeals to more than a technical public. He was appointed to the Service only fifteen years after the Mutiny had been quelled, when the work of the forester was one of much hardship and loneliness. "Once arrived, the forester would probably not see a white face—save occasionally that of a fellow-officer—until the return to headquarters eight months later through the monsoon floods, unless happily he encountered a shooting-party on its way to Nepal, or persuaded some friends to aid for a time in dispelling the loneliness of his life." For a sportsman, however, these drawbacks were mitigated by the numerous opportunities afforded of developing his skill as a hunter of wild beasts; and Mr. Eardley-Wilmot is a true sportsman. His book abounds in vivid details of his experiences and altogether forms one of the most complete collections of sporting yarns which we have ever come across. It is written with such ease and gusto as if he had enjoyed writing of his experiences almost as much as the experiences themselves. The book is illustrated with eighteen beautiful photographs.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN CAMBRIDGE AND ELY.

By the REV. EDWARD CONYBEARE. With Illustrations by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS. 8s. (Macmillan.)

The county that holds within its boundaries one of our great University towns and that island of the monks that is for ever associated with the romantic figure of Hereward the Wake, the last of the Saxons, could scarcely fail to be as full of interest and historical lore and legend as



*From 'Forest Life and Sport in India'
(Arnold).*

ELEPHANT WITH "KATOLA."



*From The Parson's Pleasance
(Mills & Boon).*

BARKHAM VILLAGE STREET.

any of the score or so of counties that have been subjects for the other volumes in this most excellent series. Mr. Conybeare has already published at least two books about Cambridgeshire; he is therefore here on very familiar ground. He writes of the University Colleges as one who is intimate with them, traces their records from the earliest possible times to our own day, and has much to say of

the famous men who have in various generations been connected with them. Cambridgeshire is not so beautiful as Kent, maybe, or as Bucks, but it has many charming byways—ancient churches and village greens, thatched and timbered farm-houses, and quaint cottages in its villages and hamlets, and Mr. Conybeare knows the ground too thoroughly to have overlooked any of them. Then, how many cathedrals have we that will compare with that magnificent dream in stone that stands at Ely, and how many towns that are richer in associations or lovelier in outward aspect than the town of Cambridge? Mr. Conybeare's descriptions and well-informed, pleasantly gossiping chronicle, supplemented by the graceful and delicately finished drawings of Mr. Frederick Griggs, make this, indeed, one of the most attractive and interesting of all the "Highways and Byways" guide-books.



*From Highways and Byways in
Cambridge and Ely
(Macmillan).*

**OLD GATE OF KING'S
COLLEGE.**

POPE JOHN THE TWENTY-THIRD AND MASTER JOHN HUS OF BOHEMIA.

By ERSTACE J. KITTS. 12s. 6d. (Constable.)

Mr. Kitts does not come unknown to his public nor does he need to prove his familiarity with his subject. For this present book of his is in some sense a sequel to his earlier book, "In the Days of the Councils." In that he dealt with the earlier history of Pope John, when he was still Baldassare Cossa, a picturesque pirate and man of war, in which capacity he first came to the attention of Boniface IX. Moreover, in that book he dealt with the important crisis of the great Schism, a knowledge and acquaintance with which is quite essential to the understanding of this book. For when Cossa by sheer force of character procured his election by the Council as Pope, there were already two claimants in the field already for that title, the kingdoms of Christendom being generally divided in their interest—for it was most of it a matter of adjusting self-interests. Into this field there was imported another perplexity. For the teachings of Wyclif had not only taken root in Bohemia (being imported there by scholars who had graduated at Oxford), but had fed, and been fed by, the fires of national self-expression among the Czechs. Foremost among them the genius of John Hus stood pre-eminent not only by virtue of his scholarship and eloquence, but also by his strong powers as a patriot leader. Such a field

faced Pope John. It demanded particularly and foremostly those faculties that go to the understanding of men, and the deep emotions that sway men, in unit and in bulk. But Pope John was a soldier, by instinct and by breeding, with the inevitable result that he mistimed his actions and sadly misjudged both opponents and deputies. How this led to his downfall and deposition Mr. Kitts tells with intimate knowledge and graphic detail. He would be a bold man who would controvert his facts; but his interpretation of facts is sometimes not quite so sure. His partialities depart sometimes from the strict balance of the historian; but then this often lends stimulation to his book. The strictly balanced and impartial historian is generally characterless and colourless, and Mr. Kitts is never that. This is altogether an admirable book, painstaking and complete. It should be widely read.

BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND: CAMBRIDGE.

By NOEL BARWELL.

THE HEART OF WESSEX.

By SIDNEY HEATH.

NORWICH AND THE BROADS.

By WALTER JERROLD. All with Coloured Illustrations by ERNEST HASLEHUST, 2s. net each. (Blackie.)

We have already had occasion to notice favourably the earlier volumes of this attractive series, but it is pleasant to observe that the latest additions show no falling off from an already high standard. Mr. Ernest Haslehurst is a most industrious artist, and his work maintains a uniformly high level. In the volumes before us he is perhaps at his best in picturing Cambridge, but he is very little, if at all, below that best in the very different scenery of Wessex and Norwich and the Broads. The reproduction of his pictures is again a marvel at the price. The text of the various books—especially, perhaps, that of the Norwich volume—is adequate to its purpose, and it is, of course, well above guide-book level.

THE ROMANCE OF THE OXFORD COLLEGES.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.
6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Oxford offers a number of excellent stories to the industrious collector, and Mr. Gribble amply proves both his industry and his powers as a raconteur in the volume now before us. It is crammed with anecdotes of all descriptions, and the reader need not be a University man in



From Cambridge
(Blackie).

THE OLD HALL, CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

order to appreciate them—nor, indeed, need he have any academic sympathies whatever. The whole world is interested in, let us say, the story of Shelley's expulsion



from The Romance of the Oxford Colleges
(Mills & Boon).

EXETER COLLEGE: FELLOWS' GARDEN.



From *The Golf Courses of the British Isles*
(Duckworth).

FIXBY CLUB HOUSE AND LINKS HUDDERSFIELD

from University, the Æsthetic Movement at Magdalen, or, in perhaps a lesser degree, of Charles I. at Christ Church and Queen Henrietta Maria at Merton. But in addition to these more or less well-known personages there is an enormous amount of material of no less interest and amuse-

ment to be gathered from the story of lesser known persons and less famous events. It is safe to say that no such collection of good stories about Oxford has ever before been assembled in one volume. Mr. Gribble has written a delightful book and one that should have a great success.



From *Reminiscences of the Old Country*
(Ouseley).

THORNBURY CASTLE
AND CHURCH.

THE GOLF COURSES OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Described by BERNARD DARWIN, painted by HARRY ROUNTREE. 21s. net. (Duckworth.)

This is a book which no devotee of the royal and ancient game should be without. The survey of the various links is very complete and ranges over a wide territory, extending from London to St. Andrews and from East Anglia to Westward Ho. Mr. Darwin, who is the golf contributor to the *Sunday Times*, wields a pliant, gossipy pen, and he is entirely devoid of pretentiousness. We feel sure that any golfer who reads his pages will be seized with a desire to try some of the new courses which are here described in graphic language and with expert knowledge. The book is as breezy as the links which it describes. Mr. Darwin's artistic coadjutor, Mr. Harry Rountree, has done his share of the work exceedingly well, and his admirable coloured illustrations will tempt many a sportsman to quit London with its grey, wintry skies and fare forth with the needful implements to some golfing pleasure on the hills, the moors, the marshes, or by the sea.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD COUNTRY.

By RUTH RUCK. 2s. 6d. net. (Ouseley.)

Miss Ruth Ruck's pleasant little book has for its aim the attempt "to popularise some of the most interesting spots in the Old Country, stringing together slender threads of the principal incidents and scenes of the places mentioned, to enable those unacquainted with the country to gain some knowledge of its history and beauty, and as a collection of reminiscences to those readers who are already acquainted with the ground covered." The "ground covered" consists of the Cotswolds, the Badminton country, the Peak District, a tour in North Wales, and a



From *The Heart of Wessex*
(Blackie).

WAREHAM.

circular tour from Lancaster through the Lake District. The reader will at once recognise that this list includes some of the most beautiful places in Britain, and the author has turned her material to good account. The book is well illustrated.

MEMORIALS OF OLD DURHAM.

Edited by HENRY R. LEIGHTON, F.R.Hist.S. 15s. net.
(Allen.)

This, the latest volume in Messrs. Allen's authoritative series of *Memorials of the Counties of England*, is well worthy of a high place among its fellows. Durham is a county of especial interest both to the historian and the antiquarian, and full justice has been done to it in the work under consideration. The book consists of a number of essays by different authorities upon the subject. It is perhaps a little invidious to choose out particular chapters as more worthy of notice than others, for all are done remarkably well. The general reader, however, will, we believe, find most interest

in the editor's essay on the "Old Families of Durham," that of the Rev. Wilham Greenwell on Durham Cathedral, and Mrs. Newton W. Apperley's delightful "Folklore of the County of Durham." From the last we cull this delightful warning to shavers :

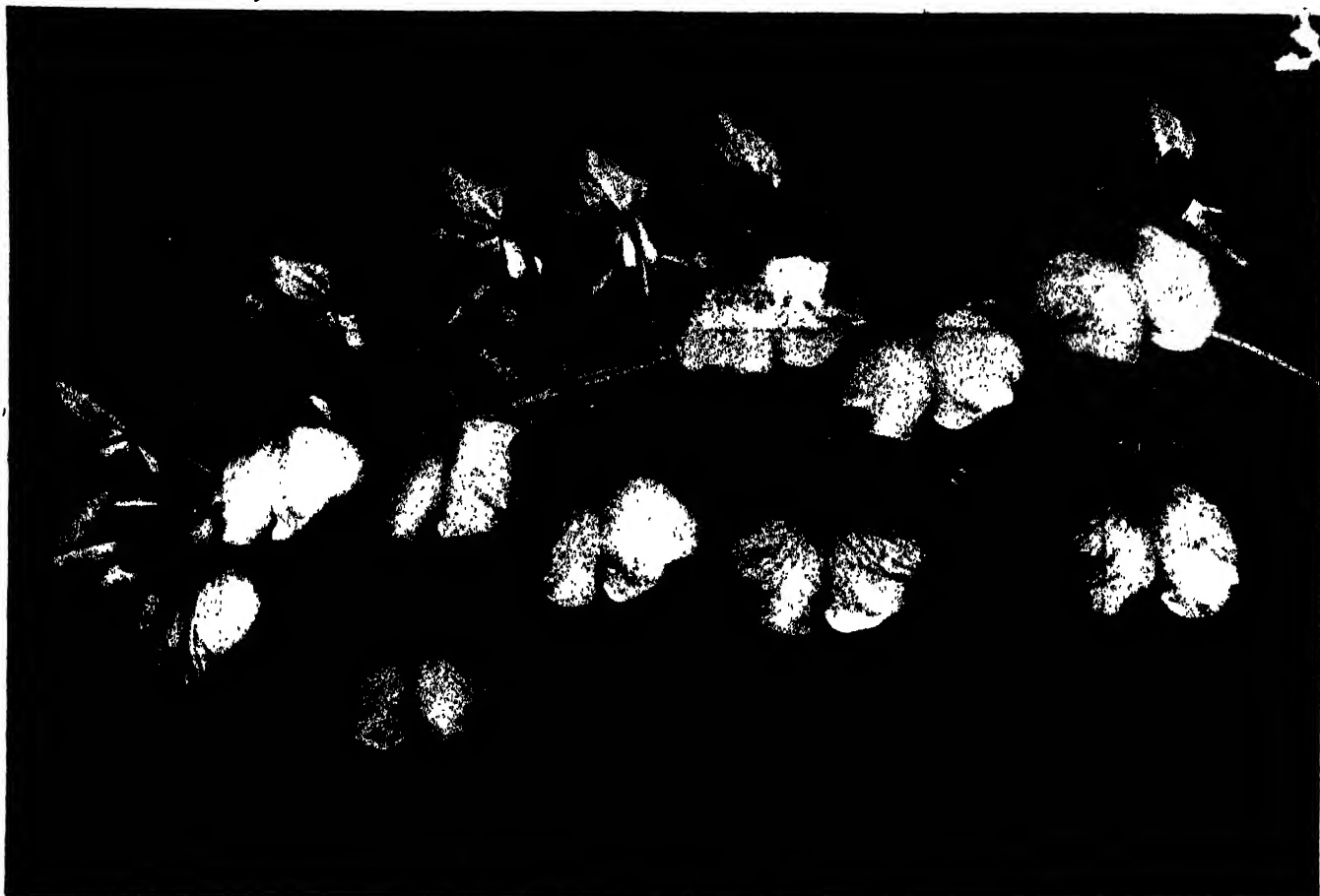
"Sunday shaven, Sunday shorn,
Better hadst thou ne'er been born !

The volume is well illustrated, some of the pictures of Durham Cathedral being particularly beautiful, and excellently produced. It will be found well worthy of attention.



From *Memorials of Old Durham*
(Allen).

LUMLEY CASTLE.



From *Orchids for Everyone*
(Dent).

ONCIDIUM CONCOLOR.

A YEAR IN THE WOODLANDS.

By THEO. CARRERAS. 2s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

Mr. Carreras writes of the woodlands and the outdoor generally with an enthusiasm which is infectious. It is quite clear to us that he knows all that is worth knowing about natural history and kindred subjects. He also possesses the faculty of describing his emotions and supplying the information in a straightforward and interesting manner. The book follows the seasons through; a method the advantages of which are obvious at once. "A Year in the Woodlands," which contains several beautiful plates and numerous illustrations in the text, ought to have a place in the library of every child.

PRAYERS WRITTEN AT VAILIMA.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *Edition de luxe*, with Illuminations by ALBERTO SANGORSKI. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

That the art of illumination is not yet dead is amply proved by Mr. Alberto Sangorski in one of the best-produced volumes of the year. The artist's drawings are one and all

instinct with the decorative sense, and to say that they are worthy of a mediæval manuscript is no exaggeration. A reproduction in black-and-white can afford no conception

of their beauty of colouring, and it must suffice to say that the work is admirably reproduced and reflects the greatest credit upon its printers and Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Necessarily it is expensive, and the publishers may congratulate themselves that they have contrived to bring the price within reasonable limits. The prayers themselves need no introduction; it must suffice to say that they are produced in a manner of which they are in every way worthy.

THE UPPER GARDEN.

By ROBERT DE LA CONDAMINE. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

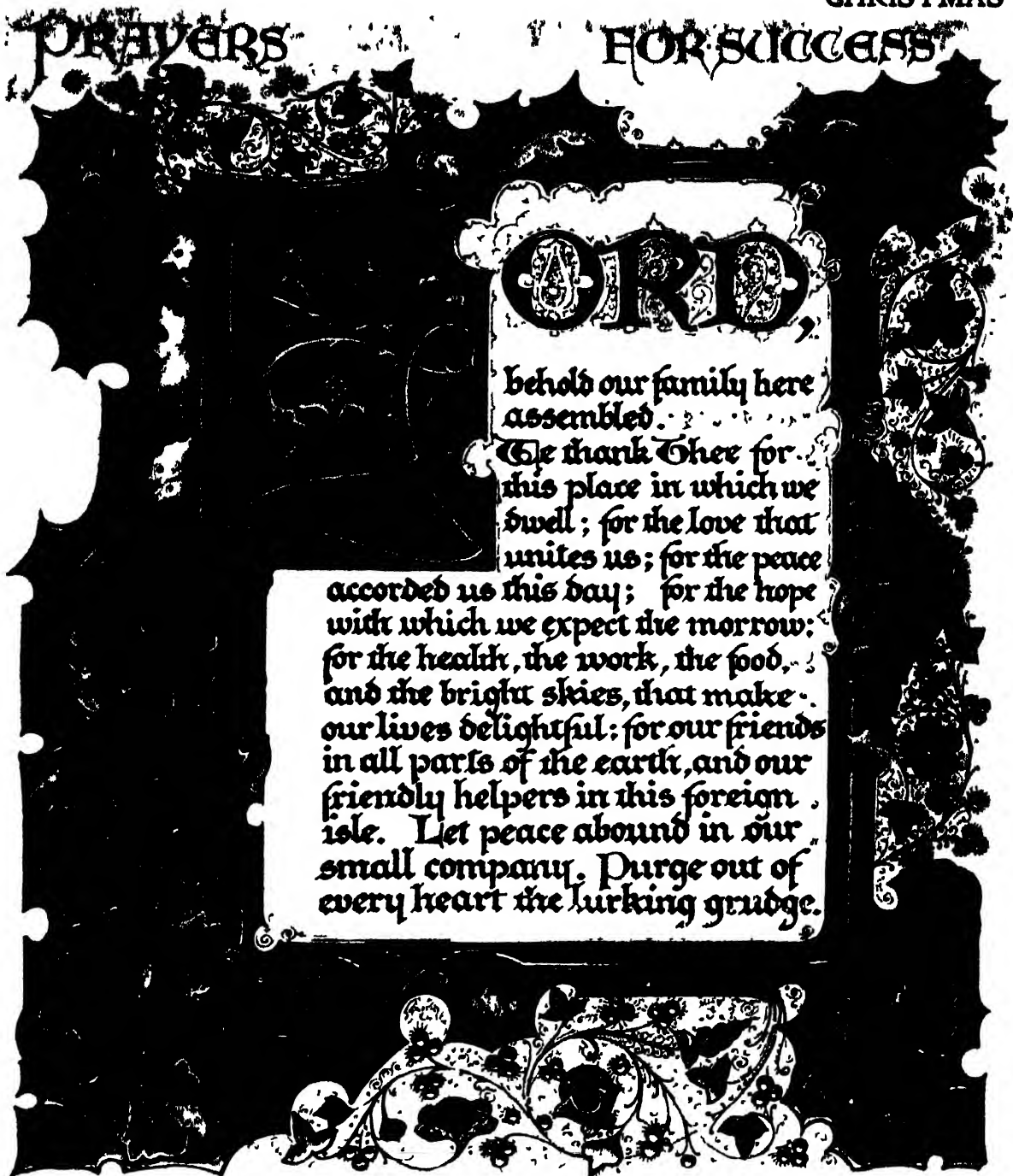
The first thing that impresses one, and perhaps not too favourably, is Mr. de la Condamine's style. It is an elaborate style, exhaling faint memories, now of Pater, now of Wilde; but individual and, when one has got accustomed to these over-wrought periods, full of beauty. If its maker seems sometimes to be using it for decoration



From *A Year in the Woodlands*
(Jarrold).

SYCAMORE FLOWERS.





*From Prayers Written at Vailima
(Chatterbox - Hindustan)*



*From Shepherds of Britain
(Constable).*



From Great Masters of Landscape-Painting
(Heinemann).

CAMILLE BERNIER: THE GUIMERCH LAKE.
(Quimper Museum.)

rather than expression, the decoration justifies itself, which, after all, is all it needs to do. Nor is style more than the outer garment of Mr. de la Condamine's book. The thought in it is deep and thorough enough. So far, we believe, this is the author's only book. But if he were never to write another, he would have made a permanent contribution to English literature. "The Upper Garden" is, indeed, one of those books which seem to say all that their writers have to say. Most philosophies, probably, could be put in a volume no bigger than this; though certainly few philosophers realise the fact. Taking the garden as a symbol, Mr. de la Condamine relates what is, to all intents and purposes, the gospel of art for art's sake. In these days of science and sincerity, of the subjection of art to purpose, such a voice is by no means superfluous. He preaches the value of limitation, of selection, realising that, amongst the chaos of nature, flouted by the infinite, man cannot rise to contemplation and creation. Successively he discusses what the enclosed garden, set with beautiful and appropriate blossoms, means to the youth, the wanderer, the saint, the artist, the student, and, finally, the creator. "The youth knew his garden as the centre of holiday, the wanderer rested there after dusty roads, the saint wounded himself there, the artist learnt the early message of beauty,

and the sensitive returns to the garden after questions at the devouring sources of life." "The Upper Garden" is a book that cannot well be reviewed in a few lines. It is full of suggestion and provocation and very markedly in opposition to the main trend of modern thought. It is a plea for beauty against utility, for symbolism against the obvious realism of science.

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From the French of EMILE MICHEL. With 170 Reproductions and 40 Photogravure Plates. 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

One of the most beautiful books of the year is this detailed and sumptuously illustrated account of the great masters of landscape painting and of their achievements. M. Michel ventured upon a great undertaking, but he has done it greatly, and his volume is a fine production. From an account and a criticism of the first appearances of landscape in painting, the author goes on to treat of his subject in the schools of different countries. The study of landscape, of nature in fact, is a comparatively modern thing; the ancient sculptors, even the older painters, neglected it almost entirely. The beginnings of it, as backgrounds to religious pictures, are interesting and impressive, but not for some time did the landscape itself become even the important part of a picture, much less the sole subject of a picture. M. Michel, going on from chapter to chapter, tells of the work of the Italians, of the Flemish school, of the German, the French, the Dutch, the English. And grand names, indeed, he has to include in his tale of genius and accomplishment, for in many a case the figure-painter was the landscape-painter too, as witness Leonardo da Vinci and Dürer in the early days, and Gainsborough in our own land, to mention only the first that spring to the mind. When he comes to speak of the English landscape-painters, however, it is naturally enough to Turner and to Constable that he gives most of his attention. His criticisms are keen and detailed, but fair on the whole, though we think that he scarcely gives to the genius of Turner the full measure of praise which he deserves. M. Michel is broad-minded, however, generally, and his volume, with its beautiful reproductions of masterpieces and its wealth of noble lesser-known pictures, is one of the handsomest and most useful of this, or any, season.



From Old English Houses
(Martin Sack).

OLD HOUSE, ALFORD.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE MORLAND.

By GEORGE DAWE, R.A. With an Introduction and Notes by J. J. FOSTER. Illustrated. £3 3s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

What is the source of George Morland's popularity—"a popularity that has survived three generations of critics and has never been eclipsed?" In his admirable preface to this book Mr. J. J. Foster interestingly discusses this question and answers it, and the explanation has "nothing recondite or mystical about it." The whole preface is a very concise, thoughtful, and finely suggestive study of Morland's life as it influenced his work. The rest of the book is occupied by a reprint of Mr. George Dawe's full and authoritative life of the painter—an invaluable and monumental biography; by appendices containing an extract from William Collins's biography of Morland showing

who is more than half-infatuated by a charming young actress, carries her portrait in his letter-case and drops it, and when the letter-case is picked up and the portrait seen by an elderly, precise aunt of his and, worse still, by pretty Hilary Graham, whom he had met that morning in ideally romantic circumstances and is already in love with, he becomes involved in suspicions and difficulties that are increased by his own headstrong, independent manner of meeting them. He goes back to London in a reckless and defiant mood, and it is no fault of his own that he does not marry Poppea, the young actress. She has other lovers, of whom he is wildly jealous; she is tired of the life she is leading, and far from being the light creature she is reputed to be, she is sane and level-headed, and her own kindheartedness and good sense and the unscrupulous intrigues of her repellent old mother save Frank Crawford from what would have



From *The Life of George Morland*
(T. Werner Laurie).

"THE STABLE DOOR"

where certain pictures were in his day; by lists of engravings after Morland; of the engravings and the principal paintings by or attributed to him that have been sold at Christie's; and by over fifty beautifully reproduced plates from paintings by Morland that are preserved in the National and various private Galleries. It is a portly and handsomely appointed volume; a worthy setting of the standard biography of one of the few great painters of English rural life—a simple but remarkable personality "whose merits as an artist transcend his frailties as a man."

DANCING DAYS.

By J. J. BELL. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. J. J. Bell has travelled a long way since he wrote that delightful child-study, "Wee Macgregor," and in all his later work, in "Thou Fool," "Whither Thou Goest," and "Joseph Redhorn," he has shown an always widening outlook on life and a ripening and deepening knowledge of humanity. "Dancing Days" is the story of a young man

been an act of folly and leave the road open for a happier ending of his story. There are vivid pictures of theatrical life in London and the quieter ways of the country; the characters are drawn with great skill, and the story is alive with an intensely human interest that grows with each chapter; it has humour and pathos; at times it is touched with shadows of those mortal sorrows that fall wherever life is, but the shadows pass. The book is realistic, but a wind of every-day romance blows through it and keeps it sweet and makes its atmosphere wholly pleasant and wholesome. The plot is an easy, ingenious, thoroughly good one, and Mr. Bell develops it very cleverly.

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can certainly assure her that she does not claim over-much. The letters are the spontaneous writings of officers and men of the Navy. And officers and men of the Navy have, as has often been proved, a frank, engaging way with them and a noticeably lively pen. The type of man who takes to the sea seems to have been much the same, in the main, in all centuries; and it is a type which makes for picturesque and vigorous, if not scholarly, prose. The letters in this volume are gems in their way, and Miss Moorhouse has had the good fortune to be able to include among them one hitherto unpublished letter from Nelson to Vice-Admiral Gambier—shortly before the battle of Trafalgar; and several other comparatively rare extracts. None of the correspondence here given can be called hackneyed; it is fresh and well arranged, and the editor has made it all more valuable and lucid by giving four "Preludes" which are not only very interesting in themselves, but enable the reader to obtain in a few minutes a grasp of the situations referred to in the letters which follow. Howard, Drake, Hawkins, Blake, Vernon, Hawke, Keppel, Kempenfelt, Rodney, Nelson, Pellew, Collingwood, Howe, St. Vincent, Troubridge, Hardy—these are some of the seamen who live again in these intimate pages. We thrill afresh as we read the words of the men who actually faced the Spanish Armada, who fought in the battle of St. Vincent, who won the battle of Trafalgar, who did great deeds for England and made her name feared by her enemies and her glory known to all the world. A score of seamen



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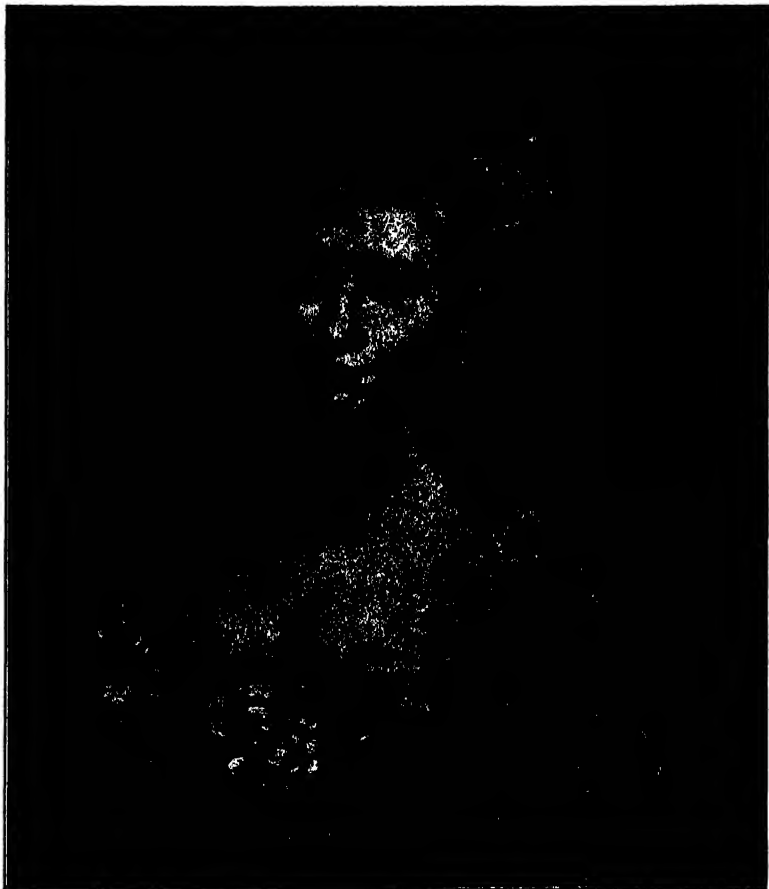
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This beautifully proportioned and exquisitely printed volume is in every way a worthy tribute to a great painting. Mr. Osmaston takes us into the Ducal Palace at Venice, and expounds with infinite patience and loving care the glories of that heroic canvas of Tintoretto which spreads majestically across the east wall of the vast throne-room, the very embodiment of all the faith and colour and achievements of Venice in her prime. Reading this inspiring essay one seems to stand at the base of the ducal throne with eyes fixed upon those "concentrical clouds of flying and enthroned figures," listening to a quiet but perfectly informed interpretation of all the epic glories of this masterpiece of painting. Not since Ruskin, whose genius has obviously inspired this essay, have we had so painstaking a study of a single picture. Mr. Osmaston's essay is a memorable achievement in the study of art; he has lavished upon a picture the effort and the scholarship usually reserved for biography or for the literature of ideas. Detail by detail he expounds the great canvas, throwing upon every point the light of knowledge and enthusiasm, until in the end even those who have not seen the "Paradise" of Tintoretto will have a fuller sense of its immensities, both in conception and detail, than those who have stood before it without having read this essay. No one would for a moment wish this noble quarto, with its twenty-nine illustrations, unprinted; but many will feel, with the present writer, that such a useful essay should also be printed in such a form and size that those visiting the throne-room at the Ducal Palace in Venice may purchase a copy and take it with them as a guide-book to the original picture. Mr. Osmaston had special and unique opportunities for studying the "Paradise" of Tintoretto during two visits to Venice in 1909, when the picture had been removed from the wall for purposes of



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After a painting by A. Pond.

restoration; and it was during this time he took the rare opportunity, a stroke of genius in itself, of having the various details of the work carefully photographed. For this alone all art-lovers are indebted to him. But besides these photographs, Mr. Osmaston conceived the excellent idea of giving, as his frontispiece, a fine reproduction in copper plate of the reputed sketch for the "Paradise" in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool.



From *Red-Letter Days of Samuel Pepys*
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A PRINCESS OF STRATEGY.

By GENERAL DE PIÉPALLE. Translated by J. LEWIS MAY.
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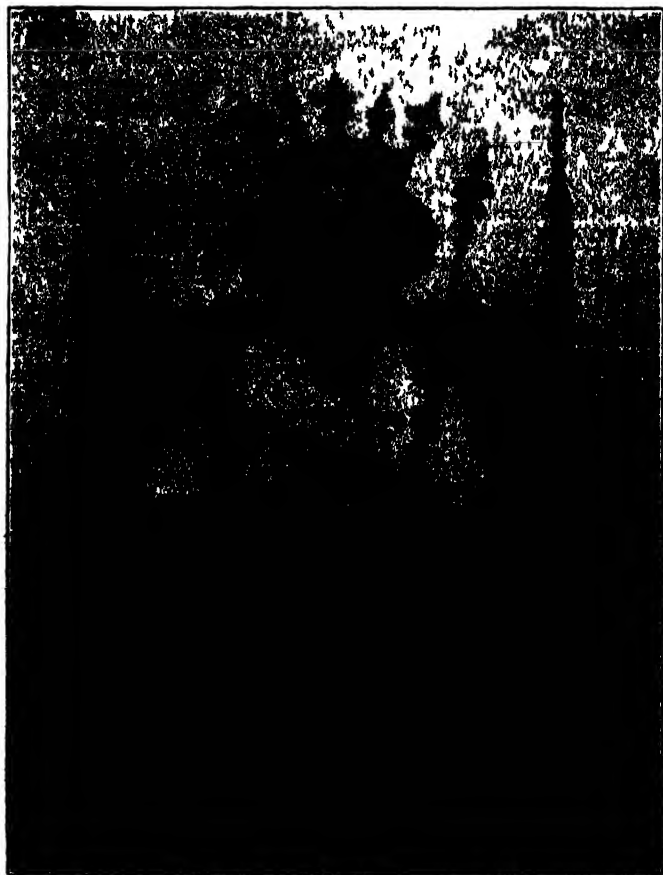
The photographic frontispiece of this volume shows a piquant and attractive but not beautiful woman dressed in the quaint outdoor costume of the early eighteenth century. She is General de Piépalle's heroine—to give her her full name and title, Anne Louise Bénédicte de Bourbon-Condé Duchesse du Maine. Though not in herself particularly interesting she had an adventurous

life in the course of which she made the acquaintance of many of the notabilities of her day. She lived in a fever of plots and conspiracies being eventually arrested and imprisoned, but she was released on turning king's evidence. Afterwards she took up the broken thread of her life, and interested herself in the formation of a *salon*, whither came, among others, Voltaire and Madame de Stael. The author tells her story in a manner equally brisk and interesting, and he has found an excellent translator in Mr. Lewis May. The book is one which is well worth reading.

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symbolised the peril that Greece had to face." He speaks of "myth-mongers" as if there were a class who had to make these symbols and of the Greek artists taking the sting out of "the lessons they [the stories of the Amazons] should have taught." This may be only loose writing such as is discoverable in phrases like "the Greek feeling as to the inevitableness of tragedy," and "woman being woman, under stress is very apt to exaggerate human passions," and "in its earlier forms the myths of the Amazons and Gryphons are represented as implacable enemies"—where he is not alluding to a hostility between the myths. There are also a number of trifling errors which could hardly have been allowed to pass in a scientific book. "Οι πολοι" is put for "hoi polloi", "chlamis" for "chlamys", "Orithya" for "Orythia", "Æreopagus" for "Arcopagus", and "Iippolyta" and "Hippolyte" are used indiscriminately. Mr Rothery also writes "accessaries" and "licence," and writes "deduct" for "deduce" and "tracks" for "tracts." On the other hand, his picturesqueness is not masterly. It looks like an attempt to disguise solid material and make it palatable to large numbers of people by hasty eloquence. This can not conceal or spoil the magnificent pictures and narratives from old writers which are quoted or paraphrased in the book, nor should it be allowed to obscure the fact that the material is such as could not be collected without far more than the usual book-maker's activity. Only a little more self-control in actual writing and a little more definiteness of purpose would have made it the brilliant book on a fascinating subject which it ought to have been. The illustrations are a long and interesting series from statues, friezes, vases, etc.

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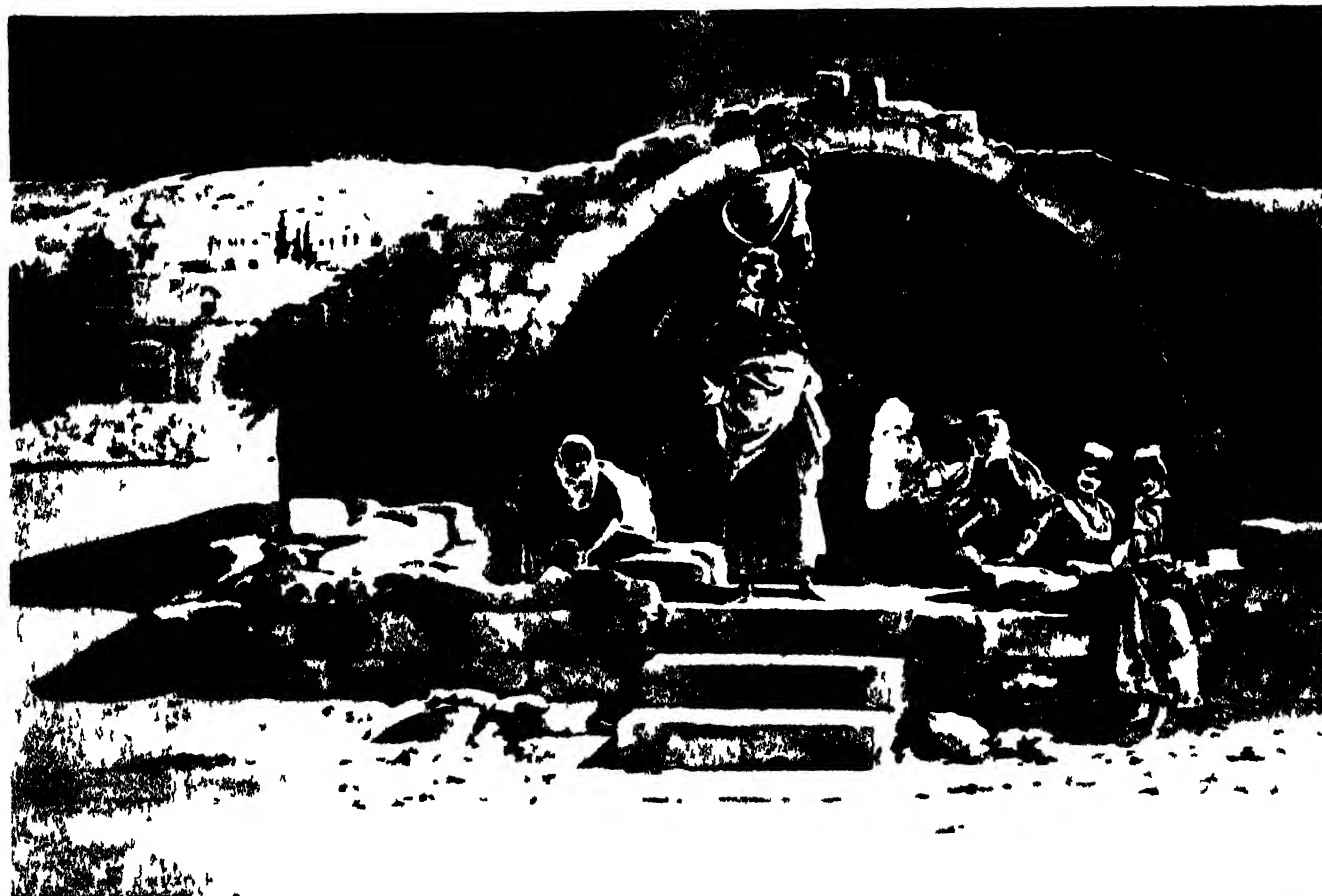
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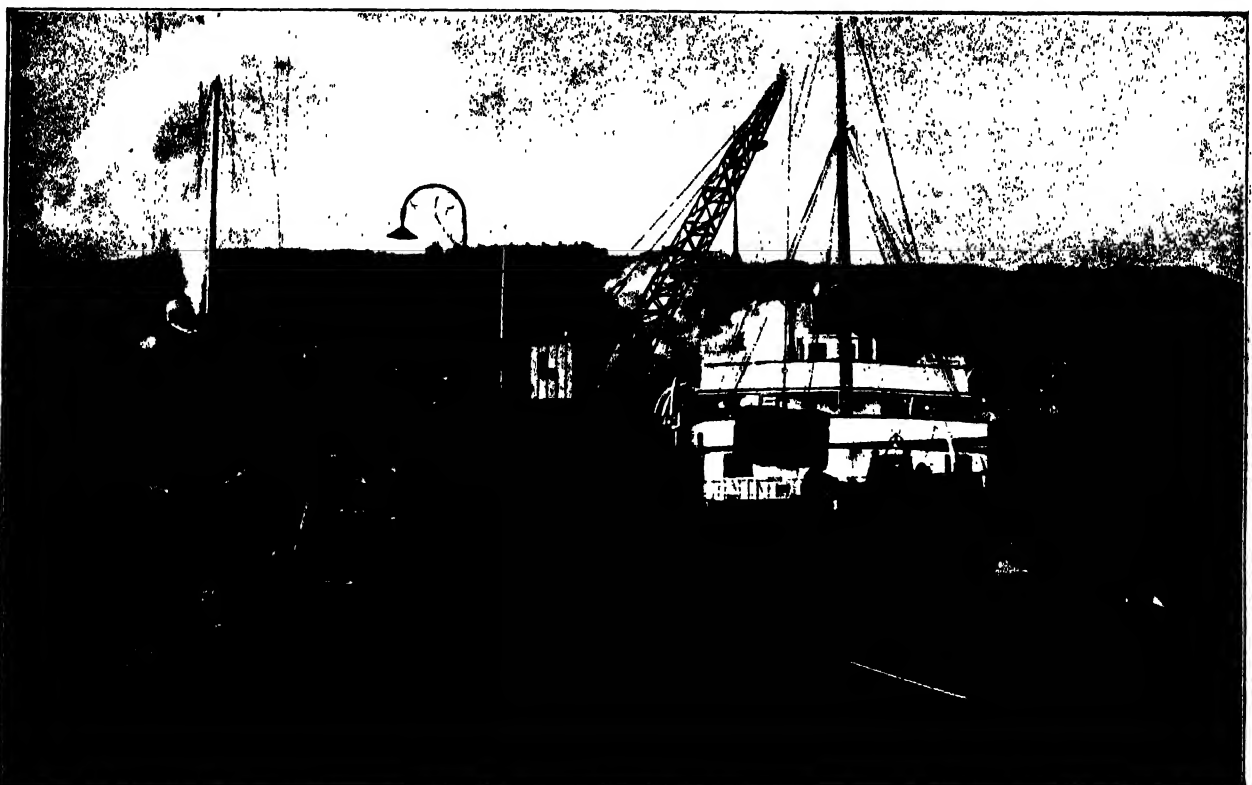
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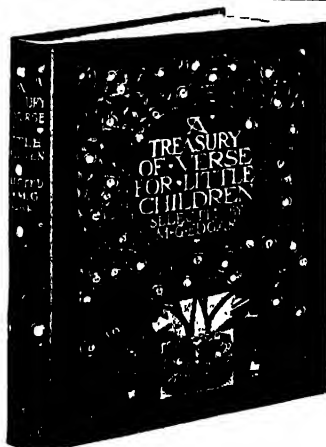
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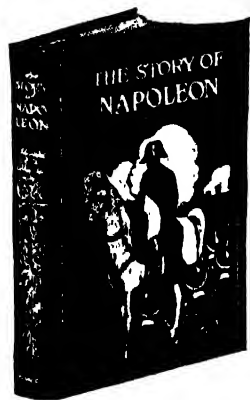
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the sport and social life of the islands are written down in this volume by an enthusiast of the open-air life and a careful observer of men and nature. It is not simply a fisherman's book, full of technical detail wearying to the uninitiated, but a chronicle of life in a quarter of the globe where the struggle for existence is not too strenuous, and leisure is every man's right. Mr. Holder describes with charm the animals of the islands, the foxes, wild goats, sea-lions, wild-boars, and the more interesting species of birds. The chapters on tuna, white bass, black bass, and hammer-head fishing abound with stirring incidents and big fights with huge prey. These seas teem with fish, great and small, and for the marine fisherman the Channel Islands of California are a paradise. The whitefish, running up to ten pounds or more, comes boldly at a bait, and is "as hard a fighter as you will ever try conclusions with." But these are pigmies beside the mighty tuna, which in their combats with their captors often tow the boats for miles. Mr. Holder's book brings a breath of the sea and a breeze from the mountains. The pictures are numerous and excellent, and there are several good maps of the islands. There is also much useful information for the visitor.

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differ, it is merely a slight difference of taste, not of actual opinion. The scope of the book is so wide that it must appeal to photographers of every style, but its especial appeal is to those men and women who need more in a photograph than a crude reproduction of scenes or persons by means of sunlight. It appeals to artists; it preaches right thought, right teaching, and—right treat-



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
Author of "Abelard and Heloise" (Gay & Hancock).

ment. Mr. Anderson speaks boldly of the valuable opportunities to be found on misty days, on days of rain, of cloud, of silver effects. "Bright, diffused light, towards the middle of a clear summer's day, the very time when the ordinary man is busy with his camera, is," says the author, "the day for the colour painter, not the photographer." Photography, too, he declares, in spite of its tricks and variations of the past years, has made no material progress since 1843; and he is affectionately strong in praise of the work of D. O. Hill. "After all the struggles, strivings, and heart-burnings of the past twenty years, the more thorough pictorial photographers find themselves much where Mr. Hill left off." Facing this opinion in the book is a Portrait of a Boy by D. O. Hill, and we join our praise to that of Mr. Anderson as we study it and linger over its beauties. This is a volume packed with sound knowledge and signs of artistic taste. It is reminiscent, it is anecdotal, but above all it is sane and influential and practical. And the numerous illustrations are indeed a revelation of the beauty which can be produced by a camera worked with brains.



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From *The Charm of the Road*
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A WELSH LLYN

a new history mistress. . . . I never felt so humanly close to Ruskin as to Carlyle. He had a way of stating *the truth*. He liked to perch on his truths and crow. No, I revered him, but decidedly didn't like him. Browning made friends with me. Then came Ibsen. . . ." Young men with so decided a reverence for these masters are sometimes in danger of losing their individuality, but Mr. Graham has escaped this. His views are fresh and original, and his manner is emphatically his own. The impressions of his wanderings in the Caucasus are exceedingly well done, but we are not at all sure that we do not prefer his account of life as it is lived by an impecunious student in Moscow. However, this is only a personal opinion, and Mr. Graham was doubtless well advised to make his travel impressions of first importance. He does not forget also to be practical, and ends his book with an admirable chapter on "How to Get There." In every way this is a most charming and attractive book.

HOME LIFE IN HELLAS.

By Z. DUCKETT FERRIMAN. 8s. net. (Mills & Boon.)

"Greece and the Greeks," the sub-title of this book, seems to us a trifle more suggestive of its contents than the title which Mr. Ferriman has chosen. It affords besides a less strained alliteration. However, the title of a book matters little when the contents are satisfactory—which is the case with "Home Life in Hellas." Mr. Ferriman's knowledge of his subject is exhaustive, and the reader can find no fault with the manner of his expression. Compressed into less than a dozen chapters is a complete account of all aspects of the life of the modern Greek in his own country. The ordinary traveller who ventures upon impressions of the Greek character from a short stay at Athens will find here that many of his impressions are wrong. Athens, in a word, is very dissimilar to the rest of Greece. The author's familiarity with the less-known portions of the country is so considerable that he satisfies us on this point. Nevertheless, one of Mr. Ferriman's most satisfactory studies is that of modern Athens. Others especially worthy of mention are those on Domestic Life and Literature and Journalism. This is a satisfying book upon a fascinating subject.

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LARGE ROCKS WITH ALPINES GROWING DOWN THE FACE.
(Photo by E. J. Wallis, Kew.)



From *A Vagabond in the Caucasus*
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join with other travellers and students, notably Lord Curzon, in recording a poor estimate of the practical qualities of the Persian character. It is needless to repeat what has been said or indicated so often in these pages: the facts speak more eloquently than any words in support of the opinion that the Persians are incapable of managing their own affairs without foreign guidance—that is to say, incapable of managing them in a way to satisfy civilised requirements as regards foreign vested interests and facilities for trade." Mr. Fraser's excellent photographs.

embodies many of the most stirring of our naval traditions. Mr. Fraser writes with virility and vivacity, and his book will make an irresistible appeal not only to boys, but to men. It may be mentioned that the illustrations—mainly taken from old prints—are of unusual interest.

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By DAVID FRASER. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackwood & Sons.)

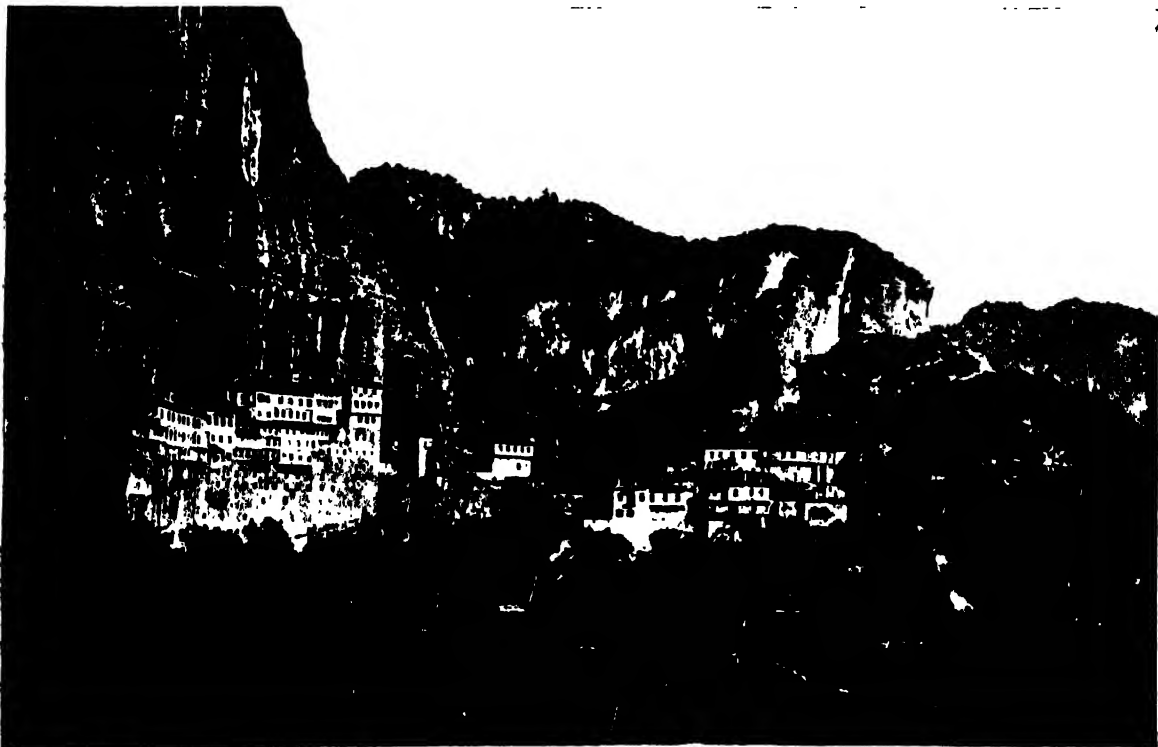
Mr. Fraser, who has written various authoritative books on Eastern lands, has collected in handsome volume form the impressions which he obtained when he visited Persia and the principal towns of Turkey as special correspondent to the *Times*. He arrived at Teheran in 1909, when events were moving rapidly towards a crisis. The fact that Persia is the last country to be thrown into the cauldron of international complications makes Mr. Fraser's views of the Persian character especially interesting. He is quite candid in his estimate of it. "I am compelled," he writes, "to

book is embellished with mar

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Miss Louey Chisholm is an excellent hand at the retelling of familiar fairy tales, and in "The Wild Swans" she is again to be seen at her best. While retaining the spirit and poetry of the stories, she contrives to express them in language suitable for the comprehension of a youthful audience, and her book is sure of a large public. The stories dealt with in the book under notice number six: "The Wild Swans," "The Toy Princess," "Rapunzel," "The Swineherd," "Rumpelstiltskin," and "The Magic Candles." With none of them does Miss Chisholm make a failure, and her book may be confidently recommended. The volume is well illustrated with eight clever illustrations, reproduced in colours, by Katharine Cameron.



From *Home Life in Hellas*
(*Mills & Boon*).

MEGASPELEION: THE BIRTHPLACE OF GREEK FREEDOM.



From Lion and Dragon in Northern China
(John Murray).

IMAGES OF MR. AND
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Mr. Miles has produced many books of adventure, but his latest is, we think, by far the best. Every boy who is so fortunate as to receive as a Christmas present "The Sweep of the Sword" will be excited by its stirring

and veracious descriptions of all the decisive battles waged from the days of Abraham to modern times. Nearly a hundred and forty illustrations adorn and illuminate the text, which is based on the best authorities. Besides being entertaining, the work is unobtrusively instructive. It gives in a form best calculated to fascinate the youthful mind the leading events in the history of the human race during four thousand years. Mr. Miles does not leap from one famous battle to another.

He shows in each case how the conflict arose, and connects the chapters of his book together by means of brief summaries of the history of the intervening periods. He has been, moreover, very careful not to indulge in any praise of war, and not to fill the minds of his young readers with a picture of the earth as a vast slaughter-house. He insists only on the lesson that there are times when nations do well to value liberty more

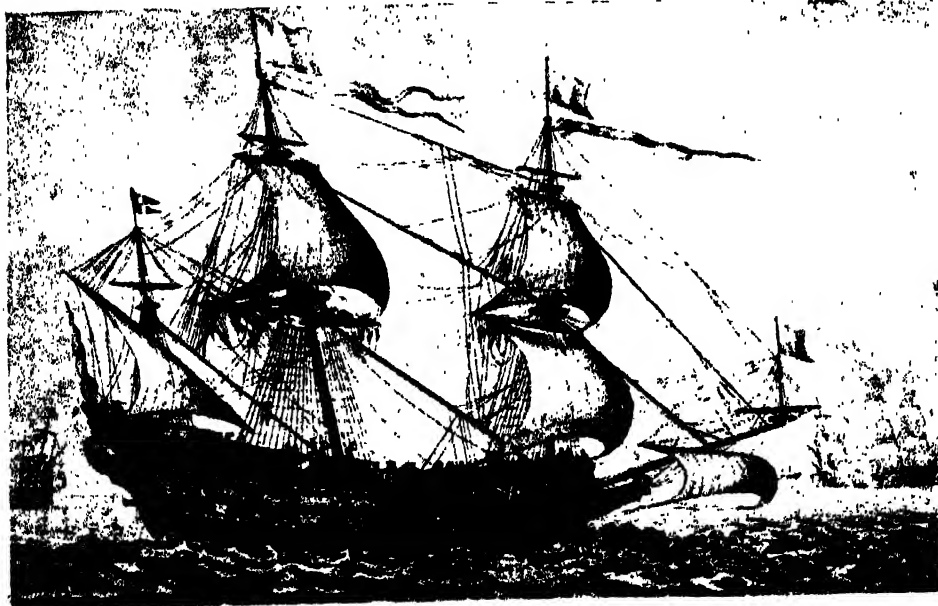


Cover Illustration of
She Stoops to Conquer
(Putnam's).



"... THE TOWNSPEOPLE FLOCKED
TO SEE THE GRUESOME SIGHT..."

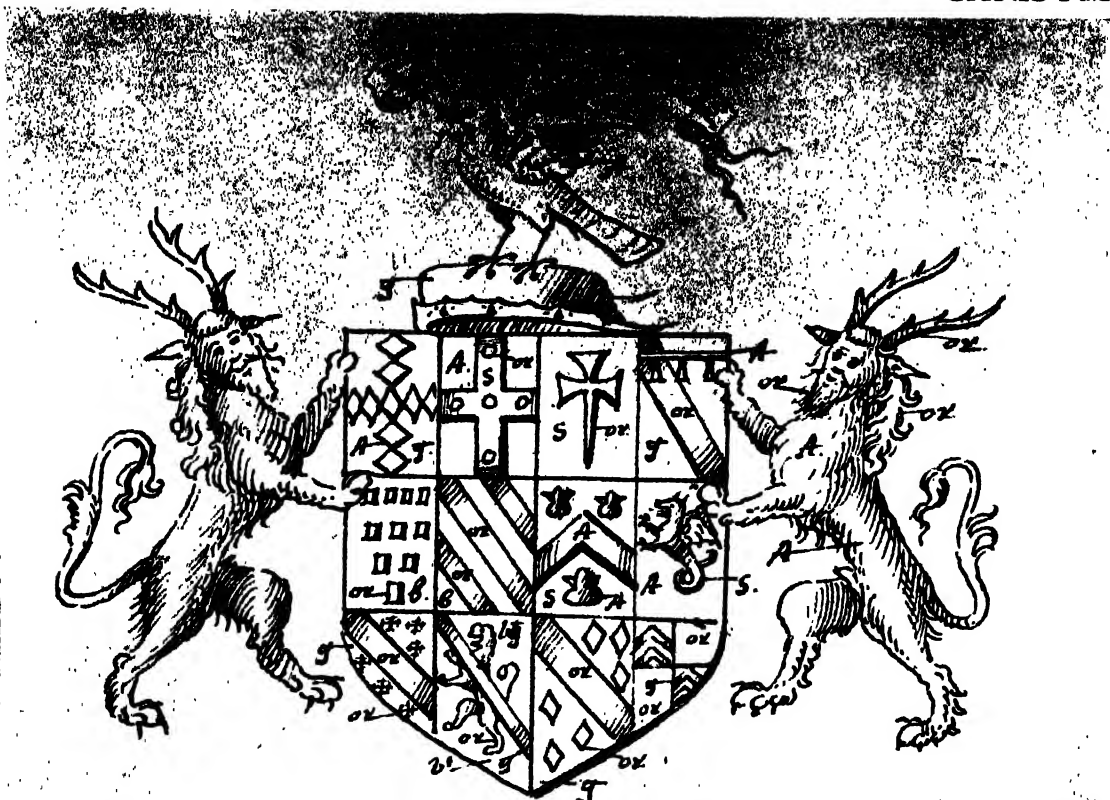
From Persia and Turkey in Revolt
(Blackwood).



From The Fighting Fame of the King's Ships
(Hutchinson).

AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR OF THE TYPE OF THE
"REVENGE" (OUR FIRST "DREADNOUGHT").
From an engraving by W. Hollar.

than peace, and to face death in the cause of advancing civilisation. The result of his effort is that "The Sweep of the Sword" is healthy and inspiring in tone, and yet its stories lose nothing of that dash and gallant enthusiasm that of right belong to them. So long as the world is what it is, war must hold its place among its dreadful realities, and nothing is so calculated to make a great nation fit to keep its greatness than the popularising, especially among the younger generation, of those brave records of its past in which it takes a legitimate pride. In producing his book at this time, and written sanely as he has written it, Mr Miles has done a national service.



From A Quantock Family
(Barnicot & Pearce).

THE ARMS OF SIR JOHN STAWELL OF COTHELSTONE, AS
CONFIRMED AT THE HERALD'S VISITATION OF 1573.
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A QUANTOCK FAMILY: THE STAWELLS.

Compiled and Edited by COLONEL GEORGE DODSWORTH STAWELL. 42s. net. (Taunton: Barnicot & Pearce.)

In the exhaustive work before us Colonel G. D. Stawell tells the history of one of the most ancient and most famous families of the West Country – the Stawells. The origin of the family is a little mysterious, but it is definitely known that they “came over with William the Conqueror.” They were originally settled in Somersetshire (where they remained for 600 years), and later in Devon. Both these stocks have now died out, but the family continues in Ireland and in Australia. The compiler of the volume, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, belongs to the Irish branch. His book must have been a labour of years, and the amount of detail with which it is crammed is astounding. The book, of course, appeals almost entirely to the antiquarian, but he will find it a mine of curious information. A word of praise should be given to the publishers, who have spared no expense in making the volume a worthy memorial of the distinguished name of Stawell.

THE FACE OF MANCHURIA, KOREA,
AND RUSSIAN TURKESTAN.

Written and Illustrated by E. G. KEMP, F.R.S.G.S. 8s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

We had the good fortune last year to read Miss Kemp's “Face of China”—a modest, but very attractive, book of travel in the less well-known portions of that country. She follows it with “The Face of Manchuria, Korea, and Russian Turkestan,” which impresses us as even more interesting. The author's route took her along the whole length of the Siberian Railway, thence through the northern portions of the Chinese Empire. She “did” Korea pretty thoroughly, and returned by the Siberian Railway. By a happy afterthought she had obtained passes for visiting Tashkent, Samarkand, and Bokhara, which are, of course, far out of the route of the ordinary traveller. She returned across the Caspian Sea and through Caucasia. We consider that the latter part of her journey is the most interesting to the ordinary reader, but the whole of the book is shrewd and well informed. We shall be surprised if

its success is not at least equal to that of “The Face of China.” The author's illustrations are reproduced in colour



From The Face of Manchuria, Korea,
and Russian Turkestan
(Chatto & Windus)

FOO LING TOMB, MOURDEN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910



From Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell : Founder of Savings Banks
(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier).

THE FIRST SAVINGS BANK ; STILL STANDING IN RUTHWELL VILLAGE.

classes.' He was strongly averse to the Poor Laws, and believed it might be possible in the long run to abolish the poor rates by the establishment of a bank for the savings of the industrious ; and in face of difficulty and distrust he carried his theory so far into practice as to start the bank. It consisted at first of a long box with three locks, Dr. Duncan and two others holding keys of it, and neither able to open it except when the other two were present. From these small beginnings, a hundred years ago, grew the vast Savings Bank system that has done such incalculable service towards encouraging thrift and bettering the lives of the poorer part of the community. The book has some interesting illustrations, including a portrait of the "Father of Savings Banks,"

and tone. They are unequal in merit, but it is safe to say that the majority of them are entirely satisfactory, and all form an agreeable commentary upon the text.

and photographs of the old money-chest and of the plain little cottage that did duty as the first of the Banks.

DR. DUNCAN OF RUTHWELL :

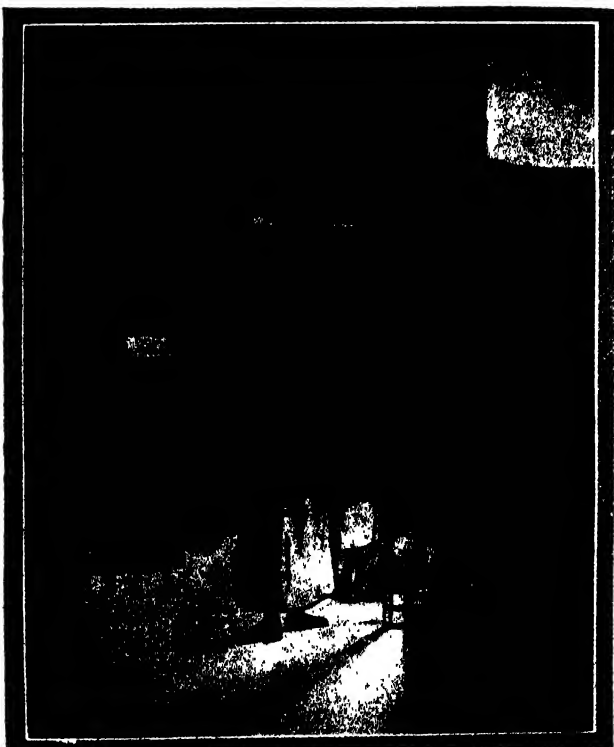
Founder of Savings Banks. By his great granddaughter, SOPHY HALL. 3s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

In view of the approaching celebration of the centenary of the founding of Scottish Savings Banks this biography of the founder makes a very timely appearance. Some biography of the man to whose labours the whole nation is so deeply indebted was, in any case, overdue, and Miss Hall has written it with an ability and a sympathetic enthusiasm for which we have nothing but praise. Dr. Duncan was minister of the parish of Ruthwell, and took a keen and practical interest in the social condition of the working

JOY OF TYROL :

A Human Revelation. Edited by J. M. BLAKE. With 111 Illustrations drawn by the Lady. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul, & Co.).

"Joy of Tyrol" is one of those pleasant but rather bewildering books which you don't quite know how to classify. It is probably fiction, and yet it contains a good deal of undoubted fact ; it is not heavy enough for topography,



From An Old-Fashioned Christmas Eve
(Hodder & Stoughton).

"THEY WENT ROUND THE HOUSE, PLAYING UNDER THE WINDOWS."



From Old Country Inns
(Pitman).

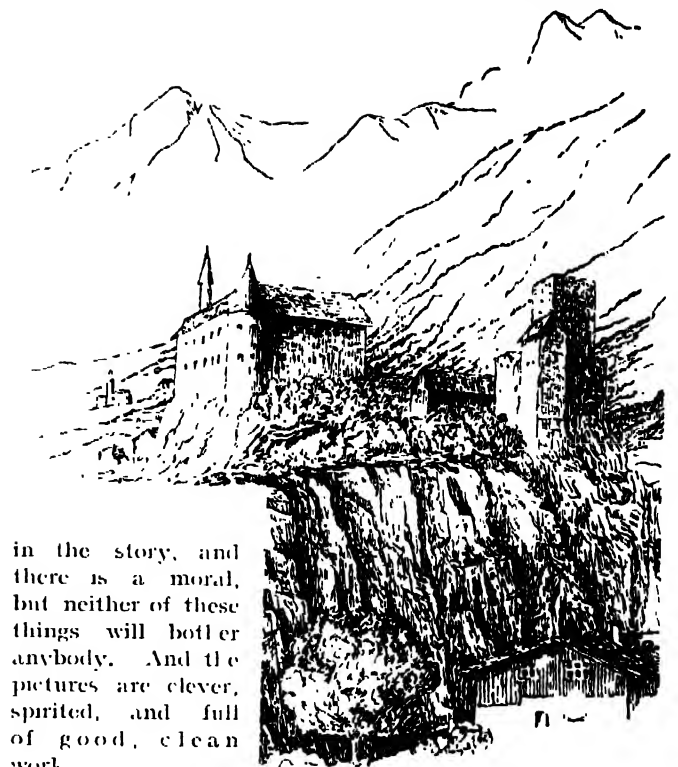
THE KING'S ARMS, HENRI HENRIETTA.

and it does not go far enough afield to be styled travel. There is a little story in this book, sentimental as ever, but with an additional delicacy which tones down and refines the sentimentality to an agreeable extent. The book is written in letter form, and it contains a number of attractive illustrations. Its ostensible object is the praise of Tyrol, and in this it undoubtedly succeeds. Altogether, this is a pleasant little volume, which may succeed in drawing visitors to an unspoilt and—for Europe—a comparatively unexploited country.

THE FLINT HEART:

A Fairy Story. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. With Illustrations by C. J. FOLKARD. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

When we opened this book at random and came upon the song of a bottle, we were a little surprised to find it in a fairy-tale of fairyland. But we soon found that the bottle was a hot-water bottle, and the land was Dartmoor. Mr. Eden Phillpotts knows Dartmoor so truly and so well that we are not surprised to find the charm of that moorland urging him to write of it in a new style and from a new point of view. He has in the past written with fascination of its beauties; he has written with strength of its uglinesses: now he writes with gaiety and humorous invention of its fairies. Many, many years ago in the New Stone Age, a discontented young New Stoner wished to be chieftain of the whole tribe of New Stoners on Dartmoor, and the only way to manage it, so Fum, the man of mystery, said, was to have a harder heart than the heart of Brok, the old chieftain who ruled at the time. So the young New Stoner ordered Fum to make him such a heart, and Fum, under compulsion, did so. He produced with one stroke a wicked, black Flint Heart. And the end of the New Stone Age on Dartmoor was very terrible till the Flint Heart was buried. Then, after many, many years, the Flint Heart was dug up again, and caused dreadful trouble in the household of Bill Jago, a Dartmoor farmer. And, for the story of the Flint Heart readers must go to Mr. Phillpotts's volume. Its racy style will entertain the elders; its enthralling incidents will please the youngers; and its cheerful fun will amuse all. We may remark that there is knowledge



in the story, and there is a moral, but neither of these things will bother anybody. And the pictures are clever, spirited, and full of good, clean work.

*From Joy of Tyrol
(Stanley Paul).*

THE MANOR HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated by SYDNEY R. JONES. 7s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

"England is remarkable," as the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield says in his introductory chapter, "for the number and beauty of the old country houses, set amid pleasant scenes, that abound in various parts of our island." They are hidden away in remote hamlets and little-heard-of villages, and only the few who love such beautiful old-world houses



*From The Manor Houses of England
(Batsford.)*

SHIPTON HALL, SHROPSHIRE.



From *Philippa of Hainault and her Times*
(Long).

PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT CONSORT
OF EDWARD III.
(Art Reproduction Co.)

their wonderful interiors, their quiet, charming gardens and environment, know of the existence of most of them. In eight interesting chapters Mr. Ditchfield writes here of these manors and manor-houses, their history, architecture, decorations, and surroundings, and writes with the fullness of knowledge and attractiveness of style that characterised his "Charm of the English Village," to which this forms a companion volume. In addition to the histories of the houses themselves, Mr. Ditchfield relates something of the family history that is associated with many of them tales of secret hiding-places, of love, war and intrigue that put an added glamour of romance around these romantic-looking old places. He writes attractively, using technical terms very sparingly, and as a consequence his book is one of exceptional interest not merely to the professional architect but to the general reader. Only to look at Mr. Sydney R. Jones's delicate drawings—the first is an excellent colour print; but he gets the effect of colour and atmosphere almost as perfectly in his numerous black-and-white sketches—is to make you resolve on a tour into the practically unknown England where such haunts of ancient peace are still to be found.

PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES.

By B. C. HARDY. 10s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

This is a glowing tribute to one who evoked the eulogy of Froissart no less than the admiration of Agnes Strickland. Our land has owed some of its greatest days to its illustrious women, and the gracious consort of Edward III. deserves well the homage of posterity. How great and beneficent was her influence we can see at once from the contrast between her husband's conduct before and after her

death. But this is only a superficial view; the book before us goes deeper. The author seems to be steeped in the chequered history of the period, and possesses, in addition, the gift of a graceful and winning style, as becomes a biographer of one who was "the tenderest of mothers, the most devoted of wives," a queen who "was never more royal than when she occupied herself about the smallest detail of her people's lives"; and one who really seems indeed, as Froissart pictured her, "le plus gentil reine, plus large, et plus courtoise que oncques regna en son temps." In addition to a beautiful photo-gravure portrait, the book contains fourteen excellent illustrations and a useful genealogical table

MEN OF MARK IN THE HISTORY OF WESTERN EUROPE.

By RICHARD WILSON. With Illustrations. 6s. net.
(Nelson & Sons.)

Mr. Richard Wilson thinks that English school boys and girls are taught to be, and are, inordinately conceited over the greatness of England and England's heroes; and we are glad that Mr. Richard Wilson labours under this delusion, for it has given to us this capital book of legend and story, of picturesque chronicle and historical fact, concerning men of mark of other countries. It is hard to believe that Mr. Wilson can have travelled in France, in Germany, in America, or even have met children from those lands, without noticing how well informed they are respecting every hero they possess in their history, and every battle fought, while the ordinary school boy or girl of England, if asked unexpectedly for a few details of this or that hero or battle, would know little or nothing about the matter.



From *Le Duc de Morny*
(Long).

The English child takes it for granted and, as far as we have experienced, is indifferent. What we feel sure of, however, is that if he is fortunate enough to number this beautiful great volume among his Christmas gifts he will be stirred to admiration of many a man of another country, and thrilled by many an adventure. The men of mark are a varied company, ranging from Mohammed to Garibaldi, and including such heroes as Charlemagne, Rolt the Ganger, Louis IX. of France, Joan of Arc, Francis of Assisi, Marco Polo, Dante and Beatrice, Christopher Columbus, Napoleon, Bismarck, and many another. Mr. Wilson's style is direct and attractive, and the beautiful illustrations throughout the volume are from the great galleries of the world, and are reproduced in colour.



The Life of Marie Amélie
(Long).

THE BOY'S BOOK OF THE NAVY.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN. 38. 6d. (Partridge.)

This is a capital history of the Navy told in a popular and interesting style. It starts with the very first sailors, and outlines the wonderful story of the Navy from then down to the present day. The least of information includes tales of torpedoes, submarines, cruisers, ironclads, and the old log-rafts and war-galleys where the poor slaves were chained to their oars, "so that, no matter what happened, they were fastened to their posts," and could not play their masters false in their terror, when a battle was raging around them. Numerous great sea-fights are recounted with a vivid pen, and we learn how our battleships are built, and a deal about guns and explosives. It is just the sort of book a boy would revel in, and the illustrations in colour are remarkably good.



From Wellington's Battlefields
Illustrated. Vol. I. Bussaco
(Sonnenschein).

LORD WELLINGTON
AT BUSSACO.



From The Boys' Book
of the Navy
(Partridge).

SALUTING THE FLAG!
At 8 a.m. every morning the British Ensign is hoisted at the stern of every ship in the British Navy, while every officer and man in the ship stands at salute.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910 THE HISTORY OF IRELAND:

From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By the REV. F. A. D'ALTON, LL.D., M.R.I.A. 6 Vols. (Gresham Publishing Co.)

This is a third edition of Dr. D'Alton's monumental history of his own country. That the book has met with such a large measure of success is a sufficient indication that there was need of it and that it worthily supplies that need. There have been many histories of Ireland, but few that are adequate; there has nearly always been a bias for or against that has coloured or discoloured all the writer's views. Dr. D'Alton has, however, made it one of his aims to realise Thomas Davis's ideal of what a history of Ireland should be, and has set himself, and we think with success, to avoid bigotries of race or creed, and to unfold the stormy and often tragic story of Ireland's growth and progress—a ruggedly heroic story in its early phases, and one of hate and misery, often transfigured by a spirit of patriotism and high self-sacrifice, in its later. That the Irish themselves have been largely to blame for the loss of their liberties Dr. D'Alton does not dispute; he is as severe in his handling of their weaknesses of character as in his denunciation of the undoubted injustices of which England has been guilty towards them. It is a book that should be read by every man who in these days is called upon to vote one way or the other in deciding upon the future of Ireland: it is a careful, judicious, reliable history of a country that is too little known to most of us and of a great people who are too little understood. The volumes are admirably produced, and contain a large number of excellent illustrations.



From *The History of Ireland*
(Gresham Publishing Co.).

KING CORMAC'S MEETING WITH EITHNE.
From a drawing by John H. Bacon, R.A.



From Christina Rossetti's Poems
(Melrose).

THE STORY OF A YEAR.

By MRS. MOLESWORTH. With Illustrations by
GERTRUDE DELMAIN HAMMOND. 3s. 6d.
(Macmillan.)

Is there any necessity to praise the work of Mrs. Molesworth nowadays? To name her books to any of the multitude of younger readers who know and love them is to praise them, and to say that here is another new one is to say all that is needful to make them desire to possess it. "The Story of a Year" is the story of Fulvia Derwent; how when she was ten years old a great change came over her life, that had until then been a life of unclouded happiness; how suddenly her home was broken up, and she and her deft and delightful mother were separated from her father, and the mother and the little girl were left to go through very trying experiences before he could come back to them. It is just such a romance as children delight in—full of brightness and incident, harassing its most lovable characters with vicissitudes, but bringing them triumphantly through after all. The humour and the pathos of the story are exactly in the right pleasant key, and the manner of the father's return is edged with a dramatic surprise and a poignancy that bring tears that are half of laughter to the eyes. When you are making out your list of Christmas books for the young people—for the girls especially—you must by no means omit to include in it "The Story of a Year." It is a book that appeals in particular to the girl of sixteen or so, but it is difficult to believe that any one is really too old to enjoy it. A word of praise must be added for Miss Gertrude Delmain Hammond's clever illustrations.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910

Christmas publication than this stirring and handsome volume. It is in itself an inspiration to heroism, for it records heroic events, fine incidents, and the dauntless courage of British men and women. It forms a continuous picture of British history, beginning with Cowper's simple yet forceful poem, "Boadicea," and ending with the arresting and touching lines by John Sandes written after the death of King Edward this year, "What the Kings Heard, 1910":

"Slow through the silent street,
And bowed for the dead King's sake,
Marching with mournful feet
The road that they all must take;
Looking not left nor right,
Heeding not sob nor cry,
In the pride of their short lived might
The kings of the earth pass by."

The editors have brought sound knowledge and equally sound taste to their pleasant but difficult task, and the collection is not only good history, but it is unhackneyed poetry to an unusual extent in a book of this nature. We could not spare, of course, such fine things as Drayton's "Agincourt," "Toll for the Brave," and others of like fame; but we are surprised and engrossed by the numerous comparatively little known poems which Mr. and Mrs. Lang have included. The volume is a safe purchase, for assuredly no boy or girl in their 'teens should be without it; the elders may borrow it from them - if they can.



From *Out of the Dark*
(Elkin Mathews).

"SUCH WAS ARÂS THE KING."

OUT OF THE DARK.

By the COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.
3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Although the Countess of Cromartie does not, so far as we know, write verse, she has the poetic sense very strongly developed, and in her second volume it is well to the fore. "Out of the Dark" is a weird little tale of a Phœnician prince, who, for his sins, was condemned to immortality upon this earth. He is saved by the love and devotion of the teller of the story, who elopes with him, and leads a curious life of uncertainty for a time. However, deeper knowledge comes, and the utter joy of their life is beyond description. With the character of her heroine the author scores a considerable success, and, though we should have liked her sometimes to have been a little more explicit, we hope that she will do more in the same vein.

POETRY OF EMPIRE:

Nineteen Centuries of British History. Selected and Edited by JOHN and JEAN LANG. With 16 Drawings in Colour by W. RAINEY. 7s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

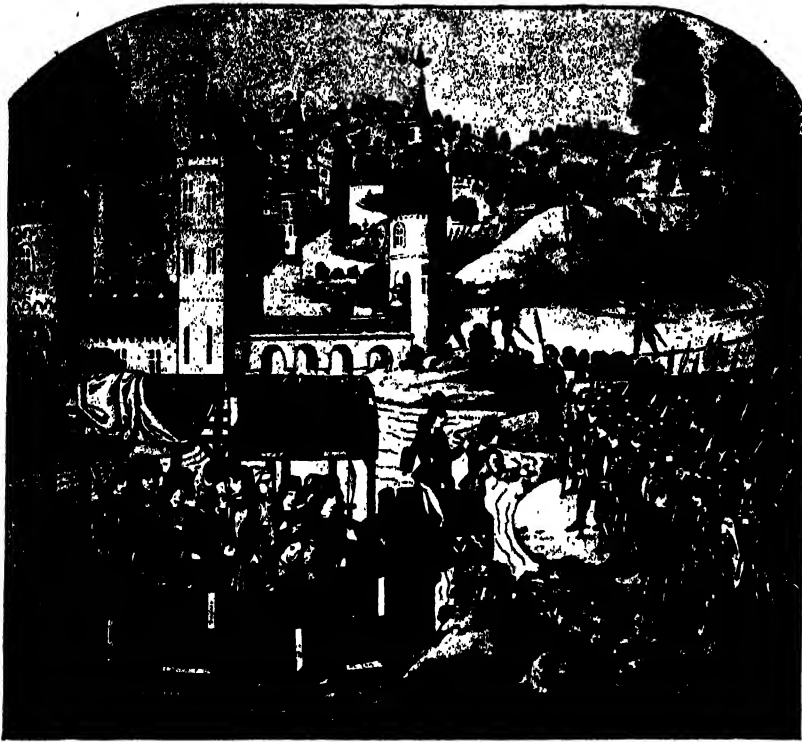
"There could not well have been a better idea better carried out as a



From *Poetry of Empire*
(Jack).

"SHE WITH ALL A MONARCH'S PRIDE,
FELT THEM IN HER BOSOM GLOW;
RUSHED TO BATTLE, FOUGHT, AND DIED,
DYING HURLED THEM AT THE FOE."
—*Boadicea*.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910



From *The Good Old Times*
(Unwin).

RICHARD II. IN HIS BARGE MEETING THE REBELS
A miniature in the British Museum.

Reproduced from 'Assault in England,' by Henry Newbolt, by permission of Messrs. James Nisbet & Co.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

By FREDERICK HACKWOOD. With 44 illustrations.
10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The break-up of the Poor Laws and the increasing efforts that are being made nowadays by all political parties to grapple with the problems of poverty give this book a peculiar timeliness. Not that it has any intentional bearing on current economies, nor is it written in such sober style as would satisfy the stern sociologist; its one aim is to present the life of the common people from the historic and picturesque side, and as a result the book is simply alive with human interest. Now it is our aim to put down the mendicant and make utter and hopeless poverty a thing of the past; but in the old Saxon days the mendicant was encouraged: there were no police to move him on or lock him up; there were doors at which he might knock and demand a meal as a matter of right; to read of the joyous freedom of the life he led is to make you almost in love with beggary. But there was

another and a tragic side to the picture; and as cities grew, commerce increased, and civilisation became more complex, that picture took on darker and more piteous aspects. Mr. Hackwood unrolls it all before you, as in a panoramic view; you see the evolution of the Saxon thrall into the Norman villein, and trace the advance of the villager out of serfdom into manhood and his development through to these later days, when he is emerging from under the complicated tyranny of Bumbledom into a freer air and more hopeful state of things. The author modestly trusts, in his brief preface, that his book "will be found readable." It is that, and much more: it is delightfully good reading and, incidentally, gives you a fuller and deeper understanding of the wrongs and rights of the poor and the vital need of reform than you can gather from the reading of a hundred-weight of Blue-Books. The many illustrations from old prints lend it an extra value and interest.

THE OLD NORTH TRAIL.

By WALTER MCCLINTOCK. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. McClintock has spent the last fourteen years among the Blackfoot Indians. This



From *Sicilian Ways and Days* (Long).

FILLING THEIR PITCHERS
AT A FOUNTAIN.



From *The Old North Trail*
(Macmillan).

RETURN OF A VICTORIOUS WAR PARTY.
(Copyright in the United States by Walter McClintock.)

fine race, at one time one of the most powerful in North America, is now rapidly dying out, and there is every reason to fear that in a comparatively short time it will be extinct. The Blackfeet have not taken to the ways of their conquerors to anything like the same extent as has been the case with other Red Indian tribes. From Mr. McClintock's account they appear to be suspicious and silent. The author, however, has lived among them for fourteen years, and has been unusually trusted. He has made a special study of their folk-lore and social customs, and the result of his observations is given to the world in the elaborate work which he entitles "The Old North Trail." The book is written in narrative form in the belief that thus it is more readable, and it even goes into



From Overland to India
(Macmillan).

A SHADY PALM-GROVE IN NAIBEND.

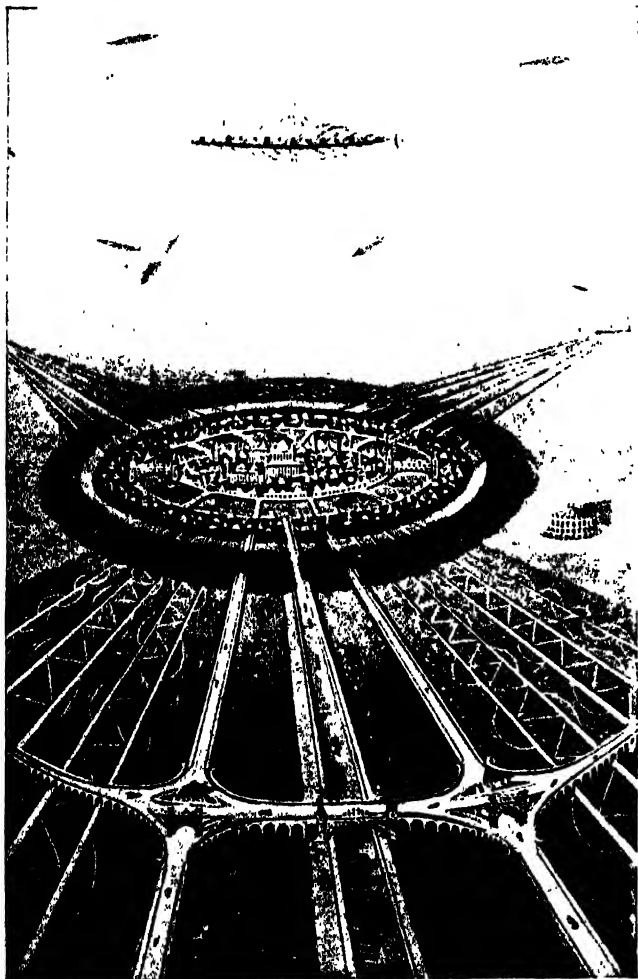
such detail as to supply the music of nine Blackfeet songs. Probably most of us have drawn our knowledge of the Blackfeet and other Indian tribes from the novels of Fenimore Cooper; he gave us only the romance of them, but Mr. McClintock's pictures of the reality,

though sometimes more sombre and less heroic, are no less rich in romance in their different, more authentic way.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS FOR PLEASURE,
HEALTH, AND EDUCATION.

By HENRY GRISCOM PARSONS. 32. net (Gay & Hancock.)

The dedication of this excellent book tells us that its author is the son of Mrs. Henry Parsons, who has done much towards promoting the Children's Garden movement in and around the city of New York. The chief value of the book may perhaps be found in its bearing upon, and constant reference to, this movement, which seems to have done much towards the training of the youth of the poorer classes in the United States. But, in addition, it is crammed with hints and wise observations. It would be safe to say that anybody could learn all that it is necessary to know of horticulture from the pages of this little volume. There are a number of illustrations and diagrams, mostly from photographs taken by the author.



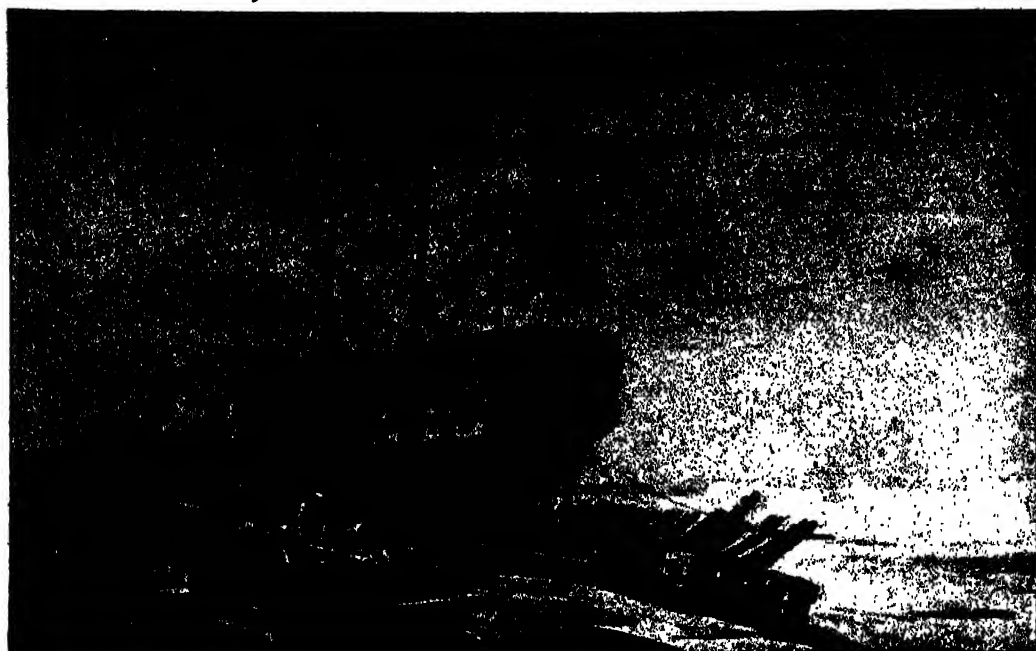
From To Mars via
The Moon
(Seeley).

VIEW FROM THE AIRSHIP OVER THE CANALS
AND THE CITY OF SIRAFICON
(Drawn by M. Wickes.)
"What a splendid view we then had
over the country all around us!"

From Children's Gardens for Pleasure,
Health, and Education
(Gay & Hancock).

OUR GARDENS.
(Photo by Levick.)





From *Fighting Admirals*
(Smith, Elder).

A STRAGGLER FROM A FORGOTTEN FIGHT.

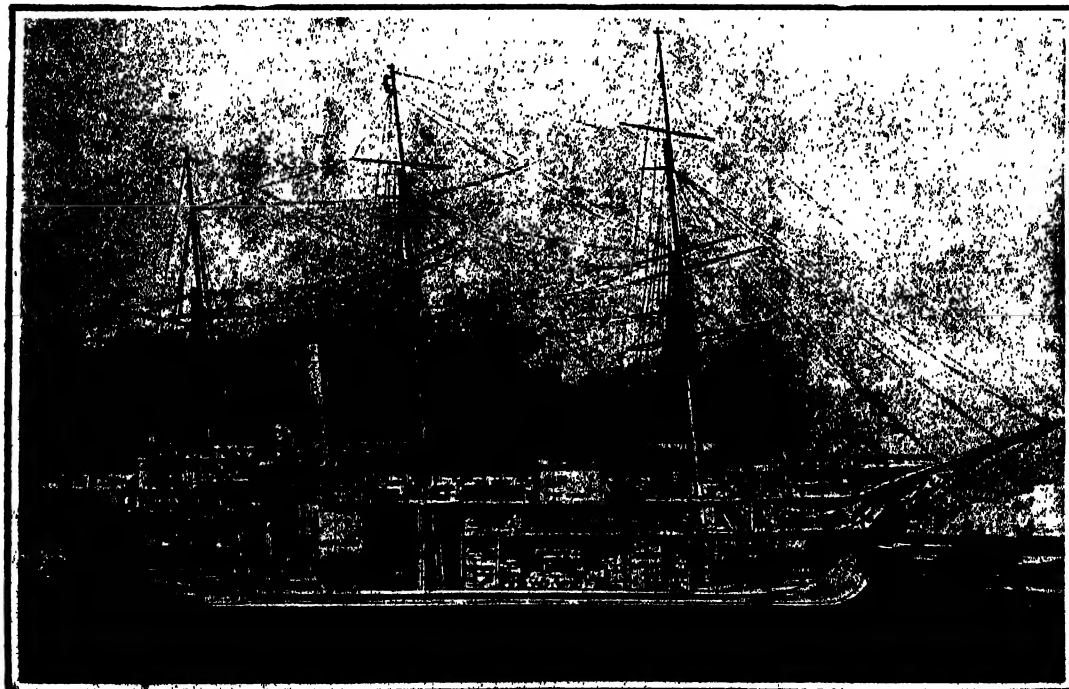
FIGHTING ADMIRALS.

By JOHN BARNETT. With Illustrations. 6s. (Smith, Elder).

It is ever an inspiring and a salutary thing for English men and women to be told afresh some of the stories of the sea. And in this volume Mr. John Barnett gives a baker's dozen of chapters calculated to stir the blood of boy or man. Mr. Barnett's list begins with a fine fighter, Edward Plantagenet, who in the mid-fourteenth century sailed in person to the attack of the French and again of the Spanish invaders. And the tale of his unquenchable courage and daring proves to us triumphantly how old is our history of English sea heroism. Another chapter, and one of



From *Ports and Fair Havens* (Elkin Mathews).



From *The Romance of the Ship*
(Seeley).

THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION SHIP "TERRA NOVA."

This shows a fore-and-aft section of the ship by which Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., hopes to reach the South Pole. The *Terra Nova* is an old whaler, and was specially strengthened and equipped for her hazardous voyage.

continuous interest, is that telling of Prince Rupert on the sea. Prince Rupert to most of us is the brilliant young soldier who came to the help of Charles I. and fought for him so unsparingly in the great Civil War. But here we have Prince Rupert, brave and fiery-hearted as ever, in his work upon the sea. It makes good reading, this account of Prince Rupert the Palatine, and his romantic days in the loyal service of English kings. Other names there are here, names which bring a glow to the heart—Hawkins, Rodney, Benbow, and Cloudesley Shovel—"Fighting Admirals" every one of them, and gentlemen in the truest sense of the word.

They lived and fought in the glamorous pre-Dreadnought days, before sea-fighting had been reduced to so much of a mechanical science as it has now become, and when the men themselves counted for more in the hour of battle even than the ships and the guns. It is a handsome collection of men, too, this group of heroes painted by some of the great artists of the period, fine and dignified of figure, frank and fearless of face; there is life in them and the touch of fire and hardihood that we expect to see in the expression of such men. The book is beautified to no small extent by its admirable series of portraits.



From Farthest West
(Long).

THE ARID WEST: "TEA-KETTLE BUTTE," MONTANA.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SHIP.

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. 5s. (Seeley.)

Mr. Koble Chatterton is an authority upon the subjects of naval architecture and history, and certainly no better writer could have been engaged for the subject of Messrs. Seeley's latest addition to their "Library of Romance" series. The author has already covered the subject in his two books, "Sailing Ships and Their Story" and "Steam Ships and Their Story," but he still contrives to find a good deal of fresh material. In "The Romance of the Ship" he gives a complete sketch of the history of shipbuilding from the earliest days of the dug-out and the first ships on the Nile—some-where between 4,000 to 6,000 B.C.—down to the super-Dreadnought, the *Mauretanie*, and the submarine. The author handles his fascinating subject with the clearness which goes with complete understanding; his book is well illustrated with thirty-three plates, and, in fine, it is in every way worthy of a place in the "Library of Romance."

PORTS AND FAIR HAVENS.

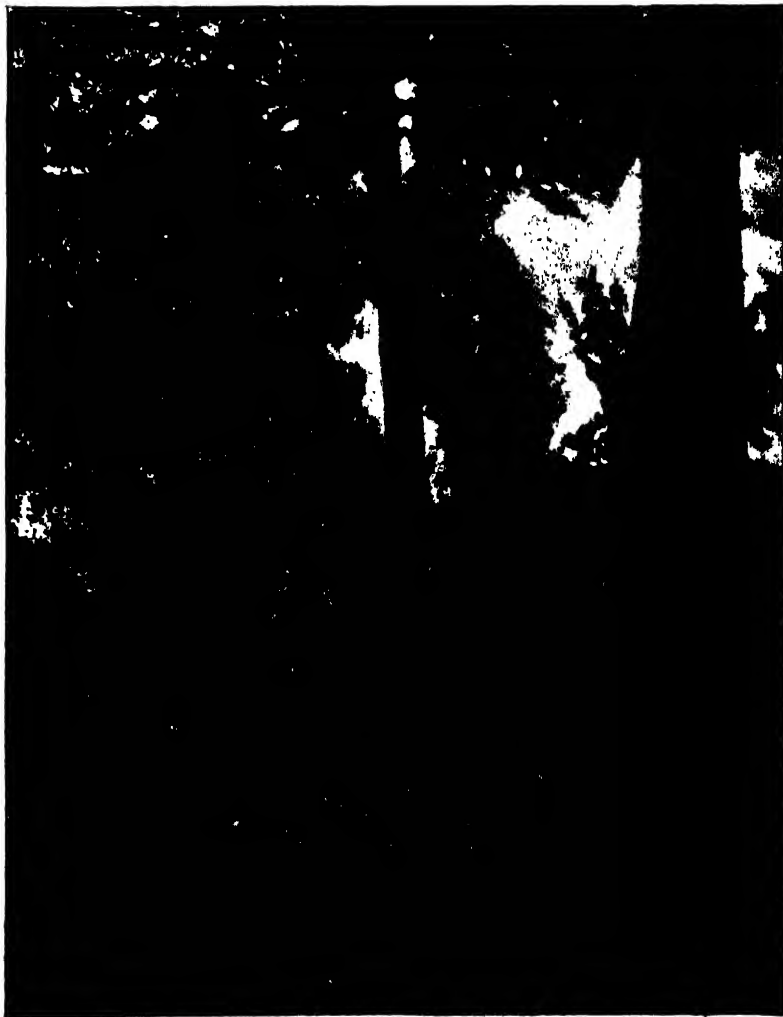
By EDITH KING-HALL. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Miss Edith King-Hall has, first, considerable journalistic ability, and secondly, two brothers, one of whom is a Vice-Admiral and the other a Rear-Admiral. The first possession certainly has a good deal to do with the appearance of "Ports and Fair Havens," and we shall be surprised if the second has not had some weight also. We note that the contents of the book have been reprinted from the *Queen*, and, though it must be confessed that they are a little slight, on the whole they justify their appearance in book form. The volume opens with a number of sketches upon various subjects connected with naval affairs, passes to a series of articles upon "Our Dockyards," and finishes with another series upon "Ship Names." The author writes well, with a clear appreciation of naval character, which shows itself in several ingenious touches, and apparently with rather more than the ordinary observer's knowledge of naval matters. The book has the further advantage of being illustrated with some very charming pen-and-ink sketches by H. Seppings Wright.

FARTHEST WEST:

Life and Travel in the United States. By C. REGINALD ENOCK, F.R.G.S. 15s. net. (John Long.)

The purpose of this book is to present a survey of life in the United States, considered in the light of present social evolution. The pictures drawn are not hasty generalisations, but the result of some years' travel and residence in the country, informed by much thought about the American people and sympathy with their development. Mr. Enock devotes several chapters to the topography and scenery of the country, and then proceeds to deal with the



From The City of Beautiful Nonsense
(Chapman & Hall).

"THEY COULD NOT CALL OUT TO EACH OTHER, SAYING, 'HOW DO YOU DO?'"

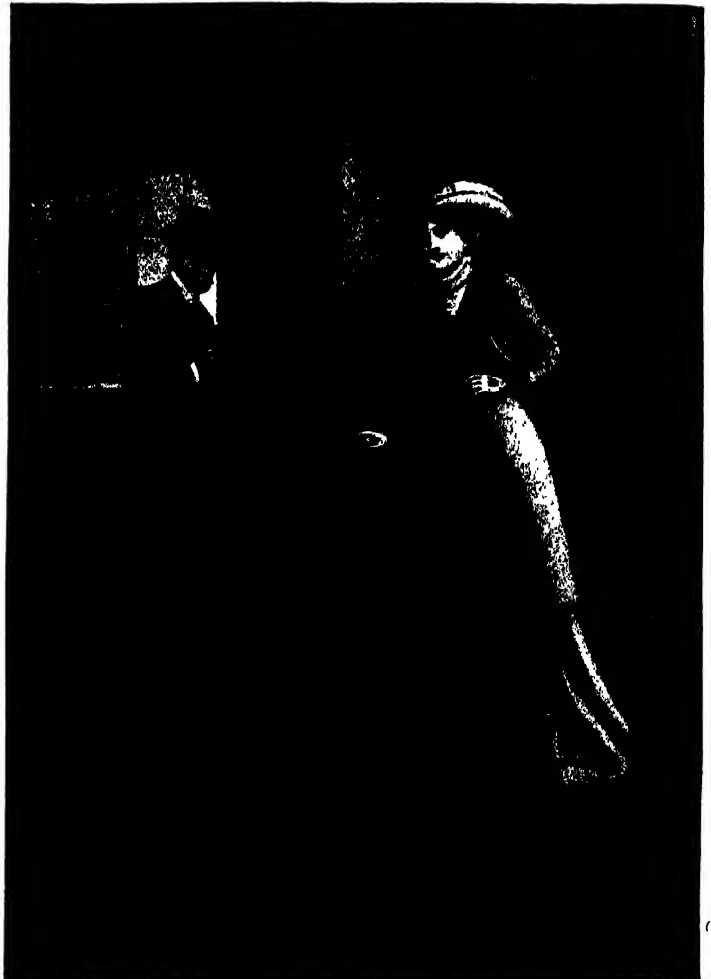
THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910



From *On the Wool Track*
(Alston Rivers).

THE WOOL PRESS.

straits of the people, discussing their trusts, their tariffs, their workers, their newspapers, and many other things besides. We are glad to note that he concludes with a note of optimism. The objectionable elements in modern American life will gradually disappear; they may be likened to "the fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning years." We heartily share the belief which Mr. Enock expresses at the end of his thoughtful volume, "that the New World shall yet redeem its promise, that Americanism and nobility are meant by nature to be synonymous, and that evolution is working on towards its due fulfilment within those mighty regions Farthest West." The book contains thirty-two illustrations and a map.



From *A Drama of the Telephone*
(Digby, Long).

'HE LIFTED HIS HEAD AND LISTENED.'

THE HOUSE OF THE SECRET.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s. (Clarke.)

Mrs. Hinkson's restrained and effective manner is now known to a wide circle of readers. She can always be depended upon for a good story told in a quiet and charming manner. Even when she is dealing with sensational events, her self-possession never leaves her. An excellent example of her style is "The House of the Secret," which seems destined to a popularity at least as great as that of any of its predecessors. As ever, it has a well-developed and well-constructed plot, its characterisation is effective, and, in spite of its excitements, it is pervaded by an atmosphere of quiet charm. We have thoroughly enjoyed this excellent story, and can recommend it very strongly.

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Illustrated by EMILE VERPILLEUX. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Among the most widely read novels of recent years "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" has taken a high



From *The House of the Secret*
(Clarke).

place. The general public—for once, at any rate, in agreement with the critics—has decided very emphatically that it likes the book, and the general public is usually right when it is very emphatic about a book. In this case it certainly is right—righter than usual, possibly. Of course, nearly all our readers will have read Mr. Thurston's most charming novel, but perhaps they may know some people who have not. Here is the ideal Christmas gift for such people. It is not too expensive (the outer jacket, which has the price upon it, can easily be destroyed), and it is exceedingly well illustrated with over a hundred and twenty clever drawings by Emile Verpulleux. It is also possible, of course, that some people who have read the book may not possess a copy of it. Here is the copy for them. There can be no mistake about that.



From Westminster School
(Fitman).

THE RUSH FOR THE TUCK-SHOP.

A DRAMA OF THE TELEPHONE.

By RICHARD MARSH. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

It is almost axiomatic that Mr. Richard Marsh is never dull, and his latest volume proves no exception to the rule. "A Drama of the Telephone," which very properly opens the book, is a "long-short" story which makes about 120 pages of breathless reading. It is the most ambitious tale of the collection, and is one of the murder mysteries in which the author so delights. It is a real mystery but not one completely unsolvable, which, to our way of thinking, is the ideal for a tale of this description. The remainder of the stories, though good, can hardly call for detailed criticism. "The Cigarette," however, contains a new idea, and "A Fortune at a Fidd" is well managed. The volume is one which should please the author's admirers.

THE BLINDING LIGHT.

By COLIN COLLINS. 6s. (Greening.)

Mr. Jasper Weir's clever illustrations give the key to this book at once. They show conclusively that what we have here is a sensational novel. What they cannot be expected to show is that "The Blinding Light" is good sensation. But it is. It is one of those which are so nice to read, but if translated into actual fact would be so uncommonly nasty. Bland is an inventor who makes the discovery of his life. It is that of a light which is so bright that the human eye cannot stand it, with the result that it spreads dense and blinding darkness. Bland knows that he has ready to his hand a means whereby he can be independent for the rest of his life. He has only to switch on his light, protect his eyes with special glasses, and he can walk into the nearest bank and help himself to the money. He does this for a time, but other people begin to suspect, and a gentleman whom he takes into his confidence turns traitor and steals the light for



From The Blinding Light
(Greening).

"MADE A BLIND DASH FOR THE
THROAT OF THE THIEF."

his own base uses. And the light has a curious effect upon all who come in contact with it, completely killing



From The Reminiscences of
Admiral Montagu
(Arnold).

LORD GEORGE PAGET ON HIS CHARGER, TALKING
TO COLONEL DOUGLASS AFTER THE BALACLAVA
CHARGE. THE MANE AND TAIL OF HIS HORSE
WERE NIBBLED BY OTHER HORSES OWING TO
THEIR HUNGER.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910



From *The French Revolution*
(Chapman & Hall).

THE WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT.

their moral sense. So come fearful disasters in London, and a great deal of thrilling incident, and eventually a holocaust of all the unpleasant characters. Perhaps it is a little bewildering at the end, but people who read sensational novels usually like to be bewildered. Anyhow, it is a very well-constructed story there is a lot of dash about it, and the main idea is magnificent.

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE:

Westminster. By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. 2s. net. (Fitman.)

Westminster is one of the most interesting of our great public schools, and in the hands of Mr. Teignmouth Shore, himself an enthusiastic "old boy," it loses nothing of its charm. The book appears to be the fourth of a series devoted to public school life—the earlier volumes have been written around Eton, Harrow, and Rugby—and it deals in a brief but effective manner with the main points of interest which are connected with the school. The five chapters are variously devoted to the history of the school, its buildings,

sports, institutions, manners and customs, and old boys. Mr. Shore's manner is attractive, and he has many a good tale to tell. The book is one which no old or present Westminster boy will dream of denying himself.

THE REMINISCENCES OF ADMIRAL MONTAGU.

By Admiral the Hon. VICTOR A. MONTAGU, C.B. With Illustrations. 15s. net. (Edward Arnold.)

Admiral Montagu writes with the genial breeziness, the frankness, and vigour that we have come to associate with the typical British sailor. He has had an unusually large share of adventures and sea-exploits, and narrates them here with characteristic modesty and humour. He has been an all-round sportsman in his time, and writes entertainingly of hunting, fishing, shooting and cricket, and he has won distinction as a yachtsman, and was once among the best-known figures at Cowes in the season. Also he has been fortunate in his friends, among whom he was able to number our late King and the German Emperor. A man of such varied attainments and of such wide interests, who has lived a long life, much of it spent afloat on active service, and much of it mingling in the best society in town and country, must needs have many memories that are worth recording, and Admiral Montagu has recorded them in the happiest possible vein, interspersing his personal record with capital anecdotes and spicing it with some sharp criticism of financial methods in the City that will be agreed with and enjoyed by all except the class of financiers referred to. The book is illustrated with two good portraits, a *Vanity Fair* cartoon, and some photographs.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION:

A History. By THOMAS CARLYLE. With Illustrations by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN, A.R.W.S. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

In the series of drawings with which he has illustrated this new edition of "*The French Revolution*," Mr. Edmund



From *Cecil Rhodes: His Private Life.* By his Private Secretary, Philip Jourdan. (John Lane.)

J. Sullivan has pictured with an amazingly graphic power the dark and inhuman horrors of the Revolution, and the satirical scorn and contempt for the corrupt forces which brought it about that gloom and blaze throughout Carlyle's wonderful descriptive passages and didactic outbursts. For their vivid force and effectiveness the drawings rely largely on symbol and allegory. Here in this of "The Sword of Damocles" you have Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette seated on their throne, little winged cupids fluttering all about them scattering roses, but the supports of their silken canopy are the posts of the guillotine, the blade of it slants above their heads, and just behind, a skeleton Death holds the rope, and is ready to let the blade fall. More forceful, more terrible in its grim suggestiveness is the resentment of



From *The Antiquary*
(Clarendon Press).

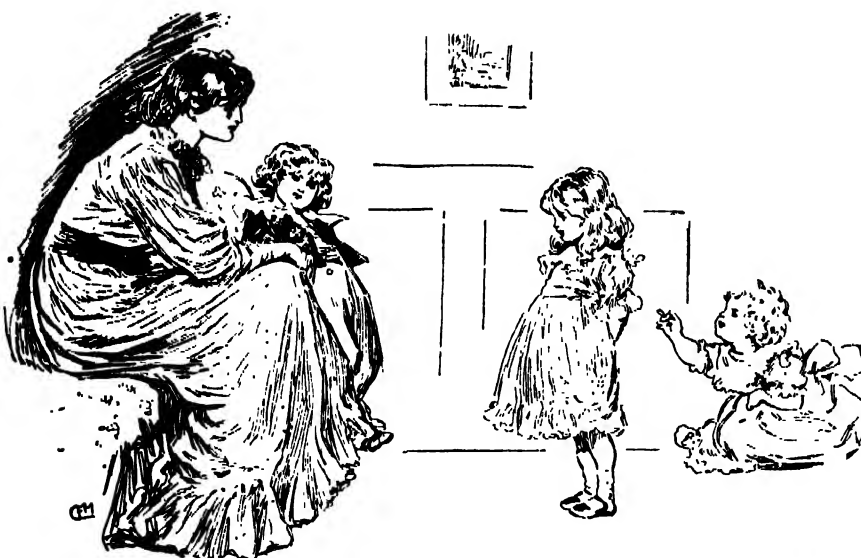
MRS. HENKBANE AND MRS. SHORTCAKE INSPECTING
THE LETTERS AT THE POST OFFICE.

the madness, the murderous delirium, the callous, reckless, jesting, dreadful spirit of the time made manifest. The two volumes have some thirty-two full-page pictures, and a large number of portrait-sketches are scattered through the text. If it is possible to give adequate pictorial expression to Carlyle's sombre, lurid imaginings and fiery irony, that high and difficult achievement has been accomplished in these vigorous and unique illustrations of Mr. Sullivan's.

LONDON:

The City. By SIR WALTER BESANT. Illustrated. 30s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

This book begins the second part of Sir Walter Besant's great "Survey of London." The historical section of the work has been published in seven volumes, and here is the first of the topographical section, dealing with the square mile of London that is called "the City." Sir Walter Besant himself wrote the greater part of this volume, which he had named "The Antiquities of the City," but for the topographical side of it he employed many assistants; these collected material for him, and wrote the detailed accounts of the City Companies, City Churches and other buildings. The book is arranged on an excellently simple plan: the streets are divided into seven groups, and in



From *Little Jenny Jarrold*
(Melrose).

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"Democracy Enthroned"—an abhorrent figure hissing with many serpent heads, grasping ball and sceptre, and treading its defeated enemies under clawed feet, while the little winged cupids fly, scattering in terror. Nothing could well surpass in sheer concentrated meaning and ghastly expressiveness such masterly black-and-white studies as "The Reign of Terror," "The Gods are Athirst," and "Love Looks through the Little Window"—here you have



From *London: The City*
(Black).

THE POST OFFICE, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, AND BULL AND MOUTH INN, LONDON.



From *The Romance of the Fiddle*
(Rehman).

each group are dealt with minutely street by street, the outlines of the different groups being indicated on a large map bound up with the volume. The result is a wonderful series of vivid and permanently interesting pictures of the City of London as it was and as it is. The hundred and odd illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness and to the value of a book that all future historians of London will find indispensable and invaluable.

MR. PICKWICK:

Pages from "*The Pickwick Papers*." Illustrated with Plates in Colour by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is not surprising that "Mr. Pickwick" is already



From *Sicilian Ways and Days*
(Long).

"WASHING WAS GOING ON."

proving one of the most popular gift-books of the season. Dickens's name is still a name to conjure with, and every lover of Dickens who sees these pictures will feel that in Mr. Frank Reynolds Mr. Pickwick has found his ideal illustrator. His colouring is always effective; more than that, into his scenes and characters Mr. Reynolds has painted without exaggeration the breezy, genial merriment of the book itself. No other artist has interpreted the humour of Dickens with fuller sympathy or such entire success, and never have Mr. Pickwick and his glorious company been more handsomely housed than they are in this beautifully bound and printed volume.

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From *The ABC of Collecting Old English China*
(Stanley Paul).

BRISTOL: SPECIMENS FROM A TEA SERVICE.

METEOROLOGY, PRACTICAL
AND APPLIED.

By SIR JOHN MOORE. 10s. 6d. net. (Rebman.)

The first edition of this volume was published in 1894, and received an enthusiastic reception. Since that time, the author tells us that he has been anxious to revise it and to bring it up to date, but the pressure of other work has hitherto prevented him from doing so. This unavoidable delay, however, can only make the second edition more popular. The whole of the book, the author tells us, has been revised, and considerable additions have been made to the text, while a new chapter has been added upon the Investigation of the Upper Atmosphere. Another new move has been the inclusion of about a hundred illustrations, while a fresh and most elaborate and praiseworthy index has been compiled by Sir John Moore's son. The book itself needs little introduction to an already appreciative public, but for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with it we may mention that, while preserving the best characteristics of an elaborate and exhaustive work of science, it is so simply and clearly written that it can easily be understood by the novice or the student. We wish this second edition the success which it deserves.

THE MARKHOR: SPORT IN CASHMERE.

By COUNT HANS VON KOLNIGSMARCK. 1s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

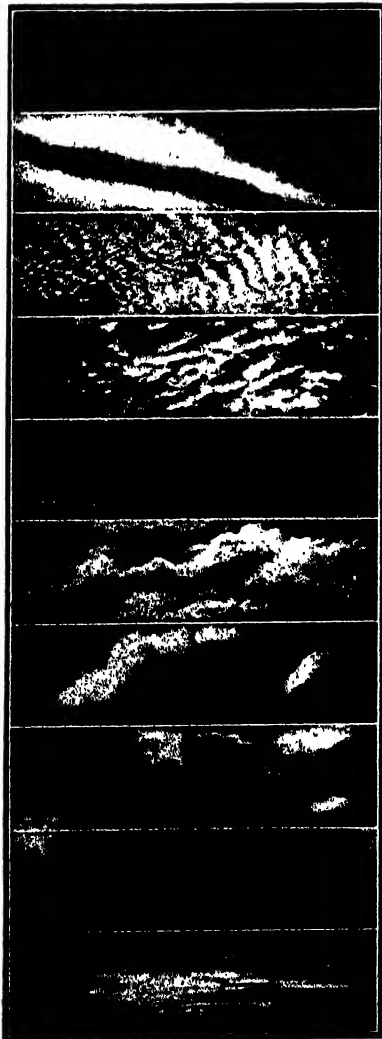
The markhor is a large, amazingly horned animal that lives in the lofty, snow-bound hills beyond Cashmere, and the author of this book set out on a journey that had for its object the shooting of one of these reclusé beasts. It is a lively and exhilarating narrative, written with the breeziest gusto. The writer tells of his entry into India; the lavish hospitality with which



From *The Markhor: Sport in Cashmere*
(Kegan Paul).

THE MARKHOR

CIRRUS (FARES TAIL) 21 000 to 30 000 ft.
CIRRO-STRATUS Average 20 000 ft.
CIRRO-CUMULUS (WACKEL-SKY) 10 000 to 25 000 ft.
ALTO-CUMULUS 10 000 to 25 000 ft.
ALTO-STRATUS 10 000 to 25 000 ft.
STRATO-CUMULUS About 6 000 ft.
CUMULUS 4 500 to 6 000 ft.
CUMULO-NIMBUS (STORM CLOUD) 6 500 to 24 000 ft.
NIMBUS (RAIN CLOUD) 3 000 to 6 000 ft.
STRATUS 0 to 3 500 ft.



CLOUD FORMS.

From *Meteorology, Practical and Applied*
(Rebman).

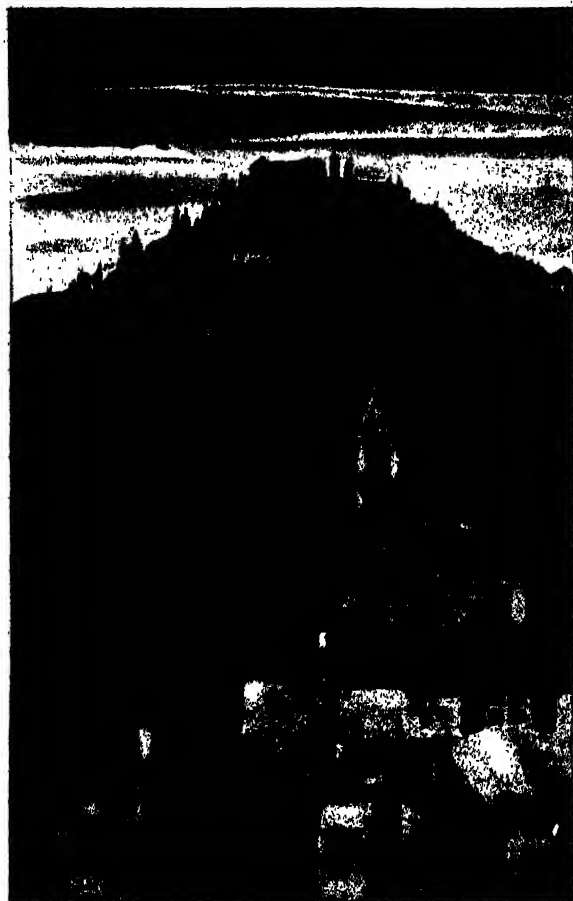
his British military hosts entertained him wherever he went; the capital sport he had by the way; his coming in due course to Cashmere's happy valley and passing on to the steep, uninviting, magnificent mountains in the rocky deeps of which the coveted markhor makes his home. All the while you are lured on by the anticipation of finding the markhor; other shooting is well enough in the interval, but it is all tame by comparison with what is to come. The excitement rises as you near the goal; the markhor is, after many difficulties and disappointments, discovered; he is visible before you, and you are in a flurry of apprehension whilst the intrepid sportsman takes aim and fires— and apparently misses, to his own and his bearers' and beaters' overwhelming despair. But it turns out not so badly. The shot had reached its mark, the markhor had fled, but with the bullet in him; and when all hope has been abandoned, his dead body is found amidst a tumult of frantic rejoicings. "The Markhor" is a decidedly amusing book of travel and sport, picturesquely written, and as interesting for the reader who is not a sportsman as for the reader who is.

SELECTED POEMS OF
ROBERT BROWNING.

Arranged and Illustrated by E. A. PIKE. 2s. net. (Melrose.)

Browning is one of the poets whose work is a strong temptation to the selector and the editor. There is so much of it, and so much that is only his second-best—so flawed with obscurities of phrase and perversities of rhyme; and so much that is purest and finest gold of poetry, both in thought and expression. Mr. Pike has made a small but very satisfying selection from "Men and Women" and the "Dramatic Lyrics," and has added to this "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," "Pauline," "Pippa Passes," a few choice extracts from "Sordello," and the best of "Paracelsus." It makes a charming gift-book. Mr. Pike's foreword is adequate, and his illustrations excellent.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910



From Selected Poems of Robert Browning (*Melrose*). FICOLE.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE PARISH OF KILMERSDON.

By THE LORD HYLTON, F.S.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Taunton: Barnicott & Pearce.)

Kilmersdon is a Somersetshire village near the small town of Radstock. It possesses, as the author says, "no striking natural features or curious buildings, neither has it ever given birth or shelter to any celebrity; moreover, the chronicler lacks literary [here we disagree with him] or scientific qualifications with which to elucidate even such objects of topographical interest as the parish may be held to contain." Nevertheless, this quiet village—typical of many another in the West Country—possesses several points of undoubted interest. Romano-British pottery has been found, there is an ancient camp, the church contains Norman work and was connected for four hundred years with the Priors of St. John of Jerusalem. Two famous Elizabethan families—the Horners and the Pophams—were connected with the parish, and the village saw some strenuous life during the Stuart period. The author has done his work with much skill, and has produced what to our mind is almost the ideal village history. The book contains many points of antiquarian interest.

LIGHT REFRESHMENT.

By W. PETT RIDGE. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

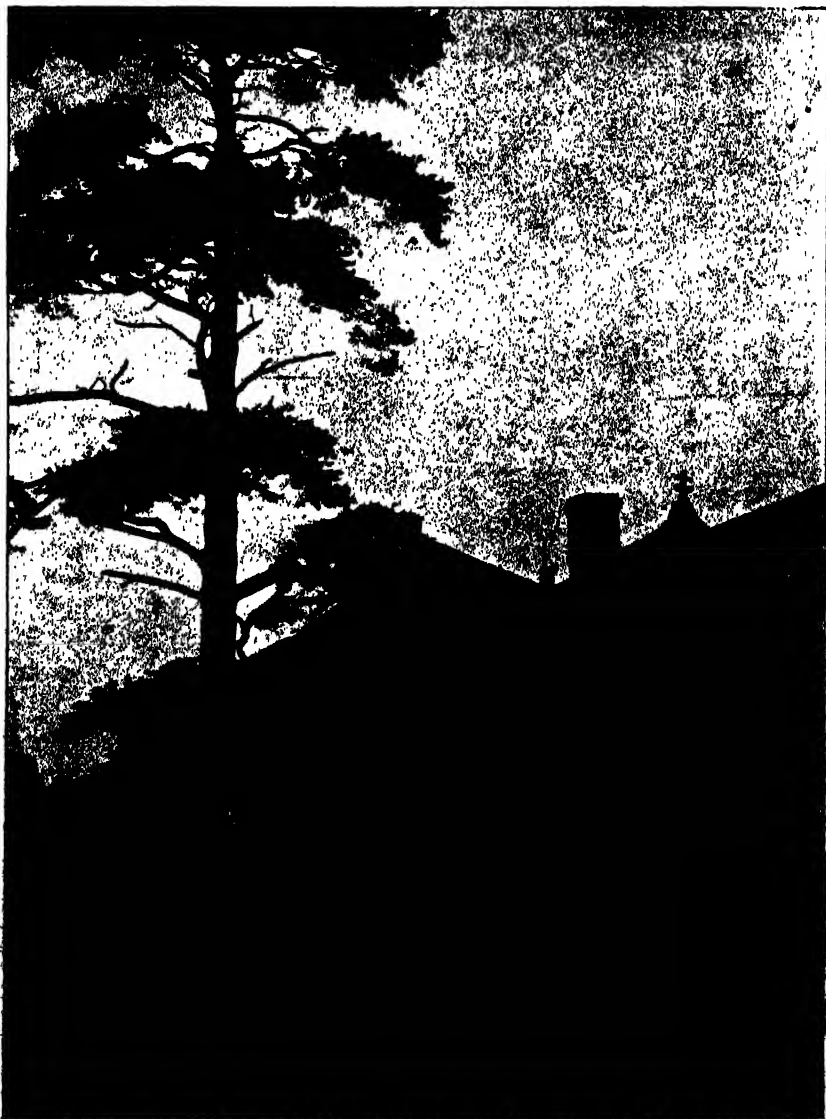
It has become something of a custom to label the new writer about London "a new Dickens"; but the present reviewer has always consistently held that the only living

author who has any real title to that label is Mr. Pett Ridge. He knows the lives of the London poor from the inside; you never find him patronising them, or painting them as unusually brutal or hopelessly miserable; he has a sympathetic understanding of them, has realised their sense of humour, their innate sentimentality, their patience, their courage, their irritability, their large-heartedness, and so it is that you meet them in his pages acting and talking with a convincing naturalness. "Light Refreshment" is admirably named; the sketches and stories are in his lightest, most amusing vein, and if you are tired of the plentiful average novel of the unlikely plot, here is a pick-me-up of a book to fill your lungs with laughter and your heart with Christmas kindness.

THE MYSTERIOUS TWINS.

By BRENDA GIRVIN. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The twins were as like as two peas, except that Vi was strong and Vic was rather delicate. But that fact meant a good deal more than it sounds, for it meant that Vi was able to be sent away to school, and Vic was kept at home, because she needed more special care. Vi and Vic were very, very fond of one another, and the parting was hard to bear. It is a usual thing for twins to be fond of one another, of course; but this fact, too, led to more important results than might have been anticipated. In truth the great likeness between them and their fondness for one another make up this school story for girls, and no doubt many little girls will be much amused at the way in which the twins changed places when circumstances became unexpectedly difficult. Miss Hilda Cowham contributes four coloured illustrations in her well-known style.



From Notes on the History of Kilmersdon. The Old Church House, Kilmersdon (Barnicott & Pearce).

THE STYLES OF ORNAMENT

From Prehistoric Times to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. By ALEXANDER SPELTZ and R. PHÉNÉ SPIERS. With Illustrations. 15s. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

It is no over-statement to say that this book must be seen, if it is to have full justice done to its excellence and worth. It is, indeed, what it claims to be, "a veritable encyclopædia of the evolution, development, and application of ornament in architecture and the decorative arts throughout the ages." It is a perfect panorama of historic ornament, arranged chronologically, and also classed systematically; and the result of the labours of its author and its editor is a volume which is an inspiration and a practical guide. Three thousand five hundred examples of ornament are given in these pages, capably arranged on numerous plates; and whether you look for an Egyptian column or an eighteenth-century chair; an Indian jewel-case or an Adam fireplace; a Greek frieze or an Empire footstool; an Etruscan carriage or an English pillar; an Early Christian arch or a Celtic twist, each and all will be found within these covers. Every scroll and leaf design known to man, every line and curve, seems to be represented here. It is a volume to browse over for pleasure, to read for instruction, to refer to for guidance. Great care has evidently been expended on the production of the book, and it forms a notable addition to the literature of Arts and Crafts, admirable throughout, from its summary of contents to its workmanlike index.

TO MARS VIA THE MOON.

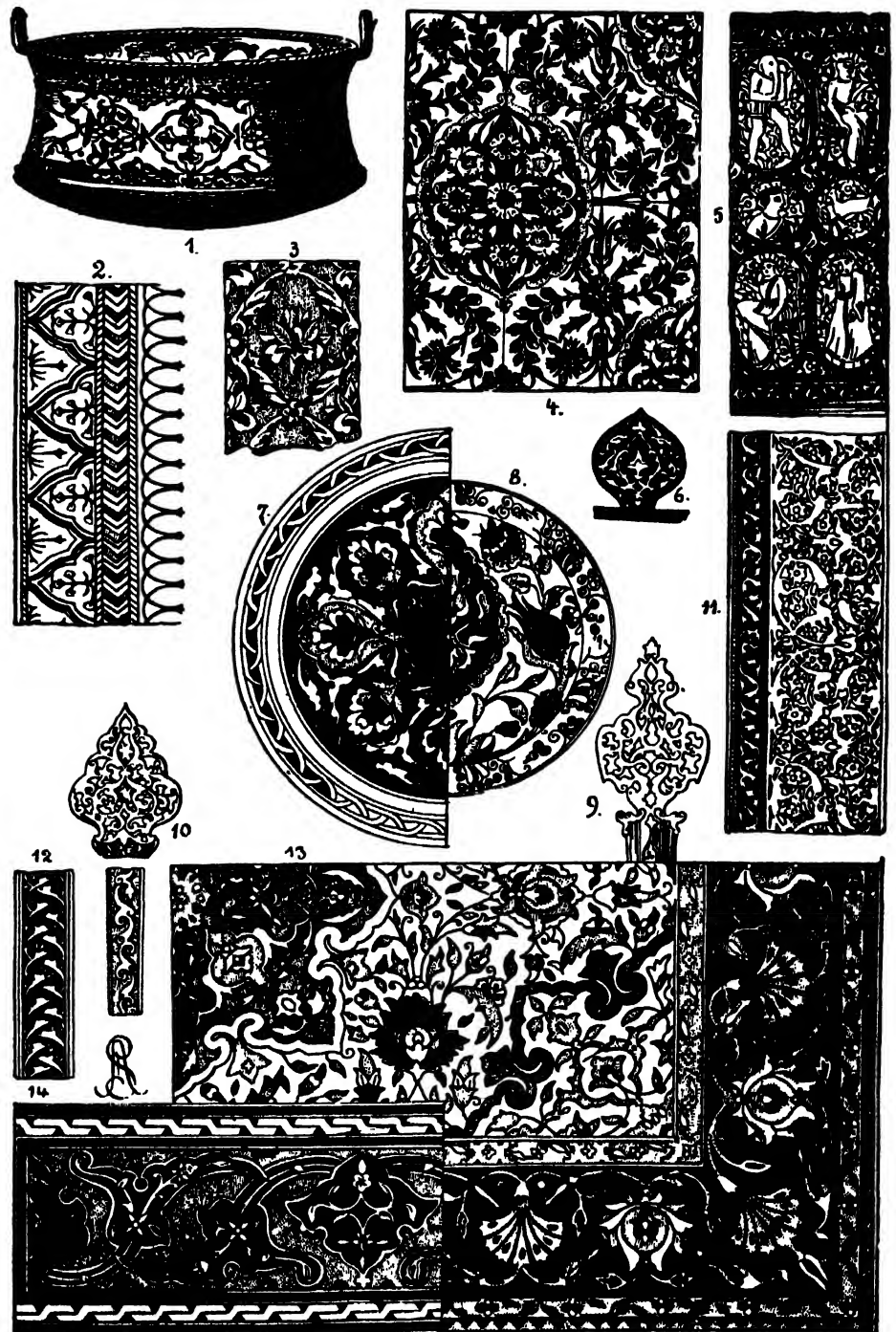
By MARK WICKS. 5s. (Seeley.)

Stories of such impossible expeditions as those foreshadowed in the title of this book are seldom regarded seriously, but in this case the usual judgment must be suspended. Mr. Wicks knows what he is writing about to a degree which no other retailer of fiction of this variety possesses. It is his aim to appeal to a large section of the general public, and to teach them astronomy—especially as it applies to the Moon and Mars—by means of the pleasant form of the novel. His book, he says, has been made as correct as possible, especially with regard to the latest discoveries of Professor Lowell, and it has been his aim to separate fact from fiction so far as possible, so that it may be referred to as confidently as the ordinary text-book. This curious experiment has been entirely successful. The story which Mr. Wicks tells must be more or less familiar, but the mass of detail and information which may be culled from it shows that it has been undertaken in the most serious spirit. It makes exceedingly good reading, and it is never dull. "To Mars via the Moon" must be regarded as a successful and justifiable experiment. The book may be strongly recommended to readers of all classes.

FAIR INES.

By ETHEL TURNER. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

All Miss Ethel Turner's best stories are of life in Australia. The scenes of "Fair Ines" are laid in Australia, and it is certainly one of the prettiest and most attractive romances Miss Turner has ever given us. The father of fair Ines is an English artist who has gone to Australia for the sake of his health; he dies there, and she is left to win her own livelihood. The story is of the vicissi-



From The Styles of Ornament
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EXAMPLES OF MAHOMETAN ORNAMENT.

tudes she has to face, and of the love that comes to her and brings her much trouble and much unhappiness before it brightens to an ideal ending. The manly, self-sacrificing hero is very pleasantly drawn; there is a good deal of humour in the tale and some delightfully quaint minor characters. The pictures of Australian life in country and town, are presented with intimate knowledge and great skill; Miss Turner has a nice sense of style, and a wonderful understanding of the girl-mind. "Fair Ines" is an altogether wholesome and charming romance and one that is bound to be popular with Miss Turner's large and increasing circle of girl readers.

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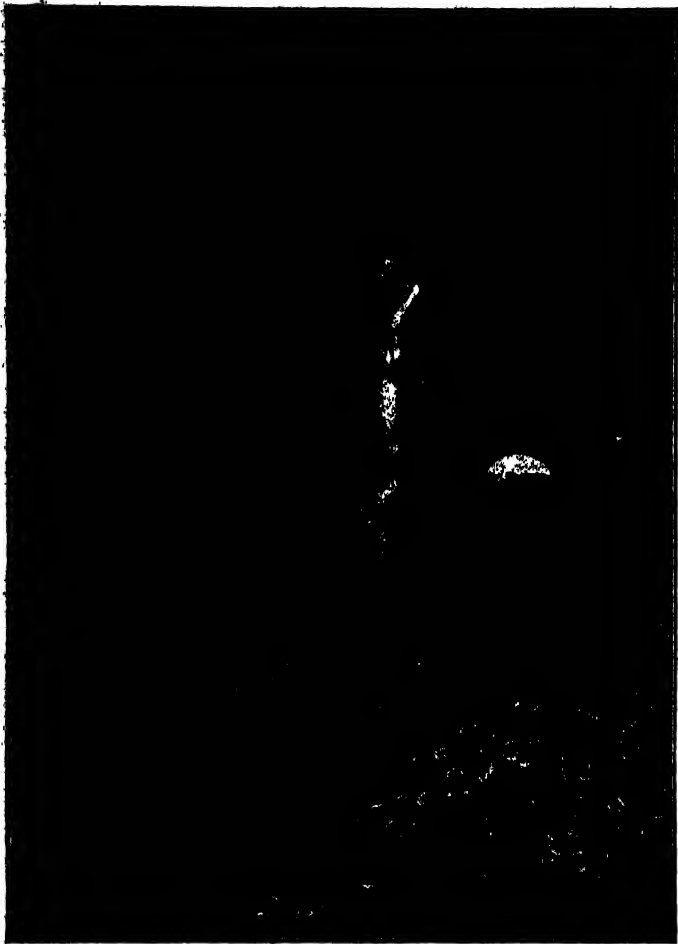
Christmas Books for Children



The Little Fishes and Thumbeline

- From "The Big Book of Fairy Tales," by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. (Blackie)
Reviewed on page 136

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910



From *Lives of the Fur Folk*
(Longmans).

"LONELINESS AND LONGING"

LIVES OF THE FUR FOLK.

By M. D. HAVILAND. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

We will admit that when we opened this book we did not anticipate its reading with very much pleasure. A large number of volumes have already presented—or set out to present—lives of animals in a wild state, and our personal taste has never found them quite satisfactory. However, this is just where we were wrong. "*Lives of the Fur Folk*" is a delightful book, as suitable for adults as it is for children. The author has not made the mistake of dealing with too many animals in one book. Very wisely he has restricted himself to four—the fox, the rabbit, the cat (the domestic variety which wanders), and the badger. He tells just enough of the story of each to avoid

the charge of sketchiness and to retain the reader's interest throughout. Perhaps his greatest triumph is that his animals are real animals, and nothing more. They possess no marvellous reasoning faculties; they are entirely creatures of instinct. Mr. Haviland writes from actual knowledge and appreciation of the characteristics of his protagonists, and his book may be very warmly recommended to all classes of readers. It is well illustrated and decorated by E. Caldwell.

THE BLACK BEAR.

By WILLIAM H. WRIGHT. 6s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Wright's pleasant little book divides itself into two portions, the particular and the general. The particular, in this instance, is the story of Ben, a black bear which the author captured as a cub, trained, and kept as a pet for four years or so. This portion of the book, inevitably, more than the second, makes excellent reading, for the author possesses a considerable sense of humour, in addition to a voluminous knowledge of his subject. The general portion of the book consists of a disquisition upon the distribution and habits of the black bear of America. This, worded in language which can be understood by even the most untechnical, is, in its different manner, worthy of equally high praise. The book contains several interesting photographs of the bear in its natural surroundings, and of Ben.



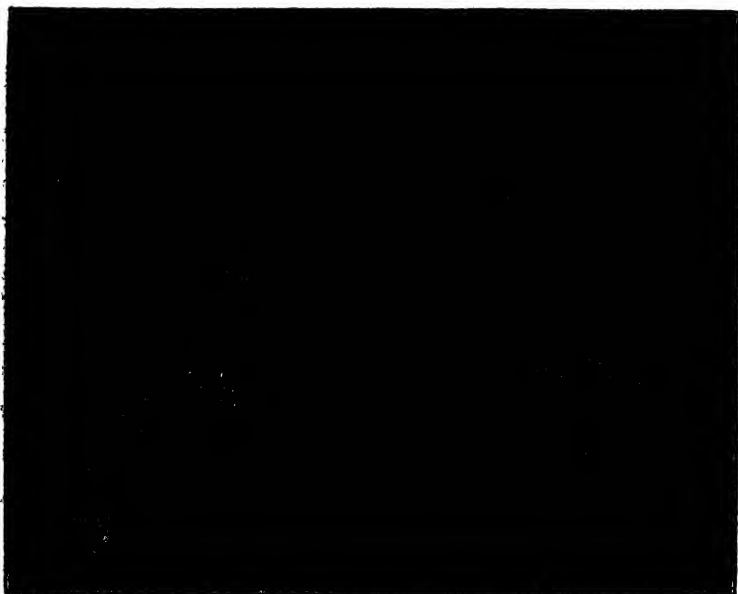
From *The Book of the Animal Kingdom*
(Dent).

DINGO PUPS.

THE BOOK OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: MAMMALS.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. 10s. 6d. net.
(Dent.)

In this magnificently illustrated volume Mr. Percival Westell supplies a comprehensive survey of nearly all the known mammals of the world. His method is straightforward and accurate, and the brief account which he gives of each animal is well written and interesting. Mr. Westell's personal knowledge seems to have been considerably supplemented by his knowledge of the London Zoological Gardens, and his frequent references to them make his book especially suitable for London children. Mr. Charles Barrett contributes an admirable chapter upon the mammals of Australia, and the Rev. C. S. Cooper has written that entitled "*Animals of Long Ago*"—a chapter which should drive any boy to a study of geology. Special mention must be made of the 260 magnificent illustrations, mostly from photographs of the living animals made by Mr. W. S. Herridge. The publishers also include sixteen coloured plates. In every way this is a most fascinating book, and for scope and succinctness it will be found to be very hard to beat.



From *The Black Bear*
(T. Werner Laurie).

"THE NEXT DAY WE CUT A HOLE IN THE BACK SO
THAT HE COULD HIDE WITH HIS HEAD OUT."

A BOOK OF NIMBLE BEASTS.

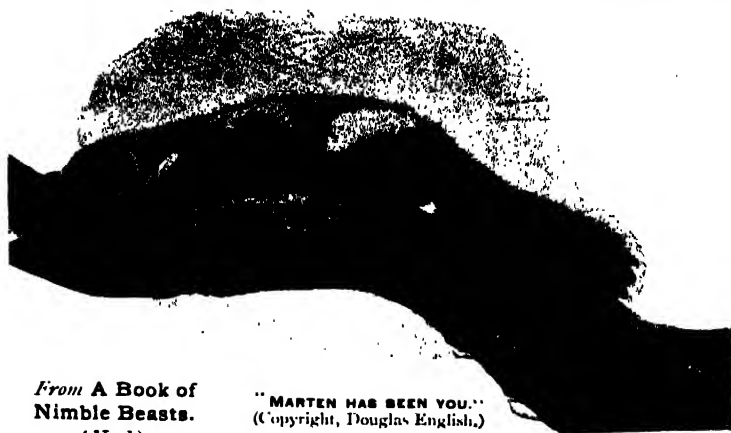
By DOUGLAS ENGLISH. 6s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The two hundred excellent photographs with which Mr. English has illustrated his charming and instructive studies in natural history are well worth the small sum asked for the whole work. Days of alert searching and hours of intense watchfulness have been necessary in order to obtain the pictures. Mr. English's book is unlike those of other "camera" naturalists, owing to his peculiar interest in very small, curious, and somewhat eerie insects and beasts. Bats and sand-wasps, weasels and cockchafers, moles and grasshoppers and shrewmice, are some of the nimble little creatures that he has tracked to their haunts and photographed in all sorts of quaint and yet natural attitudes. The literary part of his book is written wholly with a view to engaging the attention of young children. Being, however, based on years of first-



From The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse
(Warne).

hand observation, it contains many new and striking remarks on the strange ways of life of those aborigines of our fields and forests of whom we usually take little notice when we trespass on their territory. It is a real fairyland that Mr. English reveals, crowded with goblin shapes and aerial, lovely forms, and cruel, witch-like things. All boys and many girls have a natural curiosity in regard to the lives of wild creatures, and by directing and nourishing in a delightful way this curiosity Mr. English has done more to encourage the study of natural history than is accomplished by ordinary methods of teaching.



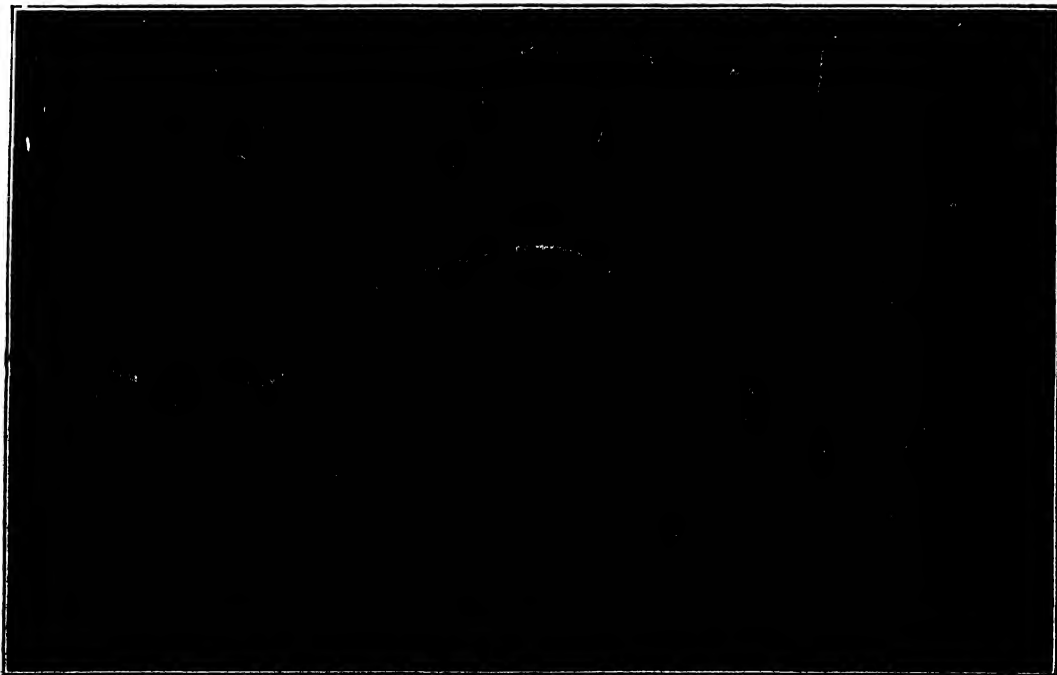
From A Book of
Nimble Beasts.
(Nash).

"MARTEN HAS BEEN YOU."
(Copyright, Douglas English.)

THE BOY'S LIFE OF GREATHEART LINCOLN.

By W. FRANCIS AITKEN. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Partridge.)

Hardly any biography of a great man is more fascinating or more inspiring than the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Rising from humble beginnings, educated at home and chiefly self-taught, he climbed by sheer force of personality, fitness, and integrity of purpose, until he took his place on the highest seats of the mighty and became the uncrowned king of America. Mr. Francis Aitken has written the history of that great career sympathetically, vividly, and with the right fire of enthusiasm. There can be no half measures with Lincoln: you have either to love him or to hate him, and it is obvious that Mr. Aitken is among the vast majority who love him. In him was vindicated, as Phillips Brooks said, "the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness." You have the tale here of his early years in the backwoods, his primitive schooling, his passion for reading, his keen and growing interest in the vital problems that faced his generation, his vigorous entry into the political world, his fearless championship of the Indian, his noble fight for the emancipation of the Southern negro-slaves, his high courage and resolution all through the bitter war between North and South, his justice, his conscientious labour and finely unconventional methods as President—the whole great, immortal romance to that black day of his assassination; and it is more absorbingly interesting than any fiction and more thrilling because you know it is true. And everywhere Mr. Aitken strews his pages with capital anecdotes,



From A Book of Nimble Beasts
(Nash).

"HE SANK FROM HIS HINDQUARTERS FORWARD SLOWLY, GROUNDING HIS NOSE BETWEEN HIS PAWS, AND STARED."
(Copyright, Douglas English.)



From *The Heroes*
(Headley Bros.)

"THE WATER-NYMPHS CARRIED HIM DOWN UNDER
THE LAKE TO BE THEIR PLAYFELLOW."

humorous and pathetic, many that were told by Lincoln and many about him. Mr. Aitken has done his work carefully and well: his book is sound biography and makes excellent reading.

THE HEROES.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY. With Illustrations in Colour and Line by GEORGE SOPER. 5s. (Headley Bros.)

Mr. George Soper is probably the person to be thanked for this attractive re-issue. His illustrations, it may be said at once, are exceedingly clever, for they retain admirably the spirit of Kingsley's tales, and at the same time are in no way above the heads of children. His interpretation may be strongly recommended. Kingsley's "Heroes" has always been a popular re-issue, but a large audience should still be left for Messrs. Headley's delightful volume. We can think of no better Christmas gift for a child.

IN THE DAYS OF NELSON.

By CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW. With Illustrations. 5s. (Cassell.)

In the days before the Battle of the Nile, a young boy talked with his boy-friend in the orchard of Appledeane Manor. He was sore, puzzled, and chafing; and his heart longed to make things clear and right. His own father, from whom he should have inherited this lovely estate, was dead, and by his will had left, it seemed, everything to his own brother,

the boy's uncle. The two boys discussed the sad business, and Hal Mainwaring, the disinherited boy, threatened to run off to sea, to serve as common sailor, if he could serve as nothing else. The discussion was interrupted, and an interview between Hal and his grim, sneering uncle followed, in which Sir Jervis told his nephew a tale of the dead man's shame and wrong-doing. Hal, indignant and incredulous, determines to spend his life in clearing his father's name; and before long is shipped off to sea in a most undesirable vessel. In the story which follows this opening, Captain Shaw has provided stir and fight, adventure and victory sufficient to set any boy's blood tingling. There are hard work and hard fare in it, but there are also triumph and recognition by the great man, Nelson himself. How the truth was revealed and the great wrong righted we leave the boys who are lucky enough to get this volume at Christmas to find out for themselves.

THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

By GERALD YOUNG. With Illustrations and Decorations in Colour and Line by WILLY POGÁNY. 5s. (Harrap.)

We do not think that Mr. Gerald Young will take it amiss if we say that Mr. Pogány's illustrations contributed as much to our enjoyment of "The Witch's Kitchen" as his own text; and perhaps Mr. Pogány will not mind if we admit that we enjoyed the story as much as his pictures. In fact, "The Witch's Kitchen" is one of those delightful books in which author and artist are in perfect accord. The story is fanciful, and, perhaps an unusual combination, exciting, and, we should think, is just the sort of thing to attract juvenile readers. Those who are

on the look-out for gift-books can hardly do better than take note of it. It should, perhaps, be mentioned that Mr. Pogány's illustrations are very numerous, while several of them are reproduced in colour.

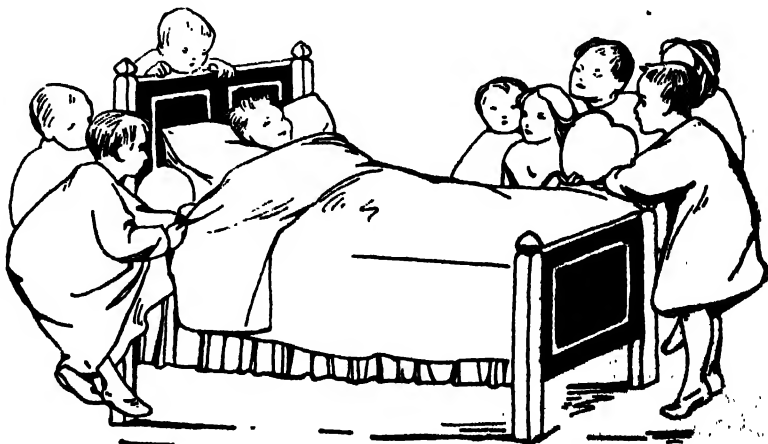
ANIMALS' TAGS AND TAILS.

Written and pictured by LOUISE M. GLAZIER. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The title is thus accounted for on the fly-leaf:

"Most animals end in a tail that can wag,
And a moral that ends up a tale is a tag,"

and then follow the tales, with a tag at the end of each of



From *The Magic Key, and Other Fairy Tales*
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910

"The moral of this is: Though swimming is grand,
It's usually safer to sit on dry land."

Miss Glazier's original woodcuts are very quaint, and very excellent examples of the wood-engraver's art. The tales were written "for nothing at all but for fun," and the pictures were evidently drawn with the same end in view, and the result is a delightfully odd and amusing little book that may be warranted to keep any nursery bubbling with laughter. The verse-stories have exactly the right touch of whimsical, irresponsible humour, and make up an ideal nonsense-book for children.

SYLVIA'S VICTORY.

By E. L. HAVERFIELD. Illustrated in Colour by JAMES DIXON. 3s. 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss E. L. Haverfield's stories of school girl life are deservedly among the most popular stories of their kind. Readers of "Dauntless Patty" and "Audrey's Awakening" will need nothing to recommend "Sylvia's Victory" beyond the statement that it is by the same author. Sylvia is a very charming heroine, cleverly and sympathetically drawn; the kindly Mrs. Hughes is mistaken in thinking she is "too sensitive to be happy"; she is only too sensitive to make others unhappy. "She is an extraordinary person," as Myrtle remarks to Phyllis; "she doesn't seem to have the smallest notion how good she is, or how much we all want her just as she is, without being a bit better." It is safe to say that Sylvia will win thousands of girl-lovers and that this tale of her varied adventures at school will rank with, if not above, the best of Miss Haverfield's novels.



From *The Witch's Kitchen* (Harraf).

them. They tell of the conceit of "the Cock"; and why the Rabbit's tail is stumpy and white; why the Snail cannot give a party; and all sorts of other things about all sorts of other animals and birds. Here is the very short tale about "The Fox" (not so much a tale, perhaps, as a philosophical reflection):

"I cannot sit upon the top
Of water, though I've tried;
Somehow it always seems to break,
And down I go inside.

"I can't think why, when silly ducks,
That only live to quack,
Can be there safely all
day long,
And never make a
crack.



From *Animals' Tails and Tails*
(Elkin Mathews)

CHICKEN WORLD



DRAWN BY E. BOYD SMITH

Cover Design of *Chicken World*
(Putnam's).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910



From *Sylvia's Victory*
(Prowse and Hodder & Stoughton)

IN ANOTHER MOMENT SHE
FELT HERSELF GRIPPED



From *Fighting the Icebergs*
(Nisbet)

THE TUGGLE WITH THE WHALE.

FIGHTING THE ICEBERGS.

By FRANK T. BULLEN. 6s. (Nisbet.)

No living author is better at telling a sea yarn for boys than Mr. Frank T. Bullen, and the one he has to tell in "Fighting the Icebergs" makes the best book he has ever written for them. Angus McFie, a rugged, somewhat shiftless, good-hearted seaman, is saved from drifting into a life of careless folly by his finding in the streets of Dundee a little abandoned waif: a winsome, small lad whom he adopts and who gets such hold upon his heart as to bring about his reformation. It is a stirring and excellent story of how Angus and the little fellow, who is like a son to him go to sea together, and later the boy serves as chief mate under his adoptive father. They meet with many and varied adventures, and for Angus,



From *Beset by Savages*
(Nisbet)

"TOUGH AND GO"

the boy, there comes in due course a winsome and delightful heroine in Doris the sister of his close friend Dick and a dainty romance that ends happily with the ending of the book. The perils faced by Angus and his boy in the frozen seas are vividly and vigorously narrated; there are some of the finest and most living descriptions of whale-fishing that we ever remember to have read. If you are looking for an ideal Christmas book for a boy with the right boyish taste in reading, you cannot possibly do better than get him "Fighting the Icebergs."

BESET BY SAVAGES.

By HERBERT HAYENS 5s. (Nisbet.)

Mr. Hayens's new book is a glorious mixture of adventure, mystery, and detection. The title gives the savages away, but it makes no mention—it would have to be voluminous if it did—of the book's other attractions.

In the second chapter the hero is left alone on a raft without means of sustenance, in the third he is rescued, in the fourth he is adopted by a mysterious gentleman who has lost his daughter, and in the fifth he begins his career of detection. There are villains galore—civilised and savage. And then there is the girl, and last of all—but as befits a writer for boys, the author lays little stress upon this—she marries the triumphant hero. "Bcset by Savages" is really a splendid book of its kind, and it ought to be one of the most popular gift-books of the year.

INDIAN AND SCOUT.

By CAPTAIN F. S. BRERETON. 5s. (Blackie.)

Captain Brereton has made a big name for himself as a story writer for boys, and his latest book may, at a low



From *Indian and Scout*
(Blackie).

"JACK SWUNG HIS HEAD ROUND"

estimate, be placed among his best. Jack Kingsley, a fugitive from justice, seeks refuge in California at the time of the gold rush. Incidentally, of course, he is also on the look-out for money, and naturally he is not guilty of any crime. Captain Brereton, with his vigorous manner, and his high ability in the construction of exciting narrative, is just the man to make the best of a story of this description. Anyhow, here we have heaps of excitement and hairbreadth escapes, an excellent portrayal of the California of those days, and, last but not least, virtue triumphant. The boy will be difficult to please who does not care for "Indian and Scout."

THE ROMANCE OF THE POLAR SEAS.

By J. KENNEDY MACLEAN. 6s. (Chambers.)

The romance of Arctic—and, for that matter, Antarctic—exploration has been turned to excellent account by Mr. Maclean in this finely produced book. It is a volume



From *Heroes of the Polar Seas*
(Chambers).

"LOOKED EARNESTLY TO THE SOUTH AND EAST, AND AFTERWARDS SAT DOWN TOGETHER AND WEPT BITTERLY."



From *The Adventures of Dick Trevanion*
(Frowde and Hoader & Stoughton).

"DICK RUSHED LIKE A WHIRLWIND ON THE MAN."



From *Adventures among Red Indians*
(Seeley).

A STARTLING EXPERIENCE.
"The world seemed to turn over and
slip from under him."



From *Pam and Billy*
(Allen).

"BILLY, WE'RE PROUD OF YOU."

which contains full measure, but the author is ambitious as to scope, and necessarily it gives but a comparatively brief account of the trials and adventures of the separate Polar expeditions. Nevertheless, there is contained in Mr. Maclean's vivid chapters as complete a summary of Polar exploration as we have ever read. The book has, of course, been written primarily for boys, and to that end the author has included "adventurous" material of the sort which is bound to please them. It should be mentioned that it is quite up-to-date, including excellent accounts of Shackleton's expedition and Peary's discovery of the North Pole. It has eight clever illustrations by W. H. C. Groome, and two good maps.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK TREVANION.

By HERBERT STRANG. Illustrated in Colour by W. RAINEY, R.I. 6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a vigorous and picturesque romance of the glorious old smuggling days, and Dick Trevanion, the son



Cover design of *True Dog Stories*
(Harraf).

BRUNO THE BRAVE.

of the testy, impecunious squire of Polkerran, a little village on the Cornish coast, finds himself in the thick of many adventures involving the running of contraband cargoes in despite of all that can be done by the preventive officers, and the landing of a rascally French force from a lugger to attack the squire's residence, "The Towers," and capture the squire and hold him to ransom. There is a strong and absorbingly interesting plot, and some of the finest and most whole-hearted fighting we have found in any pages. Doubledick the informer is drawn vividly and well; so, too, are Tonkin and the smugglers, and the bluff, simple fishermen of Polkerran. The whole book is alive with incident, and a certain discovery that is made upon the squire's land paves the way to a pleasant and thoroughly satisfactory ending of a brilliantly imagined and ably written story.

ADVENTURES AMONG RED INDIANS.

By H. W. G. HYRST. 5s. (Seeley.)

The latest addition to Messrs. Seeley's excellent "Library of Adventure" is one which is fore-ordained to a great popularity among juvenile readers. Its character is sufficiently indicated by its title, but we would lay especial stress upon the fact that the "adventures" described are all true—or, at any rate, very nearly true. Mr. Hyrst writes with a facile pen, and he makes the most of some very thrilling material. He has clearly studied his subject to some advantage. The volume which, by the way, is well illustrated—is one of real interest and ability.

PAM AND BILLY.

By BRINDA GIRVIN. 3s. 6d. (Allen.)

"Pam and Billy" is one of those delicate, sentimental little stories which Christmas brings us. There is much



From Teddy Lester's Chums
(Chambers).

"WITH A LONG PULL THEY
HAULED HIM FREE."

charm in Miss Girvin's manner, but there is equally an appreciation of the difficulties which bestrew the lives of the very poor. The figure of Billy, the dreamy boy-violinist, whose real genius bursts upon an appreciative world at the end of the book, makes an attractive hero of rather an unusual type, and it finds a foil in that of the motherly Pam, who dances in a pantomime and has gained the dignity of lines to speak:

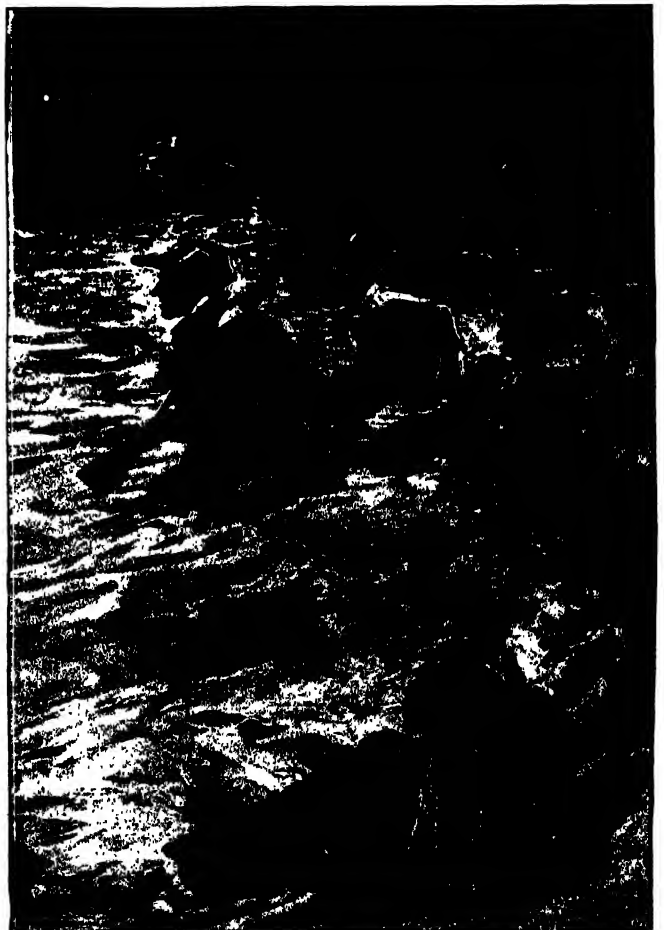
"Whither goest, pretty mortal,
Slight of form and fair of face?"

Honestly, of course, the tale is not so very likely; it is not, we fear, quite typical of the lives of poor children. But it does not pretend to be realistic, and it would be churlish to cavil at the delicacies of a charming little book. The volume has several clever illustrations by Horace Quick.



From The Boy Bonds-
man
(Partridge).

"THE WHITE HORSE AND HIS RIDERS
HAD SWEEPED OVER THE PRECIPICE."



From Poetry of Empire
(Jack).

"NO STAY—NO PAUSE. WITH ONE ACCORD
THEY GRASPED EACH OTHER'S HAND,
AND PLUNGED INTO THE ANGRY FLOOD,
THAT SOLD AND DAUNTLESS BAND."
—The Island of the Scots.



From *Pretty Girl and the Others*
(Chambers).

"THE GIRLS SAW A STIFFLY BUT
WELL-DRESSED LADY GOING
DOWNSTAIRS."

TRUE DOG STORIES.

By LILIAN GASK. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Miss Lilian Gask's attractive compilation is one which has long been worth making. In simple yet effective language she tells a number of true anecdotes which concern themselves primarily with the dog's affection for his master. In such a book as this it must be difficult to find the variety which the series needs, but the author turns her material to remarkably good account, and we cannot say that we remember having heard any of her tales before. Sympathetic and well written, the book is just such a one as will attract the average child, and it should make a very popular gift-book. It contains several pleasant illustrations by E. S. and Dorothy Hardy.

TEDDY LESTER'S CHUMS.

By J. FINNEMORE. With Illustrations. 5s. (W. & R. Chambers.)

No doubt there is many a boy who remembers with satisfaction Mr. Finnemore's earlier book, "His First Term," and no doubt any boy who knew that earlier book wanted, when he came to its last chapter, to know more of Teddy and his Japanese friend Ito. Teddy and Ito are to be met with again in this new story, and when they come back to Slapton School after the holidays, they have as a third chum an odd-looking new boy named Jimmy West. Jimmy West, otherwise "The Bat," is unusually ugly, has a bad squint, a half-open mouth, a stammer, and long ungainly arms. But, as Teddy told Ito, "the old Bat isn't half such a fool as he looks." This fact was well proved on the Bat's first evening at Slapton, and his early adventures with two of the bullies of the school quicken the reader's attention and make him anxious to learn more of the new boy's experiences. Mr. Finnemore knows boy nature both in a book and out of it, and he is wise

enough to pack his tale with incident and give every chapter a distinct interest of its own. Sport is well described in these pages, and the ordinary routine of school life is very naturally portrayed. Altogether it is a lively tale well told and well illustrated, and will prove a safe investment for parents and uncles and aunts at Christmas-time.

THE BOY BONDSMAN:

or, *Under the Lash*. By KENT CARR. 5s. (Partridge.)

Mr. Kent Carr has written a very capable and effective melodrama of North America in the year 1718 which should be popular with boys. The hero, Anthony Shipley, is shipped to the North American Colonies as a convict, and he has at first an extremely bad time. However, later on he wins the confidence of his masters, and finishes the book by distinguishing himself, taking a leading part in the defeat and slaying of Blackbeard, the famous pirate, rapidly becoming Duke of Whitby, and marrying the girl of his heart. There is naturally a lot of minor detail which leads up to this very desirable finish, and it is in its concoction that Mr. Carr especially excels. "The Boy Bondsman" is a stirring and well-constructed book, which should meet with much approval. It is illustrated in colour.

PRETTY-GIRL AND THE OTHERS.

By L. T. MEADE. 3s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)

"Mother said I was to be Pretty-girl, because I was—because I was—*ugly*. She said it would sort o' comfort me," explains one of the four little Irish girls who figure as the heroines of Mrs. Meade's new book, "Pretty-girl and the Others." It would be difficult to find a more uncommon set of heroines. On the death of their mother, which occurs at the beginning of the story, they are left practically penniless in their old tumble-down house in the wilds of Ireland; they have been brought up in a



From *Sarah's School Friend*
(Chambers).

"I'm so glad you've called me 'Lark'!
I was so nervous about my words."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910

story in the home and in the mill-yard, and from both she draws incident and dramatic situations. The development of Sarah's character, and of that of George, the polite and seemingly indolent young man of the house, is skilfully shown; and, as usual, Miss Baldwin has woven her material into a lively story, with a moral for those who think about it.

THE ADVENTURES OF JASMIN.

By I. E. TIDDEMAN. With 5 Illustrations by ELIZABETH EARNSHAW. 2s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

Jasmin is a very charming heroine for a girls' book. She is decidedly not too good, but she is very anxious to do good, as are so many girls, and her incidental adventures make excellent reading. Miss Tiddeman writes with a nice appreciation of the girl character, and with a quiet humour which is singularly effective. We have enjoyed her book, and we believe that it is fairly safe to say that most other people are likely to do the same. The volume is one of Messrs. Jarrold's series of "Empire Rewards," which means that it leaves nothing to be desired from the point of view of production.

THE PROBATIONER.

By A. M. IRVINE. 2s. 6d. (Partridge.)

There is an irresistible spirit of youth and zeal about "The Probationer" that makes it a decidedly refreshing book to read. The story is supposed to be told by a young girl, a member of a well-to-do family, who suddenly wakes up and realises the uselessness of her selfish, aimless life, and determines to become a nurse. She manages to make her amazed and protesting parents and sisters understand that she is in earnest, and enters a children's hospital to serve her time as a probationer. After her spoiled and petted home-life she cannot at first grasp the



From *The Adventures of
Jasmin*
(Jarrold).

"THE MAN WAS BIG AND STRONGLY BUILT,
WITH AN EVIL-LOOKING FACE."

free, happy-go-lucky style, and greatly object to leaving their beloved Ireland and going over to England to live with an uncle in an orderly parish rectory. So unbearable is the idea to Meg, the eldest one, that she runs away, and the uncle and three younger girls are obliged to cross over without her. What becomes of Meg, the reception of the three at the rectory, their wild escapades, and the way in which their aunt, who says she "was never made to manage children," fails dismally to get on with them because she has not the heart of a mother, is told in an able and sympathetic manner. The four little orphans will certainly appeal to the heart of every girl reader who picks up the book.

SARAH'S SCHOOL FRIEND.

By MAY BALDWIN. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)

Although a story about school friends, this is not a story of school-life. Sarah Clay is the beautiful daughter of a very rich mill-owner, a man who has risen from being a mill-hand to be the master of scores of mill-hands himself. He is rough and rich and over-bearing; and Sarah on her return from school to the over-decorated, over-furnished home, finds it hard work to be even civil to the father who jars upon her sensitive, cultured nature. Sarah's mother was a pretty little London milliner when Mark Clay married her, and her nature is not one to adapt itself to her risen fortunes. Altogether life is not very happy for Sarah in a home where only her brother George, who has been educated at Eton and Cambridge, is in any way suited to the elaborate and luxurious surroundings. To this household comes Sarah's school friend, Horatia, a well-born, merry, and sensible girl. She becomes a favourite with all, and from her Sarah learns gradually the difference between true gentility and false. Miss Baldwin finds scope for her



From *The Probationer*
(Partridge).

"WITHOUT STOPPING TO THINK I SLIPPED
INTO THE STOREROOM."



From *Picnic Fairy Tales* (Elliot Stock). THE MAGICIAN HASTENING ALONG WITH GREAT STRIDES AND ANGRY MUTTERING."

fact that in the hospital she is a mere nonentity. She makes fearful mistakes, and finds that she is absolutely ignorant, stupid, and helpless over many trivial everyday things; this knowledge gradually forces its way home, breaks down her pride, and forms the foundation-stone for the building up of the finer side of her character. The story is a mixture of pathos and humour, and is told in a delightfully frank and straightforward way.

PICNIC FAIRY TALES.

By E. TATTERSALL. 2s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)
A young hospital nurse takes her three little convalescent charges out for a series of picnics up a river, and at each



From *The Imp and the Elf and the Ogre* (Nisbet). "LOOK INTO THE WATER, MY DEAR," SAID THE GODMOTHER."

picnic she relates a fairy tale to them. The stories are delightfully entertaining, and the following titles give an idea of some of the things the children hear about: "The Wicked Queen and the Dragon's Spring," "The Obstinate Princess," "The Waters of Truth," "The Princess and the Magician," and "The Golden Acorns." But the children are not the only people who enjoy the nurse's tales. Close beside them is moored another boat, hidden from sight by the overhanging trees, and inside is some one else who sits and listens to the fairy stories. And who this some one else is and what happens at the end of the last story give an added interest to an

THE IMP AND THE ELF AND THE OGRE.

By ARTHUR RANSOME. Illustrated. 2s. net. (J. Nisbet & Co.)
"This is a little book all about two children who live in a grey house with ivy on its walls, set in the middle of a garden with an orchard at its back." Four people belong to the



From *A Child's Rhyme Book* (Melrose).

garden: "the Imp, the Elf, the gardener, and me." The Elf is a little girl, the Imp a little boy. Also belonging to the garden are the Feathered People, and the "little folk" such as spiders, snails, bees, wasps, earwigs, worms, and caterpillars, to say nothing of the cat. The Ogre himself tells the story, and a very prettily fanciful and delightful story it is, all about the garden and the garden creatures, and the things that happen to them in sun and rain and snow and storm all through the changing year. It is a nature book for children, but they will not guess that they are reading any more than a pleasant, quaint tale, so lightly and cleverly is it all done.

THE LILAC FAIRY BOOK.

Edited by ANDREW LANG. With 6 Coloured Plates and Numerous Illustrations by H. J. FORD. 6s. (Longmans.)
The Lilac Fairy Book is in every respect worthy of its many and many-hued predecessors, and contains a number of splendid illustrations, some coloured, some black-and-white, by H. J. Ford. In a whimsical preface to the book Mr. Andrew Lang recommends the only three fairy books he has ever written himself, and makes some confessions in order to give "credit where credit is due." The fairy book series, he says, "have been almost wholly

the work of Mrs. Lang, who has translated and adapted them from the French, German, Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, Catalan, and other languages. My part has been that of Adam, according to Mark Twain, in the Garden of Eden. Eve worked, Adam superintended. I also superintend. I find out where the stories are, and advise, and, in short, superintend." Mr. and Mrs. Lang are to be heartily congratulated on their joint work, which has brought, and continues to bring, light and pleasure to so many.



From The Lilac Fairy Book (Longmans).



"THE 'CHAIR' WAS TAKEN BY AN APE,
A HUMAN OURANG FROM THE CAPE."
From Rumbo Rhymes, or The
Great Combine
(Harper).

RUMBO RHYMES;

or The Great Combine: A Satire. By ALFRED C. CALMOUR. With Illustrations in Colour by WALTER CRANE. 5s. net. (Harper.)

The *raison d'être* of this book is undoubtedly the fine series of pictures which Mr. Crane gives us. These are reproduced in colour in a manner which is probably as satisfactory to the artist as it will be to the general public. The drawings cover pretty well the whole range of the better known members of the animal kingdom from the flea to the elephant. They display to the fullest advantage Mr. Crane's rich sense of colour and of decorative effect. Mr. Calmour's verses go with a swing, but we cannot honestly say that they reach a very high level of satire, the conclusion especially being disappointing. The idea is good:

"Mon in their purblind selfish dream
Say, 'We are Gods, divine, supreme,
You lower creatures are for us,
To eat, enjoy, *de gustibus*;
Accept that fact, don't make a fuss.'

"In sum, that is the view of man,
And so he acts upon that plan;
And has done since the world began;
Or since his present graceless shape
Was modified from Father Ape.

"The time has come when he must learn,
Though *man* may be condemned to burn,
That fish and fowl and pigs and kine
Since they have formed a big 'combine'—
This doubtful honour must decline."

And as Mr. Crane's pictures hang upon that idea we have no cause to grumble.

THE ORANGE CAT

and Other Verses. By FLORIDA WOLFE. Pictured by P. A. SEAYNES. 1s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
Children who have tired of the old nursery rhymes



From The Orange Cat, and Other Verses
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

"THE FATAL DOOR, THE
LAST (BUT ONE) OF ALL."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910



From *Stories from Shakespeare*
(Harrap).

PERDITA

"The pretty flow'ry boy that
ever ran on the greenward."

will welcome the merry, swinging verses found in "The Orange Cat." Both the verses and illustrations have a charming quaintness and a fascination that is all their own. One of the brightest little poems the book contains is "My Holiday," which begins:

"Oh if I had a holiday!—a day! a day! a holiday!—
A day that no one planned for me, but all my very own,
I'd seek a boat and sail away—away! away! and far away!—
With no one to look after me, just John and me alone."

And particularly well done is the picture of the High Street. It is altogether a book that children will thoroughly enjoy.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Retold by THOMAS CARTER. With 16 full-page illustrations by GERTRUDE DEMAIN HAMMOND, R.I. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

In this well-printed handsomely bound volume Mr. Thomas Carter tells, or retells, the stories of eleven of Shakespeare's plays—five of the great tragedies, four of the romantic dramas, and two of the comedies. He has a delightfully easy and natural narrative gift that makes him an ideal writer of such a book as this; and Miss Hammond's colour-pictures are altogether charming. Her Cordelia standing before Lear telling her father she can say nothing more than her sisters have said to draw to herself a larger share of his opulence is the very type and fashion of maidenly gentleness and dignity; her Shylock and Jessica are admirable. It is a volume that younger readers will find good both to read and to look at, and should be among the most popular of the Christmas gift-books.

NEVER-NEVER LAND:

or, *Rhymes for You and Me*. Fireside Library. 1s. 6d. (Nelson.)

This is an attractive little anthology of poems which

should be suitable for reading to young children. The selection seems to us to have been excellently made, and among the authors we notice the names of R. L. Stevenson, Blake, Tennyson, Coleridge, Christina Rossetti, Miss Betham-Edwards, and E. V. Lucas. Good children's poetry is comparatively rare, for, so far as we can see, the publishers have made no omission of importance. The book has eight attractive illustrations in colour, and a number of black-and-white decorations upon each page. It is to be hoped that it will meet with the success it deserves.



From *The Never-Never Land* (Nelson).

THE SLOWCOACH.

By E. V. LUCAS. With Coloured Illustrations by M. V. WHEELHOUSE. 6s. (Wells Gardner & Co.)

Mr. Lucas's freshness of thought and fertility of invention have certainly not failed him in his new book. He has woven the most interesting day-by-day chronicle for children out of a fortnight's holiday in the Midlands. "The Slowcoach," be it understood, was a caravan, and this book is "a story of road-side adventure." The "Slowcoach" drove into the yard of the Avorys' house one day, quite unexpectedly: a gift from an anonymous friend—at least, so the Avorys thought. And at once a most beautiful and exciting caravan holiday was planned, the Avory children and three friends being allowed to go off by themselves, seven of them, with only old Kink, the gardener, and Diogenes, the dog, as driver and protector respectively. The journey began at Oxford and ended at Farringdon, and included Stratford-on-Avon, Evesham, Cheltenham, and Cirencester, and was full of fun and hard work and adventures and friends and surprises. In the end it turned out that the Slowcoach was not intended for the Avorys at all, but that was after the glorious holiday was over; and, as things turned out, the mistake will not prevent them from having another caravan holiday next year. Mr. Lucas has become a dangerous rival to Mr. Andrew Lang, with his annual

book which every child must have. Certainly every household must have "The Slowcoach" this Christmas.

CHILDREN OF JAMAICA.

By ISABEL CRANSTOWN MACLEAN. With 8 Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

CHILDREN OF JAPAN.

By JANET HARVEY KEFMAN. With 8 Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

These are two delightful and tastefully produced gift-books that will be read with interest and with pleasure by both children and adults. The one is a history in brief of Japan, and the other of Jamaica, but it is all in the form of stories and sketches of the country and the people, the history coming in easily and naturally here and there by the way. There are charming chapters in "Children of Japan" on Childhood, on Games and Feasts, one on the Dim Background of the Past, and another on what Japan was "before the coming of the West," and in addition several of the quaintest and most fascinating of folk-tales. The "Children of Jamaica" is on much the same lines; some of the best sketches deal with fairy

may seem at first blush sufficiently hackneyed, but Mr. Boyd Smith's drawings are imbued with a freshness and vitality which are bound to make them welcome. It is to be noted, moreover, that the artist does not strain himself in an effort to be wildly and farcically humorous. He sticks, instead, closely to life - tinging it ever so delicately with a fine sense of comedy. The brief explanatory text printed below each illustration is fairly satisfactory, but the book stands entirely on its pictures, which, by the way, are exceedingly well reproduced. We predict a great success for "Chicken World."

STARS SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN.

By ELLISON HAWKS. 2s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

Even on the cover of this book we found information. We had been told long ago that two of the stars of the Great Bear point to the Pole Star. No doubt we were also informed which the particular stars were, but that had been forgotten. It was with joy, therefore, that we beheld the neat little diagram upon the outside cover of "Stars Shown to the Children." It has resolved our doubts for ever, and henceforward a certain portion of the heavens will always be to us the cover of a book. And the interior justifies the high expectations formed from the outside. Mr. Hawks's pages are packed with information, and he writes so simply and clearly that anybody—even the dullest of grown-ups—cannot help understanding him. The book is exceedingly well illustrated with fifty plates, and it is remarkably cheap at the price. We wish every success to this latest volume of an excellent series.

PARABLES FROM NATURE.

By MARGARET GATTY. Illustrated by ALICE B. WOODWARD. 5s. net. (Bell & Sons.)

Perhaps Mrs. Gatty herself scarcely realised how many parables could be drawn from nature when she published



From *The Slowcoach*
(Wells Gartner).

UNDER THE CEDAR, TALKING
ABOUT A GREAT TRAGEDY."

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CHICKEN WORLD.

Drawn by E. BOYD SMITH. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnam's.)

This attractive series of drawings—reproduced in colour—illustrates the life of a chicken from the laying of the egg until the end of its first year. Such a subject



From *Children of Japan*
(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)

"THE BABY IS BOUND ON
TO ITS MOTHER'S BACK."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1910

her first series of these beautiful little stories in 1855. But between that year and 1870 she published no fewer than five series, and her pen lost nothing of its power. It would be hard, indeed, to say how many children have felt the *life* in nature, for the first time, after listening to these simple parables. The first one, "The Lesson of Faith"—the story of the caterpillar who was left to look after the butterfly's eggs—is, perhaps, the best known of all. "Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar." The words, so familiar to many of us, never fail to arrest the child-ear. The lessons to be drawn from nature might so easily be boring in the nursery; but Mrs. Gatty knew too well the needs of the child and the workings of the child-mind to put the lesson first and the story second. Children of any age from three to ninety can find true interest in these delicate and subtly told, yet clear and homely, little tales. Their author was never over-sentimental, and her parables have two strong recommendations: they are never too obvious, and they never teach false natural history. In this pretty volume all the five series have been included, and their charm for present-day chil-

House, and is at home and on a familiar footing with its residents forthwith. She talks to them and they answer, and in such simple and engaging conversation she draws from them all those facts about themselves that the animal historian usually reveals in the orthodox prosaic style. Passing on through the Zoo she carries on amusing dialogues with all the other animals and birds and things, finishing off with the turtles and tortoises and the parrot family. It is a book that the nursery will revel in; a delightfully

dren is greatly enhanced by the numerous illustrations, many of them in colour, by Miss Alice B. Woodward. The artist has seized the moments very cleverly and the book as a whole is a delight.

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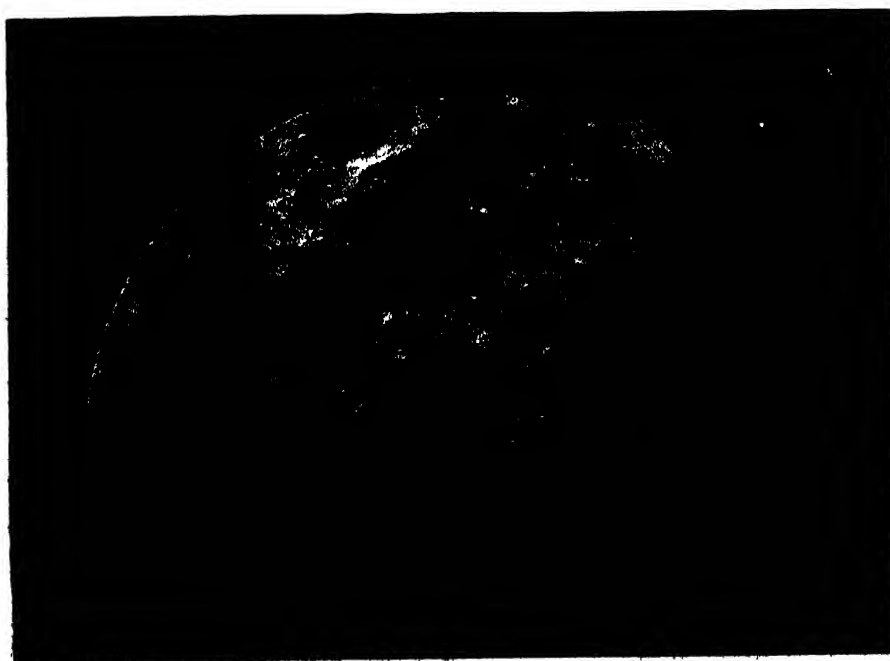
Miss Davidson has just that right love of animals and nice understanding of children that enable her to write of the former in exactly the spirit and manner that will appeal easily and strongly to the latter. She goes to the Zoo and pays her first visit to the Lion



From *Green Willow, and Other Japanese Fairy Tales*
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THE SINGING BIRD OF HEAVEN.

(See p. 117.)



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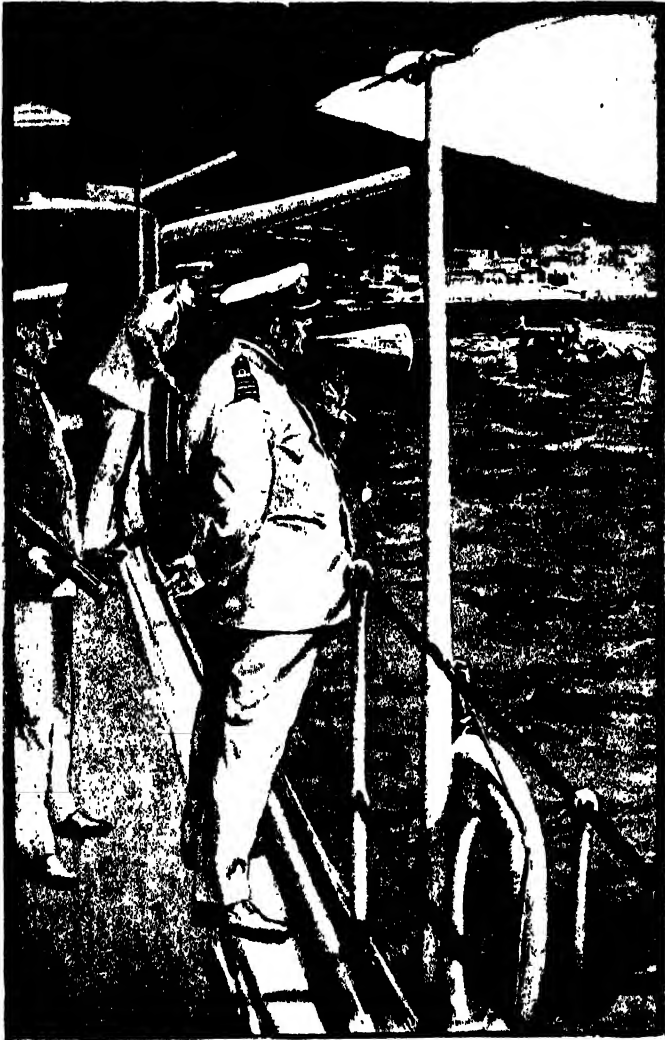
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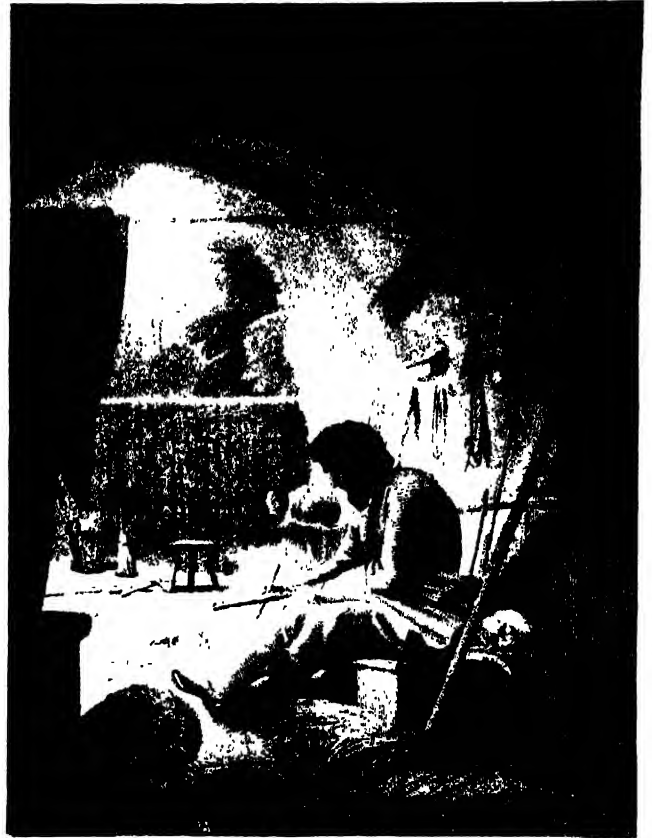
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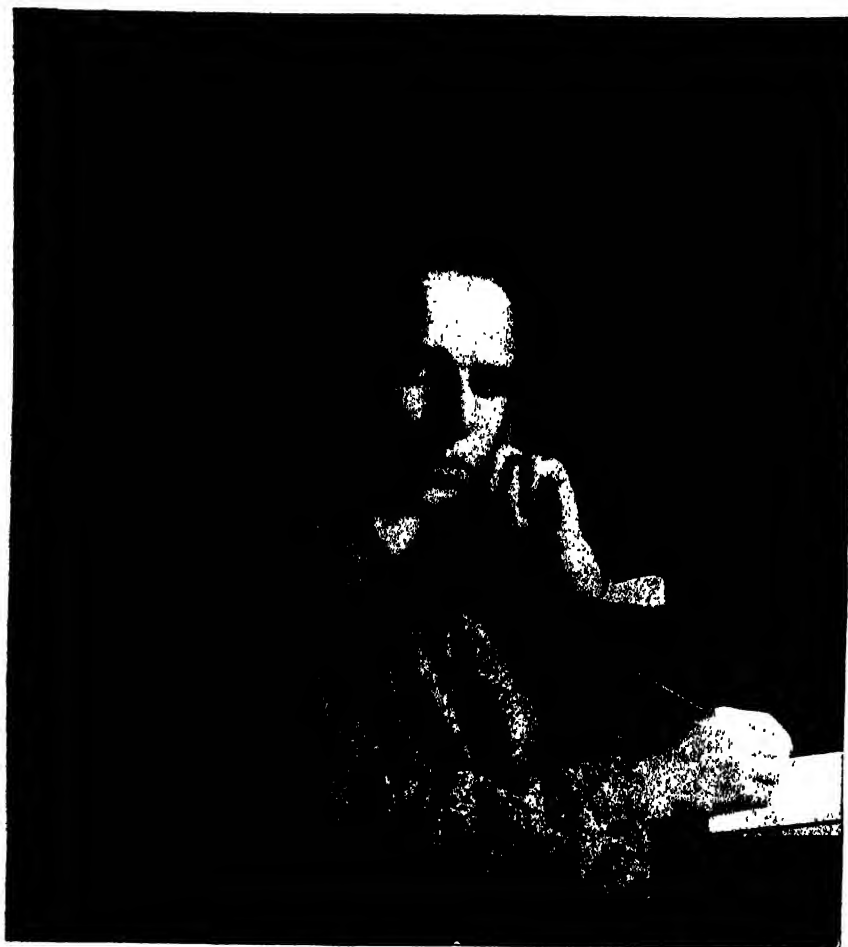
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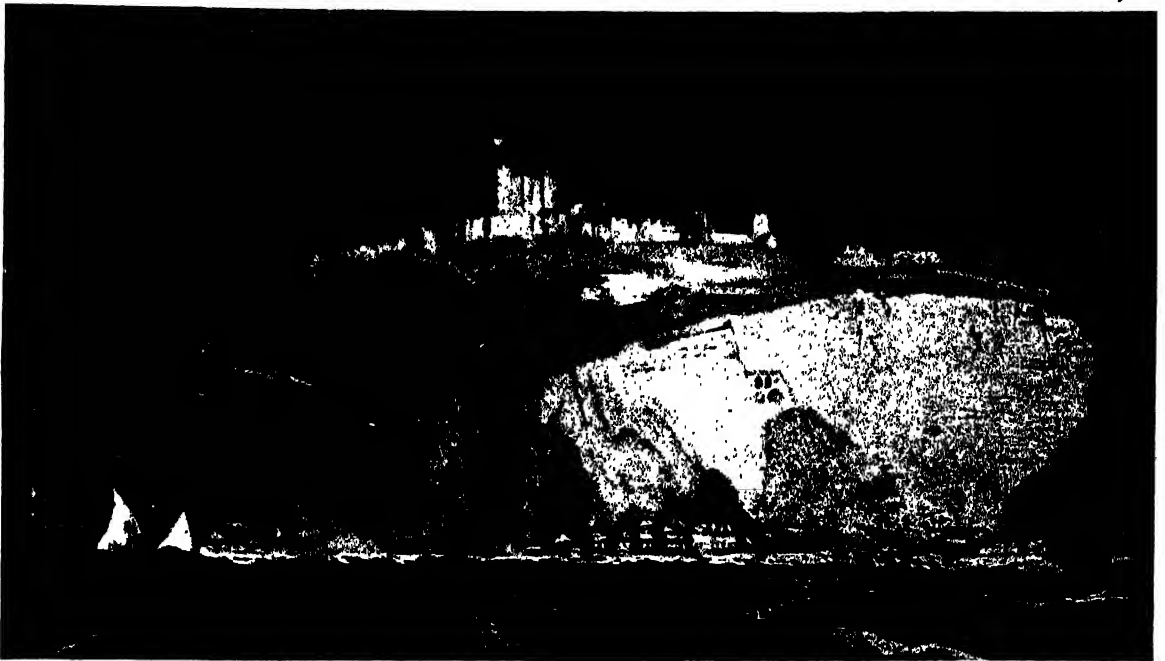
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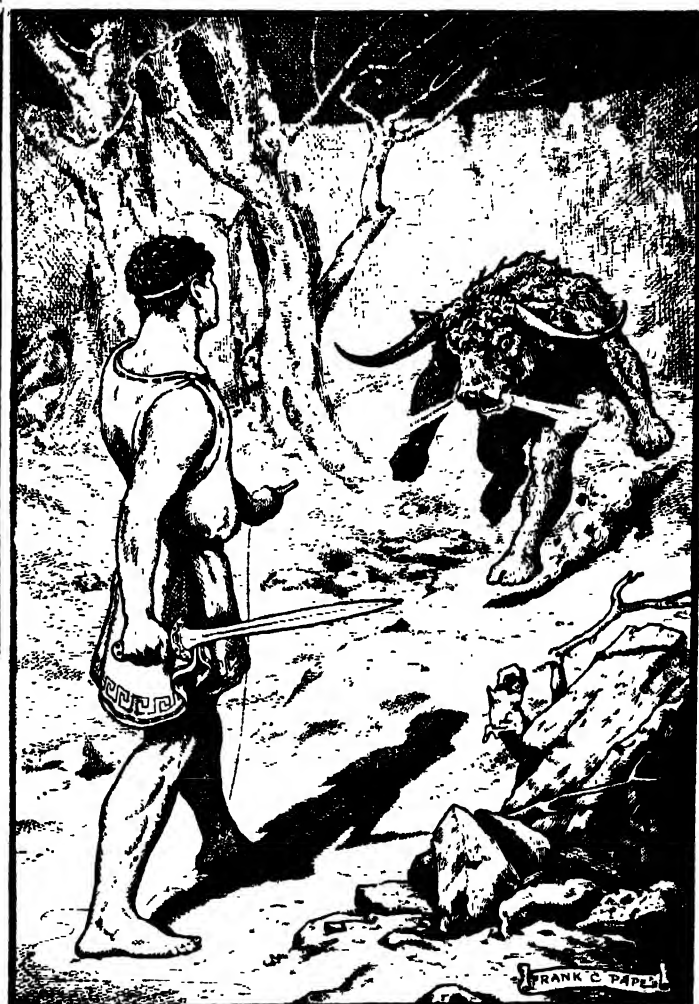
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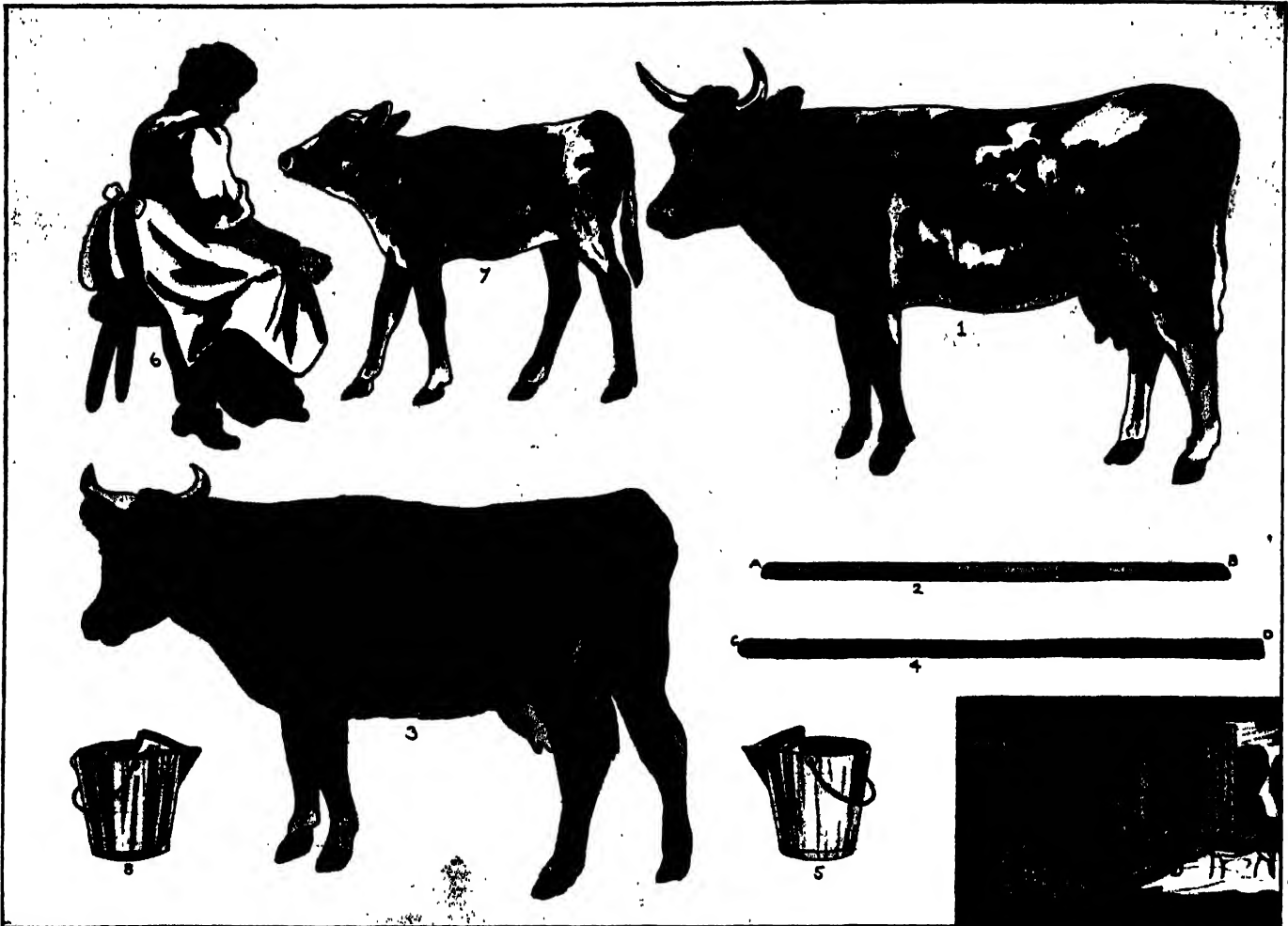
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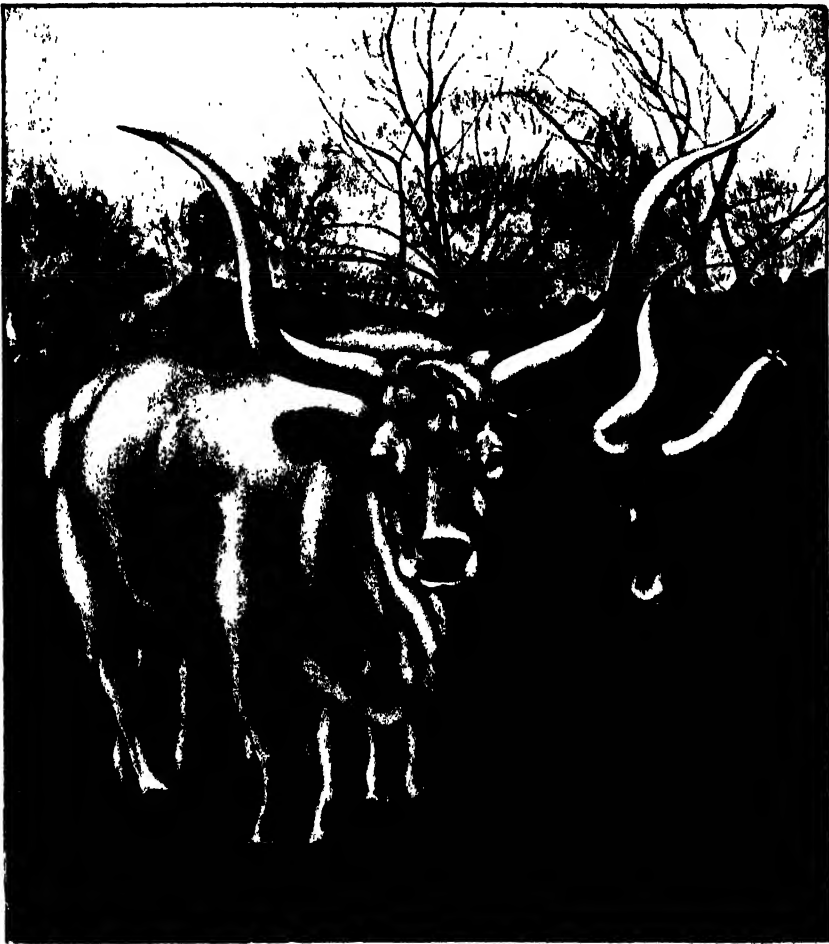
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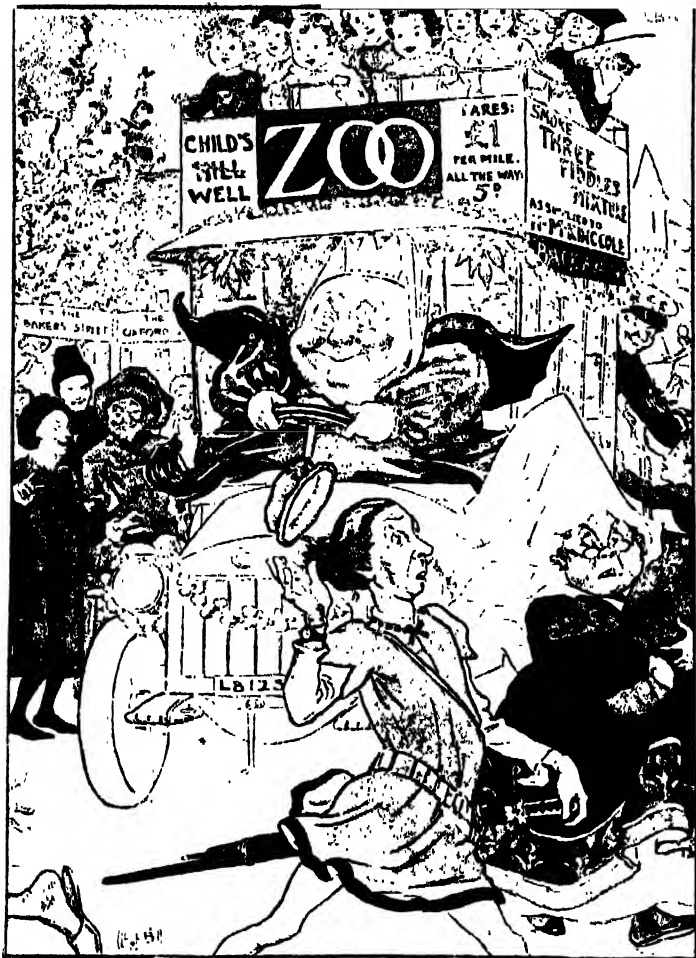
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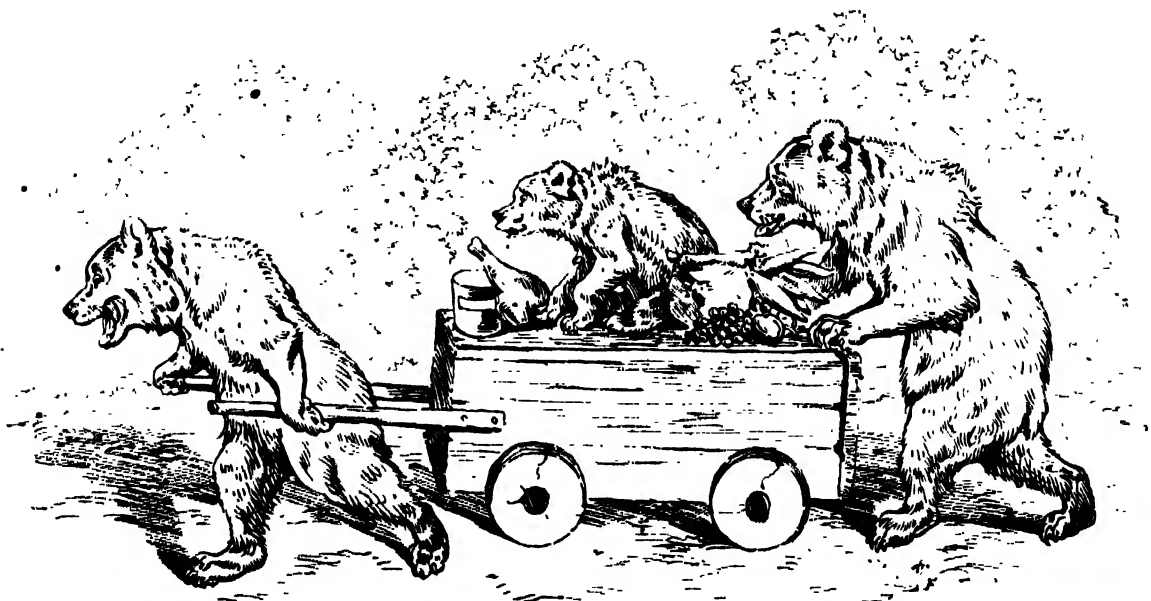
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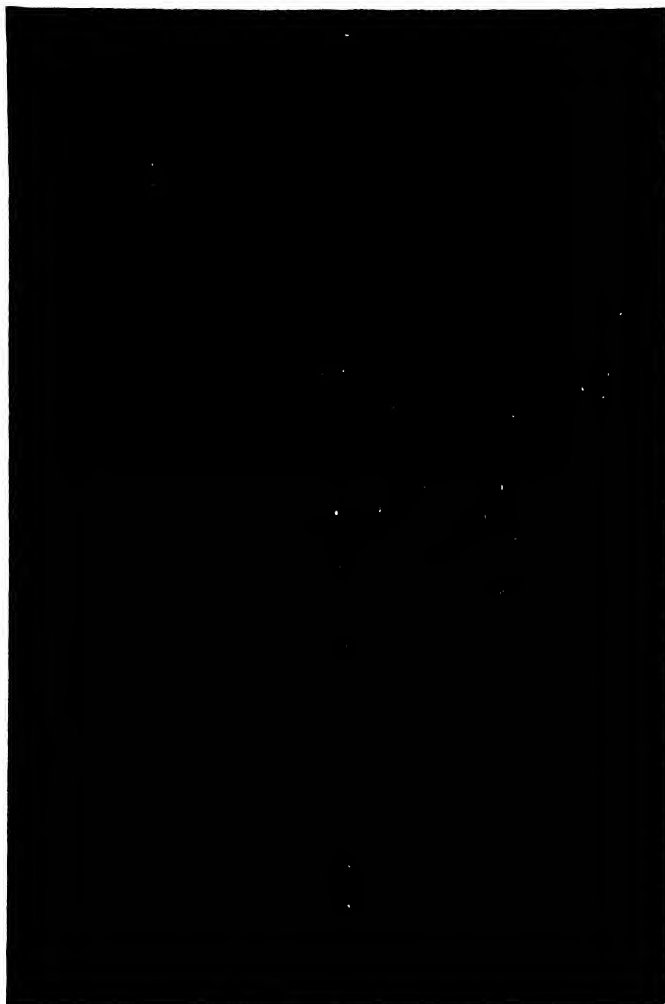
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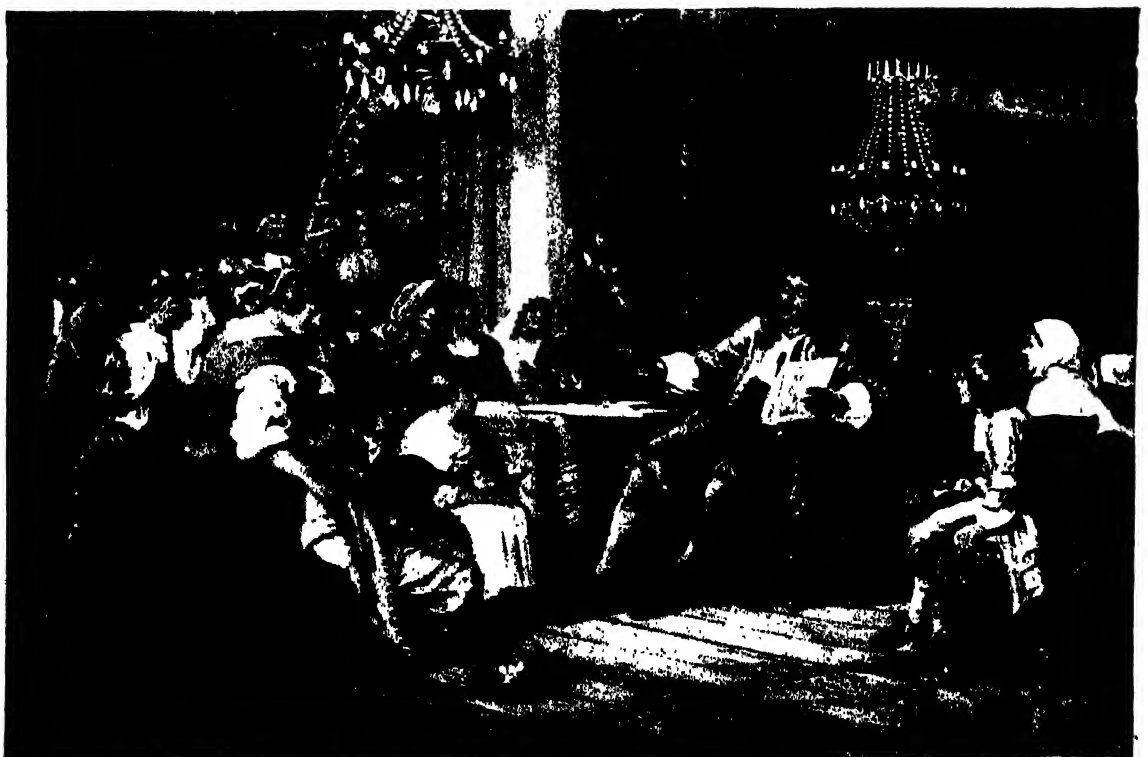


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(See page 64 of Supplement.)

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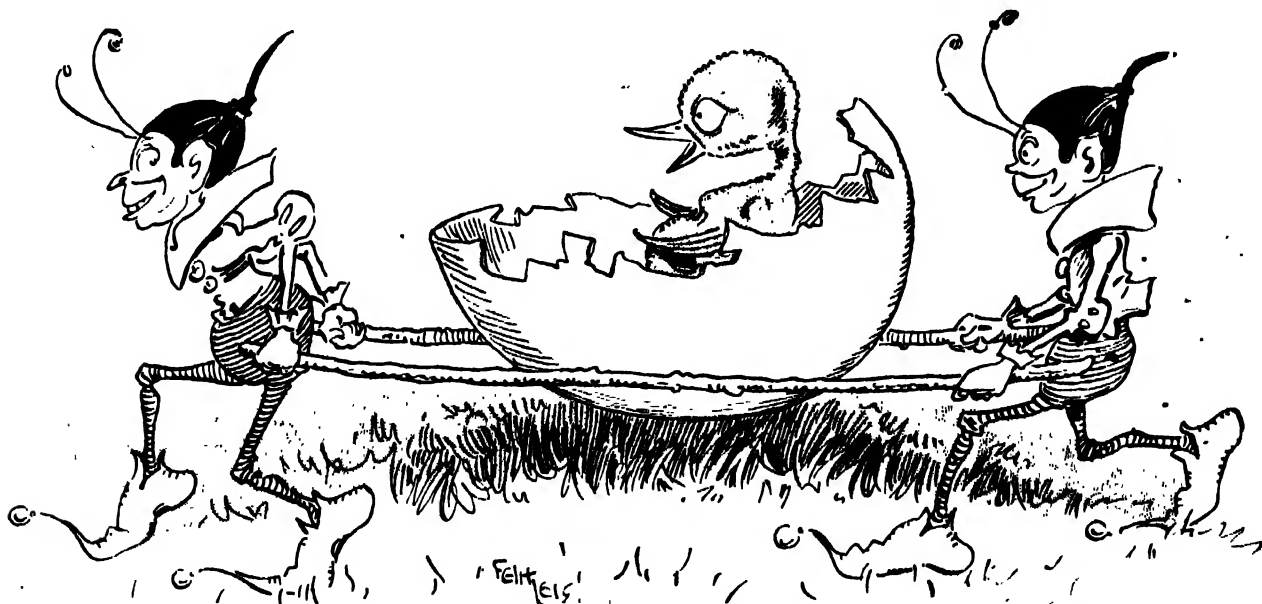
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